

CHAPTER 116

Winter POV

He's close. The smell of his disgusting body odor combined with the blatant scent of cigarettes and alcohol is getting stronger, more pungent. My heart is racing in my chest. My hands are clenched into fists. I'm ready for this. Ready to face the monster who made my life a living hell and ruined my childhood forever.

We will slaughter him and leave his entrails for the animals to consume. Drain him of his blood and tear his body apart from limb to limb. He will never mess with us again and he will never hurt another human being ever again. He deserves to die. You know that too Winter. He cannot be allowed to live.

I'm also dangerously aware that Kai might have woken up by now or been found by Langdon and Damien. He's going to be incredibly pissed when he wakes up, I think to myself a little guiltily. But then, what had given him the right to think it was okay to lock myself up in the bedroom for my own safety? Did he think I was that fragile and that frightened? Was I really coming across that pathetic? God, if that's the case, then I need to show him just how capable and strong I am right now.

He's an arrogant fool. You didn't need him to protect you like that. He tried to lock you up in a cage like an animal. The irony is that you are so much stronger than him Winter. He's a fool if he hasn't realized that yet.

I try hard to ignore the voice but it's persistent. It puts thoughts and ideas in my head as I run and eventually it becomes impossible to block it out. Or maybe I'm just tired of blocking it out. I run, my breath coming in short puffs, but I never get tired or out of breath. Which considering the distance, is a small miracle in itself. My eyes are sharp, taking in every minute detail as I go past. I jump and it's a massive leap, taking me closer faster than running. But I don't mind taking it a little easy. After all, I'm not quite sure what I'm going to do when I come across my father.

But I can't prolong the meeting any longer. Because I sense him and his actual presence up ahead. I slow down to just a walk, my eyes scanning ahead as he walks into view. He looks just like I remember him, the same greasy dark hair tied in a ponytail, the small pot belly, the stained and dirty clothes, bare feet and repugnant smells surrounding him. He hasn't changed one iota, not even after spending time in Johnathon's dungeon. It clearly made no difference to the bastard at all.

He stops when he sees me and I cringe at the wide smile that comes onto his face. I can tell he's drunk because he's weaving slightly as he walks, instead of walking in a straight line. God knows where he got the alcohol from. Probably stole it on his way here.

"Winter" he says cheerfully as I glare at him "it's been a long time."

Not long enough, I think to myself grimly, feeling rage inside of me.

"What is it you want father?" I ask angrily "why bother coming here?"

He pretends to look hurt, but I'm not fooled by the bastard at all. "Why you're my family Winter, you and Damien. I came to take you both back home, where you belong" he says and then adds "I am your proper guardian after all."

"No, you want something else, what is it?" I ask patiently. As if he wants us to be a family. What a pathetic liar he's attempting to be.

His eyes narrow and then a calculating look appears on his face. I knew I was right and that he had an ulterior motive.

"Fine, I figure that you and your so-called mate, he's an Alpha, isn't he? Would pay money to get me out of your lives. After all, I'm currently unemployed because of you and Damien. The least you could do is set me up. I'm sure your mate has plenty of money at hand."

"You want us to pay for you to go away" I say lightly, incredulous at his demands. Is he really this moronic and delusional?

He shrugs. "Why not. We both know you wouldn't want me anywhere near you after what I did to you" he says slyly.

My voice rises. "You tortured me. don't pretend like that was nothing. You tortured and abused me for years and now you want me to pay you money to go away."

He laughs. "I tortured you, you little bitch, because you reminded me of your mother. God" he exclaims "even now you look just like the bitch. I can't stand it. I could never look past it, it's like she's there, constantly getting a dig in at me, reveling in my misery."

I blink confused. From the way he's speaking, it almost sounds like he believes mother is alive. But he'd told us she'd died in the rogue attack. I begin to feel suspicious. "Mother didn't really die in the rogue attack, did she father? You just told us that story to save face."

His face contorts and he looks at me meanly. "What would that information be worth to you" he taunts "would it make you feel better Winter? To know that she abandoned all of us in order to be with her precious lover of hers? That she never came back for you or Damien? I took care of you both, housed you, fed you, while she stayed away, enjoying herself and forgetting all about everyone she left behind. Your mother was nothing but a whore in the end. She ran away from me and

our life together, telling me she wasn't happy anymore. Ha. You don't do that to your mate. You don't just leave them. The bitch had the nerve to reject me. I wish I had killed her. She deserved it."

I feel numb. The way father spat out the words, his disgust evident in his voice, as well as the lingering hurt, all felt like he was telling the truth. Had my mother abandoned me and Damien without a care in the world? Perhaps she hadn't thought father was capable of laying a hand on us. Maybe she meant to come back and couldn't for some reason. It all whirled in my mind. The only thing that remained crystal clear, was the fact that my mother was alive. All these years being punished for her death, and she was alive and safe out there somewhere. Tears come to my eyes.

"You're not getting a goddamn dime out of me" I tell my father, my voice dripping with hatred. "Leave now before it's too late." Although I suspect it's already too late as my bloodlust becomes overwhelming.

The voice in my head is getting louder and it's becoming harder to ignore it, particularly with the amount of rage I'm feeling inside of me. I want to tear my father apart.

"I'm not leaving" he spits out "in fact why don't you make this easier on yourself and come to me Winter. You've always been such a placid little thing."

I cock my head. I'm not placid anymore, but he doesn't appear to know it. In fact, as I eye him, I realize he doesn't see me as a threat at all.

"Where is she?" I ask bluntly "something tells me you know where she is, father. Where did our mother go after she left your sorry ass?"

He glares. "I don't know where the bitch is, if I did, she would no longer be alive" he spat out. I believe him. He's that petty that he would have tracked her down. Hurt her, like the coward that he was.

Kill him. He lied to you and Damien. He told you that your mother died in a rogue attack, when he knew she was alive after all these years. You could have looked for your mother years ago if it wasn't for him. Don't let him control you anymore. Get rid of the asshole forever.

My steps are slow but steady. A triumphant grin comes over his face as I walk towards him. I pretend to look meek and weak, the same old Winter that he was used to. I feel what feels like fangs come out of my mouth. His mouth drops open. He points at me. "Your eyes are red" he splutters and then, before he can shift, or do anything, I feel my body move so fast it's a blur. I grip him around the throat, tight, preventing him from shifting, my eyes glaring into his. I'm enjoying his weakness, his struggling. The idiot is so drunk he couldn't have shifted successfully anyway. How stupid could one man be.

His hands clutch at mine, frantically trying to move them. I throw his body across the ground and watch it hit a tree. He gets to his feet, trying to shift, but after a few bones cracking, he goes back to human form. You would have thought he would make sure he was sober when coming to the pack but nope, he'd had one too many drinks.

I grab him and raise him up high, delighting in how strong I am, how feeble he is compared to me. I lick my lips, feeling hungry, hearing his heart race in his chest and his blood pump through his veins.

"You bitch" he wheezes "monster."

Maybe I am a monster. But he's not one to throw stones. Because he's the worst, abusive, monster I know. I slowly lower him down, so that he's facing me and I stare at the nape of his neck. The fangs, or canines? Whatever they are protrude out of my mouth and instinctively I place them against my father's neck and then push down.

Blood, so much blood to drink. It eases my thirst and soothes my sore throat. It feels deliciously warm, rich, potent, I hum in ecstasy as I

continue to drain him, his body struggling to begin with, then going limp as I continue. Soon enough, the blood runs out and I give a small whine of disappointment. My father's body is limp and I drop him to the ground, staring down at his ashen face. I still have so much anger inside of me. So much rage. My nails turn sharp like claws.

My hands thrust inside the body and I pull out his heart, smiling with glee as the blood stains my hands. I throw it across the forest and turn back to the body, this time pulling out his intestines and entrails. I sniff, sensing that someone is coming up behind me. My body tenses. Would this be yet another enemy to destroy? Or a friend? The scent is familiar but I'm in a haze, all I see is red, everywhere. I'm desiring nothing more than to keep killing, to find more blood to drink. Already I can tell there are wild animals nearby and I lick my lips, hungry again.

"Winter, sweetheart, look at me" I hear from behind me.

I frown puzzled. I recognize the voice. I'm sure of it. Slowly the red begins to fade from my eyes. The anger begins to fade as well.

"Winter, look at me" continues Kai.

I'm reluctant. Now that I've come back to myself, I shudder at the dead body laying at my feet. I feel sick to my stomach. I stumble backwards. What have I done? My god, what kind of monster am I? But then I remember everything and it takes all I have not to kick the dead body at my feet, feeling nothing but disgust at the man who dared to call himself my father. I'm not sorry he's dead.

"Winter" Kai's voice is persisting and I slowly, quietly turn around, cringing at the horrified look on everyone's faces.

Kai is the first to get over his initial shock. He blinks a few times the slowly moves towards me. His eyes dart to my father's body but he says nothing. I look down and see blood trickling down my shirt.

"Kai" I say my voice shaking "I don't know what to do"

He gathers me into a hug. "It's alright sweetheart we'll figure this out together. "

I shake my head. "No, you don't get it. I know that Thomas turned me into a hybrid" I whisper and Kai just holds me tighter.

"I've suspected that he might have done for a while, but it's only now that I am certain about it" Kai tells me.

I shiver. "I'm a monster" my voice cracks. "I'm disgusting."

"No, you're not" Kai says gruffly, turning me away and walking back towards Langdon and Damien. "I don't care if you're a hybrid Winter, we'll work it out. I still love you no matter what." He says firmly, his eyes staring directly into mine. "You are still the woman I fell in love with. I don't blame you for what happened here, although" he says somewhat wryly "it might have been nice if you hadn't knocked me unconscious."

"Sorry" I whisper guiltily.

"I still love you Winter as well." chimes in Damien, patting me awkwardly on the shoulder.

"I as well" says Langdon gruffly.

I say nothing as Kai steers me away towards the pack house grounds. But in my head, all I can remember is that my mother is out there, somewhere, still very much alive. How was I going to tell Damien? Or worst, should I even tell my brother that our mother abandoned us, even if it was to save her own life?