

CHAPTER 121

Kai POV

I can hear the desperation in Winter's voice when she speaks about finding her mother. I guess it's normal to want answers when you find out that the person you trusted most in the world is still alive and never came back for you. But she's going to get hurt in the process, I just know it. Even though I'll be with her every step of the way, I can't take the pain away from her or stop her from hearing the truth. All I can do is be there for her, even though all of my being wants to protect her and her brother Damien from the god-awful truth.

Langdon seeks me out, shutting the door. "What do you think?" he asks softly.

I raise an eyebrow at him. "I think that the both of them are only going to get hurt. But who are we to stop them finding out the truth?"

"I know" Langdon says heavily "Damien's going to be in for a shock when we find the woman. But I can't refuse not to help him either."

I give him a tight smile. We both want to protect our mates and shield them from anything that could harm them. Was that really so bad?

"If it were me, I'd want to know the truth" I exhale "so I can't blame Winter for wanting to find out what happened either."

The phone rings. I hastily grab the receiver and put it to my ear. "Alpha Kai speaking" I bark out.

For a moment there's silence and I wonder if it's a wrong number. Then I hear his voice of all things, making me clutch the receiver tightly in the grip of my hand.

"Alpha Kai, it's Alpha Johnathon" comes his smooth unwavering voice. I frown. What the hell is he doing, calling my number.

"What can I do for you Alpha Johnathon" I say politely, glaring at the telephone. Damn kid. What's he wants now.

"You told me to phone you if I should need assistance" he says grimly.

Great. I had told him that. Still, I would have thought it would have taken him a lot longer to have the guts to phone me.

"What kind of assistance do you need?" I ask suspiciously.

"My pack is currently being attacked constantly by rogues. We've managed to hold them off but they're becoming braver and we could really use a hand in wiping them out. "

I consider it. I couldn't tell him no, not when I had promised to provide assistance. He sounded like he genuinely needed it. Plus, I realize, if I leave for his pack then phone calls to other packs about Winter's mother would have to wait until I got back.

"We can be there in a few hours" I growl "give us your location. Inform your men to expect us as well."

I slam the phone down once I've been given all the information.

"Fuck" I swear, running a hand through my hair. This was the last thing I bloody needed to deal with.

"I take it I'm coming as well?" asked Langdon. I shake my head.

"No, I need you to keep the pack running smoothly. I'll take a few men and leave. You can explain to Winter. . ." I trail off as the door to the study bursts open.

"Tell Winter what" comes her voice, her eyes staring hard at me as I swallow nervously.

"Johnathon called, he's having trouble with rogues at his pack and I told him I would assist" I begin.

Her eyes narrow. Damien stands behind her, looking apprehensive. "You figured I would stay here" she almost snarls "while you go and help."

I give a huff. "Be reasonable Winter."

"I am being reasonable" she snaps "I'm a hybrid remember, I can help. Not to mention that Johnathon risked his life to save me from Thomas. I owe him, Kai, we all do. I'm not staying behind on this one. I won't." She says firmly.

I look at Damien who gives a nod. He won't stay behind either. Langdon is frowning. He doesn't want his mate to go without him. I swear under my breath.

"Fine" I mutter "we'll all go. Langdon let Jeff know so he can take over the running of the pack. I really need to give him the Gamma title officially" I muse before glaring at Winter. "If you come, you follow all of my instructions, is that clear?" I demand "no going off on your own, no

trying to take on several rogues at once. You listen to me and Langdon" I say heatedly.

"I can do that" she promises.

I grimace and plonk down on my seat, rubbing my eyes. This was going to be a very long trip, I could tell.

"Go and pack" I tell them with a sigh "meet me back here in thirty minutes."

They both take off like a shot. "Are you sure this is wise?" asks Langdon.

I glower at him. "Did it look like I had a choice. At least if she's with me, I know she's safe."

He nods thoughtfully at that and stands up. "Guess I better go pack" he mutters "you should as well."

I just chuckle and get up, heading upstairs to the bedroom where Winter has clothes skew everywhere. I grab a backpack out of the closet and hand it to her, grabbing another one for myself.

"I just can't pick" she mutters as I stare at her incredulous. We're not going to a fashion parade for heaven's sake.

"Just pack some comfortable clothes, we won't be there long" I snarl.

I'm packed within five minutes, watching Winter as she debates over every item of clothing she has. Is this what all women are like when it comes to packing? It's nerve wracking watching her. I pull out my phone. "You have five minutes" I tell her tersely as she blinks at me panicked "otherwise we're going to miss our flight. "

It's almost amusing to watch her begin to slam random things into the backpack. I grab hold of it and walk downstairs, Langdon and Damien waiting patiently in the study. I bet Damien hardly took anytime at all to pack I think a little grumpily.

"We'll all go in the one car" I say evenly "seeming as we need to take a small flight. We'll rent a car when we get to the other side. Is everyone ready to go?" I ask, staring at Winter pointedly, who to her credit, merely blinks at me all innocent like.

"Yes" everyone chimes in.

We decide to take my SUV. Winter gets in the front with me, Langdon in the back with Damien. I glance at them in the rearview mirror and shake my head. The two lovebirds are holding hands already and whispering things in each other's ears. Winter fidgets with the radio as I pull out and head towards the main road.

"It will be nice to see Johnathon again" Winter says excitedly, a wide smile on her face.

Nice for her I think sourly, I could have happily lived my life without seeing the teenager again.

"I wonder how he's doing" she adds "he seemed so sad the last time I saw him. "

That was because he left while she had lost her memories I think bitterly. I wasn't naive. Johnathon still had feelings for Winter, even though he tried hard to hide it.

The flight seems to take forever. I hate confined spaces. It makes me feel claustrophobic. Even sitting by the window, I curse the fact that I can't

spread my legs out.; Winter on the other hand, is so petite that her legs spread out with plenty of room still.

"How long do you think we'll stay at Johnathon's pack for?" she asks turning to me, those pale pink lips of hers spread in a smile.

"A few days, maybe a week" I answer grumpily.

I glance over my shoulder to see Langdon is asleep with Damien's head on his shoulder. I gape. How the hell is he able to sleep in such tight quarters and uncomfortable chairs? It's not normal. Damien is awake but barely, his eyelids fluttering. I glance back at Winter and she's wide awake and chattering a mile a minute.

Slowly I drape an arm over her, pulling her across to snuggle with me. She nestles her head against my chest and I almost purr in contentment. She's gone quiet now and it's more relaxing. I can feel my whole body relaxing as well, closing my eyes, only to bolt upright again as the plane descends.

"Well, that was fun" chirped Winter, tugging me out of the plane while I scowl at everybody. Langdon and Damien follow behind me, both with small smiles on their faces.

"Langdon, Damien, let's go" I bark, storming towards the car rental place and quickly securing another SUV. I drum my fingers along the steering wheel. I'm regretting this already and I haven't even made it to Johnathon's pack.

"Kai" Winter says in a small voice "I don't mean to make you upset" she says, fidgeting with both hands as she climbs into the passenger seat.

I grab hold of her chin with one hand, gripping it tightly and then leans forward, mashing my lips against hers. I'm rough, possessive, my tongue

delving into her mouth and caressing hers. I want her to know that she's mine. She moans, her hands coming up behind my head. Aware of the passengers now coming into the backseat, I slowly, reluctantly, pull back, looking into her eyes.

"Just remember that you're mine" I purr and she nods, a smile on her swollen lips.

Langdon and Damien remain silent, aware of what just happened. I turn the key in the ignition. I pull out and glance out the window. The scenery is nice, the towns quite small. Winter is staring wide eyed at everything, but Damien refuses to look out the window, instead staring down at the ground and closing his eyes. What's up with that? Soon the scenery changes. It's woodsier, less town like. We pull up to a back road and begin to drive through the woods, careful to keep a close eye out for approaching shifters. Although, if Johnathon's done his job right, they would know to expect us as it has in fact only been a few hours since this morning. I can see what has to be a pack house in the distance, forced to stop when several shifters leap in front of the car, growling, snarling, with their ears tucked back.

"Damn it Johnathon" I curse as Winter slinks back in her chair "you had one job damn it. One job."

"Stay here" I tell Winter grumpily, opening the door and getting out of the car awkwardly. The wolves snap their jaws at me.

They must have mind-linked their Alpha thankfully though. Because two minutes later Johnathon comes jogging up, looking extremely apologetic.

"Sorry" he says breathing heavily "I told them to expect you. You're able to go on your way now" he says, with a distinctively unhappy look at the wolves.

"Can one of them drive?" I ask, throwing him the key. He motions towards one of the wolves who shifts. Winter, Langdon and Damien hop out of the car.

"Drive this to the pack house" Johnathon says to the wolf, handing the young lad the key. He nods and gets in, driving away as we watch.

We begin to walk towards the pack house, a huge mansion but cabin style to blend with the forest. I keep a wary eye out and keep my ears pricked for the sounds of any approaching rogues. Luckily, I don't smell one nearby. Johnathon looks on edge, glancing every which way. He doesn't look like he's slept a wink in days. "So, tell me about these rogues" I request of him, all of us waiting for him to open his mouth and speak. They must be causing one hell of a problem for him to look this way. I'm annoyed as I haven't had a chance to put feelers out for Winter and Damien's mother yet. Besides, I fume to myself, how hard can it be to get rid of a bunch of rogues?