

CHAPTER 128

Damien POV

I barely remember the car drive home, back to the pack. I know Langdon helped me into the car; I remember him putting the heater on to warm my suddenly cold and shivering body. The music droned on in the background during the short drive, my hand tapping uselessly against the window as I stared out into the distance, my eyes not focusing on anything in particular. My other hand gripped the scrapbook tightly, so tight that my hand had gone pale, the photo in question, the one I needed answers from, firmly tucked inside so that it wouldn't flutter away in the wind.

"Damien, you need to calm down alright" Langdon said shooting me a half-crazed look.

I wonder what it is I look like, that he feels the need to speak to me like that. I look over at him but say nothing, my heart thumping painfully in my chest. I feel detached, like part of me is shrinking away and trying to escape my own reality. The image on the photograph constantly pops into my head over and over again. Like a movie constantly put on repeat. There's no sound but it still seems too loud for my comfort and too bright inside my own head.

"That bitch knew" I snarl at Langdon, turning to him and seeing his jaw clenched and his own eyes flashing furiously, he's just as angry as I am. "She knew Langdon. This is why she didn't want me going to the fucking

house. That lying bitch" I shout, slamming my hand angrily against the dashboard as Langdon picks up the speed slightly.

"Still, getting this angry isn't going to do anybody any good" he says tightly.

"It's doing me some good" I snarl, slumping back against the chair. "Because if I don't let some of my anger out, I might end up killing her with my own bare hands" I threaten, my voice shaking. I mean every word. My whole being is screaming at me to kill her. Why should someone like her be allowed to live? I'd known my father was a complete bastard but this, my mother being a sadistic crazy ass bitch, wasn't something I'd seen coming.

We pull into the driveway and Langdon tentatively turns the motor off, before reaching over and grasping my knee, gently stroking it. "I know you're angry" he whispers "but try to get a hold of yourself. If you go in there, screaming and shouting, she won't give you anything. She won't give you the answers you need, she'll shut down and you'll be stuck with nowhere to look or go." His tone is gentle, even as his eyes are grim. His own body is stiff and I realize that he's just as angry and upset about this as I am. Maybe more so.

I take a couple of deep breaths, forcing the air into my lungs, willing my body to relax somewhat. The pack house looms in front of me and slowly, reluctantly, I climb out of the car, retrieving my trusted scrapbook and taking hold of a steadfast Langdon's hand. "We can do this" he tells me, squeezing my hand.

I close my eyes and nod, traipsing towards the front door and reaching out to knock. Langdon grabs my hand. "What on earth are you doing" he hisses "we don't need to knock, we're pack members. "

Oh yeah. Totally forgotten about that, just so used to being at Langdon and my home.

We open the door, wincing at the large creaky sound it makes. It's late, so I half expect that bitch of a woman who is my mother, to be in bed, frustrating me even more completely, but to mine and Langdon's ultimate surprise, she's in the living room, watching a movie. When she turns her head to see who is there, her eyes widen slightly, but then return to normal. She's been expecting us then. She leans back against her chair. Her eyes widen as she sees the scrapbook I'm holding firmly under one arm.

"You went to the house then" she said weakly "and looked around."

I glare at her with utter hatred. Never in my life, have I wished someone would drop dead right that instant, but I would happily wish for that to happen now. My hand is shaking as I slowly grip the scrap book in my hand and drop it, loudly on the coffee table. She watches my every move, her face pale, her body trembling. I slowly flip through the pages, Langdon behind me, silently offering his support. I know he won't step in unless he feels the need to, that he knows this is something I need to do and say myself. I hear the crinkles of the pages as I search for the photograph, the one that means everything to me, my fingers withdrawing it from the page as I hold it up and then slam it down on the coffee table in front of my now crying mother.

"Care to explain this mother?" I taunt, glaring hard at her.

She swallows. Her face turns ashen.

I look down at the photograph, my heart giving a squeeze. It's a photo of her, dressed in a hospital gown, sitting upright in a hospital bed, clutching two babies to her. One in each arm. Both are boys, both are dressed in blue

onesies, with little hats on their heads, wrapped up in a swaddle. Someone's written an inscription to the photo on the back at the bottom.

Our baby boys. Twins Damien and Drake.

Twins. I had a twin out there. Something I'd never even dreamed of the possibility of having. My mother had giving birth to two boys when she had me. I wasn't a single child she'd given birth to after all.

"Our baby boys, Twins, Damien and Drake" I repeat quietly, watching as she looks away. "Where's my brother? What did you do to him mother? I don't have any memories of a brother with me at all. So where is he?" I hiss.

Her eyes water as she looks at me. "You wouldn't understand" she breathes quietly, heaving a sob.

My eyes narrow "try me."

Her hand reaches out to grab the photo. I tense, but she merely trails a finger down it, looking pensive.

"You were both so beautiful" she said choked up "both exactly identical down to the birthmark underneath your knee."

"So, what happened? You decided you only wanted one of us?" I snarl sarcastically.

She flinches. "No" she whispers "I wanted both of you. I swear, it's just. . ." she trails off.

"I didn't know I was having twins when I gave birth in the hospital. We only had the one ultrasound and it showed just one fetus. I was young when I had you and I was terrified" she exhaled "but when I gave birth and there were suddenly two of you, I was even more terrified" she said

honestly "all I could think about was that I would have to get up to feed two babies, that I would be cleaning up and chasing after two of you."

She sounded selfish. "Your father had been drinking again, which meant I was going to be all alone looking after you. That was bad enough, but he'd started gambling as well. He wasn't a good gambler and before we knew it, we were in serious debt to some scary people" my mother admitted.

None of this was news to me. My father had always been a deadbeat dad. Langdon was stroking my back as I folded my arms and stared coldly at my mother.

"This is nothing new" I snapped.

"No, it wasn't" she agreed readily "but when I'd given birth and we discovered twins, he came up with a solution to the problem. A rich couple had approached him, prepared to pay a lot of money for one of our babies. It was enough to cover our debts and leave us a little bit to get along on. I fought him on it, of course" she snapped looking exasperated "I didn't think it was right to separate twins. But he was so persistent, constantly pushing me and convincing me that the baby would be better off in a rich affluent family. "

My eyes narrowed. "You let him sell my brother" I said incredulous "just like that. Did you even meet the family that father was giving him to?" I said suddenly "or did you just take his word for it?" My voice was dripping with malice now.

She bit her lip. "I couldn't leave the hospital so I just took his word for it. But Damien, he did come back with a lot of money and the first thing he did was pay off his debts" she whispered.

I couldn't even bear to look at her. "So that makes it alright then" I snap "selling an innocent baby to god knows who. You have no idea who it was, where he went to do it?"

She shook her head. "If I could change the past, I would" she said with a cry "but it's too late. We figured it was better if you never even knew you had a twin. I'm surprised he kept that photo" she sobbed.

"How can you live with yourself" I ask her snidely "You sold off a child, left the other two to be terrorized by your ex-mate, abandoned them and then suddenly want to be a mother again. Not to mention hooked up with someone else's mate. Do you feel any shame at all?" I ask.

She bursts into tears. "I'm sorry" she sobs "your father was so persuasive. "

I glare "Did he leave any information at all about the family he was selling Drake to" I said lightly "the pack name, town, anything like that? You said influential family, what did he mean by that?" I asked

She sighed. "I don't know, when he said influential family, he was quite excited, said they were richer than he'd imagined. But then he also said they would not tolerate him coming for more money, that they would kill him if he tried. So, I guess they were powerful as well."

I feel so much anger at her. Part of me want to throw her through a window. I glower. Langdon gently touches my back. "We didn't finish going through the boxes, perhaps there's something back there" he says quietly.

My mother looks at me guiltily. "I am sorry. "

"You only care about yourself" I snarl "I have a brother out there who I've never met. He's also probably Langdon's mate as well, twins generally have the same mate" I snap. "It's rare when they don't."

Langdon takes a deep breath and releases it. "Come on let's go to bed Damien" he suggests, trying to tug me out of the room.

"You have no soul" I tell my mother hatefully "You're nothing but a demon that deserves to be killed. All you've brought Winter and I is misery and pain. Do you think Winter will forgive something like this when she finds out?" I spit out "See what your precious daughter does then mother. She'll hate you, just as much as I do. Just wait and see" I yell out "I curse the fact we met you" I scream out wildly, Langdon fully grabbing me and almost marching me out of the pack house.

"I think some sleep is in order" he says wisely "and then we can go back into the attic and look through some more boxes" he finishes firmly.

"What if I can't find him" I say miserably.

Langdon shoots me a look "we'll find him Damien. He's got to be out there somewhere and Kai has a lot of technical experts that can help. But right now," he says pointedly "I just want to get you away from your mother before you murder her. "