

## CHAPTER 136

Damien POV

"Well, he seems nice" Elena commented from the cell, her voice dripping with sarcasm "he could have at least let us free."

I roll my eyes. Langdon is quiet, hard to read, a grim expression on his face as he regards us all. The other boy, or guard, Jared is still staring at us all in disbelief, my twin having walked away now.

"Langdon" I say quietly, "are you going to keep him as your mate?" I ask tentatively. I won't blame him if he says yes, after all it's relatively normal for twins and triplets to have the same mate but it stings to think of sharing him with another person, even if that person is my brother. I scold myself for being jealous especially right now. But I can't help it. After all I've had Langdon to myself up until now.

He hesitates for a moment. "It's a weird situation" he says finally "I know it's a normal thing but I find that I'm really attached to you and don't want to be shared" he admitted "but I also don't want to hurt your brother's feelings either" he says with a frown " I need time to think about it."

"That's fair" I say quietly.

I turn to mother who looks pensive now, staring off into the distance, thinking about God knows what. "Mother, any chance you want to explain how Drake ended up here?" I ask sarcastically.

She looks up. I frown. She genuinely looks mystified. At a complete loss if I'm being honest with myself. Maybe she's been telling the truth this time. Either that, or she's a hell of a good actress. I suspect the latter.

"No idea" she says calmly. Too calmly.

"You're so lucky to have Drake as a brother" the stoner says. You can smell the marijuana drifting off his clothes from the cell and his eyes are so glazed over, I'm amazed he can see at all. Let alone carry on a conversation.

"Is that right" I say drily although, I'm curious about Drake. My twin looks so much harder than myself, like he's had a rough upbringing as well and that tattoo well, it's awesome. I'm considering getting one myself now.

"Yes" enthuses Jared "he's so nice even if he doesn't look it. Trust me, he'll do anything for his friends. Shame about his mother" he comments "he really hates her. Which is strange because everyone else loves her."

"I don't suppose you are willing to let us out" Langdon speaks out, moving forward but avoiding the bars.

Jared looks apologetic. "I promised I wouldn't but Drake will be back soon, don't worry. He wouldn't lie to you" he assures us.

We have to trust him. Elena sits on the ground and makes herself comfortable. "Is there any chance of getting something to eat and drink?" she asks politely.

"Of course," Jared says cheerfully "I'll get someone to bring some good stuff down. You like chocolate?" he asks my mother who looks horrified at the very idea. Why do I have the feeling he has the munchies? I fight back a grin as he almost races outside. Mother looks offended. "He didn't even ask what I wanted" she says with a groan "he'll probably come back with junk food and soft drink."

"Well, it won't kill you" I tell her with a shrug "be grateful he's fetching anything. He could just let us starve."

"I am grateful" she protests "but he's stoned, and I don't want lollies and chips."

"Tell him that when he gets back then" I say with a sigh. God, does she have to complain about everything? Why can't she just leave well enough alone?

Langdon grabs hold of my arm and drags me into a corner, "Leave your mother alone" he sighs "we have bigger fish to fry."

I look around the cell and the dungeon. We're the only ones in there.

"What do you suggest we do?" I ask mystified "we can't exactly break out of here" I point out wryly.

He huffs impatiently. "I know that, but it's not like we have a plan either" he points out impatiently "what do you think we should do when we get out?"

"Save Winter" I snap like it's going to be the easiest thing in the world. Even I wince when I speak those words and I look at Langdon sheepishly.

He merely rolls his eyes and folds his arms, arching an eyebrow at me "you know it's not going to be that easy, don't you?"

"Well, what should we do? The queen is a witch and a siren according to Winter, how exactly do you fight someone like that?" I snap with a shrug. "Men can't fight against sirens, we're lucky she's only a half siren, but combined as a witch?"

"We can still win; we just have to be cautious" Langdon says quietly. He looks determined, I'm just not as optimistic as him.

Elena must have been listening because she turned her head and chuckled at the both of us. "You men will be like putty at her fingertips" she chortled "don't you see, the only people unaffected by sirens are women. You are both goners as soon as you see her. Drake is only immune because he's grown up with it. This whole plan was stupid to begin with."

I turn on her angrily "well do you have any suggestions then mother" I spit out "or are you just going to sit there and tear everything we think of down."

Langdon grabs my arm. "She said women are immune" he hisses, gesturing at a wide-eyed Elena "so she must be immune to her charms. Why don't we get her to take charge in a way. Be a vital part of the plan?"

"No way" Elena says weakly "she'll kill me before I can do anything."

"You are still a shifter" I point out angrily "and it's your daughter she has. Don't you care mother, about Winter?"

She falls silent and goes pale. I stare triumphantly. She's feeling guilty and rightly she should. Finally, she slumps her shoulders and leans against the wall, muttering under her breath. "Fine, tell me what to do" she says weakly.

We sit down with her, facing the door. The door bursts open, startling us all as we jump in our skins. Jared comes in wheeling a trolley and smiling with a look of success on his face.

"I brought food and drink" he says crowing proudly.

I glance at the trolley and almost burst out laughing. As I'd predicted he'd brought all sorts of sweets and chips, lollies, soft drink and water thank God, not to mention a copious amount of chocolate. Langdon makes a strangled noise and my mother's mouth has dropped open in shock.

"Thank you, Jared," I say politely "that was really nice of you."

He beams. He manages to hand everything through the bars as I pass the stuff out. My mother wrinkles her nose and accepts a bottle of water but nothing else. Snob I think with amusement. Jared is inhaling his own food.

"Drake says eat up, you need your strength" he comments, placing a potato chip in his mouth and munching loudly as mother winces in disgust.

I grin. I can't help it. I like this kid. Even as a stoner, he's nice.

"What else did Drake say?" I ask as he selects a jelly snake and opens his mouth, dropping it down into his throat with a slurping sound.

He glances at me meaningfully. "That at a certain time, I'm to unlock the cell door and then slip away, leaving you guys to your own devices."

I inhale. "Drake will keep his word then" I check, still awed by the fact I've seen my brother in person and that I didn't have to go on a personal quest to find him.

Jared looks insulted now. "OF course he'll keep his word. He would never back down from it. He's your brother, you should at least know that about him. Don't twins have a special bond or something?" he says with annoyance.

Twins most likely had a bond, but only when they grew up together, I thought with a pang of sadness, my chest feeling heavy. I would have loved to have grown up with a brother by my side, someone to have adventures with and get into mischief with but it was not to be. Perhaps it was better that way, because at least he wouldn't have grown up with an alcoholic piece of shit for a father, but would things have been different if he had been around? Would father have been more hesitant in regards to the abuse if he'd had two sons to stand up to him and say no? Life could have been so much more different, I blame him and my mother for everything that's occurred in my life up until now. Thank God for Langdon

who shows me love and affection every day, who guides me when I'm steering in the wrong direction and who is there for me in every single way he can be.

"I wish I had a special bond" I whisper to Jared, who's eyes soften as he looks at me.

"Sorry man" he apologizes gruffly "didn't mean nothing by it. Heck, Drake is a brother to me, the only family I got. I guess I'm a little jello" he says sadly.

"You're a good brother to him" I say, watching the young man's face light up. "I guess that makes us brothers too" I add and he beams. His entire face is glowing.

"Really" he says "that's so cool."

He yawns. I'm betting the effect of the marijuana is making him sleepy which makes me nervous. We don't want him to fall asleep and forget to open the door to the cell. Mother however speaks up quietly, standing abruptly and making eye contact with Jared who blinks at her bemused.

"I need the bathroom" she says hurriedly.

"You're going to have to hold it" Jared says awkwardly "I can't let you out, not yet anyway."

She glares at him and then blushes to my surprise, what on earth is the woman up to now.

"I can't hold it" she argues.

I see Jared glance over to the small bathroom in the corner. It's not far but he's weighing up his options. After all there is two men in the cell who are more powerful than him. My mother is beginning to bounce up and down on her toes, cheeks beet red.

"Please" she pleads softly.

Jared looks awkward now, as he shakes his head. She doubles over and clutches at her stomach as though she's in agony. "You don't understand" my mother says beginning to shake and sob, her voice full of -pain "I need the bathroom. I'm getting my period."

Stunned silence. Jared's mouth drops open. Langdon and I glance at each other uncomfortably. Was there a reason she needed to blurt that out for everyone to hear? Nonetheless my mother continues "I'm bleeding, I'm uncomfortable and I need to use the facilities" she howls. Everyone is feeling awkward now and Jared is completely speechless. I guess he's never had to handle a situation like this before.

Jared is blushing profusely now and he almost completely bowls over the food trolley, searching frantically for something as we watch quietly. He finally brandishes a key at us. "Don't tell Drake," He babbles at us as we all nod, my mother clutching her stomach for all she's worth.

He inserts the key into the lock as we stay back. "Stay back" he advises Langdon and myself, and we press ourselves back against the wall.

The key turns with a loud ominous creak, Jared pulling the door half open as my mother lets out a screech of pain. The tips of his ears are red. "Sorry, sorry" he mumbles, letting my mother out "the bathroom is over there" he advises, pointing at it. My mother takes a step, then another towards the facilities. Jared starts to close the door again and I tense, prepared to rush the poor guy when my mother whirls around instead and hits him hard across the head. Langdon and I are incredulous as he drops to the floor with a loud thud, the eyes rolling to the back of his head. He's unconscious as she pulls the door open, hissing in pain from the silver and we walk out. Langdon picks up Jared carefully and gently places him inside the cell, shutting the door and locking the young man inside. I feel a stab of

remorse. I don't like that we're leaving him like that but we have no choice. Drake would let him out, I was certain of it.

"Well done mother" I congratulate her and she just eyes me.

"See I am good for something" she says harshly "now let's go find that blasted Kai and your sister. "

She heads towards the exit, Langdon and I in tow.