

CHAPTER 140

Winter POV

I wish I could say that I didn't remember the next few moments, or hours but it's imprinted on my mind. Shouting and screaming for Kai to wake up, shaking him with my arms. I don't remember which one it was, either Damien or his twin Drake, confused in the moment as I screamed for my mate, taking hold of me, and dragging me back away from him as I flailed around and struggled against them.

"Let me go" I screamed " I need to go to Kai. He needs me"

It finally hit me that it was Damien holding me back, his eyes staring down at me with, was that sympathy in his gaze? Why would I need his sympathy? Kai was alright, he just needed the hospital, I convinced myself, he needed medical attention, that was all. He would be fine, I tried to convince myself, but the words felt hollow.

The other one, Drake was looking down at the body of his mother with an unreadable expression on his face.

"She's definitely dead" he muttered, looking at my mother who was bending down to check Kai all over. "What about him?"

My mother was checking for a pulse. I stilled, looking at her desperately and she wouldn't meet my eyes.

"There's a tiny pulse, barely there, but it's there" my mother finally said and Drake nodded. He moved towards Kai and firmly grasped him in his arms. The sight of blood hit me again and I blanched, the smell repugnant.

I couldn't stand to see my mate hurt and it was all my fault, I thought bitterly. Why hadn't I just killed Vanessa immediately instead of toying with her? I should have just been done with it. Instead, I'd played with her and Kai had been hurt as a result. I was an idiot. What had I done? Bile rises up in my throat, threatening to empty my stomach contents as I double over in grief, Damien's strong arms the only thing holding me up.

"I'm taking him to the hospital" announced Drake and my other brother, the one tenderly holding me, gave him a small nod.

He rushed off, my mother coming to my side, to my surprise, whereas Langdon, followed behind Drake, also heading to the hospital. I suppose as the Beta; it's his duty to find out his Alpha's condition. I struggle weakly in my brother's arms, all my strength suddenly zapped out.

"I killed him" I sob wildly "Kai's dead because of me" I scream out.

Damien shakes his head. "He's not dead. Mother found a pulse" he pointed out, and then glances behind me at the corpse still lying there. "Vanessa is gone, thank goodness. You got rid of her. Winter, don't blame yourself for this, we tried to get Kai to hold back, but he was insistent on going to your side."

That just hurt me inside even more. My mother pulls my hair back from my forehead. "Sweetheart" she croons "this isn't your fault. Why don't you let Damien hold you and take you up to the hospital? I'm sure you could use a checking over as well" she adds pointedly. But my wounds are healed, one of the very many benefits to being half vampire and half shifter. We heal incredibly fast.

Part of me wants to change Kai, it would heal him, make him better, but he can't consent to being a hybrid and I won't force that on him. One time he told me he didn't want to be one, apologizing to me, and I had to respect that, but by God, it was killing me inside and part of me wanted to be

selfish and do it anyway. I was hoping the surgery would go through and that I wouldn't have to be tempted to do just that.

I let Damien swoop me into his arms, cradling me against his chest. "For what it's worth, I am sorry about Kai. But he'll pull through Winter, he's a stubborn jack ass, you know that" he adds.

I desperately want to believe him. Believe everything they are telling me, but there's something in their eyes as they glance away, something they aren't saying to me. He begins to walk and I cling to him, holding desperately onto his flesh which warms me on the outside. But it's the inside of me that's chilled to the bone, inside of me that hurts so much that I want to scream out all my pain and anguish.

The hospital is busy, crowded and chaotic. We walk inside and a nurse spots us both, looking me over with a critical eye. "Do you require assistance?" she asks over the noise.

Damien shakes his head. "Actually, we're looking for a patient, would have just been brought in, Alpha Kai?" he asks with a smile. The nurse almost swoons.

"He's in surgery at the moment, your friends are currently in the waiting room" she added, taking us down there "I'll come inform you when the surgery is over."

I barely grasp anything she's saying. Damien sits me on a seat, my mother taking one on the other side of me. Langdon and Drake look at us with a grim expression. "They're doing surgery on his brain Winter. We don't know if he'll make it."

I let out a cry, Damien's arms enfolding me. Drake looks at me sadly, but doesn't try to touch me. It's not the best circumstance to meet your sister, I guess. But I find myself reaching out a hand to him, he hesitates but then

takes it, giving it a gentle squeeze in sympathy. "What are his chances?" I ask thickly.

He's an Alpha, this can't be right. Don't Alpha's heal better than other wolves? What about Storm. Oh my god, I can't lose them, I can't, I think to myself.

My mother tries to calm me. "Winter, you need to breathe honey. You're going to collapse at this rate. Just breathe. We won't know anything until the nurse comes back."

My eyes fill with tears. Someone, God knows who, hands me a box of tissues which I gratefully accept, blowing my nose and wiping my tears. My whole body feels lightheaded.

"I think she should lie down" I hear Langdon say in genuine concern "she looks like she's going to pass out. She would have used a lot of energy up with that fight" he informs them.

My mother moves. My brother hops off his seat and then gently pushes my unresisting body down over a few chairs, placing a jacket over me. "Sleep" he murmurs as I let go of Drake's hand "we'll wake you when we hear something."

I open my mouth to protest, but the tiredness overtakes me. The truth is I had expended a lot of energy and right now, Sabriel was also going insane at the thought of our mate being injured and hurt. My eyes close of their own accord even though I try desperately to fight it, frightened that no one would wake me up with news.

I drift, but not so deep that I can't overhear them talking around me.

"What is she going to do if he doesn't make it? How will she cope?" Langdon.

"We'll be there for her. No matter what. She needs our love to pull her through" my mother.

"I feel so bad. I should have been able to fight, my mother is responsible for this, well not my real mother but still." Drake

"It's okay. Kai is a tough son of a bitch. The bastard will pull through, I'm certain of it." Damien.

But as the hours pass, the voices begin to change. I can hear snoring next to me and surmise that it must be Damien.

"Langdon, will Winter be okay?" Drake. He sounds so concerned, like a brother even though we've just met.

"I don't know" Langdon answers stiffly "she's strong, brave, fearless at times, but to lose a mate, is to lose your entire world."

Silence. Nothing but silence. He's hurting too, his voice sounds pained. His best friend was in surgery as well and his Luna was losing it at the moment.

Hours pass. I feel my strength returning, my eyes beginning to flutter open. My mother reaches down and helps me to sit, gently patting me on the back. "Do you want something to eat?" she asks, pointing to a tray of sandwiches which must have been brought by one of the nurses. I consider it, my stomach is growling and churning. I don't want to eat, but going hungry isn't really going to help the situation either. I gingerly reach over and grab one, munching it absently, my eyes on the revolving doors.

"Still no news?" I ask rather hopelessly. Surely that was a bad sign, wasn't it?

"No news, he's still in surgery" answers Langdon with a sigh "but they do keep coming to inform us so that's something. King Axel is recovering.

Turns out Vanessa tried to poison him before the ritual. He's out of critical condition but also anxious about Kai."

I give a slow nod. The hospital is so depressing, being surrounded by all white, the walls just a glaring reminder of where you are and what you are doing. I've always hated them and now I've been stuck inside of one for almost, from the looks of it, 16 hours.

I get up and go to the bathroom, letting myself have a small cry. I use the cold water to splash on my face and cool down some of the redness and the puffiness of my eyes. It's refreshing and I blink back further tears.

Winter, our mate, our mate is hurt so bad

I know Sabriel, it's my fault

It's not your fault. There's no blame here child, just fear for our mate and his safety

I can't do anything to help him Sabriel and it hurts

I'm hurting too, my child, my heart feels as though it's bleeding.

Oh my god Winter our mate

Sabriel ends that sentence on a scream full of anguish and despair. I feel the most intense pain of my life in my chest and scream, dropping to the ground, one hand to my heart as it thumps wildly. My screams continue, the pain washing over me, again and again, my body curled up now in the fetal position, unable to move, only to feel the never-ending waves of pain. I can hear shouts outside the door but it barely registers. It hurts, hurts so bad, and I find myself desperately clawing at my chest to make it stop, the make whatever this intense pain is go away, blood trickling down to the floor. The more pain I feel, the more frenzied my clawing becomes. What the hell is this pain?

The door bursts open and several nurses file in, grabbing hold of my arms to prevent me from scratching and wounding myself any further. "Doctor get the sedative ready" a nurse shouts as my arms begin to flail around and my body begins to writhe from the pain. A man in a doctor's coat steps inside, carefully holding a syringe. My eyes widen. What are they doing? Couldn't they see that I was fine, that I didn't need help? My mate was the one that was needing the help, the assistance. Why weren't they with him? Then I see mother's face and Langdon's as they look down at me, their faces pale and ashen.

"Winter, this is for your own good alright, it will help take the pain away" the doctor murmurs.

Pain. What did they know about pain? I was being slowly tortured, from the inside, unable to make sense of it all. All I could do was fight them in disbelief. Some part of me, knew something was very wrong.

A sharp prick as the syringe or needle goes into my arm, the nurses all panting heavily from the exertion of trying to hold back my limbs. I give a small hiss, glaring up at them all. The pain begins to slowly, ever so slowly, subside, my body becoming limp and boneless, the nurses letting go so that my arms and legs flop to the ground.

"It's taking effect" the doctor commented "let's get a stretcher to put her on and get her to a hospital room."

I feel myself being lifted up and placed on something hard and cold. My mother reaches out and holds my hand, walking beside me as my eyes blink in confusion, my vision becoming somewhat blurry.

"Winter, I'm so so sorry" my mother whispers, her voice shaky and cracking "they did all they could, but in the end, there was just too much in the way of injuries and complications. I'm sorry to tell you. . ." she pauses, her eyes brimming with tears as I wonder where everyone else is

"I'm sorry to tell you honey, that Kai didn't make it. That's what that pain was."

Just like that, I learnt that I had lost my mate and my whole world, my eyes shutting and my mind drifting off in a pleasant haze brought on by a sedative. Kai was gone forever and there was nothing I could do about it. I should have changed him when I had the chance, selfish or not.