

CHAPTER 22

Damien POV

I feel bad. I had to leave Winter at home this morning, because I had football practice, well okay, I was staring at the cheerleaders and maybe some of the other girls that cheer for them. A crappy reason to leave my sister behind right? I should have stayed but surely dad was way too drunk to do anything. He'd been completely out of it when I left so I thought it was safe. I shake my head. I'll check later to make sure that she's made it to school safely. I promised her I'd change and I meant every single word of it.

There's a niggly feeling in my gut and I don't even dare wait until lunch like my original plan to find her. Instead I go to the administration office and get glared at by the secretary. Clearly she doesn't like me. Like I care, heck the feeling was mutual. I drum my fingers across the desk just to piss her off some more.

"Can I help you" she says snidely and I so badly want to give her the finger but making sure Winter is ok is my first priority. I could always give her the finger when I left.

"I'm wondering what class my sister Winter is in right now. I need to speak to her" I mumble. There's no need to tell her my last name. I've been in this office so many times to see the headmaster that the secretary knows my full name off by heart.

She scowls at me and then slowly, pulls up something from her computer. At least she's not arguing with me but then maybe she just wants me the hell out of her office.

"Why are you looking for your sister when she called in sick today" the woman snaps, as though I've wasted her precious time. I swear she rolled her eyes at me.

"Winter called in sick" I double check. I don't believe her, Winter has never missed a day of school. Even when she was being bullied relentlessly or sick with a cold, she came to school. Her grades were too important to her.

"Yes she called in sick" the secretary says irritably and I still.

"Did she call or did her father?" I ask in a whisper, my gut churning.

Now she looks even more annoyed. "Does it matter?"

"Yes" I say with gritted teeth "it matters a lot" and she sighs, pushing away her chair.

"Wait here while I ask the headmaster" she drawls sarcastically and I glare as I watch her go in.

She's back, surprisingly quickly and makes a conscious effort to settle herself back in her chair before she looks up and meets my eyes. My arms are folded now and I'm feeling extremely impatient.

"Well" I growl.

"Your father called in sick for Winter, she was too sick to do it herself."

Father would never do something like that, not even if Winter really was sick and she'd been fine last night when we'd been hanging out. I frown. Something feels dangerously wrong and I don't even have the heart to give the secretary the finger as I leave.

I no sooner make it to the front door of the school when another kid joins me. I guess I shouldn't say kid because it was the new Alpha boy Johnathon. How ironic that he has the same name as one of my friends I think to myself absently as I stop and stare at him wondering what it is he wants. Clearly he feels it's disrespectful cause his eyes flash and I find myself baring my neck in submission.

"Sorry" I apologies and he glares.

"Are you Winter's brother?" he asks in a dangerous tone and I give a nod.

"I'm looking for her" he adds and I sigh.

“I was just going home to look for her” I tell him and his eyes flash.

“You think she’s in danger” he said to me and I hesitate but I can’t exactly lie to an alpha.

“I know she’s in danger” I say grimly “Winter’s never missed a day of school in her life, if there’s anything that means the world to that girl it’s her grades. “

“I’ll give you a lift” Johnathon said looking just as grim and I give him a nod of thanks, sensing he was coming with and wouldn’t exactly take no for an answer. This is the asshole who rejected my sister and I was letting him give me a lift to my house! I could yell at him later when I found Winter.

It’s not long and where pulling up in front of the house. Johnathon drives scary and there were moments when I found myself praying for my life while he drove. I almost vomited the contents of my stomach up as I got out. It must be nice to be Alpha and not worried about being pulled over, I think sourly as I make my way up the driveway. I don’t bother to knock, let alone unlock the door, father’s always too drunk to care about stuff like that and we have nothing worth stealing anyway.

I open the door slowly and peer in. Father is his usual drunk self, sitting on the couch, a beer bottle dangling from his chubby hand, snores permeating the room. I walk in quietly and motion for Johnathon to follow me, he does but I notice he looks at father askance and with repulsion on his face. Clearly, he didn’t approve.

“I’m going to check her room” I say and Johnathon nods, looking over at father. “Keep him in your sight” I whisper and slowly tread upstairs, walking straight to Winter’s room. She’s not in there. I spend time looking in my room and father’s even the bathroom and toilet but there’s no sign of my little sister anywhere.

He’s done something to her, I know it in my bones and I storm downstairs, Johnathon pointing to the kitchen. I peer in and see blood on the floor, not a lot just small spatters, a broken dish and a tea towel on the ground. To me it looks like signs of a struggle and I’m in no mood to wait for father to wake up. I stomp over to him and smack him upside the head with a loud crack that whips through the air. It’s the first time I’ve hit him and instead of being worried I feel powerful, more than ready to take him down if he doesn’t tell me what he’s done to Winter.

Father growls and I feel no sympathy for him. One eye and then the second one cracks open and he sits bolting upright, his eyes full of scorn as he glares at me. He makes no move to retaliate and it’s then that I see what a coward he really is. Why have I been afraid of him all this time?

“What” he snaps, dropping the bottle to the ground and rubbing his flabby face.

“Where’s Winter” I snarl and he gives a chuckle, as though amused by the situation. I glare harder.

“Why do you care” father says snidely “you never have before.”

“I care now” I thunder and before I know it, I’ve gripped father by the neck and lifted him, his feet dangling uselessly. His eyes widen in alarm. Johnathon is silent in the background, observing it all and making no move to interfere.

“Tell me” I say between gritted teeth and he dangles before grumbling and then finally laughing. I stare at him. Has he lost his marbles?

“You’ll get a kick out of this” my father wheezes as I finally drop him, gasping for breath and clutching his throat, a wide grin on his face that makes me want to punch the crap out of him.

“Tell me” I growl and he laughs, doubling over.

I kick him in the ribs and send him flying. This was a waste of time but my god if he didn’t speak I was dangerously close to killing him right now.

“Fine, fine” he mumbles as I go to hit him again. “I sold her.”

I stare. Had he just said what I thought I heard? “You sold her” Johnathon comes forward his hands clenched into fists, his eyes pitch black as he stares at father with hatred, his alpha authority coming through. “Speak” Johnathon orders and father’s helpless to disobey against the alpha tone. For once I’m grateful for Johnathon’s presence.

“I sold her to someone for money” father snaps and I feel numb. How any father could do that to his daughter was beyond me. I’d never been full of so much disgust for him.

“Who” thunders Johnathon and father casts a sly look at me as though he finds something funny about it. I realize why a moment later. “I sold her to your friend Thomas.”