

CHAPTER 23

Damien POV

I stared at my father in stupefaction. I had to have heard him wrong, but there was a growing anger inside of me that told me I heard him clearly.

"What do you mean you sold her to Thomas" I breathed evenly, feeling sick to my stomach. Not my best friend. He wouldn't do this to me, would he?

"I mean he gave me money for her" My father snaps and I pale, giving him one last kick to the stomach, unable to even look him in the eyes anymore.

"I can't believe Thomas would go this far" I whispered. I knew Thomas had a crush on my sister, but to buy her? I wasn't stupid, even though we hung out together, Thomas was from a completely different world with rich parents who ignored his bad behavior when it suited them. He had money at his disposal whenever he wanted it. I wasn't naive enough to believe it had been to prevent my father from selling Winter to someone else or to be a good Samaritan.

Johnathon comes closer, his eyes pitch black, boring into my father's, utter contempt in his gaze. "You'll pay for this" he whispers "it's the lowest of lows, what you've just done. I'll make sure you never see daylight again", he vows, and I feel a sense of relief. If he follows through with his threat, I'll never have to deal with my father again. Neither will Winter. I feel a rush of gratitude toward Alpha Johnathon.

"I am no longer your son" I hissed at my father, who looked startled for a moment before he shrugged. I don't wait around any longer, storming

outside while Johnathon stays inside for a moment, doing who knows what. I heard a howl from my father and smirked. Whatever it was, it had been painful.

"Do you know where Thomas lives," Johnathon growls, and I hesitate.

I've only ever been to Thomas's house once before and I only kind of remembered some of the way but it stood out. Surely, if we headed in the general direction, we would come across it? Even my friends didn't know. None of them had been invited to Thomas's house.

"I only know some of the way" I admit, and Alpha Johnathon looks pissed but resigned, climbing into the passenger seat while I awkwardly get in the drivers.

"It's better than nothing" he mutters "I can try and smell her blood. My nose is more sensitive and maybe, being my mate, my wolf will pick up her scent easier."

I can't help myself. "You rejected her", I snapped, "so you're not really mates anymore, are you" I add sarcastically, not caring if I'm insulting the big bad Alpha. He glowers at me.

"I made a mistake" he whispered as I started the car up, "or at least I think I did. I don't know" he exhaled before looking at me grimly, "but do you really want to spend time arguing over this or do you want to find your sister?"

I start to drive.

I'm sweating, all the houses look the same and even Johnathon is cursing in the passenger seat. The more time passes, the more panicked I feel. I tried calling Thomas's number but he did not answer his phone. I'm not surprised. I hit the steering wheel in frustration. Then Johnathon stiffens. "My wolf is going crazy", he breathes "keep going in this direction", he orders, and I'm quick to obey. My heart is hammering in my chest and I'm terrified for my younger sister. This is all my fault. It's my so-called friend

who's paid for her. I should have stayed home this morning. I should have been there to protect her. I'm the big brother and she's so small, so little. I can't even think about what she might be going through right now because then I'll lose control.

"Stop", Johnathon shouts and I stop, parking the car automatically. There's a mansion up ahead and I give a sigh of relief. I would recognize Thomas's house anywhere.

"That's his place," I said and got out of the car, but Johnathon held out a hand to stop me from going any further, a grim expression on his face.

"I smell blood," he says, and I swear. If Thomas hurt her, I was going to kill him. My hands are itching to beat the crap out of him as it is. Thomas is a dead man as soon as I get Winter out of his clutches.

"It's not just Winter's," Johnathon snaps, "and there's lots of it."

I nod, but it doesn't stop me from racing to the front door. I don't even knock, just barrel in and Johnathon is right behind me when we both halt inside. We both scream out at the same time "Winter" as we see her lying there, like a broken rag doll, a gun by her side. She's covered in blood splatter and I can see blood trickling out of her throat.

Johnathon rushes over to check on Thomas while I go to my baby sister's side. She's breathing but barely and I shrug out of my jacket, draping it over her. I see what she's wearing and what she's missing and I feel a new sense of hatred towards Thomas.

"He's dead" Johnathon declared with satisfaction. "It looks like she shot him a few times."

"It's the least the bastard deserves" I mutter while he takes his phone out and rings for an ambulance, my eyes focused on Winter as I place a hand against her throat in an effort to stem some of the bleeding, but it seems to be stopping on its own.

Johnathon glanced at me, his own expression one of anger and pain as he glanced at the mate he rejected. I don't have the heart to yell at him over it anymore. I take Winter's hand in my own.

"I'm so sorry Winter, I should have taken you with me this morning, this is all my fault" I cried, and Johnathon placed a hand on my shoulder.

"You couldn't have known what your father was planning," he said firmly as I listened, not really believing his words but appreciating them anyway, "as it is some of my men have taken him into custody. He'll be spending time in my dungeon" he growls, and I nod, not even a little sympathetic to the bastard father of mine. In fact, if I could, I would be right there torturing him on behalf of Winter's sake.

She's so damn pale and I glance at Johnathon, who looks just as worried. "Where's the damn ambulance" I growl, "it should be here by now."

We hear the sirens, thank God, and within moments paramedics are swarming around us, taking over, forcing me to release my hand which doesn't want to let go.

"You'll have to follow us there, there isn't enough room for you," one tells me before they leave and Johnathon thanks them, getting into the car as I follow him slowly, unable to comprehend everything going on. I'm detached, as though facing reality is far too painful and I climb into the passenger seat, tears finally flowing down my cheeks as Johnathon starts the car. Winter is never going to forgive me for this and I don't blame her. She's going to hate me and now I'll never have a relationship with my baby sister.