

## CHAPTER 62

Thomas POV

Goddamn, these fucking woods. It's been weeks since I set out to find the little bitch and there's been no sign of her. In fact, it even appears, she avoided traveling to most packs who claim to have not had her there at all. Since when did Winter enjoy camping for fuck's sake? I smirk though, feeling the satisfaction that Damien is most likely dead by now, and feel absolutely no remorse whatsoever about it. I only got close to him so that I could see Winter on occasion, not because I wanted to be friends with that asshole. God, this bloodlust is insane. All I want is more of it. Killing creatures doesn't seem to be enough to quench my thirst. My whole throat is on fire and it's difficult to pretend to be a shifter sometimes when visiting packs. So far, no one has realized that I'm a hybrid, something that is working to my benefit.

Ah, Winter. I brighten instantly just thinking about her. I can picture her easily in my mind, her angelic face, her beautiful figure, those expressive eyes of hers. Her pale porcelain skin, the way she smiles. I remember every little tiny detail about her. This would all be worth it in the end, if only I can find her. I'm starting to suspect I might have gone the wrong way. But this is the path with the most packs and would have been the safest to take. So, it made more sense to me that she should have gone this way. After all, Winter is a clever girl, not stupid like most of the bimbos at school. She had substance and quality, like a shiny coin, while the other girls were all tarnished, dirty, unclean, and impure. Not like Winter. Winter was pure goodness. She didn't deserve to be treated like she was

by her own family. I should have killed that bastard Damien from the start. Never mind. The wolfsbane should have done the trick. It would have prevented him from mind-linking, anyone, for help at any rate. The poor bastard had to be a goner by now.

God, I feel disgusting. I'm covered in dirt; I've got foul body odor and I'm absolutely drenched in sweat. I've been switching from my wolf form to my human one over and over again and it's starting to take a physical toll on me. There's a pack up ahead and I'm determined to talk my way into spending a night there. I really need to sleep in a comfortable bed. I hate the outdoors and always have. I miss my gigantic mansion. At least it was civil, unlike what I was forced to experience now. I make sure my eyes are back to their normal color and not glowing red, needing to put on my fake facade. How stupid is it that shifters can't seem to smell vampires? Or maybe it was just hybrids in general? I will have to research that later. I was intrigued by the notion.

I'm stopped by pack members, clearly patrolling the boundary of their territory. I almost wanted to cry in relief, but instead, I school my face to look relieved. I need to look non-threatening, a lone traveler going from pack to pack.

"State your business" one of the guards, a tall bulky one, with muscles to spare, says to me grimly and I blink at him. If I had to take him in a fight, he would definitely come off the worst. I refuse to let them intimidate me though and remember that I need to be polite if I want them to help me.

"I'm in search of a long-lost sister of mine" I lied through gritted teeth, forcing a shy smile on my face. The guard's clearly not expecting that and looks at his comrades a little nonplussed.

"She ran away from home a few months back and now I'm trying to find her. I've been going from pack to pack, hoping she's taken up roots

somewhere. I was hoping you might have seen her, even if it was a while back" I said.

The guards begin to mind-link each other while I fidget impatiently. Finally, the original one to speak to me, talks, his voice gravelly "what is your sister's name" he asks suspiciously, eyes boring into mine.

"Winter" I answered confidently, "but she's mute, so she can't speak and she prefers to keep to herself for the main part." None of that's untrue.

The man's eyes widened in recognition.

Yes, I cheer, he knows her, which means she definitely came this way and I'm on the right track. Thank fuck.

"Why did she run away?" he asks and I know he's testing me, prepared to lie if I don't answer him in a manner that seems truthful, even when it clearly won't be. Damn him for being so fucking suspicious. Then again, wouldn't that be a normal thing to be considering? Maybe I should cut the loser some slack. He's only trying to do his job.

"She and my father didn't get along. He tended to beat her" I whispered, "and I wasn't able to stop him." I hung my head, pretending to be ashamed.

The guard looks disgusted now, but it's not aimed at me. There is some truth to what I told him after all, even if it's not the exact reason Winter ran away.

"What a bastard" he exhales and turns to the small group, motioning for the men to get back to their posts.

He turns back to me. "Winter only spent one night here, before leaving to go on her way. I only remember the poor girl, because she couldn't speak and because she was extremely sweet. It made no sense, her traveling by herself, but she refused to be accompanied to the next pack, even when

the Alpha tried to offer. She was determined to continue on alone, which is dangerous, but we had to respect her wishes."

That's because she probably had no intentions of staying there, I think to myself absent-mindedly. She probably wanted to continue further up ahead and didn't want to let them know. Clever girl. Clearly, she wasn't trusting anybody with her location or which way she was going.

"Oh dear," I said in alarm, "do you know how long ago this was?"

Please don't let it be months, I thought to myself. I'm not sure how much longer I can keep this horrid trip going much longer. I want to be back to civilization soon.

He seems thoughtful now, looking off into the distance as I attempt to wait patiently. It wasn't that bloody hard to remember, was it?

"Must have been a few weeks ago now" he finally says, glancing down at me, a small smile on his face.

I gave him a small smile of thanks. I'm closer to Winter than I thought. Especially if she does find a home in one of the packs along the way, something I fervently hope she's done. It will make getting to her much easier. Plus, it's really nerve-wracking traveling on your own. Even as a hybrid, I can't guarantee I can take on several rogues and come out as the winner.

"Would you like to stay for a night or two" the guard offers. "I have to admit, it's ballsy of you to travel all on your own. You're lucky you didn't come across any rogues" he added, looking at me expectantly.

I had considered that. But rogues are stupid creatures and I could easily determine if there were any nearby by the disgusting stench of the mangy fuckers. There had been a few close calls, that was for sure.

"I would appreciate it," I said hesitantly, "if it's not too much trouble to stay. Just for a night, get cleaned up" I said a little pathetically, really laying it on thick. The last thing I need is for this man to become suspicious of me. Besides, packs generally pride themselves on their hospitality. This one would be no different.

It seems to work because he slings an arm over my shoulder and begins to turn me towards, I presume, the direction of the pack house, which I can see in the distance.

"So, what's your name, anyway," the man asks, "mine's Grant, by the way."

"I'm Damien" I lied. "it's lovely to meet you." It's really not.

"We'll get you situated in a guest room" he laughs, "and you can get cleaned up. No offense man, but you stink. You've clearly been traveling a while now, he adds, looking impressed. "You really love this sister of yours, huh?"

"I do and I really need to find her" I murmured back.

"And no offense taken" I replied, staring at the pack house in awe. It's as large as the mansion I was forced to leave behind, maybe a tad smaller, but it reeked of elegance. Thank God. I was back in civilization, at least for a little while. This is what pack houses should all be like, but unfortunately, some of the packs were a lot wealthier than others and it showed. This would be a wealthy pack.

"Alpha Gordon wants to meet you," Grant says, and I look at him panicked. He laughs at the expression on my face. "Don't stress", he soothes "he likes to meet all travelers. You can clean up first and then meet him downstairs in the study", he added, and I visibly relaxed. Good, no one was suspicious of me then. Great, now all I have to do is charm them and be on my way tomorrow. That's easy enough.

I climbed into the shower, thanking Grant for showing me to a room, he's even organized fresh towels and a spare change of clothes for me. As the water cascades down onto my poor aching body, I close my eyes and breathe in the steam, relaxing for the first time in a long time. All I can think about is Winter, my cock twitching in excitement at the thought of her. I'm aching with need and my hand grips my shaft and begins to move up and down along it as I picture Winter in my mind, imagining how she'd feel beneath me as I took her, my desire growing and my hand pumping furiously, until with a growl, I cum, hard, all over the shower floor, panting heavily from the exertion.

Soon, Winter, I thought to myself, with a wicked smile, soon you'll be mine forever and this time I'll make sure you can never escape me. I'm coming for you and it won't be much longer, my love, until we're reunited again.