

## CHAPTER 91

Winter POV

I'm not sure exactly that this is going to work. I've been walking in the woods for several days now and there hasn't been a single peep or attempt from Thomas. Maybe he decided it wasn't worth it to come after me? A girl can hope right? Maybe he even found his mate on his travels. Wouldn't that be something? Then he wouldn't need me, would he?

*Girl you are way too optimistic for your own good Winter*

*Isn't it better to be an optimist than a pessimist Sabriel. Besides it could happen right?*

*Maybe, but at this rate, you're just avoiding the truth. He hasn't found his mate and he's still coming for you. You can't afford to let your guard down girl.*

*But it's been days Sabriel, not just a few, it's been almost a week and nothing's happened.*

*Doesn't mean we let our guard down. That man is insane, or have you forgotten the last incident? I might not have been there for that, but I can access your memories and they're not good ones.*

*I know. But I was weaker back then with no wolf. Now I have you.*

*Your confidence in me is very humbling.*

*I love you, Sabriel.*

*Love you the monster Girl.*

I sigh. The sun looks like it's going to set soon and my legs are tired. Damien, Johnathon, Langdon and of course Kai, are all stationed around the grounds. There are two snipers but I'm not holding my breath. Being in the forest means taking a shot is going to be difficult with all the trees and overhanging branches. My stomach is growling with hunger.

I mind-link Kai, feeling annoyed and very hungry. Both are not a good combination for me. It makes me extremely grumpy.

*Kai, I'm going to come in, in a few minutes. Nothing's happening out here. I don't think he's out there.*

*I don't sense anything in the woods either. Damnit. This wait is driving me crazy.*

*How do you think I feel? I'm the one who's out here for bait!*

*I know sweetheart, I just hate waiting.*

*Well so do I, you might as well tell the others to head inside. This is just a complete waste of time. Plus, I'm hungry.*

*Do you want the snipers to stay?*

*Yes, at least until I've made my way back to the pack house. I feel safer that way.*

*No problems, I'll meet you back at the pack house.*

*Meet you there.*

I shut the mind link off and sigh. At least the sunset is beautiful, I think to myself wryly. I always did like to watch it set. Would it really hurt to spend a few more minutes out here before heading inside? Considering it seems to be fairly safe. I wish Kai was out here to watch it with me. It would

have been very romantic, well maybe except for the tension of waiting for Thomas to make his bloody move. If he didn't make it soon, I was going to go insane.

I can see the glint of the snipers as I wander slowly back to the grounds. The sunlight makes it stand out, and I make a mental note to let Kai know about that. The sound of rustling leaves, makes me stiffen and slowly turn. But there's a breeze which explains the noise, but then I hear the crack of a twig. My heart begins to thump wildly in my chest. Get a grip Winter, I chide myself, remember that the snipers are still out there and you can mind-link for help if need be. Stop being such a wuss.

A rabbit, a fucking rabbit comes out of the woodworks and skids upon seeing me. I almost laugh at the absurdness of it all. I just let myself be frightened by a goddamned animal. I shake my head and chuckle. Wait until I told Kai this, he'd laugh his absolute ass off. So would Damien. I smile at that.

Damien and Langdon have gotten closer the last few days. Not so close that I think they've done the deed, but close enough to show some signs of public affection. They hold hands and I've even caught them kissing once or twice. Damien went as red as a beetroot when I caught them. I think it's sweet. They look so handsome together and Langdon is a really good catch, at least as far as I'm concerned. After being rejected by Candice, he more than deserves to be happy. I just hope Damien doesn't break his heart, like Candice did. He still hasn't made his mind up about continuing to be mates with Langdon, but the way they act around each other, gives me hope that they'll agree to it. Besides, Damien really seems to be into him and I know Langdon feels the same way.

I still can't work Johnathon out. He constantly seems to be in a bad mood and scowling at me. I don't understand why he felt the need to travel all this way and help me after all this time apart. Not to mention, he chose to reject me, not the other way around. Is he upset that I've finally found my

happiness with my second chance mate? Because he had his chance and he made his choice. If he's regretting it, that's on him, not me. I just wish he'd smile more or at least try to be happy for me. Instead, he's coming across as a jealous ex-boyfriend and that's alarming me right there. What if he turns out to be another Thomas? I don't care how nice he seems to be, when it comes to Johnathon, I'm not letting my guard down. Part of me thinks he's here for some other ulterior motive and even Sabriel agrees.

Kai seems to be readily accepting of Damien and Langdon being mates, even though I know he still holds a grudge towards my brother for the past and how he treated me. They might not get along really well at the moment, but I can see that he's slowly softening towards Damien a little bit. That's all I really want for him to do, was try to get along. After all there's every chance that Damien will want to stay with Langdon, which means he'll most probably, fingers crossed, end up living here in this pack. Then I'll have my brother close to me. That sounds awesome. Especially since Damien is making every effort to spend quality time with me whenever he can, well at least when he can force himself away from his mate Langdon. They make such a cute couple. Langdon looks happy. After Candice, he deserves a mate that cares for him, so if Damien stuffs this up, I'm going to kill him.

I sigh and breathe in the cool evening air. It's starting to get slightly chilly and the sun has fully set. I've been so lost in my thoughts that time has completely passed me by without me being aware of it. No doubt Kai is probably wondering where the hell I am and what's taking me so long to get back. But it's only been a few minutes from what I can tell, so he shouldn't be too angry. After all I am entitled to some peace and quiet when I can get it, aren't I? Especially since I've been on edge for hours now.

I walk to the edge of the grounds and lift my arm up. That's strange, the sniper rifles can't be seen anymore, but then I realize with the sunlight

gone, I'm not going to be able to see them. I shrug. Then I hear a strange whirring sound and spin around, only to feel something embed itself in my leg. It stings.

"Fuck" I curse out loud, glancing down to see a tranquilizer dart in my leg. No, no, no this can't be happening, I chant to myself, why didn't I go back to the pack house instead of wasting time out here. I can smell the scent of wolfsbane and stiffen, pulling the dart out, blood trickling from the wound. Great, now I can't even mind-link for help.

My eyes frantically scan the grounds but there's no sign of anyone. I begin to limp towards the pack house but there's a sudden rush of wind and the next thing I know, I'm being swept up off the floor, by a pair of incredibly strong arms. My body feels heavy, too heavy and my limbs don't want to cooperate or move when I try it. I'm turned away and the person, whoever it is, takes me deeper into the woods instead.

My vision is blurry and I blink several times to focus. I open my mouth to scream but all that comes out is a gurgle. How much wolfsbane was in that dart? I stare up into the person's face, confused. This wasn't Thomas? Was it? His eyes are a glowing red, and his arms are heavily muscled, his body thicker than I remember. He stares down at me, smirking, his arms gripping me so tightly it's painful.

I'm helpless, feeling like a rag doll as he runs. He's fast. Incredibly fast. The trees pass by in a blur, I can tell, even with my blurred vision, and he's faster than a shifter is. Is this the result of him being a hybrid? I can also smell the metallic scent of blood on him, seeing small droplets on his clothes. Who did he kill? I suck in a breath. Did he kill the snipers? Was that why I couldn't see them? Or had he killed patrol warriors? My god, I'm responsible for someone's death. At least Damien and the others were safe in the pack house, or at least I hoped they had been.

Has Kai noticed I'm missing yet? I can't mind-link to my frustration and my stupid body won't move, not that I want Thomas to drop me. So far, the bastard hasn't said a single word. I can feel nausea and realize it's due to the wolfsbane he's given me, my stomach rolling and bile rising up in my throat. It's taking all my concentration not to be sick on him.

"I finally have you" he chuckles darkly and my spirit's plummet.

I would know that voice anywhere. It haunts me in my dreams at nighttime. It's definitely Thomas.

I try to speak again but again just a garbled mutter. He laughs.

"Don't worry, the wolfsbane isn't a fatal amount. It will wear off and then I'll give you another dosage" he tells me. Not exactly reassuring. If he continues to give me wolfsbane it means keeping me weak and if I'm weak then I can't fight back. I shudder at the thought of him having complete control over me. I don't even want to think about why he wants the complete control, not after the last incident. I already know.

I would rather die than go through that again. He's careful, leaping over branches, the wind blowing my hair around every which way. My eyelids are heavy, I struggle to keep them open. The last thing I want to do is fall asleep. There's a twisted smile on Thomas's face and I notice the large fangs protruding out of his mouth. It's true then, that he's half vampire, half shifter now. God, please don't let him drain my blood, I think to myself. Although I'd prefer that to him forcing me.

"Not long now" he murmurs and I'm astonished at how much ground we've covered and disheartened. How was it that Damien and Johnathon beat him to my pack? When he can run like this for long distances? He must have made a mistake and gone in the wrong direction, it's the only thing that makes sense.

I'm terrified by what he'll do to me when we reach whatever destination he has in mind. Something tells me it's not at a pack. No, I think desperately, my eyes beginning to shut. Not now. Don't do this to me, I plead in my mind, but my body isn't listening to my desperate pleas. My eyelids close shut and refuse to open. My body is beginning to feel like it's floating. The tranquilizer is beginning to set in and I curse in my mind. The last thing I remember before falling into a deep and heavy sleep, is Thomas kissing me on the forehead and muttering "soon you'll be mine forever Winter, till death do us part."