

Chapter 5: 5.

Damien's POV

As I make my way down to the cellar, I can't help my heart keep from beating a little faster. As soon as I saw Amber's face in the stack of pictures given to me, I knew I had to have her. I cannot believe what Jeremy told me, that piece of shit was about to kill her. I will find out what makes those people tick, what gives them pride and pleasure, and I will rip it away from them.

As I close the basement door I stand at the top of the steps to listen for any sounds. There is a complete silence, no sounds coming from anywhere. I quietly make my way down the stairs and stand in front of her door. I can hear her breathing steady, she seems to be in a deep sleep. I unlock the door and quietly open it making my way inside. The room is filled with her scent, lavender and vanilla. My wolf is going crazy at this point, and I can not keep myself from moving closer to her. I slowly make my way over to the bed, and my heart just about stops. "Mate" I whisper as I stare at her beautiful face. I gently sit down on the side of the bed and move a lone strand of hair from her face. I gingerly caress her face down to her neck, and she starts to stir. I stop my movements so she doesn't wake up, waiting for her to fall back into her rhythmic breathing to know she is in a deep sleep again. Once she does, I move her golden braid from her neck, and I see the massive bruise that shitbag left on her throat. My blood is boiling and I know I have to get out of there before my wolf loses his mind.

I make my way to the door as quickly as possible, but don't have the mind to not slam the door on my way out. I make it upstairs and into my office before Killian (my wolf) tears his way to the surface.

Amber POV

All of a sudden I jump up. What was that loud bang? "Hello?...is anyone there?" I call out. Nothing is there, just me in the darkness. My heart starts racing, and I start to feel like I can't breathe. Oh no, I am having a panic attack...it's ok, deep breath, one...two...three...in and out. There we go, my heart starts to slow it's pace. I slowly get out of bed and out my robe on. I can't just sit here and do nothing, I need to get some answers. I walk over to the door and just for shits and giggles I turn the knob. Oh my lord, it's unlocked! I quietly open the door and make my way out into the hallway and up the basement stairs. Stopping at the top of the stairs I listen for any sounds that tell me someone is on the other side. All I can hear is my breathing which tells me there is no one on the other side. I open the door, standing there I contemplate what to do. Should I run or should I try to find some answers as to why I am here?



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