

Chapter 27

Vicky POV

"Fuck!" Patrick said in a raspy voice as his shoulders tensed and a grim expression covered his face.

Internally, I was excited, even ecstatic, but I had to put up a long face and a sad exterior. "What happened, daddy?" I asked, looking as worried as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs. I even managed to wrench a tear from my eye.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!" he shouted as he got up.

My mom also stood with concern written all over her face. "Patrick, is everything okay? Have you lost money in business?" she asked, placing her hand on his shoulder.

Typical mom. She was greatly interested in his wealth only. Which was good. Because without money we couldn't advance our plans.

"No!" he rushed outside. Both mom and I ran after him. We all jumped in the car. As mom strapped the seat belt on the passenger seat and I closed the door of the back seat, he floored it.

"At least tell us what is going on?" Mom cried. She looked at me and I winked at her. She raised her

eyebrow inquisitively, but I swiftly pressed a finger against my lips, silently urging her to remain silent. Thankfully, she became quiet.

"Someone has—" Patrick couldn't even speak. His words died in his throat.

I had a tough time suppressing my laughter. His daughter was dead and the old prick was crying for her. I was so looking forward to seeing him break down. And then my mom would take over all his finances while he would be in sorrow over his dead daughter. Taking a deep breath in, I brushed the side of the silk blouse that I had bought yesterday as if it had a bobbin.

"Patrick, you can tell me," my mom encouraged her as we sped by the streets of the Oak Pride pack. The pack which would be mine in a few weeks, if not more. I had to give time to the pack to mourn their future Luna. After that, I would immerse myself in a permanent celebration. You see, I was going to get my people here. Their numbers had dwindled.

Patrick swallowed thickly. "The cabin where Venus was living for the last two days was blown to smithereens. I—I don't know how this happened. There were warriors stationed everywhere. And—and— oh goddess!" He rubbed his chest, his eyes filling with tears. "How could this happen to me?"

My mom's eyebrows shot to the hairline. She

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glanced at me with surprise, but she averted her glance immediately and said, "That is just so horrible. Who could have done this? I mean, who had the guts to kill Venus? She was such a sweet little wolf, and more importantly, she was the future Luna of the Oak Pride Pack."

"I don't know!" he cried. "I don't know who the fuck did it. But I swear I will find that person and kill him or her with my hands!"

My mother flinched, but I placed my hand on her shoulder to calm her down. I just couldn't allow her to give away her emotions at this time.

We reached the cabin an hour later and found it burning. The flames licked up its sides with thick, acrid smoke curling in the sky. It was illuminated by the hellish glow of the fire consuming it from within. All I could do was admire the beauty of it. It was my inner fire that had manifested. We heard a loud smashing sound, which was followed by glass pieces of windows shattering and flying outside. We ducked to avoid getting them on us.

"Venus!" Patrick shouted as he tried to get inside the cabin. My mother and I grabbed his arms to stop him. We couldn't let him die now. His time would come, but later.

"No, Patrick!" mom shouted. "I won't let you go in!"

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There were pieces of limbs scattered here and there, and I knew Danny did it all beautifully. But in my heart, I wanted to see one piece that belonged to Venus. It would have given me a lot of satisfaction. From the corner of my eye, I saw Alpha Martin and Luna Marie running towards us along with Eric. All of them were looking pale, like they had seen a ghost.

"Where is Venus?" Luna Marie asked in a shaky voice. "How did this happen?"

Alpha Martin came to Patrick and clasped him in his arms. "Patrick, how did this happen?"

"I don't know. I don't know!" Patrick started crying. "I want my daughter back. Please!"

Luna Marie and Eric came to us. "This is not justified!" she sobbed.

Suddenly, the cabin shuddered, trembling at the base, and with a thunderous boom, it exploded outward. Splintered wood and burning debris were hurled into the air. The force was so heavy that it knocked down the nearby trees. God, what explosives did Daddy use? I was admiring him internally. Amidst the chaos, I wanted to do a happy dance. Perhaps a happy lap dance on Aaron's lap. I stifled a giggle and focused on the people in front of me to absorb some of their misery and fall into the act.

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"I am going to investigate it, Patrick," Alpha Martin breathed. "Trust me, I will find who did it and make them suffer." But Patrick wasn't listening. He watched in a daze as the fire billowed before him.

"Venus... Venus..." he murmured.

"Poor Venus," I murmured. "I wish she wasn't this stubborn."

"Stubborn?" a voice behind me sounded. I whipped my head, spinning on my heels.

"V—Venus?" My mouth fell to the floor. She was standing behind me, holding hands with Aaron. Shock exploded inside me, mimicking another explosion in the cabin. "You weren't—" I looked at the cabin. "You were—"

"Daddy!" she shouted and ran to Patrick as I watched her.

Both me and my mom were so jolted that our mouths dropped to the floor. Aaron was standing there, looking at the cabin and then at Venus. I just couldn't decipher what occurred just now? How was Venus alive?

"Aaron, h—how are you?" I asked as I stepped towards him, swallowing down my shock and replacing it with grief. He stared into my eyes and his Adam's apple moved. Yes, the love potion's effect

worked. "I'm so sorry about the cabin."

He took a rough breath in. "It doesn't matter," he replied. "Venus is safe."

And that felt like a blow to my innards. I wanted to slap him and claw his face with my nails, but I couldn't. "Y—yes," I replied. "She is safe." Then I put up my innocent face, widened my eyes like a puppy and said, "Who could have done such a horrible thing?" Carefully, I brushed my fingers over his forearms. "Even though we are stepsisters and she has stolen my mate, I still feel for her. A lot. It broke my heart when I thought she had died."

Aaron glared at me. "Don't touch me. There's a lot I have to talk to you about. But now's not the time." As my innocent expression gave way to disbelief, he walked away from me, but he turned, narrowed his eyes at me and growled, "Why did you slap Venus? Your actions are so out of character these days."

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