

Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 134

Chapter 0134 James POV My meeting with Joey, Jessica and their surprise guest... ended up taking hours. HOURS. That is how much information that they had to share with me. Who knew, the wolves who had the most answers and who could help me the most had been right under my nose the whole time. If I thought that my world blew up the night that I read through Lily's pack file, I was wrong. My world. really blew up tonight. I left the meeting feeling numb, not knowing where to go or what to do.. My heart and my head were in complete shambles. I wanted sleep, but I did not dare go home. I desired justice, but I knew I had to play my cards slowly and intelligently. I craved Lily, but I knew I had a lot of work to make myself worthy of her. I desired peace, but I knew that would be illusive for a while. Not knowing what else to do, I left Joey and Jessica's house and began walking around our territory almost aimlessly. I walked past businesses, homes, buildings, and parks. I saw Stephanie's pictures and mementos plastered almost everywhere. And, for the first time, I noticed small pink squares. F&k, there were so many pink squares. How had I never noticed them before? How had I not noticed everything before? To think I had worried in the recent past whether West Mountain Pack could accept Lily as my Luna. Goddess, how stupid was I? I had no idea that I had been asking completely the wrong question. Of course, West Mountain Pack would accept Lily; many pack members already saw her as their protector. and their potential savior. The question that I should have been asking this whole time was whether West Mountain Pack could ever accept me as their alpha. Sadly, this remained an open question. Lost in thought, I found myself headed towards my waterfall as last night's revelations continued to replay in my head. ****FLASHBACK**** "Go ahead, tell me more." I said to Joey and Jessica. "I am ready." "What would you like to know next?" Jessica asked. "Lily. Please tell me how Lily is involved in all of this." Before Jessica could answer my question, we heard a couple of knocks on the back door. Joey yelled at whoever it was to come in. My eyes widened curiously as I watched their guest walk in. "Dr. Miller?" "James." I looked at Joey and Jessica. Neither looked surprised to see him. "I mind-linked him," Joey explained. "Why?" "Because I am the one who started the Movement," Dr. Miller answered for Joey. He sat down on the opposite end of the couch that I was on. "I thought I could give you the most answers." "Wh-why?" "You do not want answers?" Dr. Miller asked in mock sarcasm. H I shook my head as I silently wondered if all werewolf doctors were sarcastic a&holes. "No, I mean why would you be the one who started the movement?" Dr. Miller sighed as Jessica handed him a cup of coffee. "It happened purely out of necessity. Treason and removing your parents from power were the furthest things from my mind at the beginning. I had patients and families who were struggling to cope with some of the things that they had experienced, I put together a weekly group that could share experiences and support one another. That was all it was at the beginning, and the group started off very small; just a few families. Over time, however, more and more wolves came forward asking for help or wanting to share their stories. The larger the group became and the more consistent the stories were with one other, the more obvious it became who was responsible. That in turn led to an increasing amount of anger within me and within the group itself. Eventually, there was a joint realization that the best way to support group members was to take care of the problem. And that meant eliminating pack leadership. Hence, the birth of the Movement." I ran my hands through my hair. "I thought... I thought you were my father's friend. I know he has always Even as I asked the question, I suspected that I knew the answer. Still, I needed to hear Dr. Miller say it. Dr. Miller sighed again, but this time he did so out of clear annoyance. "James, your father was my friend. For a very long time. In some ways, I still consider him a friend. I went to high school with him, your mother, Beta Robert, and Margie too. I was there when they got married; I was there when you, Stephanie, and Lily were born. But sometimes our friends are not who we think that they are. Sometimes they hide parts of themselves from us. Sometimes they hide parts of themselves from themselves as well." "Just spit it out, Dr. Miller," I urged in frustration. "I am not interested in the riddles. I have gotten enough of them from Dr. Hyder." Dr. Miller glared at me. Thankfully, his glare was not half as intimidating as Dr. Hyder's. After a moment, Dr. Miller continued.