

Chapter 3 Answers

Ione

After hearing from Alpha Atlas that something had happened to Amarah, we went to her office to find some answers. So far, all we know is that she left the party before most of the guests, but after that, no one seems to know where she went.

None of us got much sleep, as we were worried about our best friend. This morning, before heading to Amarah’s office, I asked Dad if he had any idea where to look next. He told me to use the security cameras to see where she went after leaving the party.

As Melia and I eat breakfast, we watch the security footage outside to see where she went. To our surprise, she walks into the Pack house, telling us that whatever happened, it happened inside.

I know that our security cameras record both image and sound—something Dad told me is useful if you can’t see someone’s face. I hoped this would explain what happened in the Pack house better than just watching the footage.

Rhea and Eos walk into the office as I search for the footage from inside the Pack house. Once I find it, I put it on the big screen so we can all see it at the same time. We see her enter through the backdoor, and it takes us only a second to realize that she found her Mate.

Instead of saying or asking anything, we watch the screen as it unfolds the most horrifying thing I have ever seen. I think I would rather watch a massacre over and over again than ever see this again. As I look at my friends, I know I am not the only one.

It took us hours to find all the footage from inside the Pack house. Now that we have finally found the answer to our question, my Wolf wants to kill someone. It is close to dinnertime, and I know I have to let Alpha Atlas know what we found—something I am not looking forward to.

“Alpha, could you come to Amarah’s office and bring everyone with you?” I tell him through the mind-link. Within seconds, all our parents, Amarah’s parents, and her Brother walk in. I tell my Dad I followed his advice and found out what happened during the night of the party.

Melia starts the video feed, and like us, they quickly realize what must have happened. But Melia stops the feed before we get to the point where her life changed for good. “I don’t know....” I start, but I am not sure how to say what I want to say. Eos is the one to help me out.

“Alpha Atlas, I would rather spend twenty-four hours reading through our history than ever see this again,” Eos says. Alastor pales, as we all know how much she hated it when we went to school.

Alpha Atlas tells Melia to start the feed again, and we all watch as she walks down the hallway toward the soft sounds. Eos walks toward the window as the feed jumps to another camera in the hallway. As we see Amarah slowly open the door, I hear Alpha Atlas growl, which only gets louder the more he sees.

Our Mothers have tears running down their cheeks as they hear the words spoken by the male. Alastor yells, “I am going to kill you, Damien,” before he even mentions his name, and I wonder how he knew who the male was, as I didn’t.

Our Fathers are growling and roaring, while our Mothers are heartbroken. We keep watching as Amarah slowly makes her way up to her room, staggering up the stairs. Once she is in her room, Melia cuts the feed. None of us say a word as we try to make sense of what we saw.

Alastor asks why he referred to Amarah as a Barbie doll, and I have no idea what answer to give him. “Maybe because she was wearing a dress,” Rhea whispers. “She looked like a porcelain doll in that dress, and I doubt he ever saw her in her usual outfits.”

We all know she is probably right. Amarah looked amazing in her dress, and anyone who didn’t know her would have thought she was a spoiled little brat. But that’s not an accurate picture of Amarah—she is the best Warrior we have and our future Alpha.

Amarah

I hear my Dad roar, and I wonder if he found out what happened. Soon he is joined by his Beta and Gamma, and I even hear my Brother roar—it sounds like they are beyond pissed. Minerva roars in my head as the tears come once more. I didn’t think I had any left, but apparently, I was wrong.

Mom walks in with my dinner on a tray, and I know she will not ask me to come downstairs to have dinner with everyone else. She tells me they know what happened and that Dad wants to inform the Pack about it, show them the footage of the video feed.

I tell her Dad is allowed to inform the Pack, but to make it clear that no one is to bring it up in my presence. Unless, of course, I bring it up myself. Our Pack will be outraged, and I know that once they have seen it, I will hear roars throughout the Pack.

It doesn’t take long before I hear the first roars, and when I hear them about an hour later, I know Dad just informed the Wolves that had been on patrol. Minerva is becoming restless again, and I know that tonight will be a repeat of last night.

She needs it as an outlet for the anger she feels toward our former Mate, just as I need to let the tears fall. I just hope that someday we will be able to put this behind us and accept our second chance Mate if we are lucky enough to find him.

It is something Minerva and I do not want to think about right now, but maybe someday we will be able to think about it without feeling heartbroken and sad. For the past three years, Minerva and I had wondered what our Mate would look like, what kind of person he would be, and if we had ever met him before.

It is uncommon for us to find our Mate on the day we turn eighteen. Usually, it takes a few years, as we don’t interact with other Packs on a daily basis, and we had always believed in a happy-ever-after.

Most Werewolves are taught that the Mate-bond is a sacred bond—a bond to be cherished—and most Werewolves wait for their fated Mate. However, there are Werewolves who believe a fated Mate is a weakness, so they choose a Mate instead.

My eyes slowly close as my body finally gives in to the exhaustion from crying my eyes out all day. His face haunts me in my sleep, his words haunt me in my sleep, and there is nothing I can do about it.