

## Chapter 0128

“I still don’t understand what this has to do with me.” As gruesome as it would be to get cut off fingers delivered, it doesn’t sound like something that should have the whole pack in an uproar.

“Both fingers have the mark of a Luna, the one she receives when she accepts her title during the Luna ceremony. Which leads our doctors to believe two Lunas were harmed or killed. The flesh of the fingers appears to have been severed from the body with silver powder. It was burned down to the bone, where there are saw marks. The damage to the skin is the exact same as on your back.”

I drop her hand as both of mine fly to my mouth. Someone, maybe two people were tortured to the point of having fingers removed, slowly, by the burning of silver powder. How long would something like that even take? Hours or days? What would make someone want to hurt another person like that? And why was it brought here? Does someone know about what Kaley has done to me? Is it some kind of sick joke from her? At the thought of her, my mind takes me back to that day and the smell of burning flesh fills my nostrils, the searing pain hits my back like

the silver was just applied. My whole body remembers those moments, and everything hurts. I can't move, I'm locked in that memory and can't escape. I glance around and can vaguely see the Luna's mouth moving, but I can't hear a thing she is saying from the blood pounding in my ears. My whole body feels cold and limp, but I am frozen to my spot. I do register a loud noise and then warm hands wrapping around me and tucking my face into a large chest. The warmth surrounds me and feels good, but I can't move, the pain won't leave. My body won't respond to any command I try to give it, I'm a prisoner.

"Bite Size, I need you to breathe for me, please breathe Bitty. I will punch you if I have too. You are scaring the sh\*t out of us, Skylar. SKY! BREATHE!"


Two hands grab my face and cradle it firmly, but gentle at the same time. Dark chocolate brown eyes look into mine and the absolute panic there is what catches my attention. Why is he panicked? What did I do to put that look on his face? Oh, Goddess! I put that look on his face! I am the cause of this feeling, this hopelessness and deep bone numbing sorrow. I can't even blink or look away, I'm just lost in the deep warm brown sadness of his eyes.

"Dammit, Bitty!" He shouts and I'm confused why

he's angry now, but I don't get the chance to think about it before he smashes his lips to mine.

It's like someone turned on all of my senses at once sending an electric shock to jumpstart my lungs. I push back and take a deep, gasping breath in. I look around the room, still confused, but I can actually focus on the things around me the more air I take in. There is a low rumbling growl coming from somewhere near me, and I feel hot all over, like I have been working outside in the middle of a summer day. I remember talking to Luna Ava, then time sort of stopped. I keep turning my head to try and focus on who is in the room with me, then the smell of honey hits my nose and I turn to face the boy in front of me, still holding my face between his hands, eyes wide and cheeks tear streaked. I let go of his wrists and wiped the tears away.


As I do his hands fall and I notice I am sitting across his lap, his hands are by his sides not touching me at all anymore. When I look back up he is still staring at me and all I can do is wrap my arms around his shoulders and bury my face in his neck. The growling around me gets louder, but I just ignore it. Oliver saved me from myself, he got to me first and I can feel the panic still resonating in him, but I don't think it's worry for me anymore. He's worried about my


 +20 BONUS

reaction to what he had to do to snap me out of my shock, about the reaction from the others.

Wait, how do I know what he is feeling?

I don't have time for my squirrel thoughts right now. Oliver is still sitting here like a statue, I can feel the rapid pace of his heart and the tense set of his muscles everywhere I have contact with him.

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