

Chapter 0034

However, I knew almost from the start that something was odd about the way that West Mountain Pack reacted to Stephanie's death. It was almost like they transformed the grieving process into an Olympic sport. I assume there are a lot of factors that contributed to why the pack reacted the way that it did, and some of those are probably quite legitimate, but after a year or two, the pack's obsession with the dead she-wolf started to make me a bit uncomfortable. Frankly, it started to make a lot of packs in the surrounding areas uncomfortable.

Ultimately, though, I decided that it was none of my business. I maintained my friendship with Alpha Randall – still occasionally arriving late to our meet-ups just to drive him crazy for old-times sake – and just tried my best to avoid being around West Mountain Pack around these weird Stephanie-themed holidays they created.

The turning point for me was when Lily applied to the accelerated medical program that I run in Red Rock. I received three phone calls shortly after she applied.

The first one was from Lily's mother, Margie. She told me that she was aware that Lily had applied to the program, and she asked me to accept Lily as a "personal favor" to her. When I asked why she thought that Lily would be a good fit for my program, Margie could not come with a single nice

thing to say about her daughter. After I got annoyed and continued to press her, she finally admitted that she needed a break from Lily and she could "not stand to look at her anymore" after what had happened to Stephanie.

The second call was from James Anderson. James wanted to "warn" me that Lily had caused Stephanie's death. Unlike Margie, he urged me to reject Lily's application because, in his view, Lily did not deserve to be a doctor. He said he believed that Lily needed to remain in West Mountain Pack and accept her continuing punishment.

The third phone call was from Alpha Randall himself. He told me that he was aware that both Margie and James had called me. He apologized for them doing so, and he told me that he would support any decision I wanted to make as to Lily's acceptance into the program. However, he wanted to have an "alpha-to-alpha" conversation about it so that he could make sure that I had all the relevant information. He told me that Lily was a bit of a complicated case. He explained that the Moon Goddess had taken away Lily's wolf after she caused the death of her sister, and that Lily had struggled to get along with pack members and pack leadership ever since.

I was completely aghast after receiving the three phone calls. I had already planned to accept Lily into the program, because her academic credentials and application materials were top-notch. That decision would not change no matter who called me. But what got me was how

misguided and oblivious my old friend and the West Mountain Pack had become.

I had never seen any evidence that Lily had caused Stephanie's death, despite offering to help with the investigation multiple times that first year. More importantly, I knew d&mn well that Lily had a wolf, and that Lily's "inability to get along with pack members" was code for "we have been bullying her for years without justification."

How Alpha Randall could not see the reality in front of him was beyond me. As soon as I hung up the phone, I decided to not only accept Lily, but also take her under my wing. I also cut off further contact with Alpha Randall.

I have never regretted my decision. Since Lily enrolled in the program, she has been one of my best students, and she has been a joy to be around. In fact, I had just seen her a week ago and she was laughing and smiling with some of her friends in the school.

To see Lily now, in this state... that is enough to thaw even my frozen, a&&hole heart. Now I must determine if there is anything I can do medically to help her.

Goddess be with me, and be with Lily.

Chapter 0035

(Luna Jane POV)

I am sitting beside my son's hospital bed when my mate, Alpha Randall, walks into the room.

"Any improvement?" he asks somberly.

"Not as far as I can tell," I respond sadly.

Randall sits down in the chair next to me and places his hand on my leg. "Are you ready to talk about what happened?"

"No."

"Jane, darling, it has been 48 hours. We should talk about what happened," he urges.

"We can talk after James wakes up."

"Robert and Margie think that you are avoiding them. They have been waiting outside this room, hoping you will give them permission to come in, or that you will go out there and talk to them."

I lean my head against his shoulder. "I can't face them right now, Randall. I just can't."

"Darling, they are our best friends. Please just go out there and reassure them that you are not mad at them, and that

you do not blame them for what Lily did.”

I lift my head back up and look at Randall with annoyance and confusion. “Is that really what they are worried about? That I blame them for what Lily did?”

Randall furrows his brows. “What else would you be upset about? And why else would you be blocking them out? They have been our best friends for over twenty years, Jane. This is the first time that you have ever refused to talk to them.”

I stand up and walk to the window. I stare at the forest outside. “I think there are plenty of more important things for me to be upset about right now than what Lily did,” I respond.

“Like what?”

I say nothing. I just continue to stare out the window.

“Darling, please talk to me. I cannot help you if I do not know what is wrong.”

“Randall, I love you, but I am begging you. I do not want to have this fight right now. Our son has spent the past 48 hours unconscious in a hospital bed, and I have barely slept. I need some space to process and think about things before I am ready to talk about it.”

“Who is fighting, Jane? I am just asking you to share with me what is going on in your head. You cannot expect me to support you blocking out our friends and acting like a

recluse if you do not tell me what is going on.”

“Please let it go, Randall.”

He stands up and approaches me.

“No, Jane, I am not going to let it go. I have let you use that excuse for the last couple of days, but I am not going to let you get away with that today. You are my mate and my wife. Our emotions have been linked since the day we marked each other. I know whatever it is that is bothering you, it runs deeper than simply a lack of sleep and a concern for our son. Please just tell me!”

I cup my hands over my face and sigh.

With my hands in a praying gesture, I try once again to avoid the fight that I am sure is about to happen. “Randall, please. You are such a smart man most of the time, but you need to trust me on this. If we talk now, you are not going to like what I have to say, and it is going to start a fight. Please let me process this a little bit more before we talk about it. Maybe I will change my mind or feel better about all of it.”

“NO! I told you that I am done with the excuses, Jane! Talk to me!” he fires back.

Randall sounds angry, but after being married to him for 30 years, I know that he really isn't. He just feels frustrated and helpless. As an alpha, those are emotions that he is not comfortable with. Ultimately, Randall wants to know what

the problem is so that he can fix it. The trick is, I do not know if he can fix this one.

"Randall, please. Give me another day or two, or until James wakes up. I promise, I will talk to you then. Just please, do not press the issue right now. I am not ready to talk about it yet."

"What is going to happen between now and tomorrow that will change anything? You will be even more sleep deprived, and it will be one more day that has passed without me being able to fix whatever it is."

"I do not know if you can fix what is bothering me, Randall. That's the thing."

"LET. ME. TRY."


"Tomorrow. I will let you try tomorrow."

"NO! JANE ELIZABETH ANDERSON, TELL ME WHAT IS GOING ON, AND TELL ME RIGHT NOW!"

As he yells at me, I feel him release his alpha aura. As his mate, it does not work on me, but it definitely pushes my buttons. It is his way of telling me that he is the boss, which he is not. We are equals.

"WHAT IF WE ARE WRONG?" I finally shout back at him in anger.

"Wrong about what?"

 +5 BONUS

"Wrong about everything! We clearly failed as parents, for one. We taught our son that fated mates are important, but then we told him that we were going to force him to take a chosen mate! And then our son met his mate, and in a fucking memorial event with the entire pack watching, he publicly rejected her after taunting her with all the sex and blow-jobs that he planned to get from other she-wolves!"

 Comments

 Vote (1.2k) 