

## Chapter 0033

(Dr. Jay POV)

"Is this... Lily Brogan?" I ask.

"Y-yes," the female responds.

I turn and face the female with the most sinister look that I can muster. Truth be told, sinister looks are my norm, but I am finding it difficult for me to wholly maintain that look while I deal with the shock of seeing Lily Brogan lying here, so badly injured.

"If you bozos intend to harm her ----"

"NO! We want to help her."

"TELL. ME. THE. TRUTH. You kidnapped her and now you have plans for her," I growl.

The female looks at me with terror in her eyes. Good.

"We - we did not kidnap her. I mean, we grabbed her without her permission, so I guess we sort of did... but she... she passed out before we could explain. We were... we were trying to help her," she stammers.

"Why would she want or need your help?"

The female looks down. She is clearly ashamed of something, but I cannot put my finger on what yet.

"She.. she probably would not want our help. But... but we... we could—couldn't just I-leave her."

"Do not lie to me. I heard you mention your plans for her before I turned around. What are they?"

"They are plans to help her!"

"LOOK AT ME!" I demand. "I want to see your eyes as you repeat what you just said."

The female hesitates, but eventually looks up. "Our plans... our plans are plans to help her."

"AND?"

"And maybe us too," she spits out very quickly. "But really mostly we want to help her, I promise! She was not safe. We had to help her!"

I frown. I only half-believe her.

Whatever. I will straighten that all out later. Right now, I should probably focus on why Lily is laying here unconscious and battered.

"What happened to her?"

"It is complicated," the female responds.

"Un-complicate it," I demand. "I do not play games."

"I do not know the whole story. All I know is what I saw."

"And that was?" I growl.

The female looks down again. She does not say anything.

I am getting more and more annoyed. "ANSWER. ME."

"I am sorry... it is just that I am still trying to understand it myself. We all are. It was sort-of hard to follow everything that happened. All that I know is that her sister's memorial service started really late. It never starts late. Alpha Randall is the type that would literally banish someone for showing up five minutes late to a pack meeting."

That part of the story has a ring of truth to it. I have known Alpha Randall for a long time. When I had meetings with him, I would sometimes be on time for a meeting but purposely wait outside the door for a few minutes to ensure that I was late. I found it entertaining to watch how angry I could make him without ever saying a word.

"It was really weird, and no one knew what was going on. Then Beta Robert and his son Nick carried Lily into the memorial. They had to swap out her chair because she kept flopping out of the folding one. She was covered in a black blanket or sheet or something.

Then the memorial got started and everything seemed fine. But then they announced that Alpha Randall's son would be taking a chosen mate. And Lily suddenly stood up and started yelling at him. When she stood up, everyone could see that she was really badly injured. We were not sure how

she was able to stand; it looked like one of her legs was broken."

"And then?"

"And then Lily rejected him and begged him to accept her rejection, which he eventually did."

"Wait, Lily rejected who?"

"Her mate."

"No, I mean who was Lily's mate?"


"Alpha Randall's son, James."

Oh, Goddess. I took a deep breath, sat down on the corner of the bed, and dragged my hands down my face. This situation is far more complicated than I was anticipating. I thought I was about to hear how Lily was bullied and beaten. That alone would have been enough to upset me, but hearing that the Moon Goddess mated Lily to James?

I am speechless.

Alpha Randall and I were good friends for years, and I was around when Lily's sister, Stephanie, died. In fact, I attended Stephanie's first memorial service. I had been planning to be at the West Mountain Pack anyway to celebrate Lily's 14th birthday.

As a doctor, death is not a foreign concept for me. The reality of my job is that I regularly encounter dying or

 +5 BONUS

deceased werewolves, and I work with a lot of grieving families. It is not uncommon in either the human or werewolf worlds to paint the dead with rose-colored glasses. For example, I have regularly seen drunken, abusive a&&holes eulogized as caring, dedicated fathers.

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