

Chapter 15 Lilah

My Mum did an amazing job speaking on my behalf to my Dad and to the Alpha, arguing why it wasn't a good idea for me not to be in the office, and the fact the Logan had admitted he had made up the rogue sightings to get me alone had only backed up the argument as to why I was better not to be in the office so Alpha agreed easily, and from what I gathered from my Dad Logan was in some serious shit with his Dad.

Nothing he didn't deserve either! I reassured myself that I had done the right thing in telling my Mum. It meant I got to avoid him as much as possible over the next few days, which I truly needed as I knew once we were back in school it would be a lot harder and I would also have to see Anya more too which I was dreading. I had seen her a few times around pack since our last interaction and her glares were enough to worry me.... Plus there was the messages I had got.....

Lilah,

Good to see you are staying away

Keep it that way

Anya

I'm still watching you.....

Always will be.....

So don't be falling back to old habits....

A

Lilah

Be back to school soon

No doubt be seeing you there....

Will look forward to that....

Anya

This girls was a full on psycho I swore. Could the possessiveness from the mate bond really have that much of an effect?! I was dreading school I had to say...seeing her for one reason, seeing Logan obviously..... seeing them together.... Seeing him knowing he wasn't mine anymore.... All our regular routines we had like meeting at our lockers at break time.....making out at lunch.....him making sure I had lunch sorted for me before I had got to the lunch hall.....he'd be doing that for her now..... everything had changed.....

Yeah needless to say there was plenty more crying going on. This pain didn't seem to be getting easier. I wasn't sure it would ever go away.....

One afternoon after receiving the final message from Anya about seeing her in school, it had made me consider everything once again, seeing her, seeing Logan, seeing them both together and I was sat in the living room in my house on my own as my mum had gone out to do shopping and my Dad was at work, I felt once again like my world was falling apart.

How at almost seventeen can I feel like my life is done for? Like I have nothing left to live for? I sobbed How would you to this to your own creations?! I cursed to Selene the moon goddess in my own mind, not understanding how this would be allowed to happen. Maybe it had been my own stupid fault allowing myself to get swept away with the tales of fated mates being connected from childhood the pack had told us.....finding similarities in our own story..... young and naive I thought it was us.....I still had until a few days ago..... now I'm here feeling like I am falling apart.....

The tears falling down my face were burning my eyes as they poured out like rainfall from my aqua blue eyes I can't do this anymore, I need to end this pain....I think to myself, heading to the kitchen, looking around I look to see what I can find to make this quick and easy.....

There are a selection of knives, that could work....but that will be painful... and messy and not nice for mum or dad to walk into when they get home I think to myself, knowing that finding me dead is going to be hard enough for them as it is so I dismiss the idea of stabbing myself.

What else? What else?! I think...desperate for a way out of this pain...pain killers..... my dad had strong ones when he injured his leg the other month....I remember plus the ones the hospital gave me for my arm..... take them all at once.... Some drink... I'll just fall asleep....I think to myself as I rummage through the medication box in the cupboard finding what I am looking for, and start popping the tablets out of their metal foils onto the kitchen work side.....this should do it... I think when I look down to see about thirty tablets on the kitchen work top, I grab a glass from the cupboard in front of me, and then grab a bottle of my dad's whisky nearby pouring a large amount into the glass, my hand shaking so much the bottle is rattling against the glass as I do.....

I'm sure this won't take too long.... And the pain will be gone.... You won't be here in this situation anymore....Logan can be with his mate....I am shaking as I go to lift a handful of tablets to my mouth....

"Lilah?! NO!!" I hear Indie's voice behind me, I quickly release the tablets from my grip, but knowing there is no way of disguising what I was about to try to do.

Indie is by my side in a moment, wrapping me in a tight embrace "What are you doing?" we are both crying as she holds me close to her "Lilah you can't do that, this will get easier I promise..."

"Indie I need the pain to stop...." I sob into her shoulder as I feel my body shaking, aware of how close I had been to taking my life yet again because of this situation.

"It will, but give yourself some time Del. There isn't a miracle cure to it just because he found his mate..." she said with a sad smile.

Wait, did she have something there? A cure? Could there be a cure to this pain? One that didn't need me to take my life.....

"Please don't tell anyone about this Indie" I beg

"Well lets get this cleaned up before your mum gets back" she signals to the counter side covered in the pain medication I had planned to overdose on and the alcohol alongside it.

We worked together to tidy up, she didn't say another word about it as we did and I knew she wouldn't mention it to anyone. But I did need a way to help this pain.... Maybe the cure she said....

"Indie?" I said quietly, hoping she wasn't angry at me

"Uh-huh?" she responds.

"You think your auntie might be able to come up with a herbal thing to cure the pain I'm in?" I ask.

I saw a puzzled look on her face.

"I'm not sure Del, she does herbal medicine, heartbreak isn't really something they look to help, but I guess you could ask her. I had come round to see if you wanted to come and paint but we could call in to see her later and ask if you want?" she is amazing, despite her reluctance she was willing to try for me.....

I smiled at her and gave her a hug "Thank you, you say you wanted to go paint?" I ask, hoping she wasn't angry at me.

Me and her had found time to paint more since she had moved to her own cottage since she shifted a seventeen. And since I had been allowed to take the school holidays as my own after Mum had spoken up for me I had used the chance to escape to Indie's cottage to spend time with her when I could which often meant we would paint together while sitting chatting, or listening to music and enjoying time together.

"Yeah, thought might be good, you want to head up there now? Can walk down to Auntie's later, she's off in town doing stuff at the moment!" she explained.

Indie wasn't particularly close with her parents, hence her moving out soon after her first shift. She had spent a lot of time with her Aunt when growing up and in doing so had grown close to her and I could see just by looking at her that her Auntie was a big influence on her in many ways, her unique style and charisma being one. Her artistic and spiritual nature was definitely another. Many people in the pack found it strange, I thought it was nice and it made Indie who she was and made her special. Better to be a bit different and true to yourself than to follow the crowd and be as fake and self-absorbed as some of the she wolves in our pack – Anya and her friends instantly came to mind.....

"Is it cold out?" I asked, wondering whether I should take a jacket as it was quite a walk to Indie's cottage on the edge of the pack.

"Nah the spring sunshine is at its best today" she smiled at me "great for sitting in the garden and painting with some tunes going " sounds perfect...I thought time with my best friend is probably just what I need right now....."

Heading over to Indie's to paint Mama, see you later...I link my mum as we leave the house, so she knows where I am when she gets in.

Okey dokey sweetheart, tell Indie I said hello. Have fun. My mum quickly cut the link so I assumed she must be busy with the shopping, I knew she hated food shopping, clothes shopping however....wow couldn't drag her away!

I mean I love shopping but she could take forever!!! My Dad avoided shopping with my Mum in every which way he could, I'd seen him feign sickness and injury just so he didn't have to go, made up work he had to do at the office too – had been so funny when he had been caught out when my mum then mentioned it to uncle and he was clueless about the work my dad was talking about.

My mum to teach straight away what my dad had done, so she'd made him take her shopping the day after to know him a lesson, and boy did she teach him a lesson!! Tortured him I think.... I chuckled at the memory.... They'd been gone all day....

I'd spent the day with Logan and Auntie Talia and Uncle Grayson, Mum had gone into almost every shop or so my Dad said, tried on every dress he said, wanting his opinion, and it had to be a proper opinion too not just "hmm that's nice"; they came back late, arms full of bags, my Dad's credit card had clearly been tortured too haha, needless to say you'd think my Dad had learnt his lesson....

No he just made sure Uncle Grayson was in on his lies the next time.....that memory should be.... my mum always made me smile....my mum and dad just worked that's how mates should be.... I think to myself.....sweet.... and funny together.... Clearly adore each other... but have fun with each other too.....I thought was me and Logan too.....my heart sunk again at the thought that it wasn't me he would be sharing all of that with now.....

"Come on Del, don't want to miss out on this sunshine" Indie said, maybe sensing I was feeling low, grabbing my hand pulling me toward her as we walked along the paths in the pack heading out away from the many houses near the main area of the pack, up toward where her cottage was. As we walked past the store where Indie worked which up near the main gates on the pack, we saw Anya walk out of the store.

Seriously?! Could today get any worse?! Hopefully she wont say anything with Indie here...i hoped

Anya had clearly noticed us and crossed the street to us, running her hand through her long dark hair as she did, scowling her big brown eyes as she did "Hey you two" she said with a sly smile.

"Hey" I nodded back, flinching slightly as she came and stood close to me.

"Anya" Indie smiled "we're just on our way somewhere..."

"Oh, no time to chat to your future Luna?!" she smiled that same sickening sly smile at us "a little rude no? I'm sure Lilah would tell you Indie it is always important to make sure the future Luna is happy" she looked to me raised her eyebrow and walked away, not once looking back.

"What the fuck?!" Indie looked to me, "she is a psycho Del!"

"If only you knew" I muttered without realising what I'd said, only hoping Indie hadn't heard.

"What's that mean?" shit I could see Indie's brain working to try to work out what I'd meant "is something going on you aren't telling me?"

"She's just a bit pissed that Logan is still hooked up a little on me, finding it hard like me to get used to the situation. So she being a bit bitchy is all" I try to dismiss it.

"Is that all huh? Cos you jumped when she stood next to you?" Indie questioned.

Shit, I didn't realise she had seen that

"Promise me not to over react hun?" I ask "and not breathe a word to anyone including Anya that you know..." I insist, indie looks at me, concern clear on her face and sighs before nodding.

"She has been a bit hands on, threatening me in the toilets after she saw Logan talking to me. Being a bit threatening like I told you the other night. She doesn't like him being friends with me" I explain, I look to Indie, I can see her eyes flashing silver grey, meaning her wolf is close to the surface, meaning she is really angry. Shit, I need to do something to calm her....

"Indie please, you promised, it will make the situation worse...." I beg, my hand on her arm, hoping to reason with her "I'm staying out of their way as much as I can "

Though fuck knows what happens when we go back to school next week I think as Indie isn't there anymore having graduated last year she now worked so I'll be there on my own.... On my own.... Where Logan can find me to talk.... Or where Anya and her friends can find me.... school was going to be hell until we graduated in a few months time, i really hope Indie's aunt could help with some herbal relief for heartbreak....that sounds ridiculous...its not fucking heartburn.....

We walked in silence the rest of the way to Indie's little; cottage, it used to be an old patrol lock up, used to store things for those doing border patrols for the pack, and many years before that, and I'm talking generations and generations before it had been a cottage for the pack seer, a werewolf with a clairvoyant type skill, they would get visions, it made her a special type of wolf, and it certainly wasn't a skill many wolves had, so if a pack had one they were considered blessed as they could be used to help the pack in many ways if they needed things foretelling.

Either way, the cottage was perfect for Indie now, just the right size, yeah it was isolated, but she enjoyed the peace and getting away from everyone, and its location near the pack border meant there was lots of nice scenery and wildlife as inspiration for painting. We would spend many hours sitting in her little garden painting. We had had lots of fun between us, with help from my mum and Dad and her Auntie cleaning and decorating the cottage out and kitting it out so it was now a suitable little home for her, and a perfect little hang out for us both...It was a perfect escape that right now I needed.....

We spent a good few hours sitting, painting, it is so easy to lose track of time doing that when you enjoy yourself, chatting aimlessly about bits of everything, Indie had so many funny tales to tell from being at work in the store, about the people she worked with and as she served most of the people in our pack she had lots to tell me that she'd heard about them, it made me smile to listen to her as spoke, if she spoke this much at the store I'm not sure just how much work she actually got done whilst there....

We listened to music as we painted, singing along to the songs, probably.... No definitely out of tune.... but we didn't care, there was only us up here, us and nature and I'm sure we'd scared most of that away with our renditions of the many song we'd sung and laughed our way through.

This is what I needed I thought, eternally grateful she had walked in at that moment she had.....as much pain as I am in, there has to be a better way around it than that..... I focused on my painting in front of me, I was painting a picture of the edge of the forest with the light of the moon shining down from the dark night sky, adding a wolf laying on the grass in front of the trees, illuminated by the moon.... the wolf I found myself painting looked like Logan's wolf, a majestic young Alpha wolf, with a deep, dark grey coat, the light from the moon highlighting the black shadows within his thick fur, eyes of jet black....like black jewels reflecting the moonlight....he was beautiful.... I thought just like I knew he would be.....

"Aunt T is back if you want to go speak to her?" Indie's voice interrupted my thoughts.

Probably pointless, no cure for heartbreak....