

Mated in the Shadow of My Sister Chapter 137

Chapter 0137 Believe it or not, I actually remember Lily's teddy bear. He was gray and blue, and he had a plaid tuxedo vest. His name was Mr. Cuddles and Lily took him almost everywhere with her for three years.

Anytime anyone would tease her about Mr. Cuddles or ask why she was carrying him around, Lily would proudly say that he was a gift from her father (which he was). Then, one day, Mr. Cuddles suddenly disappeared. I had just assumed Lily had outgrown him. How wrong I was. I truly do not know how I was able to listen to the descriptions of abuse for as long as I did. But I did, somehow. However, after listening to Dr. Miller's narrative for over 20 minutes, neither Luke nor I could take even a second more. Acting together, Luke and I grabbed Dr. Miller by the collar and threw him up against a wall. "YOU KNEW! YOU KNEW THIS WAS GOING ON TO A LITTLE GIRL! AND YOU DID NOTHING?!?!?!? HOW COULD YOU DO NOTHING?!?!?!?" "Let him go, James," Joey said in a strong voice. "It was Lily's choice." "SHE WAS TWELVE! TWELVE YEAR OLDS DO NOT GET TO CHOOSE TO BE ABUSED!" Dr. Miller did not try to fight back. Instead, he looked at me with shame in his eyes. "WHY AREN'T YOU SAYING ANYTHING? DEFEND YOURSELF! TELL ME WHY YOU ARE NOT EQUALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED TO THAT LITTLE GIRL! TO MY MATE!!!!!" "Let him go, James, and maybe he will," Joey responded calmly. I let go of Dr. Miller and directed my anger to Joey. "HOW CAN YOU BE SO CALM ABOUT THIS?" I bellowed at him. "A LITTLE GIRL WAS ABUSED. IN HORRIBLE WAYS! AND NO ONE DID ANYTHING ABOUT IT! INCLUDING THE DOCTOR SHE WENT TO FOR HELP!" Joey did not flinch. Instead, he walked over to a wall and removed a large painting, revealing multiple holes. "Do you see these? These are holes I punched through the wall the night that Jessica told me what Lily did to save my life. I had tortured and bullied Lily for years-largely at your encouragement, I should add and then one day I came home from work and told my mate about a she-wolf that tried to get onto pack territory by pretending to be Lily Brogan. My mate slapped me across the face and told me many of the stories you have already heard; many of the stories that you are about to hear; and an additional story about how that same she-wolf once saved my life even though she had every reason in the world not to do so. These holes in the wall were how I reacted. I am guessing if you went to Dr. Miller's house, you would every single member of the movement. My point is that we have all made mistakes. What happened to Lilly and what happened to others in this pack did not happen solely because of the mistakes of any one wolf. We all made mistakes, some bigger than others, and if we had to do it all over again, I would hope that every single one of us would do something different." I At that moment, I could not help but assume that my rage was making me hear things. Lazy, incompetent Joey was sounding sane, rational, and intelligent. I just sat there staring at him. Finally, Joey replaced the painting and took down another. "Here," he said, gesturing to the empty wall where the second painting had been. "You clearly need to destroy something. I would rather it not be one of us. Punch away, and then we will tell you the rest." I eyed Joey suspiciously, and then looked at Dr. Miller and Jessica. They looked at me straight-faced, as though they had also been expecting my reaction. Luke sent me a visual of me beating Dr. Miller to a pulp. The visual made me smile, but I knew I could not kill him until I had all of the answers that I needed.