

IGHT | SISTER, SISTER

Aires

"What do you know about where Wesley went? Any information could be helpful, even if you don't think it is," I told my newfound little sister.

"I don't know. I was a baby when he left, and my mom never wanted to talk about him much. The little bit of s**t I do know, like the Rex thing and his name, she told me on her deathbed six months ago."

"Could we see the pictures you have? You said you have some pictures and old clothes, right?" Henry asked.

"Sure. It's all back at my house, but I don't mind taking you guys. I've been looking at that crap for months, trying to nd the smallest clue to point me in his direction so I can light his nuts on re, but I didn't have any luck. But maybe my badass hunter sister and super sexy brother-in-law can nd him. You two are a gorgeous couple. Do you have kids? Am I an aunt?" Indigo excitedly asked.

Henry chuckled and pulled out his phone and began to ip through pictures of the babies while Indigo oohed and aahed. Once she was satished, she gave me a tight hug and smiled.

"I know this is probably so weird for you, but after my mom died, I thought I was all alone in the world and didn't have any family to call my own. Now I have a super successful big sister, a new brother, and an adorable niece and nephew. This is seriously the best day of my life; I'm so glad I came to work tonight," she told me.

"So am I, and not just because of all the information on Wesley you have. But family is important to me too, and I'm happy you don't have to be alone anymore."

Indigo smiled again, then led us out the back of The Painted Pony to a shiny red Mercedes Benz convertible.

"This is yours?" Henry asked.

"I told you guys; people pay a premium to drink my blood. I only need to work once, maybe twice a week, to maintain my lifestyle, but I've been pulling extra shifts and saving so I can get out of here. My dream is to move to America and live in New York. Where do you live?"

"California."

"Ohh, even better. I've never been to the beach before. What's sand feel like?" We got into the car and held on while Indigo zoomed and zipped around vehicles, bicycles, and pedestrians. For it to be after midnight, there were still plenty of people out and potential victims for her to plow down. And the entire way, she asked question after question about our lives and being parents. She was almost childlike in her curiosity, and she reminded me of Isabella.

"I promise I'll tell you everything you want to know, you can call, and video chat with me whenever you want, but for now, I just need to see Wesley's things," I said when we pulled up in front of a small rundown house. It didn't match the car at all, and I didn't understand how this could be where she lived.

"This is where I grew up with my mom. When she passed away, the house became mine, but I couldn't live in it anymore, and I haven't had the heart to sell it yet. As soon as I had enough cash, I bought my condo and moved out," Indigo explained. "I also refused to bring anything regarding him into my new space, so all of our father's s**t is here in a closet somewhere. Come on in and take a seat; I'll just need a minute to nd it."

The house was just as small inside as it was outside, and Henry's head was only a few inches from the ceiling.

"I wonder if her mother was as short as she is. Otherwise, I don't know how anyone could breathe in here," he advised.

There was a picture of a happily smiling woman who had Indigo wrapped in a tight hug on a nearby table. The similarities I saw in those faces told me that this was Indigo's mother, and yes, she was just as short as her daughter.

"It looks like it. She was stunning," I said while passing the framed photo over.

"I can't imagine life without my mom. She harasses the hell out of me, constantly, but I wouldn't trade those conversations for the world."

"There's nothing like losing your mother; it's a different kind of hurt and pain that I'm still not over. It's crazy, but when her favorite song comes on the radio, I can't bring myself to turn it off. Instead, I blast it, just like she used to, and sing along to the lyrics while tears stream down my face. And all the while, I have a huge smile on my face, remembering her dancing and snapping her ngers to the beat. I probably look insane, but it's my ritual every time, and I love it," Indigo stated when she came back. She held a medium-sized cardboard box that she passed to Henry as he returned the picture to her.

"It's not crazy, chica. It's what you need to do to process what's happened. I think it's beautiful."

She smiled at me, then pointed to the box. "So there's a few pairs of pants, some fancy jacket, and the pictures are at the bottom. Do you want anything to drink while you look?"

"I'll take water if you've got it," Henry replied. I motioned that I was okay before Indigo disappeared into the kitchen.

"She's adorable. She's like a bubbly version of you; I never thought I'd see that," Henry looked at me and laughed.

"People should not bubble; save that nonsense for champagne," I replied with a smile. Unfolding the box's lid, it was evident that Indigo honestly didn't spend too much time being nostalgic over the father we never had. The box was old, worn, and beat up, and the dust and dirt that covered it told me that it wasn't a prized possession.

Henry set the box on the oor and pulled out the heavy blazer that had been neatly folded on top while I dove to the bottom for the pictures. I saw the brief timeline of Wesley and Indigo's mother play out on photo after photo. Pictures of her pregnant with him standing proudly next to her with his hand on her bump. A photo of him holding a tiny swaddled baby, and even a picture of him on the ground while that same baby tried to crawl. He looked like the average husband and father by all accounts until the photos stopped, and he vanished without a trace.

"I don't get it, Mi Amor. It looks like Wesley loved her, both of them, so what did he leave the way he did?" I asked, not expecting an answer.

"If these pictures are depicting his true feelings, Wesley didn't leave voluntarily; something made him. No man who loved his woman and child the way he appears to love these two would leave them behind. I don't care who or what they are; it wouldn't happen unless they were forced."

I'd never thought of the possibility that Wesley left against his will. As soon as I had the details, I'd formed it in my mind that he was a no-good son of a b***h with no respect and no right to continue living. But what if had really wanted to be there for Mama and me? And what if he thought he could start over here, but once again was disappointed? I didn't believe one person could have luck that terrible, but it was something I could look into.

"These aren't telling me much. I can ask Oso to run them through his facial recognition software for us; maybe that will produce a lead or two," I said as I ipped through the pictures again.

"Maybe this will help. Lock & Co., it's stitched into all of the labels of the clothes. When I Google that name, it says that this is one of the oldest haberdasheries in London."

"Haba-huh?"

"Haberdashery. It's just a fancy word for a clothing store. They sell hats, shoes, and everything in between. You can get your items tailor-made and custom t to suit your specic needs," Henry explained.

"So, Wesley has a thing for fancy clothes?"

"It looks that way. And places like this would denitely have a client record book or system to keep up with measurements, fabric preferences, things like that. It would also have his contact information or what he provided the last time he placed an order. Maybe we can get a look at it."

"That's perfect, Henry. It looks like we'll be heading to the U.K. after all," I stated. I immediately pulled out my phone and began searching for the next ight to London.

"The U.K.? Can I come? I've always wanted to try Fish and Chips and Bangers and Mash. What is a banger anyway?" Indigo walked up to us and asked.

"This isn't a vacation, chica. We're working, so there won't be any time for site seeing," I replied.

"But you have to eat, don't you? Why can't I come and just hang in the hotel? I'm sure I can go through an entire menu while you guys are out looking for the dickhead. Please let me come. I'll pay my own way, and I promise not to be a burden," she pleaded.

I looked at Henry to help me out, but as soon as I set my eyes on his face, I knew that he was on my sister's side.

"If we nd Wesley, she has the right to see him and ask questions before you take him out, Sunower. She was abandoned just like you were."

"Aye! f****g family trips! I'm a hunter; I don't give a damn about bangers and chips and s**t!" I yelled.

"Don't mind her, but that means 'yes, you can come,'" Henry smiled at Indigo, making her cheer out loud.

"Hell yeah! This is going to be so amazing. Food, family, and f****g up Wesley. What could be better?"

I might not have had the same agenda, but I did like her enthusiasm when it came to Wesley. Maybe bringing her along wouldn't be as bad as I imagined.