

Christy Moore lived in an apartment above her beloved Ball Pit. I checked the clock on my dash. The kids' play palace should be open for another half hour, which meant the possible nut job should be in her office...leaving her apartment available for snooping.

"Why aren't we just going to her office to talk to her?" Walsh questioned nervously as I broke the law and picked the lock on her door.

"Because she's crazy," I explained, unfazed. "If she's as unhinged as I think she is, it would be rather dangerous for me to show up with you. It would incite her wolf to reclaim her territory, which could be dangerous to anyone nearby. This way, we can see if she's our demented designer without anyone getting hurt, and if she's not, she never has to know." I grinned as the door popped open.

"And if she is the stalker?" he asked darkly, eyeing the entrance in trepidation.

"Then we call the cops." I gave him what I hoped was a reassuring smile and stepped in ahead of him. I took a moment to test the air, wanting an early warning if we were about to walk into a butcher shop. No blood and guts in the air, I consoled myself in relief. Lots of mint, though.

"I smell her," I confirmed grimly.

"Great. Then lets get out of here and call the cops."

I nodded, handing him my phone. "Call Ethan, too," I instructed, moving further into the space. "I'm going to look around a bit."

My wolf begged to get out, wanting to mark the premises and show the other female who was boss. I held her back, but only because I felt like doing a bit of damage to the property myself. I flicked on the light and the living room came into sharp focus. It was surprisingly bland, the walls a plain white and bare, the furniture a

boring beige. I sniffed and followed the scent of the mint and stalked it to the next room, the bed room. And felt my eyes almost fall out of their sockets.

At the complete opposite end of the spectrum from the boring living room, the bedroom was far too interesting. The walls were covered in...Walsh memorabilia. There were candid photos through a long range lens, but then some very close up shots of his chest, legs, and sparkly blue bottom. These must have been taken with a camera phone at the club, I realized with a scowl, itching to rip them down. The wolf snapped and pulled against my restraint. *Mine!*

Beyond that, though, there seemed to be a variety of other creepy mementos. Hair clippings in a plastic baggie, used dental floss, junk mail with his name on it, some old take out containers, a couple of socks, and even what looked like a printer cartridge. The most disturbing thing, however, was the wall sized poster of my cinnamon bun man that faced the bed. He was, again, wearing the stripper undies and had his arms thrown out to the sides in some sort of dance move. The picture, itself, was actually pretty good, capturing the sexy yet shy expression on his face and the well cut muscles. The part that made my stomach churn and my blood boil was the fact that a number of empty frames sectioned him off in pieces. A square over his abs, one for his arm, one of his head, etc. She'd made pieces of him into art, and the parts in between the frames? Blacked out.

I shivered, instinctively taking a step back. My foot kicked something and I looked down to see a small trashcan, filled with used waxing strips covered in dark fur. My wolf shuddered.

“Back up’s on the way,” Walsh said behind me, joining me in the bedroom. “Ethan said to wait for them in the parking lot.” He stopped at my shoulder and sucked in a breath. “Wow, that’s disturbing.”

I nodded and lead him back out of the room, guarding him from the sight. “Let’s get out of here.”