

“Where’s Faith?”

“How would I know? I told you...” Elyse cried out in a mixture of shock and pain when Jericho grabbed her by the upper arms and pushed her back inside before kicking the door closed.

“You convinced her to leave me, didn’t you? You came back to...” Hearing a deep growl to his left, Jericho’s words died in his throat and he turned to glare at the large black dog as the growl grew louder.

Elyse looked towards the living room and gave her head a slight shake when Dante dropped his head and began walking towards them. “Dante, sit.” When he kept walking towards them, she swallowed hard and forced sternness into her voice. “*Dante, sit boy.*” She flinched when Jericho tightened his grip and turned back to face her.

“Where is my wife?”

“Unless you want to step outside with me, I suggest you release her right now.”

Jericho kept his gaze focused on Elyse’s terrified face as he spoke to Dillion. “She knows something, and she’s going to tell me or so help me I’ll...” His face twisted in anger as Dillion’s fingers encircled his wrist in a tight grip.