

::::Chapter 11::::

Chriselda's Point Of View

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I have been running for hours. I'm sweaty and tired due to all the running. I stop to catch my breath. After my argument with Alarick, I didn't feel like going back to the pack house and seeing his face. So, I decided to explore his territory. Currently, standing among the tress, I look up at the evening sky. The stars and the moon will soon appear. I should head back to the pack house before it's late. Instead of running, I decide to walk back to the pack house since my legs do not have the energy to run. I am exhausted. I start walking towards a particular direction, hoping that I'm going the right way.

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After a few minutes, I find myself still roaming in the forest. The correct word would be "lost." I look at the sky which has turned a dark shade of blue, with the stars accompanying the moon. I wish the stars could show me the way but I know it's delusional. I'll have to find my way on my own. Before I can take a step, I hear the crunching of dry leaves. Soon, I hear quick footsteps in a distance. I take a fighting stance thinking that enemies are coming in my direction. But I am soon relieved when Charles comes in my view. I relax and approach him.

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"Thank God you're okay," he says, relieved. "What are you doing here?" He asks as he looks at the tress around us.

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"I was just returning to the pack house but I kind of got lost," I say sheepishly. Charles opens his mouth to say something but stops when few of his pack members appear behind him.

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"You need to come with me," he says. Somehow, I have a feeling that he wanted to say something else but didn't because of the other wolves being present. I don't ask him questions after hearing the seriousness in his voice. I quietly walk beside him as he leads the way.

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The pack house comes in my view. I get a tense feeling just by looking at it. Charles goes ahead of me towards the front door. Before he can knock on the door, the door opens and Alarick appears. He briefly looks at Charles and then, looks at me. He glares at me for a few seconds. Why is he glaring? I get a feeling that he's going to shout at me but he doesn't. He silently goes inside. I follow Charles inside the pack house.

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In the living room, I find Alarick's parents and Anne, sitting on the sofa while Daniel is standing in the corner, Alarick not in sight. He must've gone to his room. The atmosphere in the living room is tense. They all have seriousness plastered across their faces. They are so deep in thought that they don't realize my presence. It's only when I shut the front door that they snap back to reality. The moment their eyes land on me, all get up from the sofa. Mrs. West rushes to me and engulfs me in a hug. "Thank God you're okay," she says against my shoulder. When I hug her back, I realize that she is shaking. I pull away from the hug and keep her at arms length. I see that she's crying. Why?

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"What happened?" I ask with concern as I wipe her tears away. Why is she crying?

"I was worried about you," she replies.

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"There was nothing for you to get worried about," I try to assure her.

"I admit that I got lost in the forest but I would've eventually found my way back to the pack house." Mrs. West calms down at my words.

"Where were you?" Mr. West asks while approaching me.

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"I was just exploring your territory. When I was done, it was already evening and I decided to head back to the pack house but in the process, I got lost," I explain.

"Chriselda," Mr. West says seriously. "We were worried about you. We thought that something happened to you." I don't say anything. I understand that they were worried about me because I'm their future Luna. If I knew the way then I would've returned as soon as I could.

"We are all glad that you're okay," he says sounding relieved. I nod at him. "It's time for us to go." Mrs. West hugs me again before following her husband out of the pack house.

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When the front door is closed, Anne runs towards me and hugs me.

"Thank God you're okay. We thought that someone might've hurt you."

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"Nothing would've happened to me," I say while pulling away from the hug. It's not like there is a serial killer who wants to murder me. Plus, I don't have any enemies who would want to hurt me. "Who would want to hurt me anyway?" I ask, shrugging my shoulders, trying to lighten the mood. Anne doesn't look me in the eye. When I look at Charles and Daniel, I find them too avoiding my gaze. Am I missing something? They are surely hiding something from me.

"Guys, is there something I should know?" I ask them all with caution.

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"There are lots of things that you should know but I'm not the right person to tell you," Charles decides to speak.

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"Who is the right person then?" I ask.

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"I think that you have a clear idea who that person is," he replies. I know who he is talking about. Alarick.

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"The person you are talking about won't tell me anything," I say.

"Maybe you should try asking him," Charles suggests.

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"How the hell am I supposed to ask him when he doesn't even stay in the same room as me?" I ask. "And Charles, Alarick will never tell me anything, you clearly know that," I add before heading towards my room in an attempt to avoid talking about Alarick. The moment I enter my room, I straightaway go to the bathroom to shower. After half an hour of showering, I feel relaxed and at peace. I dry myself with the towel and wrap it around my body. When I return back to my room, I take my clothes out from the backpack and spread them on my bed. Suddenly, my gaze goes towards my bedroom door which is open. How did I forget to close the door?go towards it to close it. But before I can reach the door, Alarick appears at my doorway.

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