

The Unwanted Wolf

Chapter 13

The next morning, I woke up with a heavy feeling in my chest. I couldn't move my body or even open my eyes. Something felt deeply wrong. I willed myself to move, but I was frozen in place, and everything felt so dark. I couldn't even tell if I was breathing.

"Adira?" I heard Mark's voice calling to me. It seemed so distant. "Adira?" I felt Mark's hand touch my arm, and my eyes shot open. It was almost as if he released me from a prison. I sat up quickly, looking around the room, my chest heaving in panic. As I saw the familiarity of Mark's bedroom, I felt a little more grounded and my breathing slowed.

"Did you have a nightmare?" Mark was staring at me carefully.

"I don't know. I just had a really, weird sensation of being trapped." I stretched my arms, grateful to have control over my body again.

"Are you okay?" Mark touched his hand to my back, and it was instantly comforting.

I nodded my head. "I think so." I got out of bed and went over to the bathroom. "I need to get ready for work. Is Scythe going to be there again?"

"Likely," Mark said, going over to his dresser to get dressed. "I have some things to prepare for the meeting tomorrow."

"The meeting is tomorrow?" Mark hadn't really discussed that with me yet. I just knew he had set it up to be soon.

"Yes. The meeting is at 3:00pm. If we leave first thing in the morning, we should be able to make it there with plenty of time. Do you have work tomorrow?" Mark closed his dresser drawers and went over to his closet.

"No, I have the next two days off. Do you think I could borrow clothes for Rie?" I stood awkwardly in his room, regretting not packing a bag yesterday.

"I'm sure you can. Let me go check." Mark dashed out of the room and came back a few minutes later. He handed me a pile of clothes. "Rie is threatening my life if I don't let you meet her soon. We may have no choice but to introduce you today, if that's okay."

I took the clothes from him. "I will have to thank her in person for her generosity."

"She will be thrilled. Now finish getting ready for work, and Scythe will meet you downstairs to drive you to work." Mark leaned forward and kissed my cheek.

I went to the bathroom to freshen up and get changed. When I got out of the room, Mark was already gone. When I got to the front door, Scythe was already waiting for me there. His face was beaming, and I already could tell I was in for a long car ride.

"Ready?" he asked.

I nodded, just waiting for the barrage of questions that I knew were coming. When we got into the car, I could see him vibrating in his seat. "Okay, what do you want to do?"

"I don't even know where to start!" Scythe practically squealed. "Did you guys, you know?" He added some hand gestures that left little to the imagination.

I smacked Scythe's arm. "Is that really the first thing your mind went to?"

"Look, you gotta ask the important questions. You did sleep over. In his room." Scythe winked at me.

I shook my head at him. "No, we didn't do that. We kissed. Once. That's it."

"Aww, well, I guess I understand not rushing into it. You kissed though. I'm so excited for you. And for Alpha." Scythe was still beaming. "It won't be long before there are little pups running around!"

I smacked Scythe again. "It's way too soon to be thinking about something like that. I still barely know Mark."

This time it was Scythe who shook his head. "You're mates. There's nothing wrong with diving head first into that."

I shrugged at this, still not feeling confident about everything. "Maybe. I like Mark. More than I ever thought I would and a lot faster,

Scythe was quiet for a moment. "It's not easy to let people in when you've been hurt. I think it's amazing that you are giving Alpha a chance though. You deserve to be happy. So does he."

I watched Scythe for a moment. His eyes were focused on the road ahead, but I could sense the pain in his words. There was a story there that I didn't know yet. Scythe seemed so happy all of the time, so I had never thought about him having his own issues. The rest of the car ride was spent in silence.

Work went smoothly today. Haley had the day off, so it was just Crystal and myself. It was a slower day, so it wasn't much of an issue. I was also surprised with how well Crystal and I got along without Haley around. She

kept asking me if Scythe was my boyfriend, since this was the second day in a row. I kept insisting he was just a friend who liked working here because of the atmosphere. Her insistent questioning told me she didn't believe me.

When I was done with work, Scythe met me at the back of the alley again. He approached me with a skip in his step. "Where to, milady?"

"I want to go back to my apartment to pack some things. It would probably be easier to stay at the pack house again if we are leaving early for the meeting tomorrow." I figured I would be staying at the pack house more and didn't want to have to keep borrowing things.

"I'm sure that's not the only reason you want to stay over," Scythe cooed. I rolled my eyes at him. "Come on. Let's go." I didn't want to admit there was some truth to his words. Being in my apartment made me feel lonely and empty. Even though I hadn't met many people at the pack house, I could feel the life that was there, and it made me miss home. That was my favorite part of being in a wolfpack. There was always someone around, and we had been a family.

Scythe drove us to my apartment, even though it was a short walk. He had to park a block down the street, since there was limited parking. We got out of the car and started strolling to the apartment building.

"Adira!" I heard my name being called from behind me.

I turned around, curious as to who could be calling me on the street like that. Behind us stood a figure in a hooded black robe. I couldn't see their face, but something instantly felt off. Suddenly, the figure lurched forward, and I saw a blade in their hand. I tried to jump back, but I wasn't fast enough to completely get out of the way. I felt the blade slice against my side, but I didn't feel any pain yet.

A low growl emitted from Scythe's lips as he lunged forward at the figure. In a blink of an eye, the figure disappeared, and Scythe fell to the ground, completely missing the target. I felt a hot breath in my ear.

"He wants you dead," the voice seethed, filled with anger.

I felt the coolness of a blade against my throat. "Who's he?"

The blade pressed into my neck slightly. "Don't act like you don't know, b***h. You aren't going to take everything away from him."

I felt the blade press into my skin more, and squeezed my eyes shut. In an instant, I didn't feel anything but cool air. There was no

person behind me and no blade against my throat. I was just a wisp in the wind. When I opened my eyes, I was standing a few feet behind the figure, completely safe from their grasp.

They screamed in frustration, and Scythe took the opportunity to attack again. He swiped his hand out, and I swore I saw claws. He was ready to rip the figure to pieces. Before he could slash again, the figure disappeared once again. They were nowhere to be seen this time. Scythe double checked the area to make sure we were cleared before running over to me.

“Adira! Are you okay?” His eyes were wide, and he wouldn’t break eye contact with me.

I pressed my hand to my side, starting to feel the pain. It was warm with blood, but it didn’t feel deep. “Yeah, I think it’s a surface wound.”

“But your eyes... They’re glowing. And you just... disappeared.”

I stood in the bathroom, cleaning up the cut on my side as best as I could. It was a small cut, just a surface wound. Scythe had suggested going to the emergency, but I refused. I looked in the mirror and stared at my eyes. There was no way I could go to the emergency, looking like this. My eyes glowed and sparkled as if a million little stars were in them. I couldn’t even see my normal irises anymore. I blinked a few times, waiting for it to just disappear, but it didn’t go away.

Scythe was in the other room on the phone with Mark. I couldn’t hear the other end of the conversation, but Scythe just repeated that I was okay and not to worry. He tried to tell Mark we would be at the packhouse soon, but that didn’t seem to go well. After a few moments, everything got quiet.

I walked out of the bathroom and looked at Scythe, who was sitting on the edge of my bed. “You look distressed.”

Scythe looked up at me and flinched. He scratched the back of his head.

“Alpha isn’t happy. He’s coming here to pick you up.”

I frowned. “You didn’t do anything wrong. Mark shouldn’t be blaming you.”

Scythe shook his head and stood up. “I don’t think he’s angry with me. I think he’s terrified of the fact that you were just attacked, and he wasn’t here to protect you.”

“I’m okay though. You told him I was okay, right?” I was holding a cloth against my wound. While it was a small cut, it was bleeding more than I had expected.

“I didn’t, but, Adira. You almost weren’t. If you hadn’t-” He cut himself off

and furrowed his brows. "What did you do?"

I chewed on my lip. "I don't know. It just happened. The important part is that I'm okay though." I said that, but my body was still shaking and pumped with adrenaline. There was no doubt that someone wanted me dead, and I still had no idea who. Who was the guy my attacker was referring to, and why did they say I was threatening everything he had worked for? I had mostly kept to myself for years. I had never threatened anyone.

The door to my apartment burst open, and Mark was running over to me. He pulled me into a tight hug. I winced with pain, and Mark instantly let go. He looked at my side where I was pressing a cloth against it and his worry lines deepened. He looked up at me, and his eyes went wide.

"Adira?" he asked as if questioning if it was really me who was in front of him.

"I'm fine. It's not a bad cut." I looked away, scared that this is what would make Mark leave me.

"You're eyes." Mark's voice was unreadable. I couldn't tell if he was scared of me or what he was thinking.

"It's still me. I don't know why they are glowing though. I don't understand anything that's happening." Tears started threatening my eyes, and I cursed internally. I was trying to appear strong, but standing in front of Mark, I felt exposed.

Mark grabbed my face and started peppering it with kisses. "I'm so glad you are okay," he said when he stopped kissing me.

I felt lighter at his words, and my heart started to calm down. His thumb was caressing my cheek.

"Adira, your eyes are going back to normal." Mark still held my face, studying me carefully.

"They are?" Mark nodded, and I pulled away from him and ran into the bathroom. Sure enough my eyes had returned to their normal chocolatey brown.

Mark slipped into the bathroom behind me. "Here, let me help you patch up that wound."