

The Unwanted Wolf

Chapter 2

I tried to catch myself as I fell, but before I could, I felt warm hands grab my waist. Then I felt like I was floating. My breaths were shallow, and I could barely focus on anything.

“Where do you live?” I heard a distant voice say.

All I could manage in response were groans. I felt like the world was upside down and my body was crumbling. I tried to focus on my breath to orient myself just a little, but nothing seemed to work. I could barely keep my eyes open. I could still feel the cold rain splashing on my face, and that was the only thing keeping me semi-conscious.

“Hey, stay with me.” The voice sounded more distant than before, but I still felt warmth surrounding me in the coötrain, and it made me want to let go.

Darkness surrounded me as I stopped fighting, but somehow I felt completely safe and warm. The scent of lilacs and honey surrounded me, and any pain I was feeling before was completely gone. It felt like I was floating with no gravity and was a level of peacefulness I had never experienced in my waking state. Time didn't matter here either. I had no idea if 30 seconds or thirty days had passed, and I didn't really care.

Suddenly light blue eyes flashed in front of me, causing my heart to race. I looked around, trying to find where they had disappeared to. “Where are you?” I called out, only seeing darkness.

A figure emerged from the distance, slowly approaching me. It was him. I could feel it in my bones, even though I could only see the silhouette. I tried moving forward, desperate to see his face again, but it felt like I was walking in place. I stopped, waiting for him to get closer. He stopped about five feet in front of me, and everything became clear. His blue eyes complimented his dark red hair. He was tall and slender but had an authoritative aura around him.

“I have been looking for you.” His voice was soft but deep, stirring something inside of me.

“Why me?” I asked, feeling drawn to him. I tried to move again, but my feet were stuck like cement.

“Don’t you feel it?” He looked at me, waiting patiently.

“I don’t understand. I don’t know you. I only saw you for the first time today.” There was something pulling my heart to him, but it didn’t make any sense. Sure he was attractive, but that was only surface level. I couldn’t let myself get carried away.

“Close your eyes and listen to your heart.” His voice was like a warm bath after a long day.

I didn’t know why, but I trusted him and closed my eyes. I felt a warm hand brush my heart, and I felt weightless again. “Who are you?” I asked.

“We’ve met before. Just listen and try to remember.

“Mark.” His name slipped from my mouth like a fact. I had heard his name earlier. That had to be how I knew it so well, right?

His warmth started to dissipate, and I opened my eyes, desperate to see him again. When I opened my eyes, the darkness started to fade as a bright light emerged from the distance. It was almost like the sun was rising. It strained my eyes, but I couldn’t look away.

Suddenly my body jumped, pulling me from sleep. I didn’t open my eyes, and everything felt heavy. It felt like I had come back from the brink of death. What had happened? I searched my brain for the last thing I could remember, but everything felt like a distant memory. Did I ever make it home? And what was up with that strange dream?

“Are you sure she’s okay? Shouldn’t she be awake by now?” a familiar voice said nearby.

I stayed frozen, not giving any indication that I was awake. I became hyper aware of the fact that I was not home. The bed was softer than the one in my apartment, and the place smelled of vanilla and pine needles. Where was I, and who were these people? I thought it best to pretend to still be asleep until I figured something out.

“Stop asking,” a female voice said firmly. “I have already told you she will be fine. That hasn’t changed in the last half hour.” She sounded annoyed.

“She was burning up when I found her.” The familiar voice was strained, borderline panicked. There was no response to his plea, and He sounded so pained that I wanted to reach out and grab his hand to comfort him. It was almost impossible to resist moving, but I did. I didn’t

know him and didn't owe him anything,

He needs you, Shadow, my wolf, spoke to me. I was almost more shocked hearing her voice than being in a room with strangers. She only comes to me on full moons or when other werewolves are around. I gasped at my own realization. Other werewolves.

"Adira?" the familiar voice called out.

Shoot, my cover was blown. I opened my eyes slowly, trying to take in the room. It looked like a bedroom filled with medical supplies. There was an IV in my arm and a tray of what looked like medicine a few feet away. There were two faces staring at me. One of them belonged to the man from the coffee shop. The meeting in the alley flashed into my mind. I must've passed out in front of him.

"How did you know my name?" My voice cracked, and it felt like I hadn't spoken in weeks.

The female approached me, pushing the man out of the way. "You were wearing a name tag when he brought you in. You must be disoriented, but don't worry. You are safe." Her voice held very little emotion. "I'm Doctor Zayla. I have been monitoring your situation."

"Situation?" I couldn't wrap my mind around what happened. I don't get sick, so I don't know what would've caused me to pass out.

"You had a fever and your body shut down to protect you. I'm not sure what happened yet, but I am running your blood work to see if I can figure out what happened exactly. It's unusual for a mere human disease to affect a wolf so drastically.

"How-" I started but was quickly cut off.

"Surely you could tell we were werewolves the moment you smelled us," Doctor Zayla stated.

The man pushed his way close to me, grabbing my hand. Sparks prickled my skin at his contact. "Are you okay? I was so worried."

"Mark." I stated. His name rang clearly in my head from the dream.

He c****d his head. "You remember me?"

"What do you mean? We haven't really met. I just heard your name earlier today at the coffee shop." That was the only logical

explanation.

“That was yesterday,” Doctor Zayla stated.

I bolted up in panic. That meant I had missed my shift today. “Yesterday? I have to go. Lana is going to kill me, and just when she was going to give me a promotion. This can’t be happening.” I tried to get out of bed, but Mark placed his hand on my shoulder and easily pushed me back to a lying position.

“You need to rest more. I don’t want you to over do it.” He looked at me with worry filling his eyes.

“Look, I don’t know why you are so concerned. We just met. Thank you for your help, but I have to get going. I can’t afford to lose this job.” I brushed Mark’s hand away.

Mark’s face fell. “Do you not feel it?”

“Feel what?” I didn’t understand what he was saying.

Before Mark could respond, Doctor Zayla grabbed his arm and pulled him off to the side. I watched as the two of them look at each other like they were having a silent conversation. I didn’t hear any words actually come out of their mouths though. Mark looked angry and then sad. Finally he turned back to me.

“Look, can’t you just message your boss and explain you’ve been sick? It would make me feel better if we could monitor you for just a little longer.” Mark’s blue eyes pierced my soul, and for some reason I just wanted to give him anything he asked for.

I paused for a moment and then nodded. “Okay, I guess that wouldn’t be the worst. Can I just have my phone, so I can reach out to her?”

He smiled out of relief and grabbed my phone from my pile of things off to the side. It was only then that I realized I wasn’t wearing the clothes I was before. I blushed at the thought of Mark seeing me that way.

I checked my phone, and I had several missed calls and texts from Lana. I quickly sent a message to her, letting her know that I had a fever but was feeling better. I also apologized for not keeping her updated. I would try to explain it better when I saw her in person again.

Hopefully I still had a job when I went back to work.

A realization hit me. “Where are we exactly?”

“We are at my pack headquarters,” Mark answered.

“Headquarters?” I said slowly. “But no wolf packs live in this territory.” I

started to worry at the thought of being around a wolf pack.

It never worked out for me in the end.

“We recently moved here,” Doctor Zayla said. She held her hands behind her back.

A knock at the door pulled all of our attention away. The door cracked open and a head popped through. “Alpha Mark? There’s urgent business for you.”

“Thank you Darian.” Mark turned towards me. “I will be back later. There are some things I wish to discuss with you.” He smiled at the thought and then followed Darian out of the room.

Doctor Zayla turned to me. “How are you feeling?”

I paused, actually listening to my body for the first time after waking up.

“Like somebody hit me with a truck.”

Her lips pulled tight. “Get some rest. Someone will bring some food to you later. I will also check up on you a little later. I will let you know when I get your blood results back.”

I nodded and watched her leave the room. The moment the door shut, I started getting out of bed. There was no way I could stay

here. I didn’t care how nice they were, I couldn’t risk being around a wolf pack for very long. They would surely reject me if I stuck around.

It always happened, and I planned to be the one gone before the rejection came. I didn’t need a wolfpack. I was better on my own.