

# The Unwanted Wolf

## Chapter 33

When I woke up, my bones felt completely chilled. The ground was damp, and the room was dark again. There were no windows in the room, so I had no way to tell what time it was or how long I had been in there. I was still alive, which was surprising to me. Theron seemed bent on killing me, so I didn't understand why he didn't just kill me at the party or when he escaped with me.

I wasn't complaining. It would give me a chance to figure out a way out of this mess, even if it was a slim chance. I slowly pushed myself up, and there was a sharp pain in my side. I sat on my knees and slowly felt my rib cage. I winced halfway up. I wasn't sure if it was just bruised or if they were cracked. I took a few deep breaths before attempting to stand up. The pain radiated through my body as I stood, but I gritted my teeth and pushed through it.

I walked over to the door and pressed my ear against it. There were no sounds on the other side of the door. I knocked on the door to try to get Theron's attention, but there was no response. After a few moments, I moved over to a wall and leaned against it. Slowly, my body slid to the ground. I still felt tired from before.

Crossing my legs, I took a deep breath, which caused another sharp pain to shoot through my body. I closed my eyes, and tried to focus on the ball of light I saw before. At first, all I saw was darkness. I pushed through the pain and continued taking deep breaths and navigating through the darkness inside of me. Eventually, I came to an image of a misshapen dark lump that resembled a ball of coal.

The lump was icy, and I felt my lungs freezing as my mind moved closer to this. I knew this was where my power source came from, but I couldn't feel any power coming from it. Is this because of the serum Theron injected into me? If I couldn't even summon the faintest power, I would never get out of here. I would never see Mark again to be able to tell him he was the one I wanted. I couldn't leave this world without telling him this.

Tears started streaming down my face, but I didn't move. All of this was Theron's fault. He had no right to come into my life and try to take it from

me. I finally had a chance at a happy life where the people around me actually care about me. I had a chance to fall in love and build the family I didn't have, but he had taken that away from me just because of an act his father committed over twenty-one years ago.

The dark lump flickered for a moment, and a small rush of heat sparked inside of me. That was it! I needed to use my anger to fuel my powers. I took another deep breath, and instead of trying to push through the pain, I tried to focus on it and the reason it was there. Theron kicked my side and threw me to the ground. He took away my happy celebration and threatened my friends. The dark lump sparked again, and this time it started to glow a deep orange. I continued focusing on the orange lump and imagined fueling it. It started glowing brighter and growing in sight.

The door slammed open, pulling me out of my mediation. My eyes snapped open, and I instantly gasped. The person standing in front of the door wasn't Theron, but it was someone I recognized.

"Haley?" I stared at my coworker, not believing my eyes. I had to be hallucinating. "What are you doing here?"

She rolled her eyes at me. "You really are stupid, aren't you? No wonder bae wants to get rid of you. You don't deserve to inherit his powers." She was standing in the doorway holding a silver tray.

"Bae?" I repeated.

"Do you really need me to spell it out for you? God, I thought you were smarter than that at least. Theron is my boyfriend. He's going to treat me like a queen once he takes over his family's coven and inherits their powers. I've been helping him try to eliminate you. Too bad that wolfsbane I put in your drink didn't do the trick. You've been a real pain, don't you know?" She walked over to me and looked down on me.

I felt completely sick. To think someone I worked with was assisting with trying to kill me. She had completely fooled me for months, and I felt so stupid. I always knew Haley didn't like me. She wasn't subtle about it, but I never once thought she wanted to kill me.

"Does power mean that much to you?" I looked up at Haley and saw her in a completely new light. The shadows flickered on her do anything to get it.

"I deserve to be treated like a queen. Bae said he can give me everything I've ever wanted if I help him achieve his goals."

“Then why are you here, serving me food? If you are truly his queen; why are you doing such a menial task who could feel my anger boiling inside of me as I looked up at her.

Haley clicked her tongue and dropped the tray in front of me. It clattered to the ground, and whatever was on it, splashed onto my face.

“You don’t know what you’re talking about. Bae has his reasons for everything. Although I don’t understand why he hasn’t just killed you. We’re wasting precious time.” Haley didn’t try to hide her annoyance with the situation. “He thinks you could still be useful, though.”

“How?” This intrigued me. Theron had made it seem like killing me would solve all of his problems before.

“I don’t know. He thinks he can steal your power or something like that. It’s a waste of time, if you ask me.”

“Does Theron not agree with you?” I could feel the frustration behind Haley’s words. Maybe if she doubted Theron, I could get her on my side.

Haley rolled her eyes. “He tells me I don’t know what I’m talking about.”

“Sounds like he doesn’t respect your opinion. If he truly sees you as his queen, shouldn’t he treat you like an equal?” I wiped the food off my face and flicked it off my fingers.

“Shut up!” Haley kicked the tray on the floor, spilling the rest of the food.

“You don’t know what you’re talking about. I would kill you right now if I could.” She turned and stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind her. She locked the door, and then her footsteps echoed down the hallway until they disappeared.

I let out a sigh, absorbing the new information. I pushed the tray that was used to hold the food. I dipped my finger in the slop that was on it and took a small taste. It tasted like chalk, and I didn’t bother taking another taste. I hoped I wouldn’t be here long enough to feel the need to eat that garbage. I could skip a few meals just fine, but any more than that, and I would start to grow weak.

Everything became a blur the longer I was locked up. I was going through what felt like an endless cycle of meditating, sleeping, Haley dropping off food, and then repeating. No matter what I did, I couldn’t get the image of the ball inside of me to glow more than a small flame. My anger wasn’t enough to fuel it, and the more I failed, the more I felt discouraged.

I still hadn’t touched any of the meals dropped off, afraid of what might be

in it. Theron was no stranger to poison, so I was afraid the food was laced with something that would dull my powers or subdue my wolf. Without both of those features, I knew all would be lost. However, the longer I went without food, the more difficult things became. I could hardly muster the strength to stand or move, so I spent more and more time sleeping and sitting.

The door started to open, and I was expecting Haley to come in with another tray of mush, but when I looked up, this time I saw Theron's familiar brown eyes. They reminded me of the brown eyes I saw in the mirror. I had always wondered where my brown eyes had come from. My mother had green eyes, and the man I thought was my father had icy blue eyes. Growing up, I had just assumed it was from some grandparent, but I knew my eyes belonged to my biological father. Theron walked over to me and looked me up and down. "Foolish girl. You're growing weak."

My breathing was slow, and I didn't have the energy to keep fighting. "Why haven't you killed me yet? Why bother keeping me alive?"

"I leaned my head against the wall and closed my eyes. I was starting to think it was hopeless getting out of here.

"I've thought about it. Believe me, it'll feel amazing when I take your life with my own hands." Theron crouched down in front of me and stroked my cheek with the back of his hand. "But I have time. I can't inherit my family's powers until I turn twenty-one. If I can figure out how to steal what little powers you have from you, I will become the greatest sorcerer there ever was."

I didn't say anything in return to Theron. I was too tired, and I wanted to save the energy I had left. Theron nudged me, and I opened my eyes. He was looking at me carefully.

"Aren't you going to respond?" Theron asked.

"I live my happily ever after." I looked at Theron, not afraid for the first time in a while. "People like you don't change. No matter what I say or do, you aren't going to change your mind, so I'm saving my energy."

Theron huffed in response. "You think you know it all, half-breed?"

I laughed at this and stared directly into Theron's soul. "I don't know anything, not really. Except that there is something deeply wrong with you."

Theron slapped my face, making me gasp. "How dare you insult me! You don't know who you are dealing with. Once I figure out how to take your powers, I'm going to kill everyone you have ever cared about in front of you. I will rip your mate's throat out in front of you and all you will be able to

do is watch him bleed out. Only when you have reached your lowest point will kill you so slowly you'll be begging me to just end it."

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### Chapter 34

Theron's words sparked a fire inside of me. He promised me that if I had gone with him peacefully that my friends would be safe. He lied about that, and I shouldn't have been surprised. I didn't know him, and I shouldn't have trusted someone who was trying to kill me in the first place.

"You won't be able to kill my friends," I whispered, glaring at Theron in a way I had never glared before. I never truly hated someone before now.

Theron scoffed in return. "And how do you suppose that will happen? You surely can't do anything to protect them. You're just a weak girl."

I simply smirked at him. I could feel the flame inside me growing brighter and stronger. I could see the ball inside of me glowing a bright yellow with green flickers. I pulled myself off the ground, standing as tall as I could. "You've made a key mistake."

Theron frowned, looking me up and down. "You are just a frail girl who can barely stand. Are you really trying to scare me right now?"

"Because of my blood that I have no control over, the man I thought was my father kicked me out at sixteen, threatening my life if I ever returned. I felt rejected and unwanted, but you know what? I survived. I survived on my own as a werewolf. I survived because I'm strong."

"Werewolves are nothing compared to the power of a true sorcerer," Theron said. He was confident in his words, but he was watching me carefully.

"Perhaps. Or maybe you are underestimating werewolves. Either way, you forget that I'm also part sorceress." My legs were shaking from not eating for several days, but I pushed through it. Theron scoffed again. "That means nothing from a girl who doesn't even know how to use your powers."

"But you haven't come into your full powers yet," I said. "Is that why you used Haley to do your dirty work to try to kill me off?"

Theron swung his arm at me, but before he touched me, I grabbed his arm. My skin was glowing now, and the energy flowed through me in a way it hadn't before. Theron's eyes grew wide and for the first time I saw true fear in Theron's eyes.

"You little b\*\*\*h," Theron snapped. He lunged at me again.

In the blink of an eye, I was standing behind Theron. I pushed his back, sending him flying into the wall. He hit his head and fell to the ground. I knew this was my chance. I immediately turned to the door and tried to pull on the handle. It was locked. I looked at

Theron, who was rolling on the ground grabbing his head. I didn't have much time. I took a deep breath and imagined myself on the

other side of the door.

The world flashed in front of me, and then I was standing on the other side of the door. I didn't have time to fully absorb what I was

doing or how I was controlling my powers. I started running down the hallway, not wasting another second. Theron had the power to

shift, and I was terrified he would shift in front of me at any moment.

I kept running, unsure of where I was going. I heard a door slamming behind me, and my heart skipped a beat. I knew Theron was up now, and he was going to be pissed. I opened the first door I saw and quickly shut it behind me. I looked for a lock, but I didn't see one.

Get outside, Moon said in my head.

"How?" I whispered under my breath. I looked around, and the room I was in was a dead end. I examined the door, but there wasn't

a lock on it either, not that it would have mattered. Theron would be able to just shift into the room with me.

The window!

I looked up, and surely there was a small window on the far wall. It was small and towards the top of the wall. I grabbed a chair and

dragged it over to the window as carefully as I could without making noise. I looked through the window and saw the outside, but there was no way I could climb through the window, especially in my condition.

breath. The feeling of freedom. Deep breath. The cold air filling my lungs. Deep breath.

I opened my eyes, and I was standing outside of the building. I looked around, and I only saw trees surrounding the building. I glanced behind me and saw that there was a log cabin behind me. I had no idea where I was or where I should go, but I knew I had to get away.

"Shadow, I need you," I said.

I'm ready, Shadow said in my head.

I let Shadow free, and my body started shifting into my wolf form. I was tired and my body was not happy with the transformation,

but I knew I didn't have a choice. I let the adrenaline fuel the transformation, and then I took a step back, letting Shadow take over

control of my body. I was tired, but I was able to save some of my energy as Shadow started moving. Trees started blurring past me, and I was in a daze, like a passenger in a car, vaguely aware of the surroundings but not having to worry about driving.

Shadow stopped occasionally to sniff a tree, which usually resulted in a change of direction. She pushed our body, tearing our muscles little by little to run as fast as we could away from the cabin. We couldn't risk Theron getting to us again. The farther away we

got, the calmer I felt. I hoped Theron wouldn't be able to shift to our location without knowing exactly where we were. Since he hadn't found us yet, I felt more hopeful.

After a while, Shadow's pace started to slow down, and I knew she was growing tired. Our body had been through so much the past

few days, and the adrenaline was starting to fade.

I can't keep going on like this, Shadow said, coming to a complete stop.

I was starting to grow dark, and the air chilled even more without the sunrays. I knew we couldn't stop now.

It's okay. I can take over, I said back in our head.

Shadow released control, and I started transforming back into my human form. The air felt much cooler without fur covering my body, and without Shadow's keen senses, I didn't know exactly where to go.

Just keep going straight. There's a road not too far ahead. Follow it until you can find some help, Shadow said before retreating into my head.

Shadow's presence grew faint, and I couldn't feel Moon anymore. My bare feet were worn out from walking on the floor, but it wasn't long until I lost feeling in my feet. I wished I had shoes, but I was grateful I left the heels back in my presence. I wouldn't have been able to run away wearing the heels. I wrapped my arms around my body, but it did little to warm me up. My dress barely did anything to keep me warm.

The longer I walked, the more I wanted to stop. I felt alone, and I didn't have much energy left. It would have been easier to find somewhere to curl up and rest, but I was afraid that if I stopped, I would never get back up. The cold could easily take over me, and I didn't just escape a murderer just to die from the cold. Just a few more steps, I kept telling myself over and over again.

I thought about the warmth of Mark's arms. When I saw him again, he would wrap me tightly in his arms and never let go. I needed to see him again. I needed to tell him that he was the one I wanted. He had been through so much hurt in his life, and I just wanted to give him this one thing. He deserved to be happy, and I had a chance to give that to him. I deserved to be happy too.

In the distance, I saw a bright light. I squinted my eyes, trying to make out what it was, but it was too far away. I moved towards the light, barely blinking. It was moving too fast for me to catch up to. Then it hit me. It was a car. I tried to move faster, running as best as I could. It was the road. If I could get someone to pick me up, I could find warmth. I could get back to the pack house and back to Mark.

By the time I got to the road, the car I had seen was long gone. I started walking in the opposite direction, hoping another car would show up soon, but I had no idea how far away from civilization I was or how long that would take. I continued moving forward, barely aware of my actions anymore. I was slowly freezing and could no longer feel my limbs. I felt something hit my cheek, and when I looked into the sky, I saw little flakes floating down. They were lit up by the moonlight that was peaking through the clouds, and it was a beautiful sight. I would've been able to admire it a little better if I wasn't so cold. I was starting to lose hope. I just wanted to sit down for a moment and admire the snow starting to fall. There, completely exhausted. This couldn't be it, could it?

A bright light flashed in my eyes, and when I looked down, I saw the familiar look of headlights coming my way. I had to make sure they stopped. Even though my limbs were stiff, I started waving around, trying to get their attention. As the car approached, it started slowing down. They stopped in front of me, and I was saved.

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### Chapter 35

The window to the truck rolled down, but I could hardly see the face of the person inside because it was so dark and I was blinded by the headlights.

“You look a little worse for wear, little lady. Do you need some help?” Aman’s voice rang out from the truck.

I nodded my head. “Y-y-yes.” My teeth were chattering against each other, making it difficult to speak.

The man leaned over and pushed the passenger door open. I shakily climbed into the truck, and I was instantly hit with a wave of heat. It stung against my cold extremities, but I didn’t mind. The heat was a welcomed change. I shut the truck door, and then the man rolled up the window.

“You look like you’ve been through hell. It’s a good thing I found you when I did,” the man said.

I forced a smile. I was grateful for his help, but I was too focused on trying to warm up.

“I-really appreciate it.” I placed my fingers in front of the air vent. As they started to thaw, sharp tingles spread throughout them.

“So where are you heading, young lady?” the man asked. He hadn’t started driving yet. I looked over at him, studying his features for the first time. He seemed like a burly man with a little extra weight to him. His stubble was overgrown, and his facial hair was sitting somewhere between a beard and a five-o’clock shadow. He had to have been in at least his

forties. He smiled at me when he noticed I was staring at him. His teeth were slightly crooked. It almost looked charming, but something about his smile seemed a little off. I shook it off, thinking I was just paranoid after everything that happened with Theron.

“I’m trying to get back to Ashville. H-how far away are we from there?” My body shivered uncontrollably. The heat felt nice, but I knew it would be a while before my body completely warmed up.

“Too far to get there tonight,” he responded. He finally put the car in drive and started moving forward. “We’ll have to stop somewhere to rest for tonight, and we can head over there in the morning.”

I nodded. I wished I could have made it back to the pack house that night, but I wasn’t about to push my luck. I was somewhere safe and warm for now. That would have to be enough until I could make it back to Mark. My heart started pounding, thinking about him. I wondered what he was doing and if he was looking for me. I just wanted to see him again.

“So what’s your name, young lady?” the man asked, breaking up the silence.

“A-Adira.” I rubbed my hands together, trying to completely thaw out my fingers. I was a little worried I had minor frostbite, but I



didn't think it happened that quickly.

"Greg. Nice to meet you." He held out his hand to me. I grabbed it awkwardly, not finding a great angle to grab it from.

"Yeah, it's nice to meet you too." Part of me wished he would just stop talking to me for a while. I didn't have the energy to make pleasantries with a stranger. I just wanted to close my eyes and rest for a bit. However, this man did save my life, so I figured I could at

least talk to him for a little while.

"I was surprised to see such a beautiful woman out here on her own, especially wearing so little. How did you get into the situation

you're in, if you don't mind me asking?" He glanced over at me, and we briefly made eye contact.

He seemed nice enough, but something about him made me feel on edge. I tried to tell myself I was just being paranoid, but I

couldn't figure out what the feeling was exactly. "It's kind of a long story." I awkwardly laughed. I didn't really know what to tell him.!

couldn't exactly tell him that I was a supernatural being and was whisked away by a man who wanted to kill me because I was his older

half-sister destined to take over the family's power, and he wanted the power to myself.

"Good thing we have time. No need to be shy." The man reached over and placed his hand on my knee.

I completely froze at his action. I wanted to tell him not to touch me, but I was afraid he would kick me for being rude. I told myself that he was just a friendly guy. "Ah, well, my friends threw me a birthday party, and things got a little out of hand. I ended up getting separated from everyone."

"Sounds like a crazy party. How old did you turn? Eighteen?"

The party didn't go how I planned." I scratched the back of my neck.

"I would hope not, since you ended up in the middle of nowhere, wearing so little." Greg pulled his hand back and put it back on the steering wheel.

A weight lifted off my shoulders when he stopped touching me. I didn't say anything else, and Greg seemed content with the conversation momentarily. I kept catching him glancing over at me, and I smiled politely back at him. I hoped wherever we stopped for the night wasn't too far away. I wanted some space from Greg.

Finally, he pulled his truck off the main road. Up ahead I saw a blinking motel light. It seemed run down and small, but it was better than where I had been staying for the past couple of nights. Greg pulled into a parking spot and turned off the car. I instantly missed the heat, still feeling cold deep inside of me.

He turned towards me. "So I'm thinking we should get one room and share for the night."

Something about his tone made me shift in my seat. "I think it's best if we don't share a room." I looked out the window, not wanting to make eye contact.

"Are you planning on paying for a room, then? I didn't see a wallet on you, unless you're hiding it between your legs." He leaned in closer to me.

He smelled of cigarettes and unwashed travelers, and it made me want to gag. He was

right. I didn't have any money on me, but I was not about to go into a room alone with this guy. "I don't have any money. I will figure something out." I reached for the door handle, but when I tried to open it, it was still locked. I looked back at Greg and a disgusting smile was plastered on his face.

"You don't seem to have many options here. Let me tell you what's going to happen here. I'm going to get us a room. Then you're going to join me and thank me for all of my kindness." He licked his lips and leaned in even closer.

I felt around on the door for the lock. "I think it's best we part ways now. Thank you for the ride."

Greg frowned and grabbed my chin. "You ungrateful little brat. I wasn't asking." My fingers found the car lock, and I pressed it, hearing a click to my relief. Then I curled my fingers into a fist and swung forward, clocking Greg right in the chin. He let go of me and cried out in pain.

I quickly opened the door and slipped out. "I wasn't asking either." I slammed the car door shut and ran towards the light peeking out a window at the front of the building. It had to be the front office, and I hoped there would be someone there. I didn't think the greasy man would try anything in front of another person.

I flew through the front door, and I heard a bell chime. I didn't see anyone at the front desk. "Hello?"

"I'm coming!" a woman's voice called out from the back.

I looked outside and saw Greg storming towards the office. My heart was racing. He was nothing compared to Theron, but his implications scared me in a completely different way. I looked back and saw an old lady shuffling towards the front desk. At the same time, Greg burst through the door.

"How can I help you?" the lady asked.

"I need a room for my girlfriend and me," Greg instantly said, looking me up and down.

"I am not his girlfriend, and I will not be sharing a room with this man," I said firmly, despite my hands shaking. I backed away from

the man, putting as much space between us as possible in the small room.

The lady looked back and forth between Greg and myself. "We don't have any rooms available. Sir, I think it's time you leave."

He looked at the woman in disbelief. He looked back at me and muttered under his breath, "You ungrateful bitch." He turned and left the office, deliberately slamming the door behind him.

"Thank you," I whispered. My hands were shaking, and I wasn't sure if it was from the cold or from Greg.

"You look like hell," the lady said.

I snapped my head at her, shocked by her bluntness. "I feel like hell."

She grabbed a tissue and offered it to me. "I'm Clara. Why don't you come back to my office and tell me about it?"