

Chapter 11

MIA

As my mind raced, I didn't notice how far Lyla had run off. I moved closer and looked through her eyes as she approached a clearing. She came to a stop and looked around till her eyes landed on a waterfall.

The running of the water made it sound so magical. I close my eyes, letting the sound calm me. Lyla moved and walked toward it. She came to a stop and drank some water.

Once she stops drinking, she stretches out her front paws and lays down near the edge of the water. Her eyes dart around, drinking in the scenery of the place, until her eyes landed on the water. I couldn't help but look at our reaction in the water. Clear as day, Lyla has snow-white fur with silver sprinkles running through. Her eyes are bright blue.

"Lyla, you look gorgeous," I say.

"Thank you," she murmurs as she slightly yawns. "Since we rested all last night and most of today, I have healed some of our wounds.

I said nothing as I settled back in her head.

A branch behind us broke, making Lyla shift and look back to see another white wolf standing staring at us by the edge of the forest line. Our eyes met, but she seemed all so familiar to me. She looks the same as me.

The wolf takes a step, but Lyla growls, causing the wolf to stop. The wolf who c***s her head to one side to look at us.

After a few seconds, I watch the wolf form shift back into its human form.

My eyes widened as I stared back at the person.

It is her—my mother.

Lyla doesn't move, and neither does my mother. We watch as she sits down with her legs crossed, in the exact place she shifts back in as she keeps her eyes on us. "I'm not going anywhere, Mia," she says softly. She looks at Lyla. "Your wolf is perfect and beautiful."

Lyla and I stare at her. "She wants you to talk to her, Mia," says Lyla. "Her wolf is reaching out to me and telling me that we are safe and no one will hurt us."

"I can't, Lyla, not yet," I whisper. "I haven't seen this woman in seven years."

I stopped talking for a few moments, trying to collect my thoughts, and when I did, I continued as a lone tear escaped again.

"She never came back for me," I said. "I was blamed for everything."

Lyla says nothing for a little while, but her love holds me there in place. "By the look on that scar, Mia, he might have hurt her too, like you."

I look back at the woman, but another scent comes through our nose. Lyla growls as my mother looks in the direction of the scent. "It's ok, Mia, it's Sasha. She has brought us clothes to change into."

My eyes went to behind her as Sasha stepped out from behind the tree and looked at us. She gives us a small smile. "Lyla, you are one gorgeous wolf," she says sweetly.

Lyla looks at her.

Sasha stares at us. "Please, Mia, we just want to talk to you," Sasha says, looking at my mother and then towards me. "You need to hear what she has to say. I can stay if you want. I meant what I said at the motel, I'm a friend. You can trust me. You even told me your story, and now it is time to hear hers."

"She has a point," Lyla says. "You told Sasha what went on with you and Papa Wolf. I think we should hear Mama Wolf's story, too. Maybe you will get the answers to all the questions you have."

I said nothing as I watched Sasha walk over to us. She stops in front of Lyla and places a long t-shirt dress in front of Lyla, who hasn't taken her eyes off either of them. Sasha smiles and walks back, backward towards my mother, keeping her eyes on us and handing my mother the same kind of dress.

I move slightly and look closer at my mother's body. She sat there naked, covering intimate areas. My eyes scanned over her arms and chest. There are scars all over her—just like me.

What happened to her?

My mother smiles at Sasha as she puts on the dress. She didn't even move up. The dress falls over her. I watched as Sasha took a seat next to my mother on the ground and kept her eyes on us.

Lyla yawns but stares back at them. I didn't want to shift back, not yet. I wanted to know more first and then decide whether I wanted to speak to her or not. It all depended on what she had to say.

"Lyla, stay like this for a moment," I say as I come closer to the surface, making sure I don't show myself. "I don't want to change into my human form just yet."

Lyla stares and then nods at me. "That's fair," she muttered as she kept her eyes on my mum.

My mother looks at us and clears her throat. "How about I tell you about what happened to me and why I came back here," she says, keeping her eyes on us.

Lyla nods as to tell her to carry on. I move closer, but there is a gasp from Sasha, but she quickly recovers. "I think Mia is listening to us, look," she whispers to my mum, who now has a smile on her face. "That's my girl."

I stare at them, confused. "What are they on about Lyla?" I ask her. Lyla moves her head to the side and looks into the water, and we both gasp.

Our reaction reveals why. We have one blue and one brown eye. We both have become one with each other.

"We are as one," she whispers, sounding proud. "Not many wolves can do that." Lyla moves her head and looks back at them.

My mother looks at me and smiles. "I know you have loads of questions, and you don't trust me; that's ne, but let me explain, please."

We look back at her and nod.

My mother takes a deep breath in and out and starts to talk. "Well, let me tell you how I met your father. I met him here at this pack," she said. My eyes widened as she continued. "My mother and father were the Alpha and Luna before. I believe you already know them—Sarah, she is your grandmother."

I look back at her in shock. "Your father came here with Alpha Robert to meet with my father, and that's when we met. He was handsome and charming. He was my mate. I loved him at first glance. I had to leave with him. I had to go back with him to Shadow Creek as he was Beta of the pack. I was in awe of everything," she says. "Alpha Robert and his Luna Marie were charming, and we were all instant friends. Maria and I became pregnant around about the same time together; Aidan is a few months older than you were."

My mother stopped and looked happy at the memory, but then her facial expression changed, and sadness hit her. "Everything was great. Your father was amazing at first, but he soon changed and started to drink with people at a local bar. Little things triggered him. He thought every male would be looking at me. He started to act jealous if anyone, especially a man, would talk to me. He would start shouting at me and everything."

I watched on as she continued. "He started to drink really heavy as time moved on," she murmured. "He wanted me all to himself. He even thought Alpha Sam would come back and take me home."

Her eyes glistened as she carried on. Heartbreak lled around where we were sitting. "I was alone. He isolated me from everyone," she whispered. "I couldn't be around anyone unless I was with him. But it all came to a head when a rogue killed Luna Marie. I was with her at the time and even saved her. I took the rogue on, but after I killed him, he got me good. But that was not before he had bitten and stabbed the Luna in the side with a silver dagger."

A lone tear escapes as she looks at her hands in her lap. "I was hurt and wounded, too, but when everyone found us, Luna Maria was dead. I was barely holding on," she said. Her eyes met mine as another tear escaped. "Your father was upset when he found us. He had another man carry me to the pack hospital. I didn't really think anything of it."

"While in the pack hospital, I was rested for a few hours until he came in. He was angry, asking me why I was not dead," she muttered, making my stomach drop. How could he ask such a thing about his mate?

"I was shocked he would say anything, but something came to mind. He always stayed away from me, and I would always find him talking to Luna Maria," she said as she wiped her tear-stained cheek.

"He had fallen in love with Luna Maria. He was spending more time with her than with us. I didn't say anything. After that evening in the hospital, I kept quiet as I didn't know what to do. I couldn't talk to anyone. Alpha Robert was heartbroken about his mate and was too upset to even deal with anything regarding what happened."

My mother stopped as another ushered tear escaped before she spoke again. "Aidan was beside himself, and you, my dear girl, helped him get through it."

My mother lets her tears flow again as the memory of that fateful night comes back like a nightmare. The mere thought of Aidan set my heart racing as sadness took over. The friend and boyfriend I had before lled my head.

Lyla winced at the mere memory of that fateful night, letting a slight whimper out as she tried to calm herself.

My eyes went to my mother as she looked back at me, realizing that I remembered hitting her hard.

Everything she said came flooding back at what she said. I never noticed, as I was too young to even know what was going on, or she was good at hiding what she went through. I never once saw what she anything she was on about.

"She must have shielded you from it," Lyla murmured, but I said nothing.