

Chapter 6

MIA

I felt a softness underneath me. I don't want to wake up from this dream.

But something doesn't feel right. I suddenly shot up in the same spot and looked around. I am in a room that has two double beds, a door, and a stand with a TV on it. My eyes went over to a door, which must be the bathroom, as I could hear running water. But it halts. I look down and notice someone has wrapped up my leg in a bandage.

I hear a whimper in my head. "That hurts," Lyla whimpers.

After a moment, she moves toward the surface and looks around. "Where are we?" she asks, sounding confused. "This is not home. Looks too nice."

"I don't know, Lyla, but we definitely not home," I say, but the door to the bathroom opens, and out walks a girl the same age as me. She looks at me and smiles. "Hey, you're up," she says, stepping closer to me. I look at her, but when she takes a step closer towards me, I move up the bed but whine in pain from my leg as my hand goes to the bandage.

The girl halts. "Don't move, Mia. I won't hurt you," she says. "My name is Sasha, and I am here to help you."

I look back at her, stunned. "How do you know my name?" I asked in a shaky voice. She looks at me and smiles. "You had a friend in that pack of yours. They noticed how badly hurt you were and brought you here to heal. They asked me to take you to my pack, The Dark Forest pack," she nally says.

My mouth gaps open—Black Forest pack. They are the largest pack in the state. Shadow Creek, my pack, was the second or third largest pack.

My mind raced over what she said, and I frowned. Who the hell helped me? No one from my pack would. She must have been mistaken.

I look up at her as she is now dressed and has now come closer to me. "I am going to change the bandage on your leg. You can get dressed, and we will leave for my pack," she says as she gets all the new medical supplies off the nearby table.

I nod but watch her every move. I have never had someone be so nice to me, especially in the last few years.

I watch as she sits on the bed and slowly unravels the bandage off my leg. After she slowly unraveled the bandage off my leg, I noticed the thick slice on my thigh. I wince at the sight of it. It will leave a hell of a scar there.

"That looks painful, Mia," says Lyla, coming closer to check the injury. I could feel her guilt slip through. "I am so sorry he did this to you."

"It's not your fault," I say, but I look towards Sasha, who is now staring at me in awe. "You have a wolf?" she asks. I look away.

I felt movement as Sasha came closer to me. Her nger went to my chin and moved me back to face her. "Don't hide her from me, Mia. Your eyes turn when she comes closer," Sasha says. "That's how I know."

I say nothing as a smile curls the corners of her lips.

After a few awkward moments of what to say next, Sasha beats me to it. "Why does everyone in that pack of yours think you are a human when clearly you are a wolf?" she asks as she moves back closer to my leg and cleans around the wound.

I stare at her, trying to gure out if I should trust her. "Do you think we can trust her, Lyla?" I ask my wolf. She comes closer. She looked at Sasha, who was staring back at her with a huge grin. "You are wondering if you can trust me," she says. "The answer is yes, Mia, and —" she says, but she gets cut off by Lyla, who pushes me back and takes over me. I stay close to the surface, letting Lyla speak for us.

"Lyla, I'm Mia's wolf," Lyla says, which startles Sasha a little. After she composes herself, "Nice to meet you, Lyla," she says. "Where has Mia gone?"

Lyla stares at her for a moment before she speaks again. "Mia is close. She let me talk to you," Lyla says. I can hear everything that they are saying.

"She is a little scared, as you are the rst person in a long time who has ever been nice to her," Lyla says with a hint of venom. "I only recently found out about her father hurting her a few days ago, as she would block me from everything he was doing to her. When I asked her about it, she would lie, but I know she is protecting me even though it should be the other way around," she says.

Sasha looks at Lyla. "Why would she be protecting you? You are her wolf," she asks.

Lyla looks at her and smiles. "We are different," she says. "I'm a white wolf. We heard a lot of stories over the years about them, mainly in school. We can be powerful."

Lyla stops moves her head to the side, and looks at her before she continues again. "Sasha, I have some power. I mask our scent as human to help protect us, but over the last few years, it never works as everyone, even her old friends, turned on her," she says with a growl escaping. "I love my human for protecting me, but now I need to protect her. I can't heal her like a normal wolf as I have to reserve my energy, and we are too weak. Her father never let her train, so we are weak, and we need to get strong to help each other."

Sasha looks on at Lyla, astonished by the wolf. Sasha smiles back. "We will help you in the pack. Mia and you, Lyla, are safe with us. Am I the rst person you have come forward to talk to?"

Lyla looked at her and nodded her head. "Mia didn't trust anyone within the pack. The only one she did trust was the young Alpha, but he changed in front of her many times because of the others who joined."

I can feel the pang of hurt from Lyla. She is hiding something.

"What's wrong, Lyla?" I ask her.

Lyla sighs and pushes me forward as she slips back into the back of my head. "I am hurting because I thought he would like us, but he never will." She goes back but stays close.

I look at Sasha, and she stares at me. "Mia, you are back?" she says and sits next to me, taking my hand in hers. "Mia, I am so happy you let Lyla come to meet me. I am a friend, and I will protect you. We need to leave now."

Sasha moves off the bed and lets go of my hand. I watch as she goes to the table and rummages through a bag, and pulls out some clothes. She turns around and smiles as she brings them to me.

I look at the clothes that Sasha hands to me. I stare at them. They are not mine. "Where did these come from?" I ask, but Sasha smiles at me. "I bought them. I got you some new sweat pants and a baggy t-shirt," she says, but her face holds anger and sympathy for me in her eyes. "I had to get you out of your clothes last night. I have seen all the bruises and scars that you have."

I look away, feeling ashamed of the thought of someone seeing them all. "Mia, don't be ashamed. Whoever did those deserves everything that comes to them in the future," she says, placing her hand in mine and giving me a gentle squeeze.

I look back at her as tears escape my eyes freely. "I best get changed so we can leave," I say as I move slowly, letting go of her hand. I move to the edge of the bed as Sasha leaves the room so I can get changed. I change quickly, as I don't enjoy seeing my body. I place the ip-ops that she bought on and sit back on the bed.

I sigh as Sasha comes back into the room with a bag of food. It smells delicious.

Bacon and sausage rolls.

My mouth waters at the smell. I don't know when the last time was, I had food. Sasha grins at me as she sees my eyes. "You must be hungry. Here take one, as you didn't eat when you got here."

I grab one a sausage roll as Sasha hands the bag to me. I took a bite and let out a low moan. The sausage tasted nice and the butter with the bread was glorious. I let out another moan of delight. Sasha laughs but says nothing.

I say nothing as I carry on eating and nish the roll, but it is all I could eat. I couldn't eat too much as I would be sick.

Sasha looks at me. "Do you want another one? There is plenty there," she says to me. I shake my head. "No, it's ok, I don't eat a lot, anyway. If I eat anymore, I'll be sick."

She stares at me but says nothing. I know there are questions she must have, but I don't really want to tell her anything yet. Not until I get to know her.

Sasha nishes her roll and wraps up the others. "We will have a bit later on the way back to the pack," she says, and she grabs her bag. She looks at me. "Come on, let's get going Mia."

I nod. I move off the bed and follow her toward the door.

Once she opens the door, I step out and look around. We must be in a motel or something. There were no cars in the car park, only one—hers.

I look around but notice a man staring at us with a smile.

My eyes went to Sasha's car and limp over to it. I was walking funny because of the bandage on my leg.

"You nally awake, miss," the man says as he comes closer to the car and opens the door for me. "You had me worried. My name is Toby," he says, holding out his hand. I shake it and give him a small smile. "I'm Mia," I say back as I climb into the passenger side and take a seat.

Glancing over to the side, I watch as Sasha opens the back door behind the driver's side and places a bag on the back seat. She shuts the door and opens her door, but before she gets in, she looks at Toby and smiles. "Thanks, Toby, for keeping us safe, clean up everything now and open for business," she says as she gets in.

I look back at Toby, who shuts my door. Sasha winds the window down for me and I look up at him. "You helped me?" I ask, with confusion, and he gives me a sheepish look as he rubs his hand over his neck. "Yeah, I always be here Mia," he says and looks at Sasha, who also smiles back at him. "Now, you must leave. I need to open for business. I will see you both soon."

Lyla says nothing while he talks, but I can feel her warmth wrap around me.

I gave a slight nod, and Sasha starts the engine as her car roars to life. She looks over her shoulder and reverses. She turns the car around and we head in the opposite direction to Shadow Creek. I feel a hint of sadness coming from inside me. I don't know why I am going to miss the pack. They hurt me, but Lyla is resting her head on her front paws as I look back at her as she speaks. "We will be back, Mia. We need to be ready and trained rst," she says. "They didn't take care of you. Now we must look after ourselves."

"I know, but he was the only family I had left," I said to her.

She growls. "You don't hurt the people who you are supposed to love, Mia, especially your family members."

I know she is right, but I know nothing else. He was my father, the only living relative I had left.

I let out a sigh, and Sasha looks over at me. "What's wrong Mia?"

"Can you miss someone who has hurt you?" I ask her. I feel her tense, but she relaxes. "You can Mia, even if they hurt you in the worst possible way, you will miss them."

"Who you going to miss?" She asks me with concern. I know she wants to know who hurt me, but it's not a car conversation.

"I don't think I will miss them," I blurt out. "I had some good memories before everything started."

I look out the window and lean into the chair, but I couldn't help the sleep that took over me. I was thrown into the darkness of sleep. Even through The Black Forest Pack was a worry.

Would they like me or hurt me like my pack did?

All I know is I must keep Lyla and me safe. No matter what we