

Poppy POV

"Goddess!" I rasped as I rubbed my eyes. "I must have slept for a long time!" I looked at my wrists that had healed up considerably. Then I gazed at his wound and that too had healed up but not enough to shift. "Who are you?" I asked again.

The wolf cocked his head and let out a low growl that was like a purr more than a growl. I chuckled at his efforts to connect with me. He got up and nudged me with his snout to get up and walk. I was surprised as to how patient he was with me. "Where do you want me to go?" I asked, as I got up lazily.

We went back to the stream where I took a bath under the wolf's watch. He didn't look at me even once but he was extremely alert all the time. emotions choked my throat and I am sure that if I had a big brother, he would be the same. Or maybe father...

I got dressed and walked to him. I sat beside him and rubbed his fur on the top of his head. "Let's see your wound," I said and rounded his large body to go to the other side. The blood had caked up and I could see his flesh stitching back, but it had to be protected else it could catch infection. I tore the pajama of my right leg till my knee and tied it over his back using the shirt that I had taken out yesterday to clean him. He let me do it patiently.

"Do you know what my name is?" I said as I tied him. "I am Poppy."

He let out a low grunt of approval.

"But I don't know anything about myself after that," I chuckled.
"And I am so glad that you found me. Maybe we can make a family in this wilderness? Hmm?" I tied the last knot and got up, patting his leg. "You're done."

The wolf turned his head over his shoulder and gave me that strange stare. Then he whimpered and came to me. He rested his head on my shoulder and whimpered as if pitying me. I laughed as I patted his back. "I wish I knew about myself..." I said as a sudden emotion of sadness washed over me. How did I come here? Who was I? Something in my chest stirred and I felt like it wanted to come out. But what was it? On a basic instinct I wanted to give it the way out, but the harder I tried my head ached. There was a massive lump at the back of my head. It was as if someone had hit me very hard or I had fallen from a great height.

I buried my head in his neck and a cry escaped me. I didn't realize until I was sobbing with my arms wrapped around the wolf. And he stayed there all the time, patiently. I just wanted to know who I was and how I ended up here. All I knew was my name.

When my cries drew dry heaves, I wiped myself and got up. The wolf nudged me to walk with him. We must have trudged through the forest for a long time when I became very tired. "I think I am going to need rest, Silver!" He drew his eyebrows together at the nickname I gave him. "Yes!" I giggled. "I am going to call you Silver. You have a lovely silvery coat, that's why."

His chest vibrated with a rumble and I knew he approved it.

"I can't walk any further, Silver. Let's rest here!" I finally announced.

But he was not happy with my decision. His ears pricked up and he snapped his head to the left. He peeled his lips back and a dangerous snarl left him.

"What's there?" I asked, bewildered.

Silver took a cautious step over a small moss laden rock and let out a snarl. He came to stand in front of me instinctively. I stood fixed on my spot as my eyes darted in front of me. Suddenly, the tall grass in front of us shook with movement and a wolf jumped out of it. It was small in height reaching just below my hips, scraggy and had thin gray fur. Silver let out a growl of warning as he dipped his head and prowled. The gray wolf lunged at him and in a matter of seconds, Silver had his jaws over the gray wolf's throat. He closed his jaws over the throat. It crunched as the bones broke. The wolf died instantly with a blood curdling howl.

Silver looked at me, his snout covered with blood. I gasped and then I sagged on the ground. It was surely a rogue. Silver licked his snout with his large tongue and came to me. He waited for me to digest the gore before we started again. I don't know why but he was taking me in the north direction.

Silver had healed considerably by the time the forest got darker. When we were having our dinner which was again a rabbit hunted by him, he tore the cloth that I had tied around him and I squealed, "You have healed!" I saw that his skin had patched up and it was still pink. Some furs had started to sprout. He rumbled and I knew that he was happy about it. "Can you shift now?" I asked.

At my question, Silver sat on the ground. He still couldn't shift. I wished that he shifted so that I had someone to talk to. All of a sudden, he pressed his snout lightly on my ankle. "What do you want?" I asked. He pressed it again and then looked at his back. "Oh, you want me to climb you?" My eyes went to his wound. "Are you sure?" When he pressed his snout again, I exhaled roughly. "Okay!" I swung over his large body and sat down on him. Carefully, he got up and began trotting. I understood that this was the fastest way of traveling because I wasn't able to shift.

Shift. Shift? Was I a werewolf too?