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Chapter 48

"Mowee! It's my turn! Wet me swing!" says a little boy with dark, wavy hair and green eyes that match my own.

"But you just had a turn!" a little version of me yells at him, not about to let him have a turn.

"That was hours ago! Dad says you have to share wif me," he says, crossing his arms and pouting.

"Fine, you big baby," I tell him and move so he can have a turn. He sticks himself through the hole of the tire and kicks off, swinging back and forth, squealing with joy.

This isn't fair, I think. I sneak up behind him, get a running start and jump on top of his back, pulling myself through the tire with him.

"Mowee! It's my turn! You have to wait," he says, giggling.

"We can swing together, Andy" I tell him, giggling along.

"My name is Andrew, not Andy."

"I like to call you Andy, though."

"Fine, but only you, Mowee." he tells me and we continue to swing together, squeezed into the tire. Sounds of giggling continue as Andy pushes us on the old tire swing hanging from the cedar tree.

I wake up to find my brother sitting right next to me, like he'd never left the spot.

"How long have I been asleep?" I ask him, worried that Seth isn't back yet.

"Not too long," he tells me. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm OK," I lie to him and he sees right through me, like he always has.

I take a deep breath. He's right, I'm not OK, but I'm not sure how to explain it. "I keep remembering things, and they're terrible. Just horrible. This was the first memory I've had that's good," I whisper to him.

"No you're not," he tells me. "How are you, really?"

"Tell me about it. The good one," he encourages me.

"It feels weird," I tell him and he looks at me, puzzled. "It was a memory with one of my brothers. We were swinging on a tire

swing."

"You had brothers?" he asks me with a smile.

"Yeah, I had three of them," I tell him. "They were all older than me. Seth's dad killed them."

"Is this why you are struggling with Seth?" he asks me and I didn't know he'd noticed. Maybe Seth told him.

"Kind of," I begin. "I woke up and remembered watching Peter shift and kill my oldest brother."

"Molly, that's terrible" he tells me and takes my hand in his.

"Yeah, it was," I tell him. "Seth looks so much like his dad did in my memory. I just keep thinking that Seth was raised by him. He's taught him everything about how to be King.

found me?"

I was hiding when I saw him kill my brother. Dad found me, but he lied to him and protected me. Would Seth have lied if he'd

"Yeah," I tell him, feeling tears coming again. "I think that's why I always felt safe, from the moment he found me in the woods.

"Dad found you?" Robbie asks me, shocked. "He found you and lied... to the king?"

I didn't remember him, but I knew I was safe."

I nod to him slowly. "I don't want to talk about that."

"I'm guessing there's something you remembered to make you so mad at mom?" he asks.

"OK, OK." he says, putting his hands up defensively. "What else have you remembered that's wrecked you so badly?"

"When Daddy... Benjamin... when he found me and Jason after he'd been attacked. He yelled at me, and told me it was my

fault." I whisper to him, feeling my heart break. "I wasn't old enough to really understand then, but it really hurts. I know it was my fault, but I didn't mean to hurt anyone."

"How old were you?" he asks and I shake my head.

"I'm not sure. 4. Maybe 5."

"Molly, nothing was your fault," he says to me. "You were so small. There's no possible way you could be blamed for any of it."

"Benjamin did," I tell him with a sniffle. "I don't know why he was even happy to see me two days ago."

"Because it wasn't your fault, Molls," he says with a sympathetic smile. "It's impossible to not love you, you know that, right?"

bathroom," I tell him, unceremoniously, awkwardly climbing over him and out of the bed. I look down at the giant flannel shirt I'm wearing. "Whose is this?"

"Probably your mates," he says with a roll of his eyes.

My brother's compliment makes me uncomfortable, there's just been so much the past day and I need time. "I'm going to the

"No," I tell him with a disgusted look on my face. "Seth would never wear this."

I walk to the bathroom, hoping no one will notice me. I sit on the toilet and am hit with another memory.

I'm so small, and I'm in the bathtub in this bathroom.

"More! More!" I exclaim.

"No, Molly. It's enough water," Lilly laughs at me.

"Molly, no. That water is cold, and you have enough," she says, turning it off.

"More!" I say, and the water tap turns on.

"Molly!" she exclaims, turning the water off. "That is not how we use our magic," she scolds, but with a proud smile on her face.

"Your magic is strong. You'll have to learn to control it."

myself. I don't need to add any more to my plate right now.

too. I'm guessing it's tried to curl, maybe. Ugh, I just need a hair tie.

"Want more!" I say, and the water comes back on.

I look over to the empty bathtub in the room. I couldn't have been more than 2 in that memory, if I was even that old. I turned on the water. I didn't know a spell, I just knew how to. That's amazing. Maybe if I just look at it and think hard I can... no. I stop

I stand and move to wash my hands, looking up at myself in the small mirror. Holy hell, Robbie wasn't joking. I do look like

shit. My eyes are red and puffy, but they're also bright green now-just like Benjamin's, and my brother's. My hair is a disaster,

I go back to my bedroom and look around, finding a backpack on the floor that's familiar and I look inside, finding the dirty clothes that I'd worn 2 days ago.

"Turn around," I tell Robbie and he moves so his back is facing me, while still sitting on the bed.

"I just don't want anything from any of them," I start to tell him and sigh, frustrated with my own self. "I'm sure I'll be past it

eventually, but it's just so much right now." I finish getting dressed, pulling my shirt over my head and going to sit on the bed with my brother.

He laughs at me. "It's been a pretty rough 24 hours for you. It's understandable."

tie from his hair. "Here, you clearly need it more."

"Is the shirt really that bad?" he asks me and I nod, but realize he can't see me.

"You're right," I tell him and he looks at me curiously. "I do look like shit."

"It's like a third world country out here," Robbie says with a laugh, but reaches up and pulls his own hair down, handing me the

"I can't believe I've actually been older all this time," he says, nudging my arm and I lean over, placing my head against his arm.

He moves so he can sit next to me, both our backs against the wall and our legs at the side, though his are hanging off.

"I don't have a hair tie," I tell him with a small giggle. "I think my hair is trying to curl."

"Thanks," I tell him, taking it from him and attempting to put my hair up into a messy bun or just anything. "I'm really glad I got you out of this whole s**t show." I tell him and he nods at me.