

Chapter 80

Lily kneels next to Benjamin across from me, placing her hands on my own, our heads touching as we both cry. I feel Seth kneel next to me, attempting to take me in his arms but I refuse to move.

I finally got to meet my biological father, and now he's dying. I feel like my heart is being ripped from my chest as I can feel his pulse grow weaker and weaker.

You can fix him, Molly. Just try. I hear Sage say meekly,

I don't know how.

I don't either, but just try to do what feels right. I don't know why, but I'm sure you can do this.

I focus on the slight pulse I can feel and try to find any energy that's coming from him. The pulse stops though, and I'm at a loss for what to do, as I know he's taken his final breath.

Try.

I close my eyes and try to find the energy, ANY energy- from his skin, or arteries, just any. But there's nothing there. I want to help, want to repair the damage, want to make his heart beat again- but I can't find anything I need. Seth tries again to hold me but I push him away, desperately trying to fix Benjamin's injury, even though I don't know how.

"Don't touch her," I hear Lily say. "She's doing it."

I open my eyes and she nods at me. "Whatever you're doing, keep doing it. It's working," she tells me, her voice heavy with emotion and desperation. "I don't know how to bring him back, but you're fixing the wound."

I close my eyes and think of repairing the vicious bite mark, every layer of skin and tissue. I think about his heart beating. I think about how I want to get to know him better, and how his heart needs to beat for that to happen. I put every ounce of my focus and energy into bringing my dead father back to life until I can't hold myself up any longer and I fall into Seth's arms, and fall asleep.

I'm in my meadow, and Sage is there with me, as she always is.

"Did it work?" I ask her, desperate to know.

"I don't know, Molly," she says and walks over to me, laying her head in my lap. "I hope it did. I was just starting to like him."

I look down at her sadly and pet her ears. "I know. Me, too."

"Those wolves masked their scent," she tells me.

I'm confused. Why would a wolf mask their scent? "Why? Unless they know them?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure they did. That's why they smelled funny," she says to me. "You need to lay down and rest. You used all the energy you had trying to help him. Our mate is worried about you."

"OK, Sage," I tell her and lay down on the soft grass. "You'll stay with me, right?"

"Of course. I'll always be with you."

I stretch out, realizing I'm still in the meadow. Sage is snuggled against me, still. I look up at the sky, looking at the stars and the bright moon shining down on us. It's always the perfect temperature here, and there's always a delightful breeze blowing.

The stars are so beautiful, shining bright in the clear sky, not a cloud in sight. I lift my hand and trace an imaginary line in the constellations that are there.

I feel different under the moon now. I feel almost stronger, like it's charging me, giving me strength. Maybe it does. The goddess we serve is the moon goddess. She gives us our mate, so she probably gives us strength from the moonlight. It would make sense.

I lay there, staring at the sky until I feel my eyelids get heavy, and I drift off to sleep again.

I wake in the meadow, stars shining down on me, Sage still snuggled against me. I begin to find the constellations again, but this time, it's not as peaceful.

"We need to move her," I hear my mate say, though it's muffled.

"We can keep her safe here," I hear, and I think it's my dad.

"I know she'll be safe, but we have more doctors. Maybe someone there can help."

"He's right, Randall," I hear my mom say. "She has to wake before the full moon. No one knows what will happen if she doesn't shift then. She'll be devastated if she truly does break her wolf."

"She exhausted herself, Your Highness," I hear someone say. "We've given her an IV of fluids and we're monitoring her closely, but her body needs to recover, or perhaps her magic has to recover. We really don't know enough to know exactly what she needs."

"She has to shift. She has to," I hear Seth, his voice almost pleading.

"We know, Sir."

"Prince Seth," I hear a woman's voice say timidly. "There's a chance she may not be strong enough to shift even if she does wake up."

"She has to," he says, sounding broken. "You know what this means to her."

"I know, but it's already going to be so painful. It may be too much, right after this."

"Your job is to make a plan, so we can make this happen for her. Nothing, and no one else matters, except for making sure she can shift if she wakes up before the full moon."

I wake up in my meadow again, Sage still right next to me, watching over me.

"You're supposed to be asleep," she tells me, and nudges me to lay back down.

I notice Altair standing behind her, across the creek in the grass, watching us intently.

"Mate is worried about you," she begins to explain. "He can only come when Seth is asleep, but he came to check on us."

"Am I OK? I ask, beginning to feel nervous that Altair has come to my meadow to check.

Sage looks back over her shoulder at him, then turns back to me. "I think so, but I don't know. Please, go back to sleep."

I can tell that she's worried, so I do as she's told me and go back to sleep.