Author: JP Sina

Adea

A dream

I hate her. I fucking hate her.

There's no time. Come on, keep going.

I'm going as fast as I can.

My breathing is sporadic, my chest burning, legs surprisingly strong. I feel as if I've been running forever, everyone is just out of reach, and the stairs seem endless. Eventually, the

stairs are behind me. When I reach the door, I push with everything I have but it doesn't budge.

Please, please, please.

My panic goes up a notch but quitting is not an option. I take three steps back and propel my shoulder forward. Gasping, a sharp pain shoots up my arm. There's no time to worry about

the fallen.

of who it could be.

myself. Retreating for the second time, inhaling through my nose, and exhaling out my mouth, I sprint and slam with every last bit of strength I have against the door. This time, it opens for me.

There's a blinding light and I can't see anything. A wolfsbane grenade had gone off and I squint as shapes start to form. All of a sudden, everything is happening at once. The

screaming, the crying, the fighting. I keep my eyes raised as I rush past the arms and legs of

Earlier, I had tried to link everyone, anyone. There wasn't a response and I feared what that could mean. I didn't want to entertain what that could mean. As soon as I find him, I'll search for them. Lifting my nose to the air, I try and fail to smell him. The effects of the wolfsbane in my system have dulled my senses.

Stumbling over something, I fall to my feet. I'm about to get back to my feet when an all too

familiar shade of dirty blonde catches my attention. My suspicion was confirmed, I tripped

over a body. I'm in shock as I stare at the head of my dearest friend, Gabriel. There's a tremor in my hands as I reach for him. It's all wrong, instead of beautiful flowing locks, it's dirty and matted with dried blood.

Time stands still and for a moment, everyone moves in slow motion. My lips part as I open

my mouth to scream but no sound comes out. My wolf urges me to move on, she promises

there will be a time to mourn, and pleads with me to find him.

believed in me, had faith I could do it. All that confidence was misplaced.

There's a movement out of the corner of my eye. A pile of limbs rise and fall as a shape

pushes through the bodies. Before he breaches through, my breath catches at the possibility

I can hear her, she's The visions were clear, I was so sure I could change things. He had

Carefully, I lower Gabriel to the ground. I can see his black hair and my heart wells with hope. Relief hits me like a brick as my mate scans the surroundings. When his eyes lock on mine, I see the same relief wash over him.

feet and towers over those around him. My fingers twitch with the need to touch him. My feelings are overwhelming as my rock, my love, and my home takes a step toward me.

His eyes are on my face as he takes another step. My shoulders shake, my chin trembles, and

tears run down my face. The mate bond is strong but even as the emotions crash into me, I

already knew from the look on his face. Need, relief, and gratitude.

I'd been so wrong. I had no right to search for him but I had to, needed to. He stands to his

He freezes, his eyes wide with shock, his jaw is slack. The panic is back and frantically, I try to see what's wrong. My gaze drops to his chest, his beautiful chest. An outstretched hand holds my mate's beating heart. I cry out painfully as the mate bond snaps.

A crippling pain tears through my chest and my throat tightens before I drop to the ground.

My world is cold and for the first time in a long time, I'm alone.

It hurts too much to cry. My eyes are locked on my mate as footsteps come closer.

Something drops near my head and I'm aware as he leans down and grips me by the hair.

The last thing I see before my head smashed against something hard is the empty look in my mate's eyes.

Jolting from the alarm, I groan. My daily migraine threatens to render me paralyzed for the rest of the day as if I had that option. I shut my eyes tightly as I reach around for my phone.

Where did I put it? After minutes of feeling around for it, I finally find it on the floor by the bed. As much as I want to crawl into the fetal position, I need to get up. The Alpha and his

Beep beep beep beep beep

family get up early and I need to make sure that I have breakfast ready by the time they get down to the kitchen.

The Moon Goddess must have been watching out for me. Alpha Joshua had given me a job and the packhouse and provided me with a room. Normally when rogues cross pack lines they are killed. I have been a member of the Half Moon pack for the last four years. My parents died I was young and even though they didn't have to help me, Alpha Joshua and his Luna Rose did. Don't get me wrong, I'm thankful for the roof over my head and a warm bed

to sleep in. Even though I've been getting up at this time for years it still sucks.

I mentally push myself to get up and throw on one of the two pairs of jeans I own. After deciding between a white and black t-shirt, I went with the white one and paired it will a hoodie. The new bag of clothes Mavy, the Alpha's daughter, bought me sat on my bookshelf but I ignored it. I couldn't bring myself to open them just yet. I always felt a sense of guilt whenever she bought me stuff.

There's a knock at the door as I try to put my hair up in a ponytail. Before I open it, I look at

my reflection in the small mirror. My brown hair looks stringy and frizzy and the only nice

thing about it is its length. When it's down it lands right above my backside. Brown

bloodshot eyes stare back at me and I can't help but groan. The knocking at the door grows urgent. There's nothing I can do to make myself look better. Resigning myself to my fate, I lean over and open the door.

"I'm here, I'm here," I whisper. I already know it's Gabe coming to grab me for work. He stands a good foot above my five feet three inches. He's got blonde hair and blue eyes but his signature crooked smile gets him all the admirers. Gabe whistles as I turn from him and grab

"You're welcome," he said as he flashed his crooked smile.

Gabe came to Half Moon shortly before I did. Some clothes went missing and a couple of

pack members came into the kitchen while we were cooking. I was blamed for theft and I

would have been punished if not for Gabe. He stood up for me and told them that I had been

"Morning, Ady. You know I love you but honesty is the best policy. I have to tell you you

with him the entire time preparing food.

From then on, he was a great friend of mine. The one thing I don't appreciate about Gabe is the fact that he likes to overshare. As in, he's straightforward and never sugarcoats.

around my shoulder and leans in.

Comments ()

"Thanks, Gabe. I didn't know that."

my backpack.

wasn't real.

Tactfulness isn't his strong suit but at least I can rely on him to tell me the truth.

"Morning, Gabe," I said as I rolled my eyes.

look like shit," he chuckles as he looks down at my hair.

The dreams started after my seventeenth birthday and have been haunting me for a year now. I turned eighteen last week and I've had them every night since. The first time I had the dream, I woke up with tears running down my cheeks. They had been so vivid they had me questioning reality. I didn't know the people in my dream and that's how I told myself it

I close my door and lock it before we head down the hall. I look at the tall white walls, years

fashioned vintage 19th-century European packhouse. Alpha Joshua was OCD so everything

had a place and nothing could be out of place. It kept everything clean and organized so it

worked. I realized Gabe had been talking and I focused on what he was saying.

later they still make me feel small. When I first moved in, I fell in love with the old-

"Have that dream again?" He asked, his voice was gentle. Deciding not to answer I nod.

"... and amazing night with this she-wolf, Ady. You don't even know. Goddess! You should have seen the tits on her," Gabe said as he lifted two open palms to his chest. "I had her in-" I cut him off before he can finish.

"Please, Gabe. Spare me the details. I do NOT want to hear where, how, or what position you had her in. I'll take your word for it. Now please, shut up!" I groan. Gabe is one of my

best friends but as I mentioned earlier, he overshares. He's a manwhore and he knows it.

"But that wasn't even the best part! There was a man too," Gabe said as he wiggled his

After every sexcapade, he insisted on telling me every detail as if I cared. He swings an arm

and I have to stifle a laugh.

"Oh, my virgin ears," I yell out as I try to cover my ears. Gabe continues to pout while we make our way to the kitchen. I feel a sense of deja vu as we begin our descent and run down the stairs.

eyebrows. "If not you who would I tell?" He whined. I can vividly imagine his wolf pouting