

Chapter 24

Tears.

I hated these things; yet right now, they seemed to never stop pouring out of my eyes as Ryan held me tightly against his chest. My head was aching for crying for his long and my whole face felt wet.

But that wouldn't explain the horrible, gut-wrenching feeling I had in my stomach while my heart was aching more than anything. I could tell Ryan was feeling the same way as well because I felt warm teardrops slide down from her face and onto my forehead. I didn't care right now that I looked like a mess. I was sure my make-up was painted all over my face messily like a toddler's portrait while my clothes and hair were completely disheveled. But once again, I couldn't seem to care.

You may be wondering right now why I'm crying so much and why I'm in this much pain? Well, this is what happened mere hours ago...

"What's wrong Mom? I came here as soon as I could!" I panted as I entered the room, holding hands with the twins. Dad took the twins and felt the room with a heart-broken look on his face. He seemed quiet and he barely even greeted me when he opened the door to let me in.

She looked paler than normal if that was even possible and I could see that glow on her face fading. The brightness of her skin now held a blue tinge.

"W-wait till R-Ryan gets h-here, I want to t-talk to y-you b-both together," she whispered, her voice fading at the end. Her voice was

croaky and she could barely speak. I had noticed that she was getting worse over the weeks, but now, she seemed to be even worse. She had never been as bad as this.

Recently, she had even had to get an IV machine as well as other machines hooked on to her and currently reading her heartbeat it was a lot lower than what it should've been for someone like her. I was worried about her... very worried.

As we waited for Ryan, I told her about my date with Chase, which happened about two days ago, and everything else. I told her about my confused emotions and feelings about him while she would just smile at me in a knowing way. When I finally ended, she simply whispered a short answer of three words, "Follow your heart."

Just as I was about to say something, the door flew open and in ran Ryan, looking like a mad person searching the room frantically.

"What happened?! I could have been here as soon as I could, but Chase and I were away on pack business over the next town," he rambled. After he calmed down, he then seemed to notice me, "Sophia?"

"Well obviously," I couldn't help myself from nearly snapping. It was then I could finally study his appearance. To put it simply, he looked like a mess. He looked scruffy and like a hobo basically.

His hair was longer and slightly greasy and he looked like he was growing a beard with the thick dark hair growing on his cheeks and chin. His clothes were messy and crumpled, and he seemed to have lost weight judging by the hollowness of his cheeks. "Mom, why did you call me here?" he asked properly now.

Tears filled Mom's eyes, and she bit her lip hard from sobbing. "I-I know...I know it's my time to go now, I just know it-"

"No Mom! Don't say that!" Ryan said.

"No Ry, let me finish. I know I haven't been the best Mom around, but there's one thing that I wish for before I die...and please just let me finish. I-I want you Soph to forgive Ryan, and I-I know t-there's a lot we've done wrong by you, b-but please forgive him," a tear slipped out of her eyes as she finished, while my cascaded down my cheeks like a waterfall.

"No, Mom, you will be here...and you'll stay with me until we're both grey and wrinkle," I cried onto her shoulder, gripping her hard.

"I-I can't do it anymore. It's h-hurts, and there's j-just one thing I-I want to see before I d-die and if that happens, I-I go a happy p-person."

"I forgive him Mom, I forgive him, just please stay with us," tears continued spilling out of my eyes.

"He's the only brother you have Soph and y-you don't k-know how much he r-regrets treating you the way h-he did. Every time he c-come h-here he cries about h-how he h-hates himself for treating you this badly," she stuttered, making me cry even harder. "I know Mom, I forgive him with my heart," I sobbed.

"G-good because I-I want all of y-you together to look after each other l-like a proper f-family s-should after I'm g-gone."

"No Mom, you're going to be perfectly fine and you're going to be playing hide and seek with the twins! I can't lose you when I just got you back!" I shouted a little angrily.

"I may not be h-here honey, b-but my m-memories will, and I will always w-watch you from up t-there," she pointed up the sky weakly for a couple of seconds before resting her hands back on her bed again.

For the rest of the night, Ryan, Mom and Dad, the twins and I spent the time like any other family would. We had a family games night where I

totally whooped Ryan's a*s at Snakes and Ladders and we ended up on the floor wrestling each other.

It felt amazing having proper family time with my family after years-more than a decade in fact. I realized then how much I missed out on without a proper family, and yet, I still had the chance now. I had forgiven Ryan after he told how sorry he was and how he regretted every single thing he had done to me. And me, not being able to say 'no' to him I finally accepted his apology and forgave him because what's the point of holding grudges. It was better for me if I just forgave him and carried on with my life- but with new additions to my family.

Everyone decided to camp in mom and dad's bedroom, so Ryan, dad and I were sleeping in sleeping bags on the floor while the twins and mom were sleeping on the bed.

This night had been one of the best nights of my life, and honestly, I loved it. I laughed to the brink of crying where I just sat there clapping my hands like a retarded seal. And to make it even worse, Ryan-that little doof, even though I'm younger and smaller than him-recorded it and posted it on YouTube. But I did get nice comments where people were saying how fun my family look or how great family is and within an hour, I had more than a million views already.

We were all so happy, including Mom until we heard that continuous beep, which woke us up from our sleep, being werewolf's and everything. I got to Mom as quickly as I could and I could feel a massive part of my heart being broken as I saw that straight line running in the ECG machine. I could tell Dad was in tears as well as Ryan. The twins looked heartbroken; however, they didn't quite understand what was going on.

What I did notice though was that faint smile on Mom's lips as her eyes remained shut tightly.

The pack had been informed and everyone was here comforting us. Maybe pack members were shocked to see that I was back, however, they didn't say anything but simply offered me a few kind words. I was happily surprised that they were being kind to me and not sending me dirty looks because I had run away from the pack years ago.

What really made me smile though was when a teenage boy fainted when he saw me. Apparently, he was a huge fan, so he was extremely shocked to see me. The pack were even more surprised though when they found out I had kids who were nearly five years old- let alone twins. But the twins had warmed to everyone pretty quickly and were even playing with a few kids around their age or a little older in the back garden.

The funeral was tomorrow- since most wolves were buried the next day after their...death. I still couldn't believe that she wasn't here anymore. It was so hard to because only a few hours ago we were playing board games and she was teasing Ryan for getting his a*s whooped by me. She seemed so happy, and yet now she wasn't even here with us anymore.

A few tears dropped from my eyes and I was surprised that tears were still able to come out from my eyes since I had been crying for hours straight. My head felt like someone was pounding on it with a hammer while my nose was runny. My throat felt dry and I'm sure the make-up I had put on an hour ago was all over my face.

Ryan was still hugging me as tightly as he could, but I could tell he was silently sobbing as well. Well, why wouldn't he? After all he had just lost his mother.

Oh, Mommy, where are you? Please come back...

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I was up bright and early this morning, not because I was happy or excited, but because I couldn't sleep at all. My eyes were red and

swollen and puffy and I looked like a wreck right now. But I couldn't care less.

Right now, I was sat in the church while Dad gave his speech about Mom. I was biting my lip hard enough to draw blood so that I wouldn't start sobbing in front of everyone loudly. Ryan was silently watching with nothing but sadness in his eyes. I chose not to give a speech because I knew I would start crying and wouldn't be able to finish the speech. I would be too emotional and this day wasn't about how sad I was, it was to cherish the days Mom had spent with us.

After the ceremony and burial had finished, I stayed back next to the headstone of Mom. On it read a beautiful message:

"If roses grow in Heaven

Lord, please pick a bunch for me

Place them in my mother's arms

And tell her they're from me. /> Tell her I love her and miss her

And when she turns to smile

Place a kiss upon her cheek

And hold her for a while..."

Both Ryan and I had written it together, so it was very personal and meaningful to our hearts and Mom's as well if she could see it.

"Hey Mom...I know you've only been gone for a few hours but I miss you already and I regret not spending every day of the last four years with you. I love you Mom...I love you a lot and kills me that you're not here with me today. I know I must be looking like an idiot talking to the air, but I hope you can hear me and know that I love you more than anything," I whispered as a few tears dropped onto my lap.

I was startled when I felt arms wrap themselves around me. The familiar sparks started flying and I felt warm and at home in the person's embrace.

"Sorry I wasn't here with you baby," Chase whispered, placing a kiss on my cheeks from behind me.

I turned around and hugged him tightly, crying my eyes out into his warm chest while he rubbed my back and whispered soothing words to me. And just like that, he made me feel so much better.