

Chapter 5

Pain. That's all I felt.

I was engulfed in darkness, yet I could hear people shuffling around and moving about. I tried to pry my eyes open, but they felt as though they were glued shut.

I felt a warm hand take mine in and I gripped it back in return.

"Mom, she's awake, hurry mom," I heard someone shout, which caused me to wince slightly as my head was pounding.

I heard someone run in and listen to my heartbeat using a stethoscope.

"Sophia, Sophia, can you hear me? If you can squeeze my hand again," I heard another voice say.

Using the smallest amount of strength left I had in me; I squeezed their hand to indicate that I could hear them. I tried to speak, but my throat felt dried as though I hadn't drank anything for days.

"She's awake! Ok, Sophia, I want you to open your eyes very, very carefully, ok?" that same deep voice asked again.

Slowly, I tried to open my eyes, with as much effort as I could. As soon as my eyes opened, I was always blinded by the lights. Lifting my weak hand, I placed in on top of my eyes.

"Hold on, let me turn the lights off," the man spoke again.

Few seconds later, I felt them sit next to me again as the bed dipped. That voice seemed familiar; their scent seemed familiar too.

I removed my hands from my eyes and took him in, it was Alpha. He looked at me, worried but relieved when he saw me looking at him. I looked around and noticed an IV machine on my right and plenty on tubes sticking out from my arm. "Oh, thank God you're ok Soph!" he said.

I tried to say something, but my voice was too dried. He must've noticed this because he put a glass of cool water and allowed me to sip it. After nearly finishing the whole glass of water, I nodded, telling him that it was enough.

"W-what happened to me?" my voice sounded raspy, like I hadn't spoken it days.

"You shifted, but because you didn't have your mate, it was more painful and because you are too weak, you fell in coma until you were healed enough to wake up," he explained.

I tried to sit up but winced when I felt like one of my bones in my arm was on the verge of breaking off and laid back.

"Careful, you're still weak!" he scolded. "And I need to get my mom and Emma, she's waiting to meet you because she wanted to apologize."

He blanked out for a minute and looked like he was mind-linking someone. Moments later, the door flung opened and Emma walked in with sorrow and guilt clear on her face. She looked too pale and skinnier than last time, with red-rimmed, bloodshot eyes. I was confused, why was she feeling guilty?

She ran to my bed and knelt down beside me and sobbed, "Sophia, I'm so, so, so, so sorry that I asked you about your mate. If I hadn't then maybe you wouldn't have gone through such a painful shift!"

I was shocked, why was she blaming herself. She really was a stupid girl sometimes.

Even though my arms, or any part of my body, protested in pain, I lifted my arm and gently rubbed her arm. "Shhh, hey, it's not your fault, ok? Don't ever blame yourself. I was bound to shift sooner or later and it's not your fault my mate isn't here, so it was going to be painful anyways," I soothed her.

Her sobs quieted down a little, but she still kneeled in front of me, with tears streaming down her face and looking at the floor like a five-year-old child, who was being punished, while hiccupping very loudly that it filled the whole room.

"So, you're not angry with me?" she whispered, scared of what I was going to say next.

"No! What?! Of course not!" I exclaimed.

She nodded and sighed in relief. She sat up on my bed and I took my hand back. Alpha wasn't here anymore, so he must've gone out during Emma's little outburst.

"So, how long was I out for?" I asked.

"Two weeks and today would've been the sixth day," she replied.

"Wow," I muttered, not knowing what to say.

"The doctors thought you weren't going to make it because you were way too weak to shift, even with your mate next to you," she frowned.

I teared up and flinched when she said 'mate'. I knew my mate would never be next to me, but he would probably be marking someone like Nicole. He would never love me; never be mine. I was too ugly, too weak and too stupid for him. He deserved someone better, someone who'd be the perfect Luna, someone like Nicole.

"Oh," I muttered, not knowing what to say once again.

"The doctors say you need to put on more weight and then start exercising regularly," she explained.

I nodded. I always knew I was underweight, probably because I wasn't allowed to eat because my dear brother would say that I was too fat to eat and that I should starve myself to lose some weight so that I could just be a tiny bit prettier- that alone was enough for me to stop eating properly, so he didn't even have to restrict the amount the of food I ate, but he did anyways.

"Yep, we need to get you to a normal weight, then, we need to get to go shopping and have a make-over, because you obviously want to start your life from the beginning," she grinned, looking a child on Christmas Day.

"Yep," I nodded, agreeing with her with a small smile on my face. I needed a new make-over because I was going to turn a new leaf over and start my life fresh as a brand-new person.

"Oh my gosh, I'm so excited, but you seriously have to get healthy super-fast, okay? Promise me?" she asked, holding out her pinky finger.

Rolling my eyes, I smiled and hooked my pinky finger with hers as well. "Yes, I promise for the hundredth time!" I huffed.

She grinned, bouncing up and down, all signs of sorrow gone now. She started then telling me about her friends at school and how kind they were and how they'd love me. I was excited to go back to school, because now, I'd actually have a friend, who's not scared to stick up for who she cares for.

She finished telling me about one of her friends Jade, who is apparently and I quote, 'the-doesn't-take-shit-from-anyone-kind-a-gurl' when she got into a fight with one of the bitches and pulled out her extension, and when she did, half her hair was missing. I laughed at that, and I felt good laughing after crying for so long.

I'd just finished laughing when a gentle knock came from the other side of the door. "Come in," I said loud enough for them to hear.

A head peered in and looked around, Claire finally saw my face with a small smile on it and entered the room. She took a seat beside me when Emma excused herself, saying that she needed to go to meet someone.

"So how are you feeling?" she asked softly.

"Better," I smiled.

"Good, as you already know, you need to eat, and once you get to a normal weight, you need to exercise and eat healthy, because right now, you are about as strong as a twig," she said in her motherly tone, which made me smile on the inside. My mum was never really at home, only about once or twice in two months, so I hardly ever got to see her, but every time I did, she looked worse. I remember those days when we used to have family time. Before my life became a shit-hole... "Momma, Ry-Ry won't give me the ball," an eight-year-old Sophia cried.

Her mum got down to her knees and pulled her in a hug, cradling her nose into the crook of her daughter's neck. "Aww, don't cry baby, you know I get very upset when you cry," she murmured.

It was true, she hated her daughter crying and it broke her heart seeing her cry at all. She always knew her daughter was a fragile and sensitive little girl and always needed to be protected. The thought of her fragile heart breaking nearly killed her. She loved her daughter, her son and her husband more than anything in the world. They were her family.

Sophia pulled away and with her small hands, she cupped her mum's face. "Don't cry momma, I'm sorry!"

"It's ok baby, but just remember I love you lots ok, and I will always love you. No matter how old you get or where you are, your momma will always love you," she smiled.

Sophia grinned and nodded, "I love you too mommaaaaa!" And with that she ran away to her daddy for a lolly.

I rolled my eyes but nodded anyways, "I know, I know. Emma gave me the same speech!"

Claire smiled and said, "That girl barely knows you and she loves you already! She knows that you've got a beautiful heart."

I could feel my eyes prickling, that was the best thing anyone had ever said to me.

"And now, you're going have to make sure you're extra healthy, after all, you need to look after he or she as well you know?" Claire continued.

My face scrunched up in confusion. Who else was I meant to look after?

"Er...who was I supposed to look after?" I asked.

"You know, your baby," Claire said like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"What baby?" I asked.

"Don't act all stupid, you know you're pregnant," she smiled and glanced down at my tummy.