

An Uncertain Future

When Diana brought in lunch, she stopped to check Amy's vitals before waking her to eat. Warrick was right, it was chicken broth and jello. She drank her soup slowly. It would be a while before she had enough energy to heal any faster.

When she was nished, she looked over at Warrick and nodded. She was ready for more questions. He thought about what information he would need.

"Do you remember your last name, or your parents' names?"

She shook her head.

"Do you remember what city or town you lived in?"

She shook her head, again.

"Why did you run away from the humans?" He asked.

"They didn't believe me about wolf. Said they were going to send me to a hospital. That I was delusional." She replied quietly.

"What happened after you left?"

"Stayed in parks. Ate from garbage. Lived in alleys. Stole clothes and food. Sometimes other rogues helped. Travelled with people. A witch took me home. Made me clean. Hurt me a lot. Fed me a little. Took blood for spells." Her eyes lled with tears. "Tried to sacrice me."

"A dark witch. I'll let my father know to have patrols look out for her. Is that how you ended up in the pond?" He asked.

"Thought I was too weak. Didn't tie me up. Waited 'til she was doing something. Ran. Was so thirsty. Water was so cool. Wanted to die." She sobbed.

Warrick reached out and held her hand. She clung to him like he was the last solid thing on Earth. He couldn't imagine having to live like that. His parents had always been there, he'd always had food, always been warm and safe.

"Do you want to join my pack, Amy? If we can't nd anyone to take you, you can stay in the pack house with my family." Warrick offered.

"Please. I'll be good." She whimpered.

"I'll talk to my father. We'll look out for you. Do you know why your parents were rogues?" He asked.

"Mama rejected Alpha. Was in love with papa." Amy replied. "Told to leave."

"Wow. They must have had a very strong love." He smiled.

"How old?" She pointed to him.

"Seventeen. I was looking forward to meeting my mate, now I'm worried she might fall in love with someone before she meets me." Warrick chuckled.

She gripped his hand and looked warmly in his eyes. "Hope she doesn't."

"Thanks, Ames. You get some more sleep. We want you healed up as soon as possible." He patted her hand and stood to adjust the bed so she could lie down again.

A few hours later, his mother mind linked him to come home for dinner. Warrick didn't want to just disappear so he woke Amy a little and told her he was going home for the night, but she could have anyone call for him if she needed him. She gave him a sleepy smile and nodded.

When Warrick was out of the room, Bellamy sighed. Sleep was hard and she'd been pretending, hoping he would leave. This was yet another twist in her already tangled life.

Losing her parents at such a young age was terrible. She still remembered them whispering their love for each other as they prepared to ght the hunters who were breaking into their house. From inside a large, decorative, wicker vase, Bellamy watched them ght for her life, for their lives, for the life of her little sister or brother still in her mama's tummy.

As she watched the men cut them to pieces after shooting them, she vowed to train, nd the hunters, and kill them. She'd been born a powerful rogue because of her parents' ranked blood. Through the years, Bellamy learned everything she could about ghting. She traveled with witches, vampires, other breeds of shifters, and even spent a year in a rogue collective.

After she nally found and killed the men, last year, she let her guard down and ended up in the possession of that terrible witch. In the beginning she was nice, but, soon, she started giving Bellamy food laced with wolf's bane. Weakening her until she couldn't ght back. Putting that horrid collar on her like she was some mutt.

Bellamy shuddered. She hoped Warrick was telling the truth. More than anything, she wanted to feel safe again. She wanted someone to take care of her. She wanted to make friends and be happy. Bellamy prayed to the moon goddess.

"Please, let me have a home again." She whispered before exhaustion pulled her into a deep and troubled sleep.

When Warrick reached the pack house, he was told he'd be having dinner in his father's oce with his parents. It was strange and he knew it was because they wanted privacy, probably to discuss what to do about their guest and her past. The oces were on the rst oor of the house and it didn't take long for him to get to his father's door.

"Close the door and come sit." His father instructed.

Warrick followed his Alpha's orders and sat at the empty spot around the small round table in the corner of the oce. His parents were seated close, as always, and nodded to him when he sat. He hoped his mate would want to sit as close to him as his mother always did to his father.

He gave his report on everything Amy told him. Warrick didn't include why her parents were banished. If it was something illegal or violent, he would have. Breaking an Alpha's heart wasn't something they should be concerned about.

"Dr. Blair says she should be able to leave the hospital in a couple weeks. Her healing is slow, but they're pumping her full of uids and all of her meals have added vitamins." Warrick told them.

"Good. The thing is... the witch has already started making incursions onto our land. She's looking for the girl and we've had patrols say they've scented her searching around the pond where you found her. The area smells like our pack because of how often we run there. We feel like it would be in the best interest of everyone, if she were adopted out or sent to a rogue collective. Since you're in charge, I want you to make the decision on this. We can search for families in other packs who would be willing to take her in." Alpha James said.

"I told her she could stay here, if I send her away... it would be like I was lying. I'm not saying you're wrong. The safety of our pack is important. I don't want to send her to a collective. She won't be able to protect herself. Is she able to stay at the hospital until she's better, or will it be too dangerous?" Warrick asked.

He knew he had to think of the pack, which had about ve hundred people, over one little girl. Even though he saved her, he knew he couldn't keep her safe against a witch. He just wasn't strong enough.

Warrick had always wanted a little sister and hoped to have one in Amy. She wouldn't have the preconceived ideas about what an Alpha or future Alpha should do or how they should act. She'd just treat him like a normal brother. He could imagine her looking up to him and wanting him to protect her like a big brother should.

"We can keep her there for a few more days, maybe a week. Any longer, might not be safe." James answered solemnly.

"One person should be in charge of the decision. Mom, could you do it. No one else in the pack can know and I know you'll pick the best family for her." Warrick murmured with a strained voice.

"You got attached, didn't you?" His father said.

"I wanted her to be my little sister. I know how much mom always wanted a daughter, but she got stuck with three boys. Amy's a little past the frilly dresses and hair bows stage, but I bet she'd let you dress her up any way you wanted." He chuckled.

"Thank you for thinking of me, sweetie. Right now, we have to think of her. I'll pick out the family who will give her the best life. Hopefully, it will be enough to make up for everything she had to suffer." His mom responded with a slight smile.

They nished their meal and Warrick went to his room to think of how he'd tell Amy she couldn't stay with them. She seemed smart. Her limited conversation had been rational and to the point. Maybe he could just tell her and it would be alright. He fell asleep with a lot weighing on his mind.

Over the next couple days, he visited often, but decided to wait on telling Bellamy about having to move. Warrick wanted to make sure there was a family picked out and travel settled rst. She was proving to be a very sweet girl.

Her stoic nature and polite attitude gained many fans around the pack hospital. She would have made a perfect Alpha's daughter. Something about the light in her eyes told people she was listening and caring, even if she wasn't responding much. And she was smart, too. Testing showed the only area she was lacking in was math.

Tyson, one of Warrick's younger brothers, went in to visit Bellamy as well. He'd found she was really good at ghting games. He brought a television and game console with him. She couldn't trash talk, because of her throat, but the top ve high scores in his favorite game now read 'sukit'.

Through all of it, Bellamy waited. She could sense Warrick's nerves. Something was going on and she knew things would probably take a turn. Nothing in her life seemed to really work out. She'd always been looking for safety and stability.

Sometimes it seemed like her whole life was made up of loss and pain. The idea of living in a pack had given her hope. At least they weren't talking about sending her to a collective.

The year she spent in the Limb Torn collective, was one of the best and the worst. Bellamy learned about rogue born wolves, their laws, their traditions, and their abilities. But she hadn't found the security and safety she hoped to nd. The leader, King Fuller, was a terrible, disgusting man who promised her to his son when she came of age.

Rogues believed females and males were equal in every way possible. This was very much unlike pack wolves who felt females should be protected. If this pack could accept her as an individual who didn't need to be attached to a male, she'd be thrilled. Bellamy knew she could be useful wherever she went, as long as the witch and King Fuller didn't get her again.

On the fth day since he'd found her, Warrick rushed through his breakfast in order to get to the hospital as fast as he could. He didn't want Amy to feel alone for a single moment she was with them. No matter what, she was his heart sister and he would always care for her.

He was right when he thought she'd see him and not his rank. Warrick vented to her about his stress and she listened while patting his hand. When she wrote responses, trying to reserve her voice, they were about what he felt and thought and not what he believed an Alpha would do.

"Warrick. Come here for a second." His mother called out as he ran to the door.

"What's up, mom?" He asked changing his direction.

"I picked a family. It's a ranked family. They're very excited. They've always wanted a little girl, but only had boys. She'll have four big brothers. It was the smallest family. They reminded me of why you wanted to take her in. She'll have a chance to nd a decent mate when she's old enough, and she'll be well cared for." Luna Wendy smiled.

"Perfect, mom. I hope those boys protect her like good brothers should. I'll let her know. How are we getting her to them?"

"We have several trucks and cars which leave every day. She'll be put into one leaving in the morning in three days. They'll meet another vehicle who will take her to a different town and so on until she gets to their pack. It'll have a lot of back tracking and misdirection, but we need to muddle the signal. After she's fully recovered, she'll join their pack." She explained.

"Got it. I'm gonna head out. See you later." He said with a wave.

At the hospital, Warrick entered Amy's room to see her awake and smiling. Her hair had been washed. Now he knew it was actually a golden brown that looked like bronze. Her light brown eyes sparkled and she looked a lot better.

"Wow, Ames. You're like a whole different person!" He laughed.

"Dr. Blair said it was because of the vitamins. He said I might be able to go home soon." She told him.

Her voice was so light and sweet. He hadn't expected it. More than anything, he wished he could have kept her. A precious little sister who sounded like an angel.

"I need to talk to you about that. Amy, the witch is looking for you. If we keep you here, she'll nd you. My mom found a family in another pack. They really want you to come live with them. You'll have four big brothers to look out for you. As much as I'd rather have you for my little sister, I need keep you safe." Warrick said softly.

"She's dangerous and powerful. It's not smart to keep me. I get it. I can't ask you to risk your lives for me." Amy looked resigned.

Warrick didn't like seeing her so sad. He wanted to see her happy. This was the best option for her. He knew she'd be happy in the long run.

"You know I wouldn't send you away if I had any other option. Ames. You're my heart sister. You call me and I'll come running. I didn't save you just to have you get hurt again. You're meant for big things, kiddo." He smiled.

She returned his smile. He wondered if he looked sad, too. Warrick took off the necklace she was wearing. It was braided leather and had a carved white jade wolf's head pendant. He slipped it over her head.

"This is my promise to you. I'm always with you. The rest of the time you're here, I'm going to be here. I'll let my family know and I'll sleep right in this chair. We'll have every meal together. Just me and you, Ames." Warrick vowed.

"Okay. Thank you, Ricky." She giggled.

"You are the only one who gets to call me that." He said in a warning tone.

"You're the only one who gets to call me Ames." She winked.

"Weird kid." Warrick snorted.

Bellamy worried the new family might not want her as much as Warrick thought. She'd do everything she could to make them choose to keep her. She couldn't go back to living like she did before. She needed to nd a reason to survive.