

Chapter 65

Melissa's Pov

My feet carried me through the trees. I couldn't tell where I was heading or why I even left. The last thing I know is that I woke up with a piercing headache and decided to go for a walk; then, I moved towards the pack border, never turning back.

In the inner debts of my brain, I screamed at myself to go back, to turn around and save myself from my own destruction. But my conscious mind felt fried. I only felt like moving, no turning back.

I headed to the part of the back border where I knew there was little to no border patrol at this time of day. I had no clue how I even knew that, but I did. I could barely tell who I was. The last thing I remembered was talking to Maxim and the others. And then, waking up almost ten hours later, I felt like I had lost my mind. Perhaps I did.

My memory loss, plus the stress, might've finally driven me over the edge. Because even with the sensible part of my mind telling me to turn around, I kept walking and walking until I eventually left Primal Pack borders with no food, no water and no way of communicating with anyone.

Whatever link I shared with Maxim was now served by the confusion of my thoughts. I had no clue what was happening to me, but it was certainly not normal. And the worst part was, the more I walked, the worse I felt.

I mumbled to myself. It was a silent argument as if I was split in two. I cursed at myself to turn around, and then the stupider, stronger part of me would say no, and I kept walking and walking.

Until it got dark.

I kept walking. I had no clue where I was. My wolf was gone-it seemed. Because I had no sense of direction.

Soon, I found myself at a river, and I knew I must've drifted far away from Primal Pack. There was barely a river close by there. But how could I have gotten far on foot? How did I manage to drift away so far without anyone finding me?

That is if they were even looking. Perhaps they were relieved that I was

gone. I had completely lost my mind, after all. What use would I be to any of them? I don't even know them. I woke up with little to no memories of them. All I knew was that once upon a time, they meant something to me. But whatever bond I shared with them was lost in the fragments of my thoughts, to the point where I couldn't hold onto any of them to anchor me back home.

Home? It was my home indeed. I don't remember being inducted into the pack. But I felt the drift when I crossed the borders.

The moon shone down on me. I had been walking for almost eight hours now, with no idea where I was going or when I'd arrive.

I simply walked. And kept walking along the river. Sometimes it would disappear under the earth before reemerging a couple miles later. I was exhausted and hungry, yet I couldn't stop walking.

I stumbled a few times but always caught myself again. I couldn't stop walking, despite the ache in my feet and the dryness in my throat.

It wasn't until my body reached its utter breaking point that I stopped by the river. It was still at this location, gently running southwards as I drifted as far away from the North as possible. The cold air bit my naked arms as I bent over the river to catch a drink.

The moon-in all her beauty-shone as if she was shining down at me. As if she was trying to tell me something. I simply smiled. What could she be telling me? To go home? She could join the girl in the back of my head. But as soon as I was hydrated, I kept walking again.

I walked until it was at least dawn. The sun peeked from behind the hills, and the moon left its spot, watching over me as the sun took her place. I felt less safe with her gone, so I sat by the river.

It had now become a small stream, and I could almost hear the sound of vehicles, which only meant I had drifted close to a human town. The closest human town was at least fifty miles away from the Primal Pack, where the airport was.

I cringed. No wonder my feet felt like they were about to break. Even though I'm a wolf and typically stronger than a regular human, we had breaking points.

With the moon no longer in place to watch over me, I felt it was time I rested.

I lay flat against the ground and closed my eyes. As soon as I did, I was out like a lamp.

The ground vibrating woke me up hours later. I'd assume it was probably midday by the sun's position in the sky. But the vibration that woke me wasn't normal. It was as if something was running-something like a wolf.

I became alert, avoiding my rumbling stomach as I focused on my hearing and sense of smell. Indeed, they were wolves, and they were coming right for me. But they weren't rogue wolves trying to get me. Their scent was familiar-far too familiar.

It was the wolves from Primal Pack. And something told me that they were coming for me.

My rumbling stomach, aching body, and desperate need to have a shower should've had me relieved. I should've waited patiently for them to take me home and get me the help I evidently needed.

Yet, I didn't let them take me. Instead, I grabbed a broken tree trunk and placed it in the small stream. The water pressure wasn't as hard as miles back, but it was strong enough to send me down its length.

So, I wrapped my legs around it and shoved myself along the water. The minute I was far enough, they emerged. I recognised one of them from my memory fragments. He was a young man that worked with the border patrol. He wasn't shifted like the rest, and the way he stared at me as I sailed along the river showed me something.

The look in his eyes-the way he stared at me in pity and pain-proved that I had completely lost it. I couldn't imagine what I looked like. But I knew it wasn't pretty.

Soon, they were out of sight, and the river widened again until my escapee log wasn't large enough. With the scorching sun on my back, I pulled on the river bank, gathered some logs and put together a sturdy, wide enough raft. I nibbled on wild berries and mangoes as I itched the dirt and sweat from my body.

I already reeked, and it had only been twenty-four hours since I left home.

Yet, I wouldn't turn back.

I almost did when the border patrol found me. I could feel that my mate was not far away. I should've felt guilty that I had them roaming the woods looking for me. I should've felt compelled to go back home to safety, clean clothes and a warm bed. Yet, the logical part of myself was locked away at the back of my head.

Literally.

I could feel her trying desperately to break through. She screamed at me, but it only caused more damage. The more she screamed, the more my head drifted.

And so did my raft down the river. I stocked up on berries and laid a few leaves on my raft before floating down the river again. I didn't need it. I could've continued on foot like I initially had. But I found this far better. Far easier.

I floated for three days. I knew because I counted each second of it. My skin was scaly and burnt from the harsh sun, but I somehow convinced myself that my skin was only recycling the heat for when the cold of the night came.

I counted every second of the day until I fell asleep each night. And when I woke up again the following morning, I'd grab a berry or two and start counting at one all over again.

I could feel my health deteriorating. When I made the raft, a log fell on my foot and caused a nasty rash. I used a piece of my blouse to wrap it. But from the smell and the pain I was feeling, I knew it was infected.

Yet, I wouldn't turn back.

I could've died out there, lying in the scorching sun on my raft, far away from home and my mate.

I could've gone to Armor Pack. So, why didn't I? Why didn't I choose safety in my former home if I didn't want to go to my new home?

I couldn't tell. The crazy part of me-the part that locked my logical sense in the back of my head evidently wanted to waste away. And that was exactly what happened.

After five days, my raft got stuck in some tree roots, and I didn't make an effort to move it. I didn't because I couldn't. I couldn't move, I could barely see, and I could hardly recognise myself.

Yet, I didn't stop counting.

"Five hundred and sixty-four. Five hundred and sixty-five. Five hundred and sixty-six. . ." It didn't stop, and I could feel my breath wasting away as a final tear rolled down my cheek. My parched lips didn't stop moving-calling out numbers no matter how much they stung and burnt.

I reached for a berry, but the weakness in my arm prevented me from moving my arm. Now, realising I would die, I wanted to go back.

But I couldn't. I could no longer move. The infection had gotten worse. And my werewolf healing only made it worse. My skin basically healed over the infection, so my foot was swollen and yellow. There was no use for it anymore, I'm sure.

There was no use for me. No hope. And so, I closed my eyes and whispered a tiny apology to my mate-even though I didn't have many memories of him. I knew I loved him, and I knew he loved me.

I was sorry that I couldn't remember my love enough to allow me to stay. I was sorry that I couldn't remember my love enough to push me to go home. At least my last thought would be of him. I only wished I could remember more. I wished I could remember our first kiss, the first time we made love, or when he told me he loved me. Maybe then, I'd be able to go peacefully. But I couldn't.

I'd die and rot here all alone. And it was all my fault. All because I didn't turn around. All because I couldn't turn around.

My eyes finally fluttered close, and I accepted my fate as I allowed nature to take its course. But I heard something like the loud fluttering of wings. I imagined it was an angel. But wolves don't have angels. So, I forced my eyes open one last time, where a blurry image of a huge, red creature appeared in front of me.

The scent was evident too, and its scaly claws trailed across my forehead. Yet I couldn't fight. I couldn't move. But what use would I be dead to them anyways?

The dragons finally found me. But they found me dead.