

The Deaf She-wolf: Kaya - Chapter 2 2. Kaya Reading Online for Free

2. Kaya

Kaya

The look on the people's faces was one I had gotten used to seeing. When northerners would visit our pack. Primarily young men looking for their mate. They always gave me strange looks when they found out I could not hear. The day I had fallen under the ice had left irreparable damage to my ears.

I was only six then. My speech suffered since I could not hear what I wanted to say. So, I just stopped speaking altogether. When I got my wolf at 13, I could finally communicate through a mind link, but that was only with my pack. Before that, my parents made painstaking efforts to teach me to read lips and sign. Reading had been a challenge until I had hit 13.

But once I got my wolf, things took a turn for the better. Communication was opened to me. Not being able to hear, though, only heightened my other senses. I was the best tracker in the north. I could feel vibrations. Making it almost impossible to sneak up on me. If the smell did not give you away, then your movement would. I knew my brother had told them to look directly at me when they talked.

As they asked about my tattoos, a smell hit me. I put my nose in the air. It was divine it smelt like pine. But not a rough pine tree, a smooth pine smelling of sweet leaves and sap. I began to sniff the air. "What is going on, Kaya." My brother asked through the mind link.

"I smell the best smell in the world. It is a new kind of pine tree." "Well, let it go; you are being rude." I try to focus on the people standing before me, but I focused on that smell. After a few moments, my brother finally led me past the people we met. I had been so distracted I had not even gotten their names.

I should have been impressed by the building alone, but all I could think about was that smell. Where was it coming from? I looked around at the people. I tried to be discreet, taking in everyone, but my brother chimed into my head again. "Knock it off."

I resolved myself that I would soon find the source. It was getting stronger each second, so it would be best to just relax. I didn't want people to think we in the north are just some freaks. I mean, we already stood out in our ornate buckskin clothing. Although it was beautiful to me, it was different from the usual attire for people here.

With all these people here, I was almost glad I couldn't hear. I am sure it would have been loud. My nose was overloaded with all the different scents. A young man approached me. I looked at his lips. "Do you want to dance?"

I had only danced in groups. What if dancing down here was different. I knew how to follow, though, so I could figure it out without making a fool of myself. So, I nodded at the young man. He grabbed my hand, and the next thing I knew, we had joined the couples twirling around the stone floor.

I could see his mouth moving, but it was hard to determine what he said as we were moving too much. But it wouldn't have mattered anyway, as I didn't speak. He probably thought I was just some stuck-up northerner.

That wonderful smell had somehow gotten even more powerful; it was overwhelming. I tried to keep my cool. My brother had told me to drop it. But I felt like I was on the verge of combustion at wanting to know what the culprit was of this new sensation.

Just then, the young man stopped moving; he froze, stiff as a board. I just stared at him. I moved my hand in front of his face. No reaction. I hope he was okay. I turned around to see if someone could help. There, I was met with a man.

He was the most beautiful sight in the world. He looked like a god more than a man. He was tall and had the greenest eyes I had ever seen. His chestnut hair was a bit unkept, but it looked good with his chiseled jaw. The smell seemed to be emanating from him.

I strongly desired to lean into him and have our bodies pushed together. Then his mouth moved, and I made out one word. "Mine." He looked past me at the man who had been dancing with me. I saw his mouth move again. I knew he was growling. I had been around enough wolves to know what that face meant. I turned to see the man put his hands up and back away, saying. "I am sorry."

Then I turned to look back at the man. "Come along, little mate." He grabbed my hand and led me off the floor. I was in shock at what had just happened. I had a mate. He was my mate. He wasn't a Northern he was from the south. What did this mean? Oh man, he was going to hate the cold.

He had led me to a secluded corner of the room. And was now staring down at me. "Now, what is your name?" "Oh no, how was I going to talk to him? I mind-linked my brother. "I need you." "Where are you." "I looked around the room. "The corner by the window, the one furthest from the door."

I looked back at the man. "No, reason to fear me, but what is your name?" "I still said nothing. I could see he was frustrated. Just then, I saw my brother. I never felt so relieved in my life. Surely, he would understand why I didn't tell him my name. My brother tapped the tall shoulder of the man. He was going to tell him. He would know my name.

I wished to speak for myself and tell him. But I had not spoken in so long that it would have sounded weird. The man turned around abruptly. Then he turned back to face me. I saw his lips move as he said, "Kaya."

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