

Chapter 10

18 MONTHS LATER

Catherine's POV

"Have you arrived safely?" Jeremy's excited voice sounded over the receiver.

"I did!" I answered, feeling the same excitement bubble up inside me. I haven't been home for some time, and I couldn't wait to see my family, especially Jeremy, and Ellie.

"I assume you had a good flight?" He then asked

I knew Jeremy was only having a conversation, and I didn't mind.

"Yes," I answered, "the flight wasn't that bad."

"That's good news," he said. "What time could we expect you?"

"Well, I'm disembarking the plane now." I answered, "Then I'll have a quick stop at Latinos for lunch, and then there will be another forty-five minutes or so before I arrive home."

Jeremy became silent on the other side of the line before he spoke again. Our relationship had grown and was now stronger than ever.

The night Brian rejected me, Jimmy came in moments later. They all knew about Brian's infidelity. Jimmy was the one who discovered it, and because my father couldn't do anything about it while I was in a coma, Jimmy acted out.

I was surprised at all the innovative things he could do, but we had a good and proper talk about it, and he promised me that he would never go out and make anyone's life miserable.

"I'll meet you at Latinos," he said.

"Father is not going to let you drive," I warned him.

"Who said I was driving?" he chuckled, amused.

"Are you planning to run?" I asked.

Latinos was situated in the heart of the city, and it was quite a distance to run.

"Yeah," he said, getting more excited by the second, "I can't wait to see you."

I shook my head at his silliness. "That's until you had enough of me."

"Never!" He playfully barked, "If I could keep you home, I would..."

"Okay, I need to go," I said, seeing my driver coming closer. "I will see you soon."

I cut the call before Jeremy could say anything more and waved for my driver to come closer and help me from the plane.

The drive to Latinos wasn't a very long one, and soon I took my seat at my reserved table.

Raven, my driver, excused himself to take a call, leaving me at my table.

It didn't take the staff long to notice me, and they called the owner, Carlo, to come and greet me.

"Oh, Miss Kate," the huge wolf smiled, "we are so happy to see you! How are things?"

Carlo was a big guy, standing at 6'8; he had short, pitch-black hair, sparkling blue eyes, and he had laughing wrinkles around his eyes.

He opened Latinos about ten years ago in the heart of the only human town that was centered between ten different pack territories.

Carlo didn't belong to any of the packs around here and had no interest in becoming a pack member as well, yet he had signed an alliance with every Alpha in the area. I guess it had to do with his big, fat, friendly personality.

As time went by, we regularly visited the cozy restaurant, and later it became a monthly routine to drive down to Latinos and have some

decent Italian food there. We all love coming here, and the food was fantastic!

My mother knew that I wouldn't miss the opportunity to stop here first before I returned home. Thus, she made sure I had a reservation and apologized that my parents couldn't make it.

"All fine," I answered, "and here? How is business?"

"You know wolves, they always come hungry," he laughed, "and you? Have the doctors made any progress on your diagnosis?"

I shook my head, a bit bitter.

"No, I am still stuck with the same diagnosis. There is nothing physically wrong with me!" I answered sourly.

It's been eighteen months since I woke up unable to use my legs and bound to a wheelchair. The funny thing was that I still had feelings in my legs, which, according to the doctors, was a good thing.

I have visited every doctor possible in this area, and all of them came to the same conclusion. Nothing physically was wrong with me; it was all in my head.

I sighed...

My father sent me to Switzerland to do rehabilitation there, hoping for a miracle to be able to walk... Yet, after staying there for a year, I had enough and decided to return home to my family.

I had already missed so much that it didn't matter to me that I was now bound to a wheelchair.

My upper body was strong enough to get me where I wanted to be and help myself.

Yes, it was a pain in the ass to rely on others, but I soon learned that it was now part of me, and the only way to survive was not to be stuck in that negative mode.

"That is such a shame!" Carlo answered, and I nodded my head.

"So, who is the lucky waiter to serve me today?" I asked, and Carlo's face changed. He found the question hilarious and burst out laughing.

He knew exactly where I was going with this.

"Sammy," he eventually answered through tears.

"What did they do?" I couldn't help but ask.

"They drew straws in the kitchen a few nights ago when the staff heard you were coming. Sammy won! The girls were disappointed! They believe he cheated!"

I couldn't help but laugh at their silliness.

"Well, Miss Kate, I will love you and leave you, for now, to attend to my other guests," he said, waving at Sammy to come closer. "I will speak to you soon."

With that, Carlo gave me a nod of his head and left.

Sammy walked closer with a broad smile.

"Hi, Miss Kate," the young man with the lightest blue eyes said, smiling. "Welcome back!"

"Thank you!" I returned the smile.

"So, what are we having today?" He asked and pulled his writing pad and pen out.

"I guess I am in the mood for..." I pulled the menu from me, reading through the first few kinds of pasta. "...your famous..."

"Mine! Mate!" A loud and clear, husky voice called from the door.

The single word and intensity of the claim sent shivers down my spine.

Yet I ignored it and continued with my order.

"Alfredo..." I answered, "And maybe I would like to have..."

"Mate!" A second husky voice, like the previous one, echoed through the busy restaurant, breaking my chain of thought.

"Uhm..." I turned my head confusedly towards Sammy, seeing him not

uttering a word or even helping me to choose...

What was up with him?

Rude! That has never happened before.

Yet I ignored him and focused on the menus.

"Ah!" I said, when I found what I was looking for, and lifted my finger into the air, "I would like to have some..."

"Mate!" A third voice came even huskier and louder than any of the others. The dominance and intensity of it were so potent that Kia stirred in my mind.

I can't ignore it anymore. The husky voice was pure bliss for my soul.

I lifted my gaze to see whom the voice belonged to, finding three wolves' gazes pinned on me...

"Oh no..." the words escaped my lips, "not again!"



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