

His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 5 - Tips

It hurts...

My throat is so painful, every breath feels like a raging fire. I feel so numb.

My body aches all over, and I feel so tired... I can't even find the strength to move or open my eyes. I just lay here, listening to the regular beeping of a machine, and those unknown voices.

"... consciousness already. We just grabbed her and ran here. She was so... He would have killed her. Too bad we let him get away."

"How did you know that was her?"

"I didn't! Bobo's the one who insisted. Turns out he was right.... Hey, move your big furry a*s over there, I can't examine her with you here."

I hear a growl, and someone's agitating the soft sheets around me. So, I'm in bed... A real, comfy bed. I can feel someone's breathing close to me.

"Well, she's better. That shouldn't take too long for her to wake up, now."

"She'd better. Our brother is making everyone freak out since that girl's here. Looks like he's about to murder someone or something..."

I've heard that voice before. Where was that? I can't remember.

Why am I so tired? I feel like going back to sleep...

That beeping again... Always the same, regular sound, over and over. It's like I have been listening to it for ages.

"Great. No pack, no name, no clue who that girl is. She doesn't even smell like a werewolf!"

I'm hearing those voices again. Who is talking? I am definitely a werewolf, I've just never shapeshifted yet.

“Stop fussing. He can’t be wrong about that, at least. But I still don’t understand where she came from. She looks old enough to have been marked, if she was in a pack.”

Unless the pack doesn’t want me...

“Oh, come on. Do you think a pack would let one of their girls out in that state? Can’t be. She must be a stray or something. And what about the scar, anyway?”

“Dunno. It’s a few years old, probably a knife of some sort. Too neat to be a claw. But honestly, that’s the least of my worries. No matter where she comes from, this girl was in hell. She’s got bruises all over, and it’s not just from the asshole who assaulted her. Some bruises were older than that, and she has lots of scars, too. I recognize a***e when I see it.”

“Don’t say that in front of him, he might really start killing people.”

“Well, he wouldn’t know who did it, anyway...”

I’m half-awake again. This is such a weird sensation... My body is too tired to fully wake up, yet too tired to go back to sleep.

I find the strength to open my eyes, but I’m in the dark. No, wait... It’s night time. I can actually figure out some furniture in the room. Some small lights are blinking on a machine next to me, too.

A large window lets the weakly gleaming moonlight in.

The sky is cloudless, and I can see a bit of the moon and stars. I feel a cold breeze coming through. Oh, that fresh air feels so good... But, more important, a tall silhouette stands alone against the window frame.

Two cold silver eyes are staring right at me.

I’m, like, mesmerized.

Those eyes are scary and... attractive.

What is this? I can feel it stirring me up inside, like something’s suddenly blooming. What is this sensation? It’s nothing like I’ve ever felt before. I can

hear my wolf, she's... crying? Her voice is so faint, I don't know what's going on.

I'm too tired, too weak. I can't hear her.

So sleepy...

I slowly open my eyes.

Such a high ceiling... Where am I?

I turn my head. I'm in the biggest bed I've ever seen. I'm surrounded by medical monitors and it looks like a hospital bed, but... Brick red walls, wood flooring, and fancy furniture? The room is so huge, thirty people could fit in. But there's only three.

A woman and a man are chatting on a sofa, and a younger guy is sitting to the side in a chair, resting his feet on a table and playing with a smartphone.

"Oh, I think she's awake! "

A tall woman gets up from the sofa and comes to me once she realizes I'm awake. She has honey-colored skin and two very long, dark braids. Her fingers gently examine me in a very methodical way, although she doesn't look like a doctor at all. She looks a bit too young, maybe twenty-five or so. She's a bit muscular, wearing a sports bra, tight leather pants, and high heeled boots.

"Okay, her blood pressure's still a bit too slow, but at least she's awake for good. Can you hear me, baby girl? How do you feel? Drowsy?"

I shake my head and try to answer her.

Gosh, my throat hurts! Breathing's so painful, let alone uttering a word. Even while breathing from my nose, I almost tear up just from the pain. There is no way I can talk right now. I try to touch my neck and feel a thick bandage around it.

"Oh yeah, sorry about that. Your throat is really damaged, so it might be difficult for you to talk for a while. Don't force it, okay? It will get better, don't worry. You think you can sit?"

I nod, still a bit shaken up by everything that is going on. She helps me sit up and puts some big cushions behind me for support. It feels unreal. I don't know these people, or where we are. I look down. I'm perfused and linked to several medical machines. Someone even put me in a hospital gown. Seeing me so confused, she starts explaining.

"It's okay. This is the General Hospital. You were in a coma for about five days. We found you last Thursday in the eastern district, and someone was attacking you. My brother and I intervened, but you collapsed right away."

I realize there is one more person in the room I hadn't noticed before. A huge golden-brown wolf is laying at her feet, against my bed. I can only see him now that I am sitting up. But still, I have never seen such an imposing beast before—he looks like a bear rather than a wolf!

"Yes, that's my baby brother, Bobo. I'm Tonia, by the way."

Bobo? Is that his actual name? Tonya gives me a reassuring smile, but won't introduce the two other people in the room. One of them suddenly gets up from his chair, looking irritated. He's most likely in his teens, with dark messy hair and a dozen piercings in his ears. He grabs a backpack and puts his hands in his pockets, looking annoyed and ready to leave.

"Great, can I go now that she's awake?"

He is not asking Tonia, but the last person in the room. A man in his twenties, wearing a very elegant black costume, waits a few seconds and nods.

"But don't come home late, Liam. I don't want to have to send people to fetch you again."

"Yeah, yeah..."

The teenager exits the room, and Tonia shrugs and focuses on me once more.

"Don't mind this b.rat. Okay, can you show me the parts where it hurts?"

Now that I glance down, I'm bruised all over my arms, and I can tell my right eye is probably not good either, judging from the pain. I still feel really weak, too.

Trying to think about where I feel the worst, I point out my throat, my right flank that is still aching pretty badly, and my arm. She isn't surprised, and explains to me that they've already given me proper medicine. I also had surgery for internal bleeding, but I am recovering well.

But why? All this medical care can't be free, and I don't think they are just being nice to me out of charity. While Tonia talks and comments on my wounds some more, the guy standing a few steps behind her is staring at me non-stop. He has a really gentle look, with grey eyes and thin facial features. Now that I observe him some more, he looks a lot like the teenager from earlier. Are they brothers? He looks taller, and his hair is longer and lighter, though.

"If you feel dizzy just lay down, okay? That's perfectly normal, considering you were laying down for the last few days. And you had surgery, too. Oh baby girl, you are way too skinny. By the way, how old are you exactly?"

I raise my fingers to show her. She looks surprised.

"Really? Seventeen? You look younger! I would have said fourteen or fifteen. Well, that's not too bad then."

What is not to bad? I frown, but she doesn't notice my perplexed expression as she suddenly turns towards her brother, who is yawning. The huge wolf sits up and puts his head on her lap. They stare at each other for a few seconds.

"Oh, right. Bobo asks what's your name. I should have asked earlier, too."

I realize they must have been using telepathy. If they are siblings, they are most likely from the same pack. How nice. I could never properly succeed mind-linking with my own pack, because I've never actually shape-shifted. There's that, and the fact that they would probably reject me, anyway.

I can't talk, so the man brings me a notepad and a pen from the table. I write down my name.

"Nora Bluemoon," he reads out loud. "A pretty name."

He looks like our mate. I feel as if my wolf is saying this.

Wait, what now? How do you know he does?

But she goes silent again. It makes no sense. We have yet to meet him, so how would we know if he looks like our mate?

While I'm trying to understand, some vague memory of a pair of silver eyes flashes, and I realize this guy as almost the same eyes. Only his are not really silver, but more of a blue-ish grey. Was that just a dream? Or did someone else really come to visit us while I was unconscious?

I grab the pen once again to write my questions, and show them to Tonia.

"Why are you here? Well, you were in really bad shape when we found you."

"I don't think that's what she means, Tonia."

The man addresses me, standing still next to my bed. "The hospital belongs to my family, so that's why Tonia brought you here. And we believe you are someone really special for my older brother, so, we got you the VIP room."

How am I special? And how rich must his family be to own the General Hospital? I didn't even know hospitals could be bought or had VIP rooms until now.

His gentle voice really has a way to make people feel calm and weary at the same time. Why does it look so familiar?

Oh, Moon Goddess.

I know where I've met him before. He was at the meeting with the Blood Moon Clan!

He's one of the Black brothers! And saying I'm special to his older brother means...

Suddenly, I can feel it.

A loud pounding, like a warning. I tense up. My whole body knows.

He's coming near. He's coming here.