

Chapter 3: A beautiful color

-Amelie-

"No!" Lolo's voice.

I cannot see anything. There is something on my head... A bag? I yelled, asking for help.

A punch in my stomach took all the air off my lungs. It was so painful. I tried to curl into a ball on my bed, but I could not because someone grabbed me and threw me over their shoulder.

"Let her go!" She screamed at someone. I recovered slightly and moved my legs and arms like crazy as if thrashing around would be helpful. My heart pounded hard in my chest.

"Belle! Wake up! Help her!" What? Lolo, who is Belle?

I felt a terrible headache then; my head was about to break in two. Suddenly, I felt the sting of a needle on my neck, and everything went black.

"Meli, Meli... it is me." Lolo! She is calling me.

I opened my eyes and saw my Lolo. My sister is here!

Thank Moon Goddess, I was dreaming. It was a bad dream.

I could only hold her hand since I am still immobilized in this hospital bed. Everything hurts again.

My eyes got teary, the same as hers. I have missed her so much!

"Your voice will come back soon. The nurse told me you need more days to rest, and you will be alright."

"Where are we?" I moved my lips to ask the question, but I did not have my voice. However, it is obvious what I am asking.

"We are at Saint Isabella's town..." Where? "Better said, we got back here after what happened." Got back? What is she talking about? "It was the closest place to take care of your wounds. You scared me, Meli."

I did not understand her and moved my head negatively.

"You do not understand?" Lolo got worried and asked me to wait for a moment.

When she stood up, I noticed it. Lorraine looks different... her clothes are new, and her hair is longer. She even looks healthier, not chubby, but this Lolo is better fed than the one in my memory. How long have I slept?

She came back with a notebook and a pen. So thoughtful of her! My sister always understands my needs better than anyone else.

I asked her all those things I had in my head, like what happened after we jumped off that cliff? How is it we arrived here? How are we going to pay the bill? Or is Saint Isabella a pack where hospitals are free?

Free health services! That would be amazing. High-rank packs offer significant benefits to their werewolves... Oh no, it would not apply to me! I am not a werewolf! And I do not remember a pack named Saint Isabella at the top-ranking...

After reading my questions, Lolo looked at me, astonished.

"You do not remember." She gasped. "Please, wait a moment. I am going to talk with the doctor."

My sister has gained some confidence. In the past, we were afraid to talk to deltas.

I wanted to sing. She is not afraid. Fear is in the past! This pack is different, and my big sister went to talk to a delta doctor about my health. But she left with no answer to my questions.

It was taking her some time to come back. And I felt sleepy again, looking at the roses in my room...

Pink, red, yellow, orange... I like them all. I am not sure which color I like the most.

I have always liked owers, but we could not have nice things in Dark River.

There was one time when Renata gave me a rose from the bouquet the old Alpha sent her. She was nice. Too bad, her brother smelled the owner on me and pulled my hair harshly, saying that it made me stink.

The smell of the roses filled my room, making me feel better. I counted forty-eight roses of different colors. Red, pink, yellow, orange...

Someone might have made a mistake and delivered the roses to the wrong room. I know my poor Lolo cannot afford those expensive owners.

I closed my eyes, concentrating on my sense of smell. It is delicious... Even humans can distinguish pleasant scents.

"Mommy!" A child chirped close by.

I kept my eyes closed. I was right, someone got the wrong number of the room and now they will take them away. The child must be with their family visiting the wrong room. To save my face from embarrassment, I kept my eyes and mouth shut.

Thank Moon Goddess, my heart is no longer monitored, or it would alert the others with that beep, beep sound.

"Mommy! Mommy!" A little hand grabbed my feet.

A child is looking for his mother... I cannot help him. My throat hurts a lot, and I cannot move without excruciating pain.

"Mommy, wake up!" A little nger pushed against my rib. It was soft but still hurt. I would have yelled at the child, but I sucked it up. I do not want to see them taking my roses... which are not mine. Yet, I do not want to see them gone.

Just when I thought about calling the nurse, I heard a voice and felt a presence. A werewolf...

Werewolves have a distinct presence when they appear. Based on their rank, I would say that I feel a little or very scared. But scared, nonetheless... Terrified, even when they were mad.

And whoever it was, I heard how the little boy was dragged away, complaining.

"Harper! What are you doing here?"

"No! Let me go!" He complained. He is probably a pup in this pack.

"Your father is going to drown me in the sea if I lose you again!"

"No! I want my mommy!" He whimpered.

I opened one eye to see what was going on without being caught.

He was a little boy with dark hair wearing a thin white t-shirt that said, "I am the Alpha", blue shorts, and blue tennis.

He trashed his arms and legs against the one who got him out of the room. He was so mad that even growled at whoever had his little wrist. The female had him in the corridor, unable to move him further away.

Then I heard a low growl. He was growling! Little ones like him do not growl.

"Please, please," he complained some more.

It was sad to see him being taken away. I am glad that at least that she-wolf was gentle when lifting him from the floor.

This is definitely a nice place. If we were at Dark River, that tantrum would have earned him a beat-up from any nanny or caretaker.

"Okay... but just one kiss and we let her sleep. Deal?"

"Deal!" The child giggled happily, and I closed the eyes I had opened.

The little boy was gentler this time.

The wolf also helped him; he approached me and left a kiss on my cheek. The one that does not hurt.

"Get better, mommy. I am waiting," He said, and I felt a pang in my chest.

Why did the she-wolf allow him to approach me and even leave a kiss on my cheek? Poor little thing. I wonder what his story is. He has even confused me with his mother.

The she-wolf closed the door, and I breathed in relief. My owners were not taken away. Not yet. They will keep me company until my Lolo comes back.

However, when I closed my eyes, I remembered his little face and the kiss he left on my cheek. Not only did he have an adorable baby face, but also the color of his eyes was different.

Harper had aqua blue eyes with thick dark eyelashes. Aqua blue... I have never seen that color before. What a beautiful color.