

Their Gemini Wolves Chapter 4 - Tips

0 7 minutes read

{Lexie's P.O.V.}

Lanie and I recuperated in our hospital room together, and she mostly slept the entire time because of the medication given to heal her sprained ankle. Not to mention she was a little more anxious and nervous than I was. I sat and stared at the wall clock, wondering if anyone else would come by and check on us.

Sirena left for the day and she told us another nurse would be on duty to take care of us for the afternoon, but no one had come by yet. I looked back at Lanie sleeping and am quite jealous that she is practically knocked out while I'm sitting around bored.

Just then there was a knock on the door, so I figured it was the other nurse, but to my surprise it was Rylee.

"Hey Lexie, how are you guys feeling?" she asked as she came in.

"I'm okay. Lanie is knocked out from medication. I think she prefers to be asleep right now," I replied. Rylee smiled and came to sit on the edge of my bed.

"Have you guys eaten lunch yet?" she asked nicely.

"Not yet," I answered. I watched as her eyes changed to a milky white for a minute or so before they changed back to her their usual dark brown color.

"I ordered you two some food from the kitchen, that way you don't have to eat the icky hospital food," she said in a whisper, making me smile. "Lexie, the reason why I came back down here was because I wanted to see if there was anything else you could tell me about what happened to you and Lanie, and how you ended up with those traffickers."

"Honestly, there isn't much else. Lanie and I only know our lives with the traffickers. We lived our lives in cages with minimal food and water. They really only gave us enough to stay alive."

"Did they ... ever ... you know ... touch you ... inappropriately?"

"No, they didn't. It was against the rules," I told her as she turned her head to the side and gave me a funny look. "Even though they physically harmed us all the time, they were never allowed to touch us or do anything s****l to us. Whoever was in charge would k!!l anyone that did. Everyone in the cages was considered precious cargo. At least that's what we heard."

"What do you mean everyone in the cages?" she asked with her voice full of shock.

"Lanie and I weren't the only ones to be held prisoner, Rylee. There were others."

"How many?"

"A lot," I answered shortly and looked down.

"Oh my goddess," she said with a soft gasp. "Lexie, were they all werewolves?"

"No, I don't think so. There were a few others I think, just from what I can tell about me and Lanie. But I know there were magical people,"

"Magical people? Like witches?"

"Exactly, and I know there was a girl who was closer to our age who the guards said was a gypsy?" I answered, trying to remember the correct term. Rylee scrunched her brows together. "Also, I know there was an angel, a tiger, and I think there was a dragon?" I said without full confidence.

"Wait, are you saying that these humans didn't just traffic werewolves, but other supernatural beings as well!?" she practically yelled. I nodded my head. "And were they held captive their entire lives like you and Lanie?"

"That I don't know, honestly. I know the man who could turn into a tiger was there before us, but he's not that much older and he doesn't talk. The angel said she was captured as an adult, so she actually took care of Lanie and me. Her name is Annalisa, but we called her Anna for short. She was like our mother." Rylee just scoffed and she was completely speechless.

"This is crazy, I need to tell Wyatt."

"Wait!" I stop her before she can get up. "There's something else," she sat back down and waited for me to continue. "I remember one of the guards saying that all of us were special. That we're not just ordinary. Everyone is supposedly very rare, so rare that whoever is in charge doesn't just sell to anyone apparently. Even though the tiger, Anna, the dragon, and the gypsy or whatever she is are all adults, Lanie and I have only seen three people we grew up with leave and never come back."

"What? Do you remember what kind of supernatural being they were?"

"No, but I do think one was a werewolf now that I think about it. Her eyes would turn black whenever she got really angry, the way Owen's did after we had explained what had happened to us,"

"How old was she?"

"Ummm ... A few years older than us. Anna raised her as well so she was like our sister. Her name was Jennifer, but we called her J for short."

"And you don't know where she went?" I shook my head and frowned. "I can't even begin to imagine what kind of hell you all went through. What the others are still going through. I can tell you that I know what it feels like to be treated badly though."

"You do?"

"I do," she said and lowered her eyes. She took a deep breath and told me how she was raised as a child slave by the pack who killed her entire family and her pack when she was only ten. Unlike us, she remembers her parents, but because she was raised as a slave, she doesn't have an education and is still learning to just be a normal living person. That having been saved by Wyatt as well as the love and support from his family and the other wolves in the pack, is what helped her get past it all.

"Wow, I never would have guessed you went through something like that," I replied.

"It wasn't all cakes and rainbows though," she said.

"What do you mean?"

“A few months after I got here, a pack member decided to work with a dark witch to try and break Wyatt and me apart. She actually succeeded, and for a few months Wyatt and I were separated.”

“How did you get back together?”

“A magical prophecy came into play, and Wyatt had to find me before I gave birth to our son.”

“Magical what?”

“Prophecy, like fate, destiny. Something that was already written into our lives by the high powers that had to happen.”

“Oh, I see.” She smiled and nodded her head. We sat around in silence for a moment, when she flipped her hair to one side, I saw a mark on her. “Rylee, what is that mark on your neck? I think I saw Sirena and Owen with one too. Even Wyatt had one.”

“This is literally called a mark,” she said. I lifted my eyebrow at her which made her laugh. “This mark was made by Wyatt, and the mark on him was made by me, for the second time at that.”

“What does it mean?”

“It symbolizes that Wyatt and I are mates, the same goes for Owen and Sirena. Dr. Andrews has one as well, but it’s a little faded since his mate passed away several years ago,”

“What’s a mate?”

“A mate is someone that was made specifically for you by the moon goddess, the mother of all werewolves. That person is destined to love you for all eternity,”

“That sounds nice,” We turned around and saw that Lanie was awake.

“Good afternoon, Lanie. Did you sleep okay?”

“Yes, I did,” she said as she sat up. “Can you go into more detail about having a mate?” she asked softly with eyes still sleepy. I smiled and nodded my head. Rylee smiled back and told us all of the good things that come out of having our destined mate. Everything she said was like a romantic love story.

Like the fairytales that Anna used to tell us. Having a knight in shining armor and living happily ever after.

Rylee even told us how that it isn't always as it seems, and also told us about how rejection works. Lanie and I gasped when she told us how some will reject their mate over something as stupid as rank, money, or even the fact that they love someone else who isn't their mate. We became depressed thinking that if our mates ever found us, they would reject us because we were practically garbage. But, Rylee made us smile again when she talked about second chances. Both of our faces lit up at that and she laughed at us.

"So, you're saying that Lexie and I have a mate out there, somewhere?"

"Yes, you do, and I want to help you two find them."

"YOU DO?!" we both asked simultaneously.

"I do. I'm drawn to the two of you, and I think it's because I went through a similar life the two of you did, albeit it wasn't as bad, but I can still relate," she said kindly.

"Rylee, can you tell us about marking?" I asked.

"Ummm..." she laughed a little and scratched her head. "Marking is very intimate and should be done when both people are ready. It's normally ... done during ... se.x ..." she said and blushed. Lanie and I started to giggle at her.

"Will tell us how you marked Wyatt?" Lanie asked.

"Which time?"

"Huh?" we both gave her confused looks.

"I had to mark Wyatt twice, because of the whole dark witch incident," she said. Lanie and I looked at each other and then back at her.

"I guess the mark that he has right now," I said and Lanie nodded her head.

"Well, that is a long story."