

His Sunshine Baby Chapter 16 - Tips

I've always known that this woman knows a lot more than what she's willing to say. For some reason, I have to argue hours before she ever tells me anything about anything she knows about me before she brought me to the pack. Why does she have to make my birth such a secret? I know there's a lot more than what she says. I heard her talk to my parents! She said they had to hide me no matter what, and never tell me the truth. What truth?

"Why is there always so much foam in this..."

I can't believe she's complaining about her beer in the middle of this! I growl, but Daniel puts his hand on my shoulder, whispering me to calm down.

"Granny Reagan, Elena's almost twenty-one now. Whatever it is you're hiding from her, isn't it time she knows now? If... If her dad doesn't wake up, you will be the only one left who knows about her birth secrets. What if you don't come back after that?"

I have a hard time holding back my anger, but Daniel's words might be more efficient than mine. Though nothing frightens me more than the idea of my dad never coming back... For a while, Reagan stays silent, looking at her beer with a strange expression. I exchange a glance with Daniel, hoping this time she will talk.

But after a long wait, Reagan suddenly burps very loudly.

...What?

"Damn, I knew this beer was not good..." She growls while looking at her cup.

After a second of consternation, I start yelling.

"Are you kidding me? You old hag! Is this a joke to you? We're talking about my family here!"

"They are gone, kid. Now stop yelling, you're going to give me a headache..."

"I don't care! All you do is drink all day when you come here! Can't you help me a little? I've spent most of my life trying to figure out who I was! And now you come here, you have all the answers, and you burp at my face? You old witch!"

Suddenly, she frowns, looking angry for the first time, and glares right at me.

“Don’t you dare call me that, Elena.”

“What? Old witch? Is that worse than old hag?”

“You have no idea what witches are, so don’t you dare...”

“I’ll call you old witch if I want to! Old witch!”

“You little runt!”

We keep yelling at each other. Between us, Daniel sighs while looking at his beer.

“The level of this conversation has dropped to sadly shallow and childish, ladies...”

“Shut up, Lewis! Elena, come out with me! You little pest!” Suddenly growls Reagan.

“Elena, don’t...” Whispers Daniel.

But it’s too late, I’m already pissed and up on my feet. I follow Reagan outside, driven by my anger. As Danny said, this is childish and stupid, but I don’t give a damn. I’m tired of being in the dark, and Reagan is just playing with me.

Once outside, she takes off her used leather jacket. She might be old, but she’s still in quite a good shape... Is she fifty, sixty? Hard to tell. Anyway, this won’t be a pleasant moment, she looks really pissed now.

After all, she was my teacher...

And indeed, half an hour later, I’m on my arse, exhausted, with a burning cheek and bruises all over. Damn, my whole body is aching. Reagan, however, is still standing there, looking calm now.

“What’s this? Is that all you can do? Did I train you for nothing all this time?” She growls.

“You’re a monster, Granny. Elena is still the best fighter of our pack...” Says Daniel, looking sorry for me.

“Then you’re a whole bunch of weaklings!”

I knew she’s always been crazy strong, but I never thought that old hag could still be good enough to beat me so quickly! I wipe off a bit of blood from my lips. The worst thing is, I know she went easy on me. When I was younger, she would make me fight until I couldn’t stand up anymore or passed out. Everyone in the pack thought I was naturally strong, but whatever natural skill I had as a child, Reagan definitely sharpened it by teaching me how to fight all those years.

She puts her jacket back on, still rumbling.

“Where is this damn Clan going... So weak... Is Clark lazy now? Damn dogs...”

“Granny, if the Alpha hears you...” Says Daniel.

“So what? Let him come to me! That runt could use a lesson too! He needs teaching about manners!”

I massage my shoulders. Reagan is precisely like that. At war with the whole world, and happy to growl after anyone. She takes out a cigarette and lights it up. Like this, with her long waves of grey hair and her leather outfit, she looks like some old biker lady. I wonder if she still has her old bike stored somewhere. I’ve always admired her, as my mentor, but I still don’t know much about that woman who taught me pretty much everything about being a wolf.

Sometimes, I wonder if Reagan doesn’t only come back to Silver City because she feels some responsibility towards me. Since the day she brought me here, whenever she comes back, she never looks for me, but we always see each other at least once somehow. I know she used to see my parents a lot when I was young. After that, she became a sort of my mentor, teaching me how to fight, hunt, become one with my inner wolf. She never acted kind or gentle towards me. There was always this distance between us, so I never considered her as family. Only as my mentor, my teacher.

“Why did you teach me?”

She looks at me, surprised by my question.

“What do you mean?”

“Why did you become my teacher? I could have been raised like the other pups, taught how to fight with the rest of the pack. You could have left me and never come back. But you came back, and insisted on being the one to teach me how to do all this, how to... Be a werewolf. Why?”

She clicks her tongue, something she does when she’s annoyed. She takes out her cigarette and crushes it under her boot. After looking at me for a while, she sighs.

“I made a promise to watch over you, kid. I’m not one to go back on my words.”

“A promise? To whom?”

“Now stop asking questions. I’m done.”

She turns around and leaves. I want to ask more, a lot more, but this stubborn woman won’t stop, and to be honest, I’m too exhausted to run after her. I sigh.

Daniel walks up to me, giving me a hand to help me get up.

“She was almost nice this time... But girl those bruises will remain a couple of days.”

“Who cares... I can’t believe she still won’t talk to me.”

“Well, at least it’s good to know she still comes back. It’s been what, two years since last time?” Asks Danny.

“Twenty months or so, yeah,” I sigh.

“This promise... She never mentioned it before, did she?”

I shake my head. That one’s a first. Question is, who did she promise this to? To my real parents? Or to the ones who adopted me? Someone else? I sigh while massaging my neck. When will she ever tell me the truth...

Daniel helps me walk back to the apartment, where I indulge myself in a cold bath. Meanwhile, I keep thinking about this whole secrecy around my birth... In twenty years, everything I know about it comes from Reagan or my adoptive parents. And it’s not much. I was found wandering in a forest when I was around three, alone and famished. Reagan brought me to the White Moon Clan, where Clark, the lead Alpha, gave consent for my dad to adopt

me. Reagan left right after I came to live with the Whitewoods, and only came back five years later, when she started her ruthless training.

That's it.

If this is all of it, why do I remember nothing of this forest? Whenever I try to think about a forest, nothing comes to mind. Actually, it even feels... Wrong. I don't even know how to explain it, I just know this forest thing is a lie. I tried going to the North forest a few times. But aside from memories of my training there with Reagan, nothing else ever came back to me.

Moreover, when I was around ten, I found a box my mom kept in the bottom of her wardrobe. After asking a lot, she finally revealed this box contained everything I had on me when Reagan found me. The box was almost empty, actually. It only had two things: a blood-stained dress for a child and a necklace.

I get out of the bath, grab a towel, and walk up to my room. Rummaging the mess under my bed, I finally put my hands on the tiny box. I took it from my mom's bedroom after the accident to keep it with me. I take a deep breath and open it.

My old dress is there, as usual. Still white and red... The smell as faded, other the years, but anyone could recognize blood. The only thing I could recognize from this dress even back then was Reagan's smell. After all, she carried me while I was wearing it. I leave the dress where it is, and grab the little box laying on top of it.

It's a simple jewelry box I found. But when I open it, my most precious belonging is right there, shining as always. A gold necklace, with a thin chain, and a unique pendant. It's a golden sun pendant, with diamonds. But the biggest mystery is the inscription on the back of the sun. It's written so small I had to use a magnifying glass to actually read it.

"To my Sunshine, G."

Who is G? I keep staring at it, as clueless as always. Why did I have this necklace on me? Is it even mine? Who would call me a Sunshine... Isn't it odd to even compare a werewolf to the sunshine? We are creatures of the Moon!