

The Deaf She-wolf: Kaya - Chapter 1 1. Kaya Reading Online for Free

1. Kaya

Kaya

I am walking on the ice. My mother is shouting, telling me not to go too far into the inlet. I just wanted to explore. I wanted to see the whales that come into the bay sometimes. I hear the ice creek beneath my wooly boots.

After a few minutes, I finally see the whales in the bay. I move closer. I love seeing them hunt. I hear my mother yet again calling for me. I turn to face her and tell her just a few more minutes. But as I turn, I hear the ice begin to shriek.

All of a sudden, I feel the water swallowing me. My body is being stabbed by thousands of needles. And I twist and contort under the ice. My adrenalin is coursing through my tiny body. I need to get out from under the ice.

I stop resisting. Please let this work, I think to myself. I let the current take me out further. I look up and see it is working; I am out beneath the ice shelf after a few moments. I try to brace myself. I know better than to fight against the current. But if I don't surface soon, I will drown.

I kick as hard as my little legs would allow. I can feel my clothes are heavy and pulling me down. I don't have time to undress. I have been under the water too long. I kick harder, and then I break through the surface.

Finally, I can breathe. I had made it out from the current. I look around. What can I grab? I need to get out of the water; my next challenge is not freezing to death. I see the ice shelf. It is not too far, I think. I can make it. But will it hold me? Will I fall in again?

I couldn't think like that. It was my best option; after all, it was that or die in the water. I began to swim for the shelf. Despite moving slowly and being weighed down, I made it. I hoisted my soaking wet body up, slipping a few times.

Once on top of the ice, I laid back and took a deep breath, filling my lungs with much-needed air. How had I done that? I didn't have time to ponder. I needed to keep moving; I needed to get warm. I was still at risk of dying. I crawled as fast as I could across the ice. I heard the ice begin to creek again.

No, I wouldn't let the sea swallow me again. I stopped and let the ice quiet. Then, I began to creep slowly. It howled; it was going to give away again. I stood up and ran.

The ice started to break behind me, but I kept running. I ran as fast as my soaking body would allow.

I finally reached my mother, who was now kneeling, crying. She looked up and opened her arms. I collapsed as I embraced her. The next thing I know, I am being shaken. I close my eyes and open them, and I am in a foreign room.

"Kaya, it is time to get up. We have stuff to do." My brother's mind links me. I was having the dream again. The dream of the day my life changed forever. Again, my brother mind links me. "Kaya come on let's go. You were the one who wanted to come down south with me, so get up."

It was true I had wanted to come down south with him. Most people wouldn't call this place southern, but to us, it was. The days here had both night and day all year round, which was the south to me. It was true; I wanted to see what was past our home.

I had never been, unlike my brother. He had tagged along with my father when he made the trips, but now, he would make them alone yearly. I had wanted to tag along this year, and I convinced my brother to let me go.

It was rare for women to leave the pack. Even to find their mates, the women remained put. The custom among the northern packs was that the young men go out and search for their mates. The women stayed put and waited. I didn't want to stay put, though. I wanted to see the outside world at least once. I had told my brother to let me come. Initially, He was hesitant, but he never could say no to me. So, like a thief in the night, we left. When our parents realized we had gone, it was too late to have us return.

As we got in the car, my brother looked at me. He minds linked. "We have a full day of driving. We will stop before we arrive, get dressed for the evening, and then head to Nightshade Pack. "I just nod. We drive most of the day, stopping only for food and bathroom breaks. We finally pulled into a hotel. After checking in, we head to the room. My brother let me have the shower first. It was weird having hot running water so readily available.

I was used to boiling the water, letting it cool, and then scrubbing myself clean. Followed by a nice steam in the homemade sauna that sat on the edge of our small encampment. I bathed fast using the soap that was provided for me in the hotel. It smelled strong, and in truth, I hated it. I tried to scrub off the scent, but it still lingered. I exited the bathroom, allowing my brother a chance to get ready.

I took time to put on my dress. It was my best one. We used dresses like this for ceremonies, and I had made mine with my mother. I looked in the mirror at my appearance. I loved the way my tattoo sat high on my forehead. It was a line that came down to a point and then scooped back up. There were small dashes below the line. In all truth, it looked as though I wore a crown.

My buckskin dress had some embroidery on it. It had taken a long time to stitch the patterns on the dress. I slide on my pants that went underneath the gown. I looked pretty, I thought. I sat on one of the beds and waited for Quill to be done. I tried to wonder what the night would be like. I knew the southern packs were much different than us northers, but I wondered just how different.

It didn't take long, and Quill was ready to go. We went downstairs and received a few looks as we exited the lobby. I knew they were staring at the way we dressed. It wasn't every day people saw attire like ours.

We drove for about 45 minutes. Then Quill pulled off the main road onto a dirt one. I could hardly stand it. Quill pulled over and parked the car. I mind-linked him. "Where is the party?" "It is just down the path."

I practically ripped the door away from the truck. My brother led me up the walkway and approached a huge house. It was made of stone, and it was massive. I saw people going in. They are wearing beautiful gowns and suits. The fabric looked so different from ours.

The women all had their hair done in different styles. Their faces were all painted up. Some wore the most revealing clothing I had ever seen. I could see one girl's whole back. How did she move? I wondered how it did not fall off.

We walk up to the door and are greeted by two smiling faces. "Hey, Quill, it is good of you to come. Who is this? Is this your mate?" I smile at the remark. I look at Quill. I know he is explaining that I am his sister and telling them I am deaf.

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