

Chapter 17

Catherine's POV

My alarm clock startled me awake, and my hand automatically reached for it and pressed the snooze button.

Not that it helped; five minutes later, it yelled at me even louder to get out of bed.

I grunted and pulled my body into a sitting position.

My gaze moved over my new bedroom, which looked similar to the one I had lived in with my parents in the Alpha Quarters.

My father had this great idea of renovating an area on the ground floor into a living space for me. He was trying to make my life a bit easier.

My new sleeping area consisted of a bedroom, bathroom, walk-in closet, and sitting area for guests, and my favorite was the beautiful porch that opened from the sitting area overlooking the pack and forest.

I sighed. My father did a lot of renovations to the pack house to let me move around more easily.

I pulled the white duvet cover from me, grabbed hold of the wheelchair, and pulled it closer to the bed. I then swung my legs off the bed and pulled my body onto the chair.

Getting in and out of the wheelchair had become easier day by day.

I pulled my legs up and set my feet on the footrest, then pushed my chair toward my walk-in closet, grabbed my clothes for the day, and wheeled myself toward my spacious bathroom.

I stopped in front of the shower, grabbed my white towel from the rail, and threw it over my shoulder.

In the beginning, it was difficult for me to move around, and simple things were hard to do on my own. I couldn't even take a simple shower

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without anyone's help.

A small smile played on the corners of my lips, appreciating my father's efforts. He made sure my bathroom area was big enough for me to move around in a wheelchair, and he gave me a spacious shower as well.

I stopped at the glass doors, stripped myself of my clothes, then opened the shower door, climbed over onto a plastic chair with wheels, slowly moved toward the shower tap, and opened the water.

When the water eventually ran warm, I locked my legs in a small frame my father designed for me and pulled myself up into a standing position. The stand clicked into position around my waist, supporting my weight and keeping me upright.

A smile followed my lips. My father was a genius with his contraptions.

The hot water danced on my skin, and my mind wandered off to the last night after my return.

The rogue was still unconscious in the infirmary, but my father made sure he was safely guarded and that he would receive the medical attention he needed.

I have been at his bedside, and to me, he looked a bit too young to be a rogue.

My mind races with so many unanswered questions.

Did the rogue have a family?

Were they looking for him?

Or was he just lost and in need of a family?

Why did he run into the street? Was something or someone chasing him?

Colt stopped me when I wanted to get closer to the rogue, but when our gazes locked, he must have seen something and let me pass. Even his brothers moved out of the way without a word.

I guess he knew that I would not obey him.

I pushed the wheelchair to the edge of the hospital bed, nodded my head at Jimmy, and he lowered the bed for me.

I carefully picked up the rogue's hand, hearing the triplets whimpering from behind me.

They didn't like me touching anyone else, and I could feel Kia stir in the back of my mind when I heard them.

Why is Kia suddenly more active?

I pushed the thought off and concentrated on the boy on the bed.

The rogue looked around my age—maybe a year younger; I wasn't sure.

His thick, dark, shiny chocolate brown hair was cut short, and he looked maintained and healthy, not like someone running wild.

I wonder what color his eyes were.

I drank his features in, seeing that he was a handsome wolf, and girls his age would easily fall over their feet for his attention.

Yet something in his face caught my attention, and a worry-filled feeling of knowing pushed through me. I just couldn't put my finger on it.

Who was this boy?

Do I know him?

Have I seen him before?

Or was it just my imagination?

I shifted my head to the side, and for a second, the rogue reminded me of Brian.

Was that why I felt so much compassion for him?

My thoughts shifted toward Brian. His words hurt me even more than his rejection.

How heartless was he? And why?

I haven't done anything to deserve his cruelty.

Kia whimpered in agony at the back of my mind, bringing me back to my presence, and I sighed, closing the shower tap.

Was Kia still hoping for Haiti to sweep her off her feet? Hoping for him to love her, us?

Could such a bond be mended after he ripped my heart out, humiliated me, and slept around?

I shook the thoughts off and focused on the Triplets' reactions yesterday.

In the last couple of months, I never had someone fight for me or react to me like they did.

Before the last venomous word escaped Brian's lips, Grey's hand was around Brian's neck, choking him. Power radiated off him, and his anger could be felt like a flame surrounding him.

Colt stood there with a smirk, his beautiful, serious blue eyes cold and deadly. He wanted to have Grey make nothing of Brian.

Sam, on the other hand, stood ready like a lion, waiting for Grey to drop his prey and have a turn with him. His facial expression was hard, and his jaw muscles were jumping in his face out of anger.

I reached out to Grey and laid my hand carefully on his arm, hoping he would listen to me.

The same intense sparks I had with Colt erupted between me and Grey, and he turned his gaze toward me, bewildered.

"Let him go," I said, pleading.

Grey shook his head and turned toward his brothers, seeking help.

"It's not worth it, Grey," I said. "Brian is just an asshole."

Colt nodded his head, and Grey let go of Brian, dropping him on the ground. He then stalked off, and all three brothers left without another word.

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I sighed.

I almost had one less pack member. Brian should be happy that I saved his ass.

I shook the thoughts off and quickly finished washing, rinsed myself from the soap, and got out.

When I was done with my morning routine, it was already after 8 a.m., and a soft knock sounded at my door.

I wasn't expecting anyone so early, and I pushed my chair toward the door, interested to know who had come to see me.

When I opened the door, I couldn't help but be surprised, and anger flared up inside me.



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