

Chapter 7

Catherine's POV

Kia gave me control, and even though I could barely move, I managed to pull myself up against the windowsill. I forced my body into a sitting position, seeing my hands change into claws.

When the next set of pain hit my body, my body went limp, and I tilted backward, feeling weightless as I fell from the third floor...

I ignored the unpleasant beeping sound that resonated around me.

Even though it drove me mad at first, I have become acclimated to the sound.

I had been in and out of consciousness for the past few days and had no idea what time it was.

I groaned as my mind wandered off into the unknown once more. I had tried numerous times to fight sleep, but it was futile. My body and mind were in desperate need of rest, and the more I battled it, the more fatigued I felt.

Kia's presence was present, but I had no idea what she or we looked like in our beast forms.

Have I ever completed the shift?

The most excruciating pain rippled through my chest, cutting off my breath, and I gasped for air. My mind went into overdrive as the pain in my chest increased. I yelled out in agony, forcing my eyes open. I was greeted by a blinding white light from above me, and I desperately blinked against the light.

"Argh!" I cried out, feeling the pain increase, and I forced my tired body into a sitting position, and my hands flew to my chest.

"What the f*ck was happening to me?" I whimpered out in agony, "Am I

having a heart attack?"

"Ms. Kate," a worried, husky voice said from a few feet away, startling me. I lifted my gaze through the pain, seeing a blurry figure in a white coat standing at the door. I assume it is a doctor.

"I see you are awake," he said.

I moaned again, panting for breath, and the figure rushed closer to me.

"Are you alright?" He asked, concerned.

"I-I-I... p-p-pain," I stuttered with a moan, "w-w-what's h-h-happening to me?"

His eyes widened in shock, hesitating next to the bed.

"I'll be right back," he said, and he rushed out the door.

The painful feeling slowly lifted from my chest, giving me room to breathe, and I lay back in bed.

What the hell was that? I have never been in so much pain.

My gaze moved over the simple infirmary room, and a faint scent of my family lingered in the air.

A smile touched the corners of my lips, knowing that my family had visited me.

Why was the doctor taking so long?

I sighed frustratedly and swung my legs over the bed. I never had much patience.

"I better find out what's going on." I moaned under my breath and pushed my body off the bed.

I yelled out in surprise as my legs gave in under me, and I landed on the floor, bumping my head against the bed frame.

What the...? My eyes grew wide out of fear as I realized my legs didn't seem to be working.

A nurse entered the room in a hurry. She probably heard my yell and fell,

her eyes wide, when she spotted me sitting between the bed and the wall.

"Miss Kate!" She yelled, concerned, and rushed to my side, grabbing my arms as she tried to lift me back onto the bed.

It was no use; my legs seemed to not be able to carry my weight.

"What's going on?" The doctor's voice sounded from the door, and my eyes snapped toward him in fear.

"I-I-I can't get up!" I cried out in fear, "My legs...!"

The doctor rushed to the nurse's side, and both found a way to lift me from the floor and help me onto the bed.

The nurse tucked me in and gave me a sad smile.

"I will go get you something to eat and drink," she said, leaving me with the doctor.

Tears were now freely working their way down my face, and my emotions and mind were working against one another. My emotions won the round, and I started to sob, feeling confused, sad, hurt, afraid, and scared.

What will I do now?

Will the pack be able to accept my disability? Will the members still see me as me? Will they reject and abandon me?

Will I still be able to do the same things as before without my legs?

I couldn't walk anymore!

I will now be seen as half a person and half a wolf! I will be a liability, a weak link in the pack!

"Kate," the good old doctor tried to get my attention and, in the process, took my hand.

"This..." the doctor took a deep breath next to me before he continued, "disability might be the result of your fall; you have been in a coma for some time, and we were not able to establish how severe the damage

to your brain was until you were awake."

My gaze slowly moved toward the doctor.

I have known him my whole life, and he has never lied to me. Yet he sounded more worried about something else than the actual words he spoke like there was a hidden message behind his words and emotions.

Was he withholding or hiding something from me?

I sought the doctor's eyes, reading the concern in his warm chocolate-brown eyes.

"Y-y-you," I stuttered through the tears, "said I was in a coma?" I swallowed hard and took a deep breath.

My mind was racing at 100 miles per hour.

I had so many questions and so few answers.

How was any of this real?

I must be dreaming!

The doctor nodded his head, confirming what I had just heard was true.

"H-h-how l-l-long?" I spit the words through the tears.

He sighed, and I got the feeling that he was hoping I wouldn't have asked the question.

"Almost eight months," he answered after a moment of silence, and my eyes widened out of shock.

The doctor squeezed my hand, trying hard to comfort me.

Eight months!?

I have lost eight months of my life!

Eight f*cking months!

A set of uncontrollable sobs rippled through my body as my emotions spiraled out of control.

Why?

Why was I punished like that?

What have I done to deserve this?

I couldn't wrap my mind around the facts of being in a coma for eight months and not being able to walk again.

"I will give you a moment to get your emotions under control. I understand that it's a lot to process, and I can't imagine what you are going through." The doctor said, turning to leave, "In the meantime, I will let Alpha and Luna know that you have awakened."

I nodded my head in acknowledgment, and the good old doctor left.

I don't know how long I was crying, but my tears dried up.

I felt tired, emotionally drained, and broken, but never in my life have I expected that this was only the start of being broken beyond repair.

What will happen next?



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Chapter 8

Catherine's POV

"Kate!" My mother's voice filled the air around me, and my gaze moved to where she stood at the door.

"Mother?" I said tiredly, and she took a few steps toward my bed. Her swollen belly was now back to her fit and firm stomach, and she looked just as beautiful as I remembered.

"How are you feeling?" My mother asked, freaking out and taking my temperature. She moved her gaze over my body, searching for anything out of place.

"Under the circumstances," I answered, feeling new tears burning behind my eyelids, "I am fine."

I forced the tears back and swallowed hard.

I have decided not to show any emotion concerning my disability. I will pretend that everything is still okay, and I will find a way to walk again. I will never give up.

"The doctor called and told me you are awake," she said, searching my gaze. "Oh Kate, we were so worried!"

My mother took a seat next to the bed, and my gaze moved to her face.

A small smile followed my lips. I knew my mother was one person who visited me regularly; her scent was the most dominant one in the room. Yet, there was a second scent that smelled familiar, yet it smelled like the scent had changed in some way and was still lingering in the room. I was interested to know who it belonged to.

I took a whiff of the other scents, and, to my surprise, Brian's was almost non-existent.

Did something happen to him?

I shook the thought off and focused on my mother.

"Where is Dad?" I asked, wondering why he didn't come with my mother.

"In urgent Alpha meetings," she answered, worried, "we have had regular rogue attacks after..."

My mother became quiet, and agony reflected in her eyes.

"My accident?" I asked, and she nodded her head.

"I am sorry, Kate," she said and stared into nothing, "the warriors tried their best... but..."

"They were too late..." I finished her thoughts.

She slowly nodded her head and wiped a stray tear from her eyes.

Did she see it happening?

"We thought we had lost you! You looked so broken."

They never caught me on time when I toppled out of the window.

Then why did I survive?

I should be dead!

Did Kia fix me?

Did she mend my broken bones and put me back together?

Images of that night flashed before my eyes, and I shivered, remembering how close I came to dying. The heat of the fire was unbearable, and the smoke was burning my eyes and making it hard to breathe.

I remember losing control when Kia couldn't delay the shift anymore and the excruciating pain that rippled through my body as I started to shift. My body gave in, and...

Did someone look at what my wolf looked like?

I focused on Kia for a few seconds, but she was hiding in the depths of my mind. I could feel her emotions; she felt depressed, angry, and hurt.

Why was she hiding?

Why was she depressed and angry?

Why did she feel hurt?

"Kia?" I called, hoping she would respond, yet she ignored my call, and the feeling of being betrayed enveloped my mind.

"Kia!" I called again.

No answer...

I sighed.

I guess Kia wasn't ready to talk to me yet.

I shook the thoughts and feelings off and turned my attention back to my mother.

"It's okay," I said, trying to cheer her up, and I squeezed her hand. "I am here now, and things will go back to normal."

"Yes," she said, nodding her head, yet concern was still written in her eyes.

"So, tell me," I tried to change the subject, "how is everyone? Did I have another brother or a little sister?" I asked, trying to sound excited.

A soft smile followed my mother's lips.

"Jimmy is fine," she said, smiling... "You wouldn't recognize him when he comes to see you, and... Ellie is beautiful! She has this chubby little face, golden hair, and a smile that will light your gloomy day. She is something special, and you will love her to bits..."

"Ellie," the name rolled over my tongue, and I lay back on the bed.

I have a little sister I haven't met, and she is around eight months old.

My heart ached in my chest.

I have missed so much of my family's life!

I have missed the birth of my little sister and seeing her grow.

I remember how excited I was and how I couldn't wait for my sister's arrival. I wanted to play the big sister part and be there for the actual birth.

Tears burned behind my eyes again. I felt like a total failure.

I have failed my little sister Ellie in so many ways that it has burned my insides...

How will I ever be able to play hide-and-seek with her? Or run around and jump in the pool.

I will never be able to help her get dressed and do her hair and make-up.

The fact that I would never be able to walk again was slowly starting to eat me from the inside.

"Kate, are you alright?" My mother asked.

I shook my head, breaking down.

"Everything is just a bit too much," I answered through sobs.

"All will be fine," she said as she lifted herself from the chair and pulled me into a hug, her hands rubbing my back.

"Thanks, Mom," I said, as soon as I got my sobs under control and put a brave smile on my face.

"Will you bring Ellie for me to meet?" I asked.

I still wanted to meet the little pup; she was my blood after all.

"I will tell Jimmy to bring her here," my mother said.

"Why do I have a feeling that Mom forbade Jimmy to visit me?" I asked.

My mom shifted nervously and got up.

"Jimmy didn't take your accident very well, and..." she paused.

"Oh heavens, Kate!" My father's voice startled me as I walked to my mother's side. "I am so relieved you are awake!"

My father bent down and gave me a bone-crushing hug.

"Hi, Dad," I said as soon as he let me go.

"So, how are you feeling?" He asked and gave my mother a look.

"Fine!" I said, moving my gaze between the two.

My mother had become uncomfortable and was nervously fiddling with the hem of her blouse. My father, even though looking glad that I was awake and well, both of them were keeping a secret...

I gave them both a questionable look, lifting one of my eyebrows.

"Mom?" I asked, and she slowly lifted her gaze. "What happened?"



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