

Chapter 3- Blue Glow

I buried my head in my pillow as my sobs wracked my body.

My entire stomach clenched each time I heaved out a sob. This was the worst thing that could've ever happened to me. My whole life was stripped from my eyes right there and then, and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

My chest hurt. Everything hurt. The void in my heart grew wider. For the first time in my life, I felt the absence of my parents. Perhaps if they were here, I wouldn't be in this situation, and it killed me to think of the what-ifs.

Guilt ate away at my already broken heart at the very thought. I have never really missed the people who I had no memories of, and stories I've heard from my hateful big brother were all aimed to make me feel like a murderer. Then again, the fundamental belief that I killed them had caused my life nothing but despair and grief.

But I had to admit. At times when things got hard, I wished I had them. There was always a sliver of want in my heart for a parental guide and love, especially when I was going through significant changes in my life. And today, being one of those days, I wished I had

them the most.

I didn't wait to hear when I'd be sent away, but I had no intentions of sitting around and waiting. The thought of running away had come to my mind more than once since Lance told me about his plan.

I'd have to wait till nightfall when everyone was asleep. I'd only have trouble getting past border patrol since they were more in numbers at night. But as my uncle pointed out, we weren't the strongest pack. All I needed was a diversion, and I'd be home free.

I had no idea where I'd go, but I knew for sure that I couldn't stay here. Perhaps I'll roam the world in search of my mate. Once I find him, I know everything will fall into place. I also know that he will be either an Alpha, Beta or Gamma wolf. Since I'm an Alpha blood, I can only be mated to high-ranking wolves.

My only issue is actually getting onto werewolf territories worldwide without being killed. After all, I will now be considered a rogue.

That didn't matter. It would be better to die being free once in my life than live a slave forever. I won't allow it.

With my mind made up, I wiped my teary, puffy eyes and grabbed a duffle bag from my closet. I then proceeded to throw all sorts of clothes and necessities in it. I also grabbed my saving pan that I've

had since I was sixteen. It wasn't a lot of money, but it should be enough to keep me alive until I find a human job.

I would also have to keep my scent masked. No doubt my uncle and brother will be searching for me the minute they realise I am missing.

I will have to leave in wolf form to run really fast, as far away as possible. Then and only then, I'll settle somewhere where they wouldn't think of looking until I will finally be able to make enough money to start my journey of finding my mate. And if I'm lucky, he'll find me.

Maybe I won't be able to study at a human school in Canada like I always wanted, but maybe in another life.

A knock sounded at the door that sent me jumping and shoving the bag in my closet. I quickly closed it as the door opened, but I relaxed tremendously when I saw that it was only Toya. I was still a bit tense, remembering how angry she left today. But her aura didn't smell like she was upset anymore, though she still wore a scowl.

I watched carefully as she slowly closed the door behind her, and I tried to move away from the closet, so I didn't seem suspicious. She eyed my closet for a second before redirecting her gaze to me.

My eyes were still a bit blurry from the tears. My head was pounding, and everything in me hurt. But I still managed to force a smile as she sat on the chair across from me.

"How are you taking it?" she asked with a sigh.

I simply shrugged. "How would you feel if the people who should be your family betrayed you and the force of fate? I will never find my mate now, Toya. How could they do this to me?" I felt my lips quivering again as fresh tears dripped from my eyes.

Toya was beside me in an instant. Holding me in a mother-like hug as she hushed me quietly.

"Why do they hate me, Toya? What have I ever done to them?" I sobbed even louder at the very thought.

I didn't deserve every awful treatment I got growing up. I didn't deserve to be treated any less just because of my hair or what might've been a lie about my own parents.

Yet, every day I was a victim to their malicious acts and words. Each one still cuts as deep as the first.

"They don't hate you," Toya lied. I chuckled humorlessly. "Lance, at least. He admires you as a young woman. He simply doesn't know how to show emotion."

"I don't want to sound like I'm jealous or anything, but

I've seen him show emotion with you," I told her. It wasn't a lie, though. But I knew it was all the mate bond.

"He's my mate, silly," she chuckled. "But trust me, it took at least a year for me to break that wall of his completely. He might not show or say it, but he does love you, Melissa. You're his brother's daughter. He didn't just swear to protect the pack when Elise and Seymour die; he swore to take care of you and Logan."

"So why is he doing this to me then?" I demanded. "Isn't there something else he can offer? Why me? Does he want to ruin my life? Or did my evil brother put him up to it?"

Toya sighed, and I could see the turmoil behind her beautiful green eyes. "I have to admit, the idea angered me so much. I hate that they made that decision." She rubbed my back soothingly with each word. "I gave Lance an earful about it, and I insisted that he should've at least asked you first. One day when if you had to find your mate whether he is an Alpha, Beta or Gamma wolf, you'd be a Luna, Beta female or Gamma female, so you should know the importance of sacrifice for the sake of a pack."

"I don't want-"

"-But that doesn't mean you should be forced to do it. I hated that he struck the deal with Alpha Lukas

without speaking to you first," Toya ended, completely cutting them off.

The name of the Alpha echoed in my head over and over. Lukas.

The name alone commanded so much power. What if he's mean? What if he demands too much from me?

I really had to run away. I didn't even want to meet this Alpha.

"So, do you think I should do it?" I asked Toya, even though I had no intention to.

She clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth before answering. "If I didn't have my mate, I'd say yes. Your uncle is right. The pack really does need help. At this rate, we'll lose far too many wolves in one more year. The rogues are getting more and more aware of our weakness, so the attacks are getting harsher. But, I do have a mate, and it makes me see that it is cruel to deprive any wolf of that gift. Having a mate is more than just having a partner, Melissa. A mate is your other half, specially designed for you by the moon."

"So, make him undo it," I begged. Perhaps if Toya could talk my uncle out of it, I wouldn't have to run away. But my heart sank when she sighed in defeat.

"I can't," she mumbled. "I tried, but he wouldn't budge. He is convinced that Lukas is a good man and you'll

fall in love with him. It won't be the same, but he thinks he's doing the best for you too."

"It's crazy," I sobbed. I didn't notice I had been crying so hard.

Toya hugged me tighter with a nod. I realised that this was the second most heartfelt moment we'd had since I was sixteen. I needed it right now more than ever. At least I can leave knowing that I had a moment with my favourite person in this 'family'.

"I know," she mumbled as she rubbed my shoulder. "I know."

"And if only my brother didn't hate me, then...." I sighed. "I always wondered what it was like to have a big brother who loved and protected me. Who wouldn't allow our uncle to do something like this no matter what."

If Logan didn't hate me this much, I knew he wouldn't ever allow this. With his determination and aura of power, he would protect me with his life. And being my uncle's Beta meant he had the first say in everything. Our Gamma was barely here, so I couldn't even ask him for help. He lived with his mate at the packhouse, and he didn't like me too much either.

If only everyone didn't despise me like death itself.

"You know, once you were his heart," she said, and I

scoffed at the very statement.

"This is not the time for a joke, Toya," I said.

"It isn't," she insisted. "When you two were much younger. When your parents were still alive... you were his everything. The best two years of his life."

"So, what changed?" It puzzled me. Thinking that Logan actually loved me once was... odd. Really odd. I even felt strange just imagining it.

Toya was silent for a while, and I had to tilt my head to look at her face. She looked deep in thought.

"What is it?" I asked again, breaking her from her trance.

She shook her head as if coming back from a deep memory. "Have your brother ever told you why he insisted that you were the one who killed your parents?" she asked, and my heart raced.

"No," I admitted. Logan had said nothing about them.

"Well, he says so because you were the last to be seen with them."

I was even more confused at this. How did that make me a suspect? I was two years old, for crying out loud! I could've been killed too, but the real killer might've had a tad of humanity and acknowledged that I was a baby.

But I wished they'd take me too. I wouldn't have to live this torment I call a life.

"Seen by who?" I asked as I shifted away a little, so we were seated face-to-face.

"Logan," she revealed, which sent my eyes wide once again.

"Wh-what did he see?" Did my brother actually see me take up a knife and stab my parents? As far as I know, their bodies weren't even in the pack cemetery, only tombs with their names and titles. So, why was I really labelled as a killer?

"Your parents took you out to the stream."

"The one at the pack border?" I asked, and Toya nodded.

"Yes. You were just a few days shy of your second birthday, and Logan was around ten. He followed you guys out there, and your parents had no idea. He was always a little trickster. Anyways, he just wanted to protect his baby sister, and doing so to him meant being everywhere you went."

"So, what did he see?" I was anxious to know. This could answer the one question I had been asking all my life. How did I kill my parents? And why did my brother hate me so much?

Toya chewed on her lip as she kept her eyes

down-casted. She seemed unsure as if she didn't want to say it.

"First, your parents knelt in the stream in front of you. You were seated on the grass playing with your fingers. They were both crying and saying something that Logan couldn't quite hear. But then, you glowed in a bright blue light, like the very colour of the streak in your hair..." she trailed her fingers down the length of my hair as she spoke. "And then, they were gone, you were still there, and the stream suddenly flowed harder than it had in years."

I wanted to laugh, but I couldn't find the humour.

"Let me get this straight. So, you're telling me that a ten-year-old saw me glow like a damn bulb, and suddenly the stream washed away our parents?" I asked, trying to make sense of it. "Couldn't it be something logical? Like if a lion ate them or something, and Logan was so scared that he took me and ran. But to try and understand it, he subconsciously came up with this story? Trauma can do a lot, you know?"

"I know, but he wasn't lying," she said, sounding serious. "I know because I was there too. And lions don't eat wolves, oh please."

"What?" My head pounded even harder. I refused to believe that I glowed and killed my parents.

She nodded. "I was the one to convince Lance and the Gamma that Logan wasn't crazy. I saw Logan going after you, and I followed. I couldn't believe my eyes either, and no one understood, so no one spoke of it."

"Except Logan, who thought I killed them," I sniffled as my heart broke. Just as I thought. I was innocent. Probably I didn't even do anything!

"So why didn't you tell me all these years? Why didn't he tell me?"

"He still doesn't understand what he saw, Melissa," she told me. "He's still scared and broken, hoping that you'd probably bring them back out of guilt."

"But I didn't do anything," I protested. "And now I'm being punished once again, all because of a still unsolid story of a two-year-old glowing." I sighed. "Why do you think it happened?"

I didn't quite believe it a hundred per cent, but if this was the only explanation I'd ever get, I might as well live with it. I mean, it would also explain my hair.

Toya shrugged. "I don't know. There's a reason why we never speak of it. This seems like something far deeper than even our werewolf minds can process."

"Do...Do you really think I killed them?" I asked in a small voice. If this did happen, then perhaps there was a tiny chance that I did it without realising it. What

Logan and Toya might've seen could be what he had been preaching all these years.

It also made sense that he was the one to spread the news, because people only started believing that I did something when he said I did. Even my uncle.

I certainly didn't understand something with this entire situation, and deep down all my life, I knew I was... different. I always thought it was the fact that I had strange hair, but could it actually be something else?

"Not even for a second," she said, breaking me from my thoughts. "Someone killed your parents, Melissa. But it was not you. I am sorry I didn't fight for you more all these years against your brother and sometimes your uncle. And I am sorry I won't be able to stop this. But I came here to tell you that wherever this agreement with your uncle and Lukas takes you, you are stronger than you think, and you are so, so special, Melissa Alexis. A perfect gift from the moon." And with that, she gave me one last hug before turning to leave.

My mind went crazy with all she said. So much yet so little had been revealed, but what stayed with me the most was her last words. Someone killed my parents, but it wasn't me.

So, who did?