

Snowflakes

Snowflakes

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The story of a girl who was plane wrecked in a mysterious place. She finds herself among the people of a wolf research team, only, they aren't as they appear.

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Snowflakes : Chapter 1

Wolf A snowflake fluttered down, its small beautiful shape twirling as it drifted to the blanket of snow that already covered my shivering body. My whole form seemed frozen to the core, even my clothes felt brittle with cold. The canopy of lush evergreens, and bare deciduous trees that surrounded me had suddenly gone eerily quiet, causing me to slowly redirect my wavering attention. I managed to move my tired eyes about the small line of my vision, but saw only the stark and barren snow between the trunks of trees. My lungs hauled in another ragged, icy breath that seared my throat and nostrils. My heart pounded in my ears, a frantic beat that threatened to stop all together. As I slowly began to close my tired eyes, a flash of movement at the periphery of my vision gave me such a jolt, that my body shuddered. It was a darting shadow, and it was not alone. They began to circle me, drawing my meager attention, and making my weak body struggle to look at the shadows that made my blood run cold. Wolves. A pack of wolves circling their injured and nearly dead prey. My heart now pounded with such ferocity that I knew they could hear it. My mind, as exhausted as it was, urged my weak body to move in any way possible. Yet I could not obey my initial instinct to survive, for two blood-red eyes stared at me from the black face of a giant menacing wolf. In the dimming light of twilight, he slowly approached me, each gliding step silent on the snow. His long, shiny black fur did not hide the bunched muscles of his great body. Nor did it hide the malignance with which he gracefully came closer. He stopped when I could smell his oddly hot sweet breath as it clouded from his nostrils. His large muzzle, nearly as thick as my own neck, was less than a foot away from the tender and bloody flesh of my face. And still those piercing red eyes held mine with an intensity that made my entire body tense in fear. In such close proximity I could see every fine detail of the huge male wolf that was before me. I could even see the small drop of blood at the corner of his closed maw. He did not bare his razor-sharp fangs as he leaned towards me. As his face grew ever closer, and I realized the point he was going to strike, I closed my eyes, and felt a tear roll from the corner of my eye. Strong, warm eyeteeth clamped around my neck, and as pressure was slowly applied, my eyes rolled in the back of my head, and I fainted, lost in inky darkness where cold numbed all pain and thought. A warm heat was all around my body, at the very edge of my dampened awareness. I wondered briefly if I was dead. But was hell to feel so comfily warm? And if I was dead, why then, did my body twitch as cold ebbed out of my marrow? Perhaps, I was not dead. But indeed, I must be. My last memory had been of the wolf's fangs closing around my neck. And that could not be a dream. Slowly, voices began to fill my numb ears. They were unfamiliar, and slurred, as if I was hearing them through a phone. I could not concentrate long enough to make out the words spoken, and so turned my little energy upon my very insensate body. I felt small tingles ripple through first my fingers and toes, then the ripples began to move deeper through my body. And with the ripples came feeling. My nerve endings started to tingle, and with that came the pain. My wounds had been numbed by cold and hunger before. But now the cold was gone, and a searing pain began to set in on my surely broken arm, and possibly a few ribs. As the pain started to sear with a burning that pressed upon me like a crushing weight, my eyes flew open and I gasped. I had gasped in pain, but now that my eyes were open, I gasped again. I lay in a small cot in a small closet like space with walls to my right and a curtain to my left. The voices abruptly stopped, as if they had sensed my awakening. Quickly I closed my eyes, and not a moment too late, for I saw a flicker of shadow as the curtain was moved and someone entered my tiny area. A warm, large hand tenderly fell over my forehead and lingered for a moment before its soft pressure disappeared. "Are you warm enough?" A deep male voice asked softly. I kept my mouth shut, determined to pretend to sleep. He sighed, a sound like wind through trees. "I know your'e awake. There's no use pretending otherwise." He sounded patient, but like he wouldn't put up with too much bull shit. I allowed my eyelids to flutter open. It took a minute for ylmme to adjust to the dim lighting once but when I had, I could clearly see the tall man, no, boy, standing beside me. I say boy, because he could be no older than my age of seventeen. And if he was, he did not show it. His face was tanned and beautifully handsome in a way very few men's are. His lips were the thick kind and his nose was not too big, nor were his dark almost black eyes too small. He was quite simply handsome, and that excluded his long, straight, and thick black hair which hung around his face. I instantly was reminded of a Native American. He nodded at my scrutiny and smiled brightly, showing very white teeth. "Are you going to keep oggling, or will you answer

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my question?" He seemed quite amused by the fact that I had started blushing. I wet my lips with my tongue, before managing to whisper a reply, "Yes I am." My voice was very soft and rough, it had hurt my throat, forcing words out. He frowned as he obviously realized such. The frown did nothing to mar his natural beauty, in fact in a way, it heightened it. I felt myself blush again as his dark eyes locked with mine. Suddenly the memory of the wolf's blood-red eyes flickered back, and for an instant his eyes were the wolf's and my heart hammered in terror. Then they were back to their midnight color, and a shuddering breath I hadn't realized I'd been holding escaped my lips. He frowned even deeper. "Is everything okay?" He asked, seeming genuinely worried. I forced myself to nod. He arched a dark brow but withheld any comment he might have had. Instead he looked at the arm I knew was surely broken. "How does that feel?" He nodded at it. I frowned very deeply to show him that it did not feel very good at all. He gave me an understanding look. "My name is Markus. I live here with a few friends. We found you in the woods, you were near death, and all alone. We knew we couldn't just leave you there to die, so we brought you back to the lodge." He was watching my reactions carefully and saw when confusion flickered across my face. He was silent as I tried to gather up enough energy to tell him about the wolf. Finally I managed to get it out, "There was a wolf... A pack of them. He... I thought he...was going to kill me." It hurt like hell, but it was out. Markus rocked back on his heels. Obviously he hadn't expected this. He looked at me more carefully, before quietly excusing himself, and disappearing through the curtain. On the other side I could now hear multiple voices as from at least eight people whispering among themselves. Markus was the only voice I picked out, but they whispered so softly, I couldn't hear a word of their conversation. With a weary sigh, I gave up, and my body, still weak and sore, gave in to the deep trance of sleep. In my unconscious state, dreams like horrifying reality filtered through my mind. I was once again at the site of the plane crash, the plane I had been on. My body injured but still strong enough to move. I pulled myself up from the wreckage and death, and looked around for the only two bodies that would be among the heap of what was left of the small plane. I found them, torn open and glassy-eyed, their bodies ravaged. The snow that crunched under my feet was red with blood, and their entrails had been scattered across an area of about ten feet. I hadn't known them for more than a day. But still I grieved their deaths. Turning away from the gruesome corpses, I began to wander aimlessly through the thickly forested and snow-covered terrain. Not long after, without food, water, heat or shelter, my body grew too weak, and I collapsed in the snow. I had lain there, close to death, until the wolves had come. The wolf, his blood-red eyes locked on my own. His terrifying jaws closing around my neck to end my life... I woke with a start, jerking upright. Pain permeated my senses, but it had been dulled since before. I drew in quick, ragged breaths, but panic still had an iron grip on my heart. My pulse pounded loudly in my ears, a fast cadence. Suddenly, strong but gentle hands were pushing me back down into a laying position. Markus's face appeared in front of me. His expression was twisted in worry. "Hush, it's alright. I promise. Shh." He soothed me, and the pounding of my heart began to return to normal. I evened out my breathing a bit forcefully. He didn't take his eyes off me. "Better now?" He asked tenderly. I nodded, and took a deep breath. My body relaxed slowly, and I became more aware of my surroundings. There was a thick, very soft blanket wrapped around me, and in the dim light, I could see it's whitish grey color. The walls were wood paneled, and the dark color of them made the room seem somehow darker. The curtain was thin, I could see the outline of people behind it in front of the main light source, which appeared to be a fireplace. It was also the type of curtain that had somewhat confusing geometrical designs all over it in four main colors, white, red, orange, and yellow. There wasn't a window in the small space of my enclosure, and Markus didn't seem to mind the dimness the windowlessness caused. He was still watching me, calmly now. "Could you speak if I got you something to drink and eat? I know that talking seems to hurt, but I'm sure some water would help." He saw my feeble nod, and left silently. A few moments later, he came back brandishing a tray of what appeared and smelled to be oatmeal, along with a clear glass cup of water. "Do you think you can eat on your own, or would you like some help?" He asked setting the tray down beside me. I struggled to try and move my broken right arm, but the pain was so immense that I gasped loudly. Markus winced, "I'm gonna go ahead and say no." He gave me a closer look, "It won't be that bad, I know it's a little degrading, but atleast it's something in your stomach." He gave me a cheerful smile. I smiled weakly back at him. That made a happiness creep into his dark eyes. He lifted the spoon from the bowl of slightly steaming oatmeal, and pressed it gently against my closed lips. Very reluctantly, I opened my mouth and allowed him to feed me. He seemed to enjoy watching me savor the food.

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"Certainly you haven't gone too long without food?" He inquired once the bowl and glass were empty. With a new strength, I was able to reply much more easily. "I haven't eaten in about two days. That's quite a while for me." My voice was stronger, but still a little whispery. He nodded understandingly. "Would you mind telling me who you are, and how you came to be way up here?" He waited patiently while I gathered my bearings. "I was on a trip. Something I've been looking forward to for a while. The small plane I was on had some kind of problem...and it went down. When I woke up among the debris, I managed to find the only other two who had been on board. They, " I closed my eyes sadly as the horrid memory resurfaced, "they were dead. Their bodies ravaged, and their entrails ripped from their body. It was horrifying. Blood was all over the snow. It looked like something had taken apart their remains." I shivered involuntarily. Markus kept a stony expression and nodded for me to continue. "I wandered into the woods without thought, and eventually, my body collapsed from exhaustion. Time passed, I can't be sure how much, and I saw flickers of movement. Then, " the wolf flickered back once more, and its eyes were Markus' s again, causing me to gasp. He blinked, " Are you okay? Is this where you remember that wolf you told me about?" He seemed worried, but also somewhat surprised. I nodded. My throat had constricted in fear, but Markus' eyes were back to their dark color. 'Why do they keep doing that?' I wondered. He rocked back on his heels again, and a thoughtful look came over him. "I know that you're still a little traumatized by this, but could you describe the specific wolf you remember? Please, I know it's a lot to ask, but I'm part of the team here that studies the wolves in the area." He looked at me pleadingly. I swallowed the lump that had formed in my throat. "He was black, and had very silky fur, I could see his muscles rippling beneath it, and he moved with a malign grace. His eyes were the deepest blood-red. The scariest thing is how big he was. He was huge. I can't tell you how shocking that is, but I bet you he could have taken down an elephant if he wanted. And his fangs...his fangs had closed around my neck. I thought I was dead. But apparently I'm not." I licked my lips. Markus was stiff, and looking off into space, I could tell he was thinking very deeply about something. Without a word, he gathered up the tray and its contents and left. Fear set in instantly, and I began to wonder if I had done something wrong. I sighed heavily, and let everything fade from my mind. In only a few minutes the world faded into black. "Wakey wakey, eggs and bakey..." A deep, familiar voice stirred me from the depths of my slumber. My eyes opened slowly, to find a fork with scrambled eggs on it being waved in my face. I groaned, and rubbed my eyes with my good hand. "I knew that food would work." Markus popped the bit of eggs in his mouth. He was sitting cross-legged on the end of the bed with a bowl filled with scrambled eggs, and if my nose didn't deceive me, bacon. I blinked a few times, and yawned. He looked so childish like that. The goofy grin on his face, and his obviously messy hair which was now unbound and hung to his middle. He gave me a bigger, goofier grin that made me wanna giggle. "Goodmorning. How are you feeling? Your'e arm has healed, remarkably, not to mention your ribs." He sounded quite cheery. I blinked in surprize. "Healed?!" My arm couldn't have healed that fast, nor could my ribs. He nodded, "They were just bruised." I was a little dizzy, and the world began to spin. "How long was I out?" I whisperd, bewildered. He had stuffed more eggs into his mouth, and took a second to chew and swallow. "Well, we administered some medicine to help you heal, but they make you sleep for long periods of time. You were in and out, but I suspect that you don't remember a thing, do you?" He pointed the fork at me, waiting for an answer. "No, I don't, but that doesn't answer my question." He stabbed more eggs, "You've been out for about a month, " he popped the eggs in his mouth. My eyes went wide, and I stared at him in disbelief. "You can't be serious." "Very serious." He said after swallowing. I groaned in distress. "What could have knocked me out for almost a month?" He just took another bite of his eggs, and offered me a piece of bacon. I grudgingly sat up, the muscles in my body aching as I did. Once I was fully upright, Markus handed me the piece of bacon. I nibbled on it, savoring the taste. He watched me with an amused smile. "I take it you like bacon?" He asked with a soft chuckle. I nodded as I finished it off. He shook his head with a smile, and tilted the bowl towards me. "Want anymore? It's only been about two hours since I fed you. So I wasn't sure if you'd want any." His words must be true, because my stomach was full. I shook my head, wondering how he could've fed me if I was passed out. But then again, he had said that he suspected I wouldn't remember a thing. And I didn't. Having a chunk of your memory missing is quite disturbing, especially if you're in a strange place that you haven't been in before. It was also very frightening. To have no recollection whatsoever of the past month in this place. I snapped out of my momentary thoughtfulness, and found that Markus was watching me very carefully. His dark eyes dwelled on my own,

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and I became suddenly self conscious. I was still wrapped in the fluffy white blanket, and under that, I could feel my bloodied and slightly tattered clothes. I briefly wondered how I had gone to the bathroom, but decided it was probably better not to think about that. That's when I realized I had to pee. "Aw, crap." I muttered under my breath. Markus arched a black brow. "What?" I didn't reply, but I felt the blood rise to my cheeks. A smirk appeared on his face, and he nearly laughed. "I knew you'd have to pee eventually. Well, c'mon." He stood up, and offered me his free hand. I slowly placed my feet on the ground and stood up, a series of pops coming from my joints. I took his hand to steady myself, as my equilibrium tried to rebalance. The world spun for a moment, and Markus tightened his grip so that I didn't fall. Once I gathered myself, he smiled down at me, and I realized just how tall he was. He stood over a foot taller than my five foot, two inches. He pulled aside the curtain, and led me out of the small room.

Chapter 2

When I stepped out of the little room I had grown accustomed to, it took a little effort to steel my nerves, because I could feel eyes training on me. This room was quite similar in detail to the room where I had apparently spent so much time. However, it wasn't the grand fireplace to my right, nor the large grey couch in front of it that caught my immediate attention, it was the people on the couch. Six of them, three boys and three girls, and all of them staring at me. Two girls, obviously twins, really got my attention, due to their deep red hair. One of them smiled at me kindly, her brown eyes, exactly like her twins, twinkling. I gave her a small, sheepish smile back, and took in the other girl. She was blonde with deep green eyes, and the look on her face told me she didn't approve of me for a second. *'She doesn't like me. Maybe she's Markus' girlfriend?'* My eyes didn't linger on her and her sneer. Instead they flickered to the boys. The three of them were similar in the fact that they could be brothers. One of them held up a hand in greeting, and I blushed as I quickly assessed him. His eyes were sea-green and I saw no menace in his gently round face that was almost covered by curly light brown hair, only kindness that I was very grateful for. He was quite simply the smaller of the three with a slender build. The other two regarded me steadily, and emotionlessly. The obviously oldest had the darkest brown hair, with less curls than the other two, and misty grey eyes. The last was apparently the middle of the two, his eyes stared at me, a gorgeous shade of blue.

Markus brought me from my scrutiny by taking my hand and squeezing it gently. He made sure he had my attention before announcing in a very reassuring tone, "I'll introduce you later, but for now you need to get cleaned up." I could tell this was his way of promising them that they'd get to talk to me soon enough.

They all looked away from me, and I felt my body relax as Markus led me to a door nearly across from us in the rectangular room. He opened it to reveal a large bathroom with a walk-in shower, bathtub, three standard white sinks, and a large mirror over them, as well as three cabinets under them. He let go of me, and knelt down at the cabinets, opening them, and gathering up different items that he handed to me. I looked at the dark blue towel, disposable razor, shampoo, conditioner, shaving cream, poof, and bar of soap with understanding. He gave me a big smile as he searched around for something else, seemingly not finding it. "I figured you might like to clean up a little. I can't find my hairbrush, so I'll hunt for it while you shower." He said as he walked to the door. "Oh, and I'll get Amy to bring you some clothes that should fit." He smiled.

I blinked. "Amy?"

He stopped and laughed, realizing he hadn't introduced me to anyone. "I think you noticed she and her sister are twins, but she's the one who was smiling at you."

"Oh."

"Yea, well, I'll go ahead and get out so you can clean yourself up, no offense." With one last smile, he left, shutting the door behind him.

I took a deep breath, and observed myself in the mirror. My face twisted in disgust at the dirt all over my clothes, and I immediately began stripping them off. When I had removed the last garment, I took the necessary items, and walked into the shower. As the hot water pounded on my back, I felt muscles relaxing that I hadn't known were tense, and I inhaled deeply the thick steam from the water, and scrubbed away the grime and filth. I lathered shampoo into my hair, enjoying the feeling of cleanliness as it washed down the drain. When my skin was pink and smelled of roses from being scrubbed clean, and I had even gotten the dirt out from under my nails, I turned off the water. For a few minutes I simply leaned against the shower wall, letting the water drip and stream from my hair and down my body. Then I heard the door shut, and I jerked upright, almost losing my footing and falling.

"Oops. Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. I just brought you some clothes. Are you okay?" Her voice was loud, but soft, and it fit her.

"Uhm, heh, yea." I said a little nervously.

The towel was draped over the shower door, and I thankfully took it, and wrapped it around myself before stepping out. She was about as tall as Markus, and I found myself feeling small as she handed me a bundle of clothes. "That's a pair of sweats, some underwear, and a gray sweater, I'm sorry there isn't a bra." She smiled at me, and I found myself relaxing, something I'm not good at around people I don't know very well.

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"It's fine. Thank you." I smiled back shyly.

She nodded, and turned to leave. "If they don't fit, just knock on the door, I'll be right outside."

She left, and I pulled on the comfortable clothes, but honestly regretted the lack of a bra, because everyone was bound to notice what it caused. I sighed, and tried to dry my curly/wavy black hair, in vain with only a towel, before opening the bathroom door. True to her word, there was Amy, smiling at me brightly. "Feel better?" She asked good naturedly.

I blushed, my social anxieties starting to rise up now that my mind was a little sharper. "Much."

Markus caught my eye from behind her, walking towards us, his tall figure a happy sight for me, because odd as it is, I feel comfortable with him. He had a brush in his hands, and I felt a slight tingle of worry shoot through me because I was well aware of all the tangles in my hair. Amy must have seen me looking behind her, 'cause she turned around. "Hey, Markus. Ooh, she isn't gonna like that." Amy said knowingly.

Markus gave her a mock offended face, "I'll have you know, that I am very gentle when it comes to knots in hair."

Amy laughed, "Yea, I bet you do since you've got almost as much hair as she does!" She bantered with him light heartedly.

I could tell from the way they laughed that they were friends, and close ones at that. *'Maybe she's his girlfriend?'* But why did that even matter to me? I hadn't known these people for long, and I certainly didn't know enough about Markus to be interested in a relationship, so why should I care? And yet, I do. Huh.

Author Note

I would really love to know what you think. It would be much appreciated because my writing isn't very.....read. Sometimes I just wonder why I write, if no one is going to read it. But to those of you who do, THANK YOU!!! â ¥

Oh, and if you have any questions, feel free to email me: britny8987@gmail.com

Chapter 3

Markus rolled his eyes, and motioned for me to follow him. He simply led me back to my little room, and had me sit down on the floor, while he sat behind me on the bed, and brushed my hair. The way his fingers skillfully and painlessly removed all the knots from my hair, soothed me completely. So when he spoke, I was totally unprepared for what he said. "We can't let you leave."

I was caught totally off guard by that, and my whole body tensed.

"W-what do you mean?" My voice trembled with sudden fear.

He continued brushing out my hair with steady hands. "I mean exactly what I said. See, there's a blizzard coming through, and I really don't like the idea of you being in it."

"Oh." I said, relieved.

He stroked my hair softly, and I sighed slowly. "What am I going to do then?"

"Well, stay here with me, ofcourse. I've taken good enough care of you so far, haven't I?" He teased.

I rolled my eyes, and made my hand into a mouth, making it speak in his general direction. That made him laugh. "Are you five?" He asked sarcastically.

"No. I'm four." I exaggerated back with equal sarcasm.

He laughed. "You're adorable."

The room was quiet for a moment. "I never asked your name." He broke the momentary silence.

My eyes widened, as I realized he was right. "It's Nalta."

"Beautiful." He murmured, stroking my hair.

I closed my eyes, and allowed myself to relax. "Hey, Markus, when can we talk to her?" A female voice inquired, startling me.

"Later, right now I'm busy." He said, sounding a little irritated.

The female gave a heavy sigh, and then there was simply silence.

Slowly I turned and faced him, looking at him, the beauty of his features, and felt myself blush when I realized he was looking back at me. "So, " I murmured softly, trying to cover up my oggling, "they seem to really wanna talk to me, huh?"

He smiled at me widely, and stroked my hair again, "Yeah, seems that way, doesn't it?" He laughed softly.

"They just wanna get to know you, I think. We don't get many visitors way out here, as you can probably imagine. And then there's the fact that you've been here a while, and you were simply unconscious. That bugged 'em." Markus' smile widened.

"Really?" A giggle slipped past my lips. "That's kinda funny. But I'm not very interesting, I promise." I gave him a small smile.

He shook his head in disagreement. "I find you very interesting, Nalta. Even you're name to me is interesting." Markus' warm smile made my heart flutter.

I blushed deeply, and turned away. I heard him sigh softly, it made me feel a little bad. He made me want to kiss those soft, lush lips. My heart pounded loudly at the thought, echoing in my ears. I felt him lift my hair from my neck, and as his fingers stroked it, the heat of his breath glided across my exposed skin. I inhaled sharply, fire scorching my veins as his gentle lips caressed my skin. He kissed my neck slowly, his moist lips sending shivers down my spine. His arms wrapped around me, and he pulled me onto his lap. A soft gasp escaped me as his teeth scraped my neck. My eyes closed, and as he sucked on my skin, gently tugging at it and stroking it with his tongue, a soft moan slipped from me. A low growl rose from him, and his teeth pressed against my neck. "Markus!" I jumped as someone yelled his name, and he released me, I fell to the ground.

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