

Running From My Past...Literally

By : wolfofessed

5 years later, Lei has finished school and after cutting ties with her pack and the supernatural world after the war, she's stuck in a dead end job as a waitress. After the death of her mate, Jayden, she refuses to even keep in contact with any of her supernatural friends. As much as she tries to avoid the supernatural they seem to find her where ever she goes or works. Her room mate and fellow employee, Lianne, tells her that there has been specific enquiries of Lei's past from mysterious looking customers... This does not bode well for Lei, and god does she know it... Trying to hide and run from her past just doesn't seem to be working, bumping into old friends in dusty libraries, meeting new supernaturals who KNOW who and what she is, running from Hunters on the streets... Can she escape her past or will she be hunted for the rest of her life? ****Wolf Obsession Sequel****



Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/wolfofessed

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Chapter 1: Sign Here To Die

Heeeeee my lovely readers :)

I've got around to writing the sequel to Wolf Obsession quicker than I thought, make sure if you haven't read Wolf Obsession that you read it before this as I'm not very good with summaries and you won't get it...Hope you enjoy the first chapter :) Please don't hesitate to tell me what you think!

Wolfee xx

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Chapter One: Sign Here To Die

"Would you like something to drink with that sir?" I droned for the fiftieth time today... this job couldn't possibly be any more repetitive if it tried. Why had I gone for a job in waitressing? Technically, I hadn't finished school, so without qualifications this was the only thing I could do that was even slightly bearable. In other words, I didn't have a choice. Smiling slightly at the old man who'd had the 'fortune' to be sitting at one of my tables today, I wrote down his order and twirled away to talk to my friend and roomy, Lianne. Handing the order over to the kitchen staff, I rolled my eyes as I approached Lianne.

What to tell you about Lianne? Well, she's the most awesome person I've ever met, she's down to earth and friendly, funny and extremely talkative. She's also so caring that it's scary, whenever I'm depressed she doesn't ask questions, just sits by me and tells me everything is going to be alright and even when she's having a hard time, I'll be there for her as she is for me. We stick up for each other and she's like the sister I never had.

To say Lianne was beautiful, would be an understatement. You see, Lianne's a natural blonde, her flawless curls sitting oh-so-perfectly on her shoulders, her heart shaped face covered in just the right amount of makeup so it didn't look trashy. Her thick long eyelashes framed her jewel-like eyes, to be honest her eyes are like dark sapphires... almost as if they held secrets, they were dark and mysterious and that's what I liked about her too, she was different. Like me.

What I liked the most about her? She's was smaller than me, which makes me feel superior (not that I am)... oh and I always forget, she's human and knows absolutely zilch about the paranormal... In my eyes, that's brilliant. What more could I ask for? Nothing. Around her I can be relaxed, be my old self, before all that hell happened five years ago.

Meeting Jayden... Finding out I was a werewolf... Getting involved in a war that was older than me... Being tortured... All of it was something I didn't want to remember, so I left. Left my town, my home, my school all so that I wouldn't be tortured by my own memories for the rest of my life. What had needed was a new start, away from all the madness... Even though I'm still a werewolf, I like to pretend I'm not.

I'd managed to go five whole years without running into any supernaturals I know, I'd seen a few on the streets and to be honest it surprised me... I hadn't expected that there were so many, I mean in normal circumstances six or seven people in five years wasn't that many, but when you think about them being supernaturals and this **not** being a normal situation, then it is... If they were vampires, they would nod curtly to me and carry on; if they were werewolves they'd normally stalk me until I told them in a not-so-nice way to go away; if they were elves they just smiled and looked curiously at me... but none had ever stopped to talk, so I had yet to be bothered.

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Although... there'd been a few strange customers in the restaurant lately, all human and all cloaked in black and all staring... at me. That was a worrying thought, seems as I didn't know much about the Hunters... were they hunters or were they not? How was I supposed to know? And these strangers hadn't stopped at staring, they'd been asking questions about me to the other members of staff; enquiries like 'Where did she come from?' and 'How long has she been here?'

To tell you the truth, it scared me witless, but there was no way I was going to let the Hunters or some random humans chase me out of the town I'd live in for five years. They'd have to tie me up and drag me out of here if they wanted me to leave; I wouldn't let myself be threatened, I was a damn werewolf for crying out loud. If someone was to be threatening it would be me. After all I was the feisty female werewolf, I was the Alpha female of the whole werewolf race... I had authority, even if they refused to admit it... stupid males, I swear they all have a brain the size of a pea!

"No cuties yet, huh?" Lianne pouted, twirling her hair around her fingers absent-mindedly.

Oh and I forgot to mention, Lianne's obsessed with the opposite sex.

"Not unless you count several bald and wrinkly old men as hot?" I snorted, running a hand through my short blonde hair... yeah, I'd died my hair and cut it all off, as I said everything's changed and that included my looks. I still had my werewolf eyes, they were irreplaceable, but my skin had lost its colour and had become milky white and I may have lost a little amount of the weight I had... only a little I promise... Five years can change a person and I've more than changed.

"Hmmm..." She paused as if to think, and I fake gasped. "Not yet," she laughed, and I couldn't but giggle with her. Now this was how life should be, no rollercoaster rides, just fun!

A shout from the kitchen had both of us running to the little peep-hole; Matt smiled at us through the small window, his gaze lingering on Lianne... I totally think he has a thing for her, even if Lianne is oblivious to it and Matt refuses to admit it.

Matt gave us a lopsided smile, the first thing I'd noticed about Matt was that he liked to smile a lot, every time I saw him he was beaming as if he'd just won the lottery. He also had really big hands, they're almost twice the size of my dainty hands; yes, I am telling you about his hands. Anyway, Matt has the most vibrant red hair I've ever seen, it's literally like a light bulb; you could find him almost everywhere. He's cute to say the least, he's got these adorable dimples whenever he smiles, which is like every minute of every day. I think Matt and Lianne would definitely make the cutest couple.

Handing a dish to Lianne, he smirked at me.

"Your admirer is back, Lei and as always, he's requested you," Matt laughed, his grin growing wider by the second as my facial expression dropped.

"Again? Doesn't he ever get sick of eating the same thing every day? Does he not get sick of the sight of me?!" I groaned, clenching my hands in frustration.

"I know I do," Matt muttered, a daring twinkle entering his shining emerald eyes, I sent him a frosty look. If looks could kill, he'd be dead. I'd perfected the angry look and no longer looked like a constipated cat... so all was good in the world.

Moaning, I stomped out of the kitchen and back into the brightly lit restaurant. I scanned the room, my eyes found my supposed 'admirer', but I found it more 'stalkerish' than anything. Although tonight he'd brought a

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friend - ooh goody! If his friend's anything like him then I'm in for a good night. I could without doubt say his friend looked even more stalker-like than my 'admirer'.

As always my admirer, whose name I'd soon learned was Jake after several nights, was dressed in bright colours and his black hair spiked up, although tonight he looked... different. I couldn't quite tell how, but he did. I hadn't seen him in a couple of days and he definitely looked fatigued and slightly... roughed up? Let's say he didn't look to good, the usual bright eyed perky look he'd mastered looked... well, less perky, you could say he even looked defeated. The smile he greeted me with was tight-lipped and I immediately knew something was up.

Jake's friend was the definition of doom and gloom, dressed in all black he instantly reminded me of the hunters I'd been seeing recently. His hair was even darker than Jake's, styled in a buzz cut; his eyes dark and mysterious and don't get me started with the shifty look... he practically screamed suspicious. His lips were turned down in a permanent glaring scowl. My she-wolf's hackles were raised merely at the sight of him, but resisting the urge to kill him or run away, I strode over to their table my pad and pen in hand... like a pen would save me, the most I could do was accidentally draw on him- ooooooh dangerous pen weapon... yeah right. I was defenceless and for all I knew I could be walking towards a hunter, and all I needed to do was sign on the dotted line.

Fixing a fake smile on my face, I stood by their table and introduced myself- not that I needed to introduce myself to Jake, he'd come almost every night for the past two months and I was sure he knew my name by now. I received another taut smile from Jake and a grunt from the stranger, who looked me up and down with distaste. Warning bells were ringing in my head, but I ignored them. If he was a hunter, he wouldn't dare attack me in public, he'd risk a scene and probably get arrested for attacking a 'young defenceless girl'.

I take their orders and am counting down the seconds till I can scurry away. Writing down the last couple of letters, I quickly say thank you and turn to leave. But as always, something happens. A hand grabs my wrist and I gasp, trying to pull my hand away. The hand grabbing me is adorned in silver rings, I follow the hand to meet the eyes of Jake's friend. He's glaring at me and I try hard not to cry out in pain as his silver rings burn into my skin. The nameless man is still holding tightly onto my wrist after a few seconds and I can begin to feel a small rivulet of blood trickle into my hand.

"I'm warning you now, wolf," he hissed, baring his crooked teeth in a snarl. "Watch your back."

Having said that, he loosened his grip and I swiftly snatched my hand back. After glaring at the definite hunter and a pale apologetic Jake, I dart into the bathroom before Lianne can see my wrist. If that man wasn't a hunter than I don't know anything anymore.

Hunters say we're the enemy, that supernaturals should be wiped out and that we're the feral ones... but in my eyes, that will never be true. Not because of the fact that I am a supernatural, but because of the way they act, the hunters will always be vicious and sadistic. They claim that we, as supernaturals, are animals, but we are not the ones snarling threats or killing anyone, we are not the ones that are killing others loved ones or destroying families.

Who cares if we aren't normal?

We live like normal people, or try to. They hunt us because of one supernatural's mistake, they killed someone they shouldn't have killed, and suddenly everyone has an issue with the entire race? If this were to happen among humans it would be seen as immature and unreasonable, and that's everything the hunters are. They are blinded by vengeance, and cannot or will not see reason.

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If Jake's friend was going to kill me, why warn me? Wouldn't that only make me harder to get? Or did he want me to be paranoid... Was he trying to scare me out of town? If he did, then I'd laugh at his feeble attempt. It's going to take a whole lot more than an empty threat to rid this town of me. Although, I couldn't help, but think that he was being serious and he really was warning me... Was I in danger? Biting my lip, I decided to try not to think about the threat for the rest of work, I could think about it later when I had more time.

I studied my wrist before running placing it in the basin filled with cold water. My wrist was blistered, looking almost like a third degree burn; my skin was an angry red and was covered with dots of blood. The water soon turned crimson, but my hand slowly began to feel better. I stood there for a good ten minutes before I withdrew my hand from the water. Gazing at my newly healed wrist, I smiled... being a werewolf did have its perks. My skin was still a pale scarlet, and was slightly tender whenever I moved it. Gently drying my hand, I went back to work. The obvious threat still sitting heavily on my mind.

Chapter 2: How The Story Ends

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Five minutes later, I was grovelling to Lianne to change tables with me.

"Please, please, **please!** Change tables with me! I can't serve them any more!" I begged, my hands clasped together and my puppy dog eyes staring sadly at her. Lianne stood there and hesitated for a brief second before furrowing her eyebrows and staring coldly at me.

"No."

My lip quivered. Her gaze instantly softened, and she paused longer this time. Her uncertainty was all I needed to know I'd won the battle. My emotions soared at the thought of not having to serve Jake and his hunter.

"*Fine*," she moaned, her shoulders dropping in defeat.

"Thank you. Thank you. Thank you!" I grinned, embracing her in a vice like grip. She squeaked almost silently, and I immediately released her from the hug. It wasn't unusual that I'd forget about my extra-strength, I don't know what Lianne thought about it, but luckily for me she'd never brought up the conversation.

"You so owe me," she added smirking, her eyes narrowing at me.

I beamed at her in the silliest manner possible, and she couldn't help, but laugh quietly.

"You're amazing!"

"I know," she agreed, winking at me before twirling to leave.

* * * * *

Work carried on as normal after that, I had no tables near where Jake sat so I was safe. Every time I left the kitchen to serve a table, I couldn't help but feel someone glaring a hole into the back of my head and I knew, without doubt, that it was Jake's friend. I was beginning to doubt that this man was even Jake's friend or even an associate of Jake, the relationship looked more like a master and slave. Jake wasn't in a good situation and everyone could see that. The possibility of Jake being one of them, a hunter, ran through my mind, but I quickly dismissed the thought as ridiculous. Refusing to look at their table, I waltzed through the double doors and bumped straight into Lianne.

"Sorry," I squealed steadying her, lucky for me she hadn't been carrying any plates or drinks. That could have ended in one big mess.

"No problem," she responded quickly, before rushing to serve a table. We were hard pressed tonight, a couple of the staff and fallen ill and without anyone else to help, we had to handle the work ourselves.

Sighing, I collapsed into a chair and rested my head back, closing my eyes. Exhaustion seeped into my limbs and even if I'd wanted to, I didn't think I could muster the energy to move anywhere. I didn't understand why I'd been so tired lately, I wasn't due to change for at least a week and I'd been getting enough sleep. Then why was I so tired? It was possible it was something to do with my recent contact with silver, but it had been so

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long since I'd touched it that I didn't know. It didn't make sense, but if I'm honest I still don't know all the facts about being a werewolf.

I must have fallen asleep because next thing I knew someone was shaking me softly by the shoulder. Stirring, I moaned. As soon as I woke I felt the dead-weight of my body and the crick in my neck. I pulled open my heavy-lidded eyes. Green eyes stared back at me. I jumped, startled at the intensity and exhaled slowly as I realised it was a friend.

"Rough night?" Matt asked me, leaning away.

Rubbing my eyes, I groaned, "You could say that."

"Tired?"

I raised my head to stare at him in disbelief.

"I'll take that as a yes," he commented, his eyebrow raised. "Anyway," he continued in a lighter tone, "I've let you sleep for as long as I could, but Alan came looking for you saying your tables had been complaining. Lianne has been doing what you should be doing so get up and go to work."

"Sorry," I mumbled, still fighting off the blanket of sleep.

"And so you should be," he replied firmly, before trotting back to the kitchen.

Dragging in a haggard breath, I realised if I didn't do any work I'd end up having a not-so-good conversation with Alan, our boss. Alan was friendly, but if you got on the wrong side of him you were doomed. I stumbled towards the hatch. My eyes flickered between the orders hanging from the clips, I immediately felt guilty for leaving my work to Lianne. Carefully handling three plates of food was a whole lot harder than it looked, thankfully I'd mastered this skill in the past few years. Making sure I wasn't going to drop the plates I'd strategically held, I slowly made my way back into the brightly lit restaurant. The intense lights were a shock from the dim bulbs in the kitchen. Squinting my eyes against the brightness, I shuffled towards one of my tables and delicately put down each of their dishes whilst apologising for the delay.

Lucky for me, this table was occupied by an old dear and her two chubby grandkids who reminded me of a pair of blonde haired cherubs, but it seemed the elderly lady was more concerned about me than how long they'd had to wait. I apologised once more and turned to leave when the grandma spoke to me.

"Dear?"

I swivelled round and gave her a tired smile.

"Yes?" I responded politely, not really bothered by the old lady's wish to speak to me. It was nice to have chatty customers once in a while, it kept this job as interesting as it could get.

"Is he worth it?" she asked kind-heartedly, a soft smile lighting up her face.

"*Excuse me?*" I frowned, my eyebrows furrowing. What was she on about?

"Is he worth all your pain? All your heartbreak?" she repeated, staring me in the eyes.

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Then it hit me. She was on about guys. Understanding flooded me. Something has got to be wrong here, an old lady was talking to me about boys... that is not normal. Never.

"You think-"

"No, girl, I **know**. I've seen that look on so many young girls' faces. Don't let him hurt you, the man's clearly a fool if he left a pretty caring girl like yourself. You should forget him."

"No," I mutter, trying to end this conversation politely, but mainly before she opened an old wound.

"You can lie as much as you want. But it's written all over your face that you've lost your special man and I can tell you he's not all that special. Most likely a moron and a jerk."

"No!" I shouted at her, noting her surprised expression I stormed off, not noticing that every set of eyes in the room was staring directly at me. I didn't care. She'd opened old wounds and now I couldn't help the tears streaming down my face. My heart throbbed painfully and I burst through the kitchen, and fell against the wall. One word had come to mind as soon as she'd began talking to me about the opposite sex. Jayden. For the love of god, I missed him. Never touched or loved another man because of him. As much as the others told me he was dead, I never believed it. Never and still don't. Five years had passed and no sign of him, the evidence told how the story ended... but I don't believe it. I still have hope.

All those names the old lady had said, were the opposite of Jayden. They were names I would have possibly described Xavier, my partner of war, as, but never Jayden. They always say that when a person dies you always focus on their good points and forget the bad, that was exactly what I was doing. I wanted to forget all about the fact that Jayden had kidnapped me and claimed me as his. What I wanted to remember was how sweet he was, and when we spent time together alone and most importantly how he supported me through my changes. I loved him and I still do.

A hand touched my shoulder and to say I freaked would be lying. I practically died having a heart attack. Flinching away from the touch, I tried to calm my erratic breathing. In five years I still hadn't improved with my fright skills.

"What the hell happened before to make you this jumpy?" Lianne whispered furiously, her arms folded. One thing I'd learned to read about people is if you see a woman with her arms crossed get well out the way, because this is when she's at her angriest and boy, you don't want to get in the way of that. With Lianne this meant I wasn't going to get out alive unless I answered her questions. Although as I slowly turned to face her and she saw my tear-streaked face, her expression instantly softened. Questions forgotten.

"Oh, Lei! Come here," she whispered, pulling me into a warm hug and rocking me slightly as the water works started again and I sobbed into her shoulder.

"It's going to be ok," she cooed, rubbing my back softly in an attempt to soothe me.

Five minutes later, I took a deep breath and pulled away, smiling awkwardly at Lianne. It makes me feel kind of guilty that I hide so much from her, that she shares her secrets with me, but I have to make up secrets only to satisfy her curiosity. As much as I trusted Lianne, I could never tell her the truth though. As much as it pained me, I had to keep quiet. If I ever told her, someone would find out and kill her, then me. The supernatural world was kept secret from humans for a reason. Even if I could tell Lianne, I wouldn't. Her opinion of me would instantly change. I can image the conversation now.

Hey Lianne, I'm a werewolf.

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Silence

Sorry what?

I'm a werewolf.

Are you ok?

Yeah, I only change forms every ten days so it's fine.

More silence

And that would be the end of our friendship. She would never believe me and I'd probably end up in a mental institute for believing I can change into a wolf. How silly...

"Are you-" Lianne starts, but I cut her off realising my shift is almost finished for the night.

"I'm good," I assured her, and I quickly disappeared to hand my last dish out for the night. With a tight lipped smile to the customer, I hurried into the kitchen. As soon as I walked through the double doors I realised that I hadn't felt anyone staring at me, which must mean that Jake and his friend had left. **Hallelujah!** Popping into the kitchen, I bid goodbye to Matt and he ruffled my hair. To say the least, I wasn't impressed after giving him my 'are-you-serious' look.

As I was leaving, he shouted after me, "Get some sleep!"

I laughed and promised him that I would. Slinging my bag over my shoulder, I gave Lianne a curt nod. She smiled back, inclining her head politely. I'd see her later back at the apartment, she worked later tonight that I did.

A bitter wind chilled me as I left the pleasant and warm atmosphere in the restaurant. The weather was cold for November with a cloudless sky you could see the blanket of stars covering the heavens. Thank god it wasn't raining for once; otherwise I'd be a drowned rat. Drawing my jacket around me tightly, I slowly made my way down the dimly lit street.

Problem with this street was all the lamp-posts were near the restaurant whereas I lived further down and even with my enhanced vision I could barely see. I only lived a fifteen minute walk away from the restaurant, which I guess is quite handy. After a few minutes of sauntering in the direction of home, the lights have already vanished and the street is lit with moonlight, but only just.

Another gust of wind and I'm definitely feeling the harsh November weather in my bones. The streets were empty, and not a sound could be heard besides the soft padding of my footsteps. If I was a normal person looking down this street now, I'd instantly associate it with a horror film. Windows of houses are smashed and boarded up, some without doors and front gardens that resemble swamps.

The wind suddenly changes direction, bringing with it a few dots of rain, but that's not all it brings. I span round, my teeth bared in a silent feral snarl, my eyes quickly scanning the street before settling. My nose had been right. I had smelt a human scent. A blood-thirsty scent. I glanced back in the direction I'd been walking in and my blood turned cold.

I was surrounded.

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Heeeeeey Readers :)

If you want updating, make sure you comment on the newest chapter :)

I'm going to update once or twice a week from now on, depending on how busy I am, but I will always try to get at least one update done a week! If I don't...well... let's not get into that! Anyway hope you enjoyed this chapter and PLEASE comment :) Criticism is always welcome =D

Thanks,

Wolfee xx

Oh and guess what?

It's my birthday tomorrow! Woo!

So no more updates till next week now! :)

Chapter 3: Trapped

A/N:Sorry this took me so long to post, I've been having internet problems due to the snow -.- The amount of snow here is absolutely ridiculous :o but we get days off school so it's all good :) On top of the snow, I've been really ill which has stopped me further -.- I wasn't a happy bunny this weekend. Although I must mention that this chapter is longer than usual so it should make up for the delay :) Hope you enjoy it and please comment =D

-Caitlin x

Chapter 3: Trapped

The wind suddenly changes direction, bringing with it a few dots of rain, but that's not all it brings. I span round, my teeth bared in a silent feral snarl, my eyes quickly scanning the street before settling. My nose had been right. I had smelt a human scent. A blood-thirsty scent. I glanced back in the direction I'd been walking in and my blood turned cold. I was surrounded.

Was I being suicidal? Why hadn't I been paying attention to where I was going!? Even after the blatant threat back at the restaurant... I'd shoot myself, but that would make it easy for them. One thing that had remained the same over the past few years... My hatred for hunters. If they did kill me, I wasn't going to make it easy.

I resisted the urge to change forms, and screamed for my panicked thoughts to stop. I exhaled deeply, my breath fogging in front of my eyes. Struggling to calm down, I surveyed my situation. To say I was surrounded was probably an alarmed over-reaction; four men stood nearby. One on either side of me and two across the street; they'd all halted about ten metres away from me. I stood still, not daring to move. My eyes scanned their outfits, they were all wearing black slacks and all of their faces were covered... except for one and I couldn't help, but cringe as his emotionless lips curved into an ugly sneer.

Jake's friend.

Standing not far from me, poised to kill.

What had Jake got into?

More relevantly, what had *I* got into?

A bad situation obviously...

Lucky me.

Searching the area around me for means of escape, my gaze travelled across a small alley entrance. I glanced towards the hunters, it was obvious they knew I could escape... So why hadn't they blocked it? Why hadn't they killed me yet? Not that I was complaining about that, I just didn't understand.

I clearly wasn't thinking straight as I took a step forward, testing my boundaries. They all remained statues. I took another step, and they reached for their guns. Hell if I moved, they would shoot me. So what did I do?

Stupidest move ever.

I ran for it.

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Running for the alleyway, I heard multiple gun shots and I immediately ducked my head. They had a brilliant aim, yet they didn't aim for my vital organs... They aimed for my legs. Why? It didn't make sense. I felt two silver bullets pierce my left calf and I stumbled, clinging onto the slimy wall for support. I could hear the slow approaching of the hunters, they weren't trying to catch me quickly... it was if they were playing with me. Toying with me and I didn't quite know why.

Confused, I staggered onwards; pain shooting through my calf as my muscles contract and relax. Trying to put it to the back of my mind, I turned a corner, then another, then another. Streets blurred together, I couldn't remember which streets I'd been taking. After a few minutes of only hearing the slapping of my own feet on the concrete slabs, I slowed; my ears straining to hear any approaching footsteps. Nothing.

Leaning against the cool bricks, I slowly slid down the wall. I took several deep breaths, trying to calm down my racing heart. That had been close. **Too** close for my liking. I was going to have to be more careful if I wanted to live a bit longer... All the alleyways were lit only from the light of the moon, so I had the advantage. I could see better in the dark than the humans. That's one for me... against a hundred for them... The odds weren't looking good.

I started when I heard voices; clambering to my feet I sighed. Tonight was going to be a *loooong* night. Breaking out into a run, I treaded softer this time in a final attempt to sneak around unheard.

Obviously it didn't work.

Because I almost died... Literally.

"Boo."

Face to face with a hunter, his gun pointed directly at my heart. To say I was frightened would simply be an understatement. I could feel the cold steel of the gun pressed roughly against my skin. Fear burst in my chest as I stared at the object that could easily kill me. All it would take was a small twitch of his fingers, a loud bang and I'd be out like a light. The bullets would be silver, just to make sure I died. They were an overcautious bunch these hunters.

My gaze quickly met his and a smirk crawled across his face, he could see my fear. Unlike the others, this one had removed his mask and was displaying a very ugly scar across his whole face. I didn't recognise him from the fight a few years ago and I was pretty sure I'd remember seeing an injury like that.

"Run," he whispered barely audible, his eyes glinting mischievously.

I stared at him, he pushed me away slightly with the gun.

"Run!" the hunter yelled, throwing his hands up in the air and I instantly shied away. Turning my back on him, I did what the hunter told me. That has to be a first.

"Run!" he bellowed after me in delight, laughing at my resemblance to a frightened mouse.

I sprinted away from him as fast as I could, rounding a few corners I found myself hiding behind a bin. I'd been reduced to hiding, I needed to *think* if I wanted to survive tonight. They were obviously playing with me for fun, I'd gathered that much. But how was that fun? Playing with their prey before they killed them, surely that counted as torture? They were like animals, hunting on the weak and ganging up to make an unfair game. This was not what I pictured myself doing on a Friday night.

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There were more hunters involved than the four I'd seen to begin with, I was going to have to be careful. Dropping my head between my knees, I rested my eyes closed for a minute. I was dead on my feet with exhaustion and I was being chased through a concrete jungle. Just brilliant. Even wide-awake I wasn't a master planner, but now? Now, I was terrible; it was the little mistakes I was going to make that would get me killed and the big mistakes that would get me killed quicker.

Drifting towards the warm blanket of sleep, I was rudely reminded where I was from the soft padding of footsteps coming in my direction. My eyelids felt like lead as I forced them open and focussed on the noise. Whoever or whatever it was were round the corner, so I still had time to escape. Mentally shaking myself, I blindly jogged in the opposite direction. I hear laughter echoing from behind me like hyenas and I run faster.

Then something dawned on me, breaking through my drowsy mind... I was at a dead-end and the hunters were right behind me. S - H - I - T. Groaning in frustration, I quickly studied my surroundings. I noticed I wasn't in a back alley anymore, I was standing in the centre of an old courtyard. The buildings surrounding it were empty, and looked as if they were about to collapse with the slightest wind. The courtyard was cobbled, sitting in the centre was an old well which probably hadn't been used for decades. If I ever had to imagine something that had been abandoned, this would be the image that would pop into my head.

Chancing my luck, I headed for what looked like the most stable building... but then again what did I know about the construction of buildings? Zilch, which is always helpful... Glancing backwards at the adjoining alleyway, I duly noted that it was thankfully empty. I tentatively nudged the front door open with my fingertips, to say the house was old would be a lie; the house was ancient, probably centuries old. The oak of the door decayed with time and the bottom filled with holes where small rodents had forced themselves inside, away from the chilly weather.

When the door didn't crumble under my touch, I used slightly more force on the door. When it didn't budge you could guess my panic, and hearing rushed footsteps made my blood freeze. My thoughts flying in all directions as I tried with all my might to open the door. My breathing quickened and my heart thudded loudly in my chest, I didn't understand how the hunters hadn't heard my frantic heartbeat yet... Placing both my hands solidly on the door, I heaved.

The door groaned in refusal, it's own way of saying 'Nah, you lot ain't going to disturb me now!'. Stupid door! I let out a silent cry of joy as the door moved inwards, however I wasn't quite prepared for it to move that quickly and I found myself lying on a dust-filled carpet.

The house was eerily silent, I sneezed; the once stagnant dust filled the air after being disturbed by my every move. The hunters momentarily forgotten, I had a rapid look around the lobby of the old house. It looked as if it had been from the nineteenth century, a large rich red rug adorned the oak floor. Bulky pieces of furniture finely carved from wood sat undisturbed and layered with thick dust. Chandeliers hung frozen from the ceiling, their tiny crystals tinkling from the slight breeze that had managed to find its way through the door.

Realising the door was still open and that the hunters would soon find me, I scrambled to my feet and slowly closed the door, not wanting it to squeak and give me away. I could hear the rapid footsteps within the courtyard now, at least nine people... and they were all searching the houses, including the one I was in now. Uh-oh.

I crept down the dark hallway, barely able to see in the gloomy unlit room; I moved past several doors, all closed hiding all the old secrets left behind by all those who once lived here. As I walked further into the house I couldn't help, but notice the extravagant pictures on the walls, all of the same creature.

Dragons.

Running From My Past...Literally

The dragons' translucent skin are different shades of pastel colours, they all have a thin bodies with thin tails and necks and close-set wings' running from their shoulders' to the middle of their tails. They all have deep-set eyes that look like emeralds, mesmerising any that look upon its elegance.

I blinked, talk about distractions. Hearing a large bang from outside, I quickly headed towards the stairs. I hesitated... Go upstairs and I'd be trapped, but stay downstairs and they'd be more likely to find me. Would they chance going to the second floor?

What options did I have? Think logically, try to be quiet and find a good hiding place... or all rational thoughts could fly out the window and I could panic. At this moment in time, I was heading towards the latter...

Placing my foot on the bottom step, I cringed as I heard it groan under my weight. Hoping that the Hunters hadn't heard it, I made my way step by step up the stairwell. To say it was painful would be honest. Several more thumps followed the first, each becoming louder meaning it was becoming closer...

Reaching the landing, I let out a sigh of relief. However, as always, it didn't last for long. An extremely loud bang made me cover my ears with my hands, the walls shuddered and dust streamed from the roof. The explosion had been next door... Maybe coming upstairs had been a bad idea after all.

Tough luck, I was up here now. I had to search for a hiding spot, searching the landing I came across two doors. Trying to open the nearest door ended in disaster, the door was pretty much welded shut, even with my enhanced strength it was near impossible to budge even a millimetre. This then left me with the other door, which opened much more easily.

Pushing the door fully open revealed a small room which I guessed was once a bedroom, white washed walls discoloured to a murky grey, faded marks on the wood flooring where furniture had been removed. The room was empty, which therefore meant no hiding place. God damn it. Over the past few years I've come to realise that God really doesn't like me all that much. Double damn him!

Sighing at my misfortune, I closed the door behind me and crouched in the corner behind the door. Hoping for the best, I stared at the centre of the room, tuning my ears into the commotion outside.

"Next house," someone yelled, a female voice by the sound of it.

I heard something heavy being dumped by the front of the house, followed by rapid footsteps in the opposite direction.

"Five," a deep voice muttered, counting down. "Four, three, two, one and-"

The voice was cut off by a tremendous bang downstairs. The walls shook, and I watched in horror as the floor I was sitting on collapsed beneath me. I didn't want to believe it as I fell; everything seemed to slow down, I saw small pieces of rubble fall around me. It looked as if I was going to die. Uttering more blasphemy under my breath seemed a better way to go than praying.

I felt my back collide with something hard and my sight flickered for a moment before focusing. I was lying on my back, staring at what was the ceiling. Stunned, I tried to reorder my thoughts and tried not to panic. I wasn't dead which was immediately a good thing, but I couldn't feel anything below my waist. Not so good. I attempted to sit up, but instantly regretted it as pain seared through my entire body. Biting back a scream, I felt liquid on my hands; lifting one to my eyelevel, I pushed back the feeling of nausea seeing it covered in blood.

Running From My Past...Literally

Debris covered the entire room, thick dust clogged the air so that I could barely breathe. I was lying on a bed of broken wood, all sticking out at uncomfortable angles to make sure I could feel every ounce of pain possible. Gritting my teeth, I remembered how to lessen the pain and heal me slightly. Knowing I'd regret it later if I didn't, I took a deep breath and started the traumatic change to wolf.

A couple of minutes later, I was resting in an awkward position and panting loudly. In my wolf form the dust seemed to be even thicker, I resisted the urge to sneeze as my nose tingled. Thankfully, I could now feel my legs; I couldn't help but smile when I remembered how Jack had figured out that werewolves healed slightly when they changed forms, great things can happen when you crush your windpipe... well when you're a werewolf anyway.

What was not so pleasing was the fact that my legs were now crippled and stuck. A large wooden beam had fallen trapping me beneath its heavy weight. Lucky for me, the huge plank had landed only inches away from my vital organs, any higher and I would've been dead by now. Taking a deep breath, I listened once again to the hunters and cringed when I heard a familiar voice.

"Set fire to them all," I recognised Jake's friend's voice screaming at the other hunters, quickly followed by the crackling sound of burning wood. How they set fire to something so fast evades me. Trapped beneath the beam, I try to move my legs, try to escape, but it's no use. I'm trapped and I'm about to be burned alive. **Oh Joy.**

It only feels like seconds later when I see the door glowing red and know the fire is only metres away from me. Smoke is rapidly replacing the dust and I'm now struggling to breathe. Choking was not how I wanted to die. Ignoring the pain in my legs, I tried once more to pull my wolf legs from beneath the beam. I gasped in pain when I hear my muscles rip. The excruciating pain of my leg being torn is unbelievable.

My eyesight starts to fade as I run out of oxygen. My lungs are burning, I already felt as if I was on fire. My throat filled with dense smoke as I search desperately for more oxygen, but I already know it's not coming. I'm as good as dead and boy, do I know it. The last thing I'm aware of before I pass out is the smell of a creature much older than this house, smelling dustier than the thickly layered dust covering every inch of every surface in the entire courtyard. The smell I slowly recognised as a vampire. Then I was out like a light.

Chapter 4: Hunters' Target

Sorry this took ages... It's been a while since I've actually **struggled** to write something...

Writer's block = An Aggravated Moi...

Oh and this is quite looooong, just a heads up :)

Enjoy!

Chapter 4: Hunters' Target

"- found her like this, out c-cold," a voice stuttered from beside me, then they drew in a haggard breath. "Yes... G-Give me a s-sec."

I felt warm shaking fingers being pressed to my cool skin on my neck, searching for something.

"Y-Yes," he mumbled, I'd soon recognised the voice as a male and it was one I found familiar, but I couldn't quite pin who it was. Who was he talking to? Me? No....

"Her pulse is d-definitely there, j-just a... a bit w-weak," he continued, the warmth removed to rest on my chilled forehead. Was he on about me?

Taking a deep breath, I shudder in pain as I slowly become aware of the vast pain scorching through my body. I can feel the solid concrete floor beneath me; smell the scent of burning wood; taste the smoke thick in my mouth. To say the least, it wasn't the most pleasant thing to wake up to.

What happened?

Trying to think only triggers more fire in my head, I scream in pain. My muscles are trembling as the fire redoubles and shoots jerkily outwards. Slowly the pain recedes when I stay still, not moving was the key here. My chest rises and falls quickly as I pant, my skin feels ice cold and I know I've been lying still for a long time... I'm struggling to remember what happened, but whatever it was it hadn't been good that was for sure.

"Y-Yes, she's moving... s-slightly..." the young voice continued. "Stone cold."

A hand touches my neck again, human fingers by the smell of it, I could feel the man's trembling fingers as they brush my hair away from my face. Taking a deep breath and dismissing the pain that instantly flared, I blearily opened my eyes and saw a blurry figure hovering over me. Whoever the man was, he recoiled in shock before leaning in closely.

"H-hello?" his voice shook, it was beginning to sound more and more familiar, but at the minute I think it was a **good** familiar. Actually looking out of my eyes proved a difficult task, everything was blurred and nothing was staying still. Colours merged before my eyes, and I swallowed loudly squeezing my eyes shut. It wasn't going to work, but hell I'd lost a lot of blood... I think... I wasn't actually sure of my predicament at the minute, I wasn't sure what had happened or what shape my body was in, but I knew one thing... I was in a bloody bad situation.

I whisper hello in return almost silently, my throat is burning and I swear it's as dry as the Sahara Desert... Hearing the stranger speaking once more into the phone, I feel a tickle in the back of my parched throat and

Running From My Past...Literally

know what's coming. I cough and what do you know? Pain comes with it... You'd never expect it... One cough then leads to another that then leads to me choking on air...

I can hear the man beginning to panic, he's still on his mobile, but I think it's fallen from the top of his priorities. Right now, I was more important... My head was spinning...

The next thing I knew, I was being lifted on a stretcher into an ambulance by the paramedics. In total honesty, I was confused and extremely disorientated... Hadn't I just been choking? And where did my stranger friend go? My eyesight was still blurry and I honestly began to wonder if I was starting to become blind. My gaze flickered from object to object, searching for the familiar blur. One of the paramedics realised what I was looking for and told me that my blur would meet us at the Emergency Room...

So this counted as an Emergency? Then how come there was no rush? What the hell was wrong with me for them to go to extremes? Both paramedics reassured me everything was going to be ok. As they attached a drip to my arm, they were doing all sorts of tests on me, but I was soon out of it. They'd said the drip would make me drowsy, but it did more than that... I drifted out of consciousness...

* * * * *

I jerked awake and tried to promptly sit up, but something held me down. Panic welled up inside me, I was confused... What had happened? What was holding me down? Had someone captured me? My breathing was heavy and laboured, my eyes still closed. It seemed I was panicking a lot lately, trying to calm myself down my memory slowly started to return...

Going home from work... The Hunters surrounding me... Being chased... Hiding in the houses... The floor collapsing...The houses being burnt down... Pain... Vampire... Waking up to more pain... My blur friend... The ambulance... Paramedics...

Then everything cut off, last thing I remembered was lying in pain in the ambulance, but now I was lying on something that felt very much like a bed. I must be in the Hospital I thought as realisation flooded me. I relaxed, I then became conscious of the hand that had been holding me down... It was one strong hand, bearing in mind they were holding down a struggling werewolf. Even weak, a human wouldn't be able to pin me down... Then that reminded me.

Oh damn...

I was in a hospital. A **human** hospital.

If they noticed my strange vitals I'd be in a lab, or they'd end up giving me excessive medicine to try and change my erratic heartbeat and high temperature. Several swear words came to mind...

Prying my eyes open, I blinked away the sudden brightness. My nose picked up on a scent that I hadn't noticed. Vampire. My eyes clashed with dark ones. Beside me stood a tall wiry man that I assumed to be the vampire, his skin was pale and his hair midnight black, shining slightly in the dull lighting. He had plain features, but he'd managed that soft concerned look that had to be of a doctor, my eyes slowly travelled downwards to the white cloak he was wearing and the name tag that only half introduced him as Dr. L. At least I knew who my doctor was and thank god he wasn't human! That was all I could say...

The tall man was studying me curiously, taking in my physical appearance... I watched his nostrils flare... and my scent apparently. I sent him an inquisitive stare as if to say, "**What!?**".

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"I've never met a werewolf before."

Ahhhh... Bingo... That was why he was staring.

"Who says I am one?" I croaked, my throat still sore and parched.

He flicked through his clip-board held in his hands, not even glancing at me and completely taking no notice of me. How rude! Ignoring the ignorant vampire, I set my eyes on a prize. Beside my bed sat a low table, and on it was a cool-looking glass of water. I could imagine the chilled water running down my throat now. Staring at the water, I realised that I couldn't feel any pain. I scrunched my eyebrows together, that had never been a good thing in the past.

Returning my gaze to the Doctor, I asked, "You've got me on pain killers?"

It was more a statement than a question, but I needed to check. He raised his eyes to mine and nodded slowly, curiosity burning in his gaze. Shaking my head, my sight went back to the water. Once again I tried to sit up, but the Doctor didn't stop me he only watched me struggle. I found myself leaning on my elbows, and I stretched out a shaky hand towards the water.

My fingertips were only centimetres from the glass when another hand closed around the cup. I withdrew my hand and watched as the Doctor handed it to me. I gingerly accepted the drink and lifted the cool liquid to my lips. The Doctor watched the whole process with fascination. Once I'd finished, he took the glass from me and I lay back onto the pillows.

"You're new, aren't you?" I asked suddenly, studying his movements. He didn't move fluidly like the other vampires I'd met and his smell was weaker and more human-like than the others, although that could have been affected by the fact that he was surrounded by humans nearly 24/7.

"What?" he abruptly replied, his head rising from the charts in his hand and his eyes guiltily shooting to mine, a human gesture.

"You're newly turned," I commented, no longer a question but a statement. I knew he was now, his attitude was obvious enough and very 'twenty first century-like'. He'd obviously decided to once again blank me.

"I'm guessing these stats are normal for you?" he murmured after a moment of silence.

"What are they?" I sighed, rubbing my eyes.

"High temperature, faster heart rate and high blood pressure," he rattled off the list, his eyes scanning across the clipboard. Would he ever put that thing down!?

High blood pressure? That was a new one... I frowned, I knew for definite that that wasn't a werewolf thing.

"I guess not?" the vampire asked watching my facial expression, beginning to look concerned.

"The temperature and heart rate is a yes, but the blood pressure..." I trailed off, lost in thought. I had been stressed a lot lately and with the recent Hunter attack I had a right to be anxious. My heart thumped faster in my chest, I really was panicking a bit too much. I needed a holiday, a break from all the trauma. I noticed the Doctor's eyes slowly travel towards the heart monitor at my side to me. The machine was beating faster than before, entwining with the pounding in my ears. Closing my eyes, I tried to dismiss all my thoughts. Just trying to remain relaxed. Obviously the Doctor didn't want that as he spoke, startling me.

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"I'd be careful if I were you," the vamp warned me quietly, my eyes shot open and I glanced at him. My wolf eyes clashed with his almost black eyes.

"The Hunters are flocking to you like a swarm of bees... This won't be the first attack, they almost finished you off after one," he informed me, never breaking eye contact. Wasn't this just great for my newly found stress!?

"They think I'm dead though," I pointed out, frowning at him. His expression turned sour, his eyes darkening becoming a whole lot more frightening. Hell he looked like he was dying for my blood right now. Then I saw something I'd never seen in a vampire and I knew it wasn't a common trait in creatures that have lived a long time, he hesitated.

Leaning towards me and lowering his voice until it was barely audible, he whispered, "That Doctor over there."

He signalled with his head towards a blonde haired lady with her back to us.

"She..." he continued, locking eyes with me. "Was on the raid that hit you last night..."

"How did you-" I began, but the vampire cut me off.

"I overheard them talking earlier."

"So they know...?" I trailed off, the unspoken question hung in the air.

He sighed, "Yes, they know what I am."

I paused in shock, I hadn't actually expected them to know and him to still be here. I wouldn't in his position, he was working with Hunters. Wow, that must be awkward.

"Then why are you still here? Why haven't they killed you yet?"

He smirked softly, before chuckling, "Lei, I am a lot harder to get rid off than you and that's not supposed to be offensive. They'd have to cover my death, whereas they could just kill you and not many people would notice."

He mentioned death so lightly, even for a vampire, that I couldn't help but pull a face.

"More people would notice if a doctor went missing than a waitress... right?"

I nodded reluctantly, and tried to sit up. I was sick of him looking over me. I gasped sharply at the weird feeling that flowed through my body, remaining still I blinked.

"What's wrong?" the vampire asked, looking over my body anxiously.

"I..." I paused, I wasn't quite sure what was wrong, it just felt... funny. Everything felt like jelly, but it tingly jelly... it was a... weird feeling. "I think... I think I'm healing..."

Understanding flooded over the doctor's face, and he seemed to even find it amusing...

"I guess you're new to this too?" he questioned after a pause.

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Shaking my head, I laughed, "No, but even so... I don't know much about it."

It being everything that came with being a werewolf, in total honesty I knew little. Deciding to switch topics, I asked the dark-haired vampire something that had been bothering me.

"Who was the human who found me?"

The doctor smiled.

"He said he knew you well, a red-haired man known as Matt."

I groaned, lying back and closing my eyes in frustration. *Why him!?! Why not someone I didn't know, someone who I wouldn't have to answer questions too...*

"Seems you're going to have a lot of questions to answer," he chuckled, checking my pulse before writing something onto his clipboard.

"Don't remind me," I mumbled, opening my eyes. Sighing in defeat, I listened to the Doctor as he explained what to do and what **not** to do.

He handed me a pair of crutches and helped me onto my feet slowly.

"I was rescued by a vampire," I mumbled, biting my lip. The doctor's attention intensified. "I don't know many vampires, but I have to ask..."

"It wasn't me, Lei," he admitted, smiling coyly. "I guess you'll never know."

Switching into Doctor mode he informed me, "You should be alright from now on, don't put much stress on your legs and don't go somewhere unless you have to. You should be able to get rid of them in a couple days. Don't come back here unless you are after a death wish. Get Matt to take you home and you should be safe for now."

I acknowledged his suggestion with a slight inclination of my head, I was going to have a proper think about my situation when I got back to the apartment.

"And Lei?"

I turned to face him, my thoughts coming back to the present.

"Get out of town as fast as you can."

I nod my thanks, but as I was hobbling away a thought occurred to me. I turn back around and glanced at the pale Vampire.

"You never told me your name."

"Mark Lishman," he responded without looking up.

"Thank you... Mark," I smiled, before leaving.

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I could feel his dark eyes on my back as I exited the empty ward and went to find Matt, wondering how I was going to explain to him why he found me naked and injured.

Oh My God.

Matt had seen me **naked**.

How on earth was I going to explain that!?

Chapter 5: Like Old Times

Chapter 5: Like Old Times

I was hiding in the girl's toilets, trying to think of a master plan of how to explain myself to Matt. So far I'd come up with nothing. Sitting on the floor, I rested my head back against the cool sink. Since I'd taken refuge in the bathroom, not a single person had entered through the swinging door.

Surprisingly, I felt quite calm; the bathroom was silent, blocking out the hustle of the hospital. My mind was going in circles, and it was all to do with the vampire I'd caught the scent of before I'd passed out in the burning house. I was dying to know why the vampire had rescued me, curious to know why they'd bothered to risk their life to save mine, curious to know who it was... Why hadn't they stayed? Why vanish? Questions bounced around my head, all screaming to be answered, but I knew some of them would never be answered.

Why had it been Matt to find me? Why not some random stranger? I'd have to face Matt every day unless I quit my job and left. I'd have to answer his questions, he'd probably speak to Lianne and then I'd have her on my back. When Lianne wanted to know something she could be as demented as a fire-breathing dragon. But I didn't want to answer them. I knew I'd lose their trust and maybe their friendship, but this was too close to home for them to know. I doubted I would have told anyone about what happened last night. My vampire doctor, Mark, only knew as he'd overheard his co-workers, who happened to be the hunters from yesterday.

Who needed others to rely on? I'd been managing on my own for five years and I'd somehow found my way out of trouble each time, but it was different now... Slowly, but surely my problems were becoming vastly difficult to avoid and each time I was barely getting away with my life. As much as I knew I needed help from others if I stood a chance of surviving, I couldn't ask for it, I wouldn't take it. Knowing I needed help was enough to crush my ego and triple the feeling of being vulnerable, accepting help or asking for it was another thing entirely.

If I wanted to survive, no one had to know of my weakness. Call me stupid all you want, but my pride was what kept me alive. If another werewolf caught a rumour that I was weak or hurt, I'd instantly be done for.

Sighing, I stared at my dumped crutches in one of the cubicles and there was no way I was coming back for them. I wasn't going to cause a scene with Lianne and Matt, I didn't want to be looked after, I didn't want to look vulnerable. I pushed my trouser leg up again to stare at the two flesh wounds, the doctor hadn't even noticed my leg wounds and to say the least, I was quite surprised.

I'd taken off the cast for my broken leg, it that had taken the nurses a while to do and I'd ripped it off in seconds. I was now contemplating on removing the silver bullets with my fingers... The silver was what was preventing me from healing, so unless I did something they weren't going to shift. How annoying?! I gazed at the two protruding silver objects, both made to kill, yet they hadn't tried to kill me with them. Only injure so that they could continue to play their sick game of theirs.

The fact that I'd allowed to get myself into such a position angered me. How could I have been so stupid? How could I have been so scared to make silly mistakes that almost got me killed? How long till one of my mistakes got me killed? I was surviving on pure luck. I needed to start being more cautious, thinking things through before I acted.

I fingered the bullets lightly, reminded of how werewolves reacted to silver as my fingertips burned at the touch. I clenched my jaw and prepared myself for the stinging. Gripping hard to the sides of the bullet, I pulled it from my skin. I couldn't help, but gasp in pain. The bullet clattered to the floor with a sharp metallic

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ding as I dropped it as quickly as I could, but it hadn't been quick enough. Red burns seared the ends of my fingers. I tenderly wiggled my fingers. Yep, the pain was there.

My wound looked immediately better, the flesh surrounding the hole no longer looked an angry red, but a healing dark pink. It would take a few days for the wound to heal up completely. I dabbed the wound with wet toilet roll. It was times like this when I felt like a teenager again, tending to myself in the girl's bathroom like I always had at school, not liking the attention a visit to the nurse's office would bring. It seemed silly now, sitting on the floor in a hospital toilets that I refused to go seek help even though I was surrounded by many professional doctors and well trained nurses. It was childish, but I held onto it.

Repeating the same action with the other bullet, I hissed through my clenched teeth. That one hurt much more, and I knew why. The first bullet had been near the surface and hadn't been lodged far into my leg, but this one... this one was a bugger. The bullet was deep into my muscle and as I tried to ease the object out gradually my nausea rose at the sight of my torn muscle and the blood that was slowly seeping from the wound. Turning my head away, I threw up all of yesterday's meals.

Fantastic.

As much as I tried and as much as I was sick, the silver bullet refused to move. The putrid stench of vomit reached my nose instantly making my stomach clench and drop. I'd already emptied the content of my stomach all over the floor, yet my stomach had decided it still wanted to hurl.

I hear the door being pushed open, the swish as it closed. Sheepishly, I glanced at the entrance. A short stocky nurse with mousey hair stood in the doorway, her head cocked to one side surveying the situation in front of her. I watched as her emotions flickered across her face. Curiosity. Anger. Disgust. Dismay. Shock. Fear. Her eyes landed on my leg, the blood slowly trickling from my wounds. The nurse's chubby face paled in horror, and her gaze continued to the bloody bullet sitting beside me. Her crystal blue eyes widened and flickered to my face.

I could image what I looked like, pasty skin surrounding my fevered eyes, a sheen of glistening sweat covering my face. My hands trembling and my lips pursed. To put it simply I looked like a nut case.

The nurse's left hand drew my attention, she was fiddling with the corner of her uniform absent-mindedly. Then I saw her lips moving silently, trying to think of something to say.

"Go away," I growled menacingly, glaring at the short portly woman. I didn't want to be bothered. I wanted to be left alone to my peace, I'd lasted five years looking after myself and I certainly didn't need help **now**.

The woman made a quiet mouse-like squeak before vanishing through the doors. I sighed. I'd have to move now, the nurse would most likely fetch somebody to come check me out. Rising to my feet, I grunted in pain my eyes watering. Blinking away the rising tears, I limped out of the bathroom.

The difference between the toilets and the hospital corridor was startling. The corridor was filled with many conversations, the bustle of people moving from room to room and the running of Doctors and Nurses. Compared to the sanctuary bathroom, this was hell. Trying to ignore the loud noises seemed near impossible.

I trudged down the corridor, weaving in and out of several people; I was constantly aware of the strain on my legs, every step was a searing pain. The good thing? I knew it wouldn't be long till it healed. Pausing at the side of the hallway, I watched in amusement as the mouse-like nurse, that had walked in on me only minutes earlier, returned to the bathroom surrounded by three burly men and a doctor. Overreaction? Definitely.

Running From My Past...Literally

I smiled as I heard the nurse repeating her story and her co-workers obviously weren't buying it. The short woman stood in the doorway, her eyes scanning the crowd. Something clicked in my mind. She was looking for me. Bowing my head, I slowly continued my way. I mumbled several apologies as I repeatedly bumped into people; every single person ignored me. How polite.

I glanced up and sighed with relief. Two automatic doors stood not far away, my escape to the outside world. Weaving through the dwindling swarm of people, I was greeted by several glances of disapproval.

"I thought hospitals were supposed to make you better, mummy?" I heard a small child ask, moving my gaze in the direction of the voice I was surprised to see a chubby blonde girl, her blue eyes looking directly at me. For goodness sake! I didn't look **that** bad... did I? Turning back towards the doors, I didn't wait for a reply. The automatic doors opened for me and I went to take a step out, but a voice stopped me.

"Lei?" a concerned voice yelled after me.

Damn that voice!

Slowly turning round, I came face to face with a very anxious and pale-faced Matt. His hair was ruffled, and I already knew what he'd done to it; I could imagine him running his hands through his ginger hair with apprehension. Meeting his gaze, my breathing hitched in shock. Matt's green eyes were filled with emotions; he was scared, worried, frightened... the list was endless, but what amazed me was the amount of care and love hidden behind his gaze.

I was startled when he engulfed me in his warm arms, with my head pressed against his chest I could hear the rapid beat of his heart. I felt my knees give way, but Matt grabbed me before I fell. He lowered me to the ground, his face as white as a sheet.

"Are you alright?"

I nodded mutely. **Lies.** In total honesty, I felt like a train wreck. I'd only recently decided that I could live without anyone's help and now Matt was standing in front of me, unknowingly offering me the help I didn't want. I could feel my muscles trembling. I was so confused, I didn't know what to decide.

"You want me to get help?"

I shook my head numbly, I just wanted to go home. Just wanted to be left alone, wanted to forget about the outside world for at least a few minutes. Why couldn't he see that?

Matt smiled softly, releasing me from his arms awkwardly. I saw the colour rise in his cheeks and I instantly knew what he was thinking. I felt my own embarrassment, and knew I was blushing as my cheeks burned. Biting my lip, I lowered my gaze; trying hard not to say anything I shouldn't. Linking his arm through mine, Matt escorted me through the doors.

"Did they not give you any crutches? You seem to have quite a limp," Matt mused, looking around the car park.

I bit my lip hard enough to taste blood. Damn, he was good. I shook my head once more.

"Can you not speak anymore?" he laughed whilst poking me in the ribs, an amused smirk grew on his face. I rolled my eyes, and refused to answer the question.

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We walked in silence towards his small silver car. It wasn't an awkward silence, but it wasn't quite comfortable either. Many questions hung in the air and I knew he was dying to ask them. Matt opened the car door for me and I gingerly got in. Matt soon joined me in the car, he hesitated to start the car. Resting his hands on the steering wheel, he turned to me.

He opened his mouth to speak, but I knew what was coming. I shook my head in a silent no. He wanted to ask questions that I wasn't quite ready to face, and knowing Matt he'd understand that and would give me space. As Matt nodded and started the car, I was thankful to have such a caring friend.

Friend.

That word always seemed to crop up somewhere. Pushing the thought away, I stared out the window. My gaze skimming over the passing scenery, but taking none of it in; all I saw was blurred colours.

"I rang Lianne," he informed me, a tentative tone entering his voice. He continued to watch the road as I stared at him, the silence stretching. He glanced at me and swallowed. I was remaining silent, and that obviously worried him.

"Are you sure you're okay?" he questioned, not liking my silence.

I gave him a strained smile and nodded. He saw how stressed my smile was, but didn't question it.

"Lianne's waiting at work for you. Although the Doctor probably told you to rest?" he asked, giving me a fleeting look.

I gave a nonchalant shrug. I didn't want a babysitter while I 'rested', but I didn't quite feel up to work. Work it was then.

"She's worried as much as I am," he commented, his eyebrows furrowing.

"She's going to kill me," I mumbled, trying to break the disquiet between us.

He laughed uneasily, a small smile resting on his lips.

"You can always rely on us, Lei."

My stomach flipped at the thought. That was **not** what I needed to hear.

Chapter 6: I know he knows

Chapter 6: I Know He Knows

After Matt's 'compassionate' words I think I was ready to seriously consider running. Running from my past always seemed the easiest option, I'd done it once before in an act of complete cowardice, unable to stand the emotions and the thoughts running repetitively through my brain. I knew I could do it easily again, but that would be too easy. I was sick of running, I needed to wake up and breathe the fresh air. Life was hard, but you had to deal with whatever it threw at you.

The rest of the car journey from the hospital was in silence. I rested my head against the cool glass, my eyes closed. I listened to the quiet buzz of music coming from Matt's radio, the words of the song going in one ear and leaving the other. I just wanted to go home and sleep, I knew what my plans were for the night. The car's engine hummed smoothly and it was a steady noise throughout the car ride, without it and I'd have gone insane.

At some point I must have fallen asleep because next thing I knew I was blinking my eyes open to the semi darkness outside and catching sight of Matt standing outside my window, tapping on the glass. He smiled at my sleepy expression, I groaned and rubbing my eyes, I pushed the car door open with a great heave and was greeted by icy evening air. I stumbled out the car, I was strangely tired and I wasn't quite sure why. Yeah, getting crushed by a building does take a lot out of you, but still not this much.

Matt grabbed my arm to steady me, glancing at my face worriedly. Locking his car, he turned to me.

"You look like crap," he blurted out, his green eyes narrowing on my face. I laughed quietly, but stopped when my head started throbbing dully. I could tell I was in for an entertaining night ahead. I forced my expression to be a placid one and smiled softly, it was all I could do to reassure Matt.

"Thanks," I mumbled, running a hand through my short blonde hair.

He placed his hands on either side of my face and stared into my eyes.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Matt asked me, concern evident in his eyes.

I nodded hesitantly. Was I okay? In total truth, I was dead on my feet, but I didn't have to tell him that. I let Matt guide me towards a building that I slowly recognised as the restaurant I worked at. The flickering lamppost that seemed to annoy me every time I looked at it sat to the left of the cosy restaurant. The electric red letters, above the small doors and extravagantly decorated windows, spelling out the name of the restaurant 'Jamie's Pizzeria'. Creative I know... Who's Jamie? I have no idea.

I blinked, still confused to why he'd brought me here. Why didn't he take me home?

As if sensing my puzzlement, Matt glanced down at me awkwardly and explained.

"I don't have a key to your apartment and neither do you."

I'd **had** my key last night... but obviously when I'd turned, I'd lost my clothes along with my keys. I saw the blush snake onto Matt's face, he was clearly remembering when he'd found me...naked. There was definitely questions in his mind, not the kind I'd like to answer. Questions were my enemy especially at times when I wasn't thinking straight, like now. At the minute, all that was running through me was the frustration at having

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to fork out some of the little money I had to buy a new key... anda nice cosy place to fall asleep looked nice round about now.

Leaning my head against Matt's shoulder, I forced my feet to keep moving, showing how tired I was was one thing, but being so exhausted that I couldn't walk was another thing entirely. I think I'd almost fallen asleep walking when I felt warm air replace the colder night air. Then I heard the shrill voice of Lianne screaming my name, I jerked in surprise. I hadn't thought of her reaction, but when I did I realised she'd be overly worrying. Trust Lianne to do that. I was soon enveloped in a warm pair of arms, and my breath whooshed from my lungs, leaving me gasping for air.

"Hey Lianne! Give her some space, you're choking her!" Matt commented from the side-lines, at some point Lianne had pushed him away, but I was too tired to notice. Lianne instantly starting apologetically and I held up a weary hand and told her it was fine.

Taking in Lianne's appearance shocked me slightly, her normally perfect blonde curly locks had been tied up into a messy bun, and her dark sapphire eyes were the epitome of worry. To say the least, she looked like she'd been fretting all day... which she probably had been.

I gave her a small smile, my own attempt at reassuring the small anxious blonde. Lianne then began to explain that Alan, their boss, had pretty much forced me to take the day of work and she continued to tell me that I'd have to wait at work with her until her shift was finished.

So much for a comfy bed.

Lianne soon went back to working and Matt led me towards the kitchen where he sat me in a seat. I watched as he picked his apron off of one of the hooks and tied it tightly around his waist, he gave me a final smile before vanishing among the kitchen staff. I sat dozing in my chair, the warmth of the kitchen making it seem all the more cosier.

I remember Matt waking me up at one point and forcing me to drink some water, telling me I'd become dehydrated if I didn't. I sleepily obliged, letting him lift the water to my lips. He profusely asked me how I was feeling, and I always responded with the same word. Tired. Matt kissed my forehead lightly before vanishing once more. He kissed my forehead? Weird.

Murmuring insane comments under my breath, I felt the tug of sleep once more. I blearily opened my eyes what felt like minutes later, Lianne was standing over me an apologetic smile.

"Sorry to interrupt your nap, but you've been... *requested*," she smiled mischievously, her eyes hinting at something exciting, but me being me failed to notice.

I sighed wearily and laboriously pulled myself to my feet. I nodded for Lianne to take me to whoever had 'requested' me, I followed her out into the dimly lit restaurant. I paused a second to let my eyes readjust to the darker room. Lianne came to a halt in the darker corner of the room, turning and looking for me.

"Come on!" she mouthed, rolling her eyes.

Slouching my way towards her, my eyes furrowed when I saw who sat at the candle-lit table.

Jake.

Jake, whose friend had almost gotten me killed.

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Jake, who had a strange obsession with me.

Jake, who looked panicked and overly anxious.

Jake who was now looking at me with disbelieving eyes as if I were fat kid refusing cake. Yeah, take it all in - I'm not as dead as you thought.

I know he knows.

I know he knows what happened last night, he knows I almost died and he knows he's gotten into the wrong crowd. Hunters. The word made me sick to my stomach, how could they call us animals when they were the killers? I shook my head to clear it and sat down beside my pale-faced **EX**-friend.

I was angry with him- no I was furious. Rage fuelled my livid glare as I stared at him. Why was I angry? Because his 'friend' had almost killed me. That was enough reason to be angry at him. But... was I actually enraged with Jake? Or just his friend?... As I slowly thought about it, I realised that I was blaming Jake in particular I only needed someone, anyone to blame.

Watching Lianne give me a lingering glance of worry, I nodded to appease her. I really love Lianne, she cared too much, my wolf gaze following her as she nervously made her way back to the kitchen. She was worried I'd be angry with her later, although I already knew I wasn't.

Time to face the music...

Turning to face Jake, I grumbled, "What the hell do you want?"

Surprise flittered across his face followed by relief. At least someone, besides Matt and Lianne, was happy I wasn't dead. I looked at him with a different light, he knew about the supernatural and that made everything much more interesting. Silently waiting for a response, I buried my face in my arms.

Why was I so god damn tired?

When I thought about it I'd been sleeping almost all day, I'd slept at the hospital and I'd been dozing ever since. It didn't make sense.

"I'm sorry," he began unsteadily, unsure of how I'd react. "I didn't mean for you to get involved in any way, Paul said he only wanted to take me out to a restaurant... and it happened to be your restaurant..."

Paul? The thing that had hunted me had a name? He didn't deserve one.

"You do realise..." I mumbled through my arms, my head still lying on the table. "...That I've been involved in this petty game much longer than you have, right?"

He must have nodded because I heard no words of acknowledgement as he carried on, "If I'd known you were a... a..."

Jake stumbled, at a loss for words.

"Supernatural? Werewolf?" I supplied casually, secretly amused that he didn't know what to call me. The hunters must have called us worse names and he didn't actually name what to refer to me as.

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"If I'd known you were a... werewolf, I wouldn't have came here. I would have kept away and try to..." he trailed off, Jake didn't know **what** he would or could have done.

"There was nothing you could have done, Jake," I smiled softly, finally deciding that Jake was as innocent as anyone could get. "They would have found me in the end, they always do."

"But -"

I stopped him with a glance.

"I repeat, Jake. There was **nothing** you could have done. There is **nothing** I can do to save myself. I'm as vulnerable as you are."

To actually say it out loud made it sound ever more real. There was nothing I could do... I was dead already...

Again I couldn't help, but notice his hesitation whenever he said the word werewolf. Jake must have only learnt about the supernatural, he seemed uncomfortable about the whole concept.

"Don't forget, Jake," I reminded him, sitting up so I could look directly into his eyes. "Don't forget that just because I'm a werewolf that it doesn't make me different. Don't treat me differently, I'm the same person I was before you discovered my little secret."

I watched him nod and mutter, "I'd never think that anyway."

Satisfied that we were still friends, I lowered my head back down to the table. I must have fallen asleep again - seriously what was up with me?- as Jake shook my shoulder softly.

"Are you alright?" he asked, concern filled his voice.

"Rough night as you know," I moaned, rubbing my eyes and forcing myself to stay awake.

"How are you still alive?" he murmured, instantly grabbing my attention and completely waking me up.

Lifting my head to stare, my gaze clashed with his green eyes that looked especially haggard tonight. It reminded me of the 'Don't do drugs' campaign although the Hunters were much worse than any drug group. He ran a hand through his shaggy black hair, I noticed it wasn't gelled up as it had always been in the past. Jake's green eyes weren't the normal perky and vibrant set I was used to looking at... no, they were worn down and he looked as if he was sick of his life.

Join the team...

I gave him an honest look and actually let him look at me, as in actually have a good look at what I was going through. The torment I'd suffered last night and the torment I'd be experiencing for the rest of my life. Read it and weep for me.

Jake looked down ashamed, my eyes had shown him how sick I was of running and how sick I was of going through the same ordeal every day of my life. I was different. I was what the hunters stood for. It was like racism. Dirty ugly words that could harm another, but this just wasn't words... they were taking **action**.

"You want to know how I'm still alive?" I cried out, my irritation seeping through the gaps growing in my mental barrier. Jake slowly nodded his head cautiously.

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"I'm still alive," I said through gritted teeth. "Because I'm smarter than the others."

Jake openly stared at me, and for once I didn't care. He could stare all he wanted. I was pretty much a dead werewolf if I stayed in this town. Why don't I leave? Because my pride was too important. To leave would be scared, to leave would show how much they affected me, to leave would show my vulnerability without my pack.

Why don't I go back to my pack?

Bad memories is all I'll let myself acknowledge. After five years I still wasn't even close to leaving my mourning state. I'll openly admit that I mourn Jayden every day. Life will never be the same as much as I try to forget. Life likes to throw curve balls, and they normally hit me.

"They all think you died," he told me, taking a deep breath and connecting his gaze with mine once more. It was clear that he was ashamed, he still had yet to tell me his own involvement in last night's events, but I was sure I would find out sooner or later.

"I nearly did," I agreed quietly, resting my head in my arms on the table.

We lapsed into silence and slowly my initial anger, at him for being so stupid, disappeared. Sighing internally, I waited patiently for his explanation... I knew it was going to take a while for him to come to terms with the recent events. I closed my eyes, dozing... It took him a long time to reply and explain his foolishness, but when he did I heard the sob that ripped from him and my eyes flew open. His green eyes were glistening with tears.

What had he done?

Merry Christmas Everyone!!!

I all hope you enjoyed this extra-long chapter:)And I await to read your lovely comments (**Hint:**I'd love to see some extra-long comments)and pleeeeeeeeeeease press the '**like**' button :) You'll make my Christmas even better! Hope you enjoyed this and I will get another chapter up before the year is over :)

Thanks,

Caitlin x

Chapter 7: One Mistake After Another

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

Chapter 7: One Mistake After Another

What had he done?

My heart skipped a beat as I studied his swimming green eyes, a single tear cascaded down his cheek. Jake's raw emotion, his sadness, almost ripped me apart. I knew that pain, I knew that immense pain of fear of loss. The loss of a loved one.

They'd threatened him. Threatened someone he loved. That much was clear.

I knew Jake would never get into a crowd like the hunters intentionally. He was just too... caring for that. The boy had a heart, something the hunters lacked. Another sob escaped Jake, quieter than the first. He was trying to hide his emotions from me, he knew I'd suffered and probably worse than he had. He didn't want to make me feel as if his situation was worse than mine... how considerate...

I had to admit Jake was one of the nicest people I'd met, even for a young boy he had the manners of a true gentleman. I wasn't quite sure why I call Jake a young boy, it made me sound as if I was a fifty year old granny ordering someone around. Jake was only a few years younger than me at the age of nineteen, even though I'm twenty-one I have the mentality of a forty year old, going through a lot of emotional problems does that to you. I had to grow up if I wanted to live, thankfully it worked.

I delicately placed my hand over Jake's, my own form of sympathy. I wasn't the kind of person to hug or to give comforting words, so I just sat there waiting for Jake to pull himself together with the simple reassurance of skin contact. I waited patiently, giving Jake a small smile when he finally looked at me.

Jake took a shaking breath and swallowed deeply. I could not only tell he was nervous, I could hear it. Sitting right next to Jake, I could hear his erratic heartbeat and I could see his pulse tripping under the skin in his neck. I stared at his skipping pulse, it was emanating fear as was his ever twitching fingers. He was frightened...Of how I would react? I think so. Jake was also upset if that hadn't already been made clear by the tears. It was surprising how much you could tell from watching someone's pulse.

He cleared his throat, and my eyes shot to his face guiltily. Jake raised a dark eyebrow and I sent him a 'don't-ask' look and relaxed back into my chair. Hiding a yawn, I forced my eyes open feeling as if I was lifting a ton of bricks.

"I... I couldn't pay my rent," he whispered, looking completely ashamed of himself. I groaned inwardly, this was how it all started. Typical. As much as I knew I should be angry about his irresponsibility I couldn't help, but pity him he was obviously struggling to keep himself afloat in the adult world.

Jake continued to explain that 'Paul' was his landlord - surprise, surprise - and had promised Jake that he could do some favours in return for wiping his debt. Jake had foolishly agreed, thinking he wanted simple chore-like favours, but he was wrong, so wrong.

"He asked me if I knew a girl by the name of Lei Martin and-."

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"And you said you did," I mumbled impassively, running my hands through my short wispy hair. I didn't know what to feel, exhaustion mixed with confusion had my head in a tumble. I didn't know what to think. All I was hearing was Jake's story, of how he got in with the wrong crowd, and it's showed me how easily someone's life can turn upside down. As it had with mine.

Jake fell silent, he knew the signs. He knew when I was thinking, at times I wondered if he knew me as well as Lianne, but of course he did. I'd spent the last few weeks constantly serving him. He'd scoped me out, studied my personality and learnt what I liked and disliked.

I looked up at him sharply.

"How well do you know him?" I said, staring directly at him.

Jake being Jake had to make sure we were on the same page.

"Who? Paul?" he asked uncertainly, hesitation edging into his voice.

"That thing doesn't deserve a name," I snarled, my tone bordering fury.

I clenched my fists under the table and resisted my wolf urges to rip something to pieces. Yes, I had that urge. In my mind Hunters were as bad as rats, they carried the plague and the hunters carried their hatred for supernaturals. Plague kills, their hatred kills. Even the thought of killing magnified my predator urge.

Even though I reminded him not to be frightened of me, I died a little inside when I saw the fear in Jake's eyes. That fear was directed at me. It may not seem as if I valued Jake as a friend, but I did... I just had a funny way of showing it.

"How well do you know him?" I repeated, refusing to look at Jake.

It wasn't that I was angry with him, I just didn't want to frighten him off. If I looked at him or even made eye contact with him I knew I'd end up baring my teeth and begin shouting at him. Hopefully he didn't notice. Unfortunately for me, he did.

"Why aren't you looking at me?"

Resisting the urge to snap at him, I took a calming breath and told him to drop it.

"Why?"

Was this man asking for a death sentence?

"Werewolf thing," I mumbled, not wanting to explain the increasing urge to rip him to pieces. Now that wouldn't be very nice of me, would it? The feeling was slowly mounting and I was trying harder and harder to resist. It was like when you're being tickled and you're not allowed to pull away, not allowed to laugh. Maybe that's not a good analogy. Comparing tickling to mauling... there's definitely a big difference there.

He swallowed, panic darting behind his eyes. I could smell the slight perspiration coming from here. He stank of fear. Burying my head in my hands, I told him to answer my original question, I barely managed to keep my tone neutral.

Running From My Past...Literally

"Answer the question," I growled, pushing back the dizziness and tiredness that sparkled in front of my eyes in the form of white lights.

"Not well I suppose," he murmured, his eyes downcast with regret.

"And yet you practically signed my death warrant?!" I whisper-yelled at him, my eyes finally clashing with his. I heard his heart skip a beat. Jake being scared didn't help my situation at all.

"I didn't know," he proclaimed, showing me the palms of his hands as if they showed all that he was telling the truth.

Breathing deeply, I closed my eyes and thought through what he was telling me. Jake was right, he wouldn't have even guessed where his poverty would have led him. The hunter took advantage of a young man, as foolish as Jake was to accept his offer I knew he was only trying to help himself live.

"I'm sorry," I apologised, sighing wearily. "I know it's not your fault. You're right... you didn't know."

We lapsed into silence, and I stared at the spotless table cloth, my thoughts turning around in circles and my stomach churning with fear. If they knew I was alive they'd try and finish me off. As soon as possible. I was a dead man walking.

"I really am sorry... for everything."

"I know," I whispered, suddenly becoming aware of a burning sensation on the back of my neck. Red hot burning. Slowly spreading down my back.

What the...?

Realisation slapped me in the face like a wet fish.

I needed to change.

I needed to become a werewolf.

That would explain my snappy temper.

But why?

I didn't need to change for at least another week. Why was my body forcing a change?

Cold fear surged through me. I stumbled to my feet, eyes searching the restaurant for either Matt or Lianne. No sign of them. Good. Ignoring Jake's constant anxious questions, I silenced him with a look.

"If anyone asks," I said slowly, a dangerous tone entering my voice. "I went to the bathroom and you haven't seen me since. Got it?"

Jake nodded slowly, and I was striding out of the restaurant as fast as I could. My back was on like a starved ember, the fire spreading to consume my entire back. I struggled to stand up straight, wanting to curl into a ball and change. I had to get out of here before I completely ruined everything I'd worked for.

Reaching for the door handle, I felt my heart freeze.

Running From My Past...Literally

"Lei? Where are you going?"

Lianne's voice echoed from the kitchen doorway.

Damn!

Pretending I'd now become deaf, I continued on my way the door swinging close behind me. I heard a louder shout for me and I broke out into a run, constantly waiting for the jogging of feet behind me or a hand touching my arm, but none came. I sprinted around the corner and wound myself deep inside the maze of buildings. I'd never be found in the concrete jungle, at least not by Lianne and Matt.

Sweat dripped down my forehead and stung my eyes, I wiped it away idly. My muscles were trembling from the exertion; the tiredness gone unforgotten was now seeping back. Not knowing whether to yawn or scream in pain, I settled for doing neither and stripped off my clothes. No, I wasn't going for a midnight stroll naked, I was sick of ripping my clothes. Clothes cost money, money which I didn't have a lot of.

Sinking to my hands and knees, I banished all thoughts of pain and rapidly sought for my she-wolf. Finding her was a harder challenge than I'd first thought, having easily located her the night before. Relief welled up inside me as I found the shiny golden handle that led to the she-wolf's door. Opening it, I was met by a discouraging scene.

My blonde wolf lay down in the centre of the room, the smell of excretion wafting towards my sensitive nose. How I smelt something in my mind, I don't know, but it was possibly the most disgusting scent I'd ever smelt. Not only that, but the room stank of neglect. I'd been ignoring my wolf and it had obviously been taking it's toll. Resisting the urge to gag, I called for my she-wolf.

Her brilliant wolf eyes flickered open, identical eyes met mine. Shock buzzed through me. All the exhaustion I felt was mirrored in her gaze, her malnourishment obvious. I hadn't been changing forms enough, making a mental note to change more often, I repeated my call. Her eyes drifted closed.

Panic intertwined with the shock. I knew she wasn't well, but this was worrying. I parted my lips, ready to call again, but was stopped. I doubled over in pain. A cry escaping my lips. The fire was searing and for a moment I forgot where I was. I needed to get her out now, the longer I waited the more pain there was to come.

For the first time ever, I actually entered the room. Touching the doorway, I felt a bubble-like barrier. Reaching further in and the bubble popped. My she-wolf looked startled, almost scared, but I comforted her with soft noises. I slowly coaxed her from the room, being careful not to touch her. I extracted myself from the room and pried my eyes open. It was noticeably colder, and my cool skin was covered with goose-bumps. I'd been here a while.

For once I felt relaxed and relieved as my change took over, the agonising pain was almost diminished compared to my recent experience. I cringed as my shoulders popped and my bones crackled and snapped. I'd never get used to the feeling of changing, it was definitely... peculiar to say the least.

I was panting by the time the transformation was complete. My skin was hot to the touch, and I was without doubt thankful that I'd finished my change. Realising I was completely alone and knowing no one had passed through here for days (due to the scents), I rested my eyes closed.

My ears twitched as I heard a noise, listening for a few minutes and sniffing the air told me no one was here. Not bothering to even check, I relaxed again sleep just around the corner.

Running From My Past...Literally

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Something wet touched my nose and I instantly freaked. My eyes shot open and clashed with hazel eyes. Not even pausing to think, I bolted to my feet and got the hell out of there. My heart was beating as if the devil was on my tail, technically that wasn't far off. I slowed after several turns, I couldn't hear the sound of pursuit. I think I almost died when I saw that werewolf only inches from my recently awoken face.

What surprised me was the fact that they didn't rip my throat out whilst I was dozing. Or even when I jumped to my feet, they stepped back to give me room and they didn't follow me. This werewolf was either a one-of-a-kind predator or a friend...Knowing my luck, I opted for the first. I turned another corner and trotted down the alley, glancing over my shoulder into the shadows. Nothing was there, but I was sure I'd heard a scuffle of feet. Taking another look, I couldn't see anything so I ignored it.

I came towards the end of the alley and looked for the corner to the adjoining alley that wasn't there. My stomach dropped. I was standing at a dead-end. The darkness that surrounded me had given the impression that there was nearby alleys that were drowned in shadows. Turning around, I stopped dead.

There in the entrance to the alley stood the silhouette of a werewolf.

Chapter 8: Friends from the Past

First of Big Sorry to all of you...I don't think everyone got my message I sent round last week, but I've had computer troubles the last few weeks and I've just wrote this up tonight so I could post for you all :) Hope you enjoy this chapter and I'm sorry for the huge wait :)

Chapter 8: Friends from the Past

I think my heart stopped.

I think I died.

I thought many things at that moment, the key one was: What the hell was I going to do?

Standing at the end of an alley.

Standing at a dead end.

Standing only metres away from another werewolf.

It all had me in fits. I would never have a better time to think straight... Yeah, right. This wasn't the same as being stopped in the street or receiving strange looks, this was something new altogether. Never had I been approached in wolf form, to be honest I'd never given them the chance. Give them a chance and I'd be one dead she-wolf.

I stood my tallest- it was a complete fail compared to my visitor who's big form cast a shadow over me-, trying to act as if I was a bigger threat when in total honesty I couldn't kill a fly. Literally.

I was a mess, physically and mentally. My fur was matted and scruffy, reeking of rotting corpse. My eyes were tired and drooping, my skin clung to my bones showing none of the muscle I'd had years ago. And to top it off? You could smell my injured leg from miles away, the silver bullet still submerged in my calf giving me a funny half-limp. Did it sound as if I was one big bad wolf? I think not.

I noticed with relief that the wolf in the alleyway didn't look as if he wanted to rip me to pieces, but that didn't necessarily mean they weren't going to harm me only that they weren't going to kill me.

Fabulous.

I wasn't going to die... only be beaten till I passed out...

That wasn't fabulous, it was fantastic... Again I couldn't help uttering a 'Yeah right...' to myself.

Studying the stone-still wolf confused me. The scent was familiar. The physical appearance was familiar. Damn, even those eyes were familiar. The werewolf moved towards me. I balked. My hind legs pressed against the cool brick, panicking me. I was trapped. The thought repeated itself, my anxiety rocketing. All rational thoughts flew out the window, leaving behind my embellished ideas.

He was going to kill me. He was going to hurt me. He was going to-

The werewolf stopped.

Running From My Past...Literally

My dread followed suit, screeching to a halt.

As my calm slowly began to seep back, the werewolf cocked his head. Staring at me with a curious expression, one I knew well. The wolf was close enough now for me to get a closer look. Short blonde hair, perfectly combed, large wolf eyes stared back at me, the familiarity was dawning on me. Yet I didn't back down, but I couldn't help relax at the sight of my old friend... and partial enemy.

The blonde wolf tread silently towards me like a ghost, I never understood how other werewolves could walk so quietly, I know I certainly couldn't. I sounded like a rampaging bull in a china shop wherever I went or so I'd been told.

No matter how much I told myself that this werewolf was a friend, a little voice in my head was screaming for me to run. To admit to the past was to open another window. A window to those days I'd banished from my mind. Something I wouldn't be welcoming, but something I'd eventually I'd have to face... but not today. I pushed myself into the small space I had between the wall and I.

I was lying low on the ground, my eyes crumpled shut hiding from the facts clear in front of me. My emotions were in turmoil. My she-wolf was screaming at me to stand up and fight, but I was wanting to hide under a rock for the rest of my sad life. At the minute, I was winning; hence I was hiding under an imaginary rock only I could see.

Help.

I knew it was hopeless, but the thought sent me scrambling for more imaginary cover. I was exposed. I was trapped. And I was about to be killed. In my situation you would want to be behind a very thick concrete wall, you'd be untouchable. Unlucky for me, I wasn't.

Panic racked my body, tears threatened to leak out, but I held back. If I let the tears roll down my cheeks I'd become hysterical, I'd be of no use to myself. Taking a deep breath, I pleaded with the werewolf.

"Don't hurt me," I whimpered, my muscles trembling. *"Please."*

The padding of footsteps stopped directly in front of me. My heart stopped, my blood ran cold. I was going to die. He was going to kill. Please God! Don't let him kill me! I held my breath, I-

A cold nose nudged mine.

I jumped a foot in the air, muscles tensed, eyes wide.

Wolf eyes stared back at mine, held tilted.

"Why would I hurt you?" he grumbled, his nose touching mine once more.

I was shaking violently, blinking rapidly, mind whirring.

"Hey, calm down," he mumbled softly and quietly, licking my face as a simple comfort.

"It's going to be ok," he told me gently, looking directly into my eyes before rubbing his face against mine.

My breathing slowed, my tremors turned down to a shiver, I calmed myself down bit by bit. I was going to be ok. He wasn't going to hurt me. He wasn't going to let anyone else hurt me. Just as good as a concrete wall,

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untouchable and safe.

"Change."

I looked up at him, feeling startled at the request. To change would leave me vulnerable as a human, whilst changing I could easily be killed. Unable to move. Unable to defend myself. Unable to scream. Letting out a sigh, I shook my head and kept my gaze lowered.

"Why?"

Was it not obvious?

If I changed he would kill me, it was simple as that.

"Because I don't trust you," I admitted, pushing away the screaming she-wolf in my mind.

The werewolf snorted. He was laughing at me.

"Never stopped you before," he chuckled, a cocky smile showing his sharp pointed teeth.

And there was reason number two. Don't change because he can get me with those sharp needle teeth.

The werewolf's eyes clouded with confusion, he didn't understand. I'd changed near him before, fought beside him, even gotten close to trusting him. Yet, I couldn't do it. After all we'd been through, fighting in the war and saving each other's skin, I couldn't trust him enough to even change near him.

"It's more than that."

Not a statement from him, but a question.

He wanted me to tell him what the problem was; what had been bothering me for the past five years; what had drove me from my old town. The million dollar question. And I wasn't going to answer him. I wasn't going to simply spill all my secrets to someone I didn't even trust, let alone someone from my past.

"You're not going to answer me, are you?"

Another question. This one I'd answer.

I shook my head, the werewolf's confused expression turned to hurt. He gazed at me and I stared back. I wasn't going to back down, wasn't going to answer him. He was the one to break first.

"You really don't trust me."

The first statement. He knew it was true, I knew it was true. We were at dead ends. I wasn't budging, therefore he wasn't getting anywhere.

"Things change," I mumbled, looking at him with open eyes. *"It's been five years. Can't you just leave me alone? I've been tortured long enough."*

The werewolf nodded tentatively; his eyes roamed over me, the pain in his face was clear enough. It wasn't pain for himself, it was pity for me. He knew something was wrong. Majorly wrong. Yet I wouldn't tell him.

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He licked my face once more and I nudged noses with him. He turned his back on me, and took a few steps. He looked back hesitantly, eyes locking with mine.

"You sure?"

I inclined my head, biting my lip.

He nodded his head in farewell and loped out of the alley.

That was the first time I'd seen Xavier in five whole years.

And he hadn't changed a bit.

Well, maybe slightly...

**

I trudged back in the general direction of the restaurant, shrugging my t-shirt back over my head. I wrapped my arms tightly around me, but it wasn't just because of the cool wind. I was afraid. Afraid that my past would come back, I'd been running from it for so long telling myself I'd eventually have to face it, but not today, not now, not next week. Hopefully not ever.

I knew I'd been lying to myself, thinking one more day won't make much of a difference. But all those days added up. Every Monday, every Tuesday, every Wednesday, the list was endless... But I still wasn't ready to face it, as soon as I was able to I would and I could feel it. I was going to be forced to accept the truth and I would...when I was ready. Not now.

I stopped outside the restaurant, glancing upwards at the electric red letters. This was my life now, boring and dead. The restaurant was run-down, but had been painted pretty colours in an attempt to 'brighten the place up' as Alan, my boss, had put it. If anything it made it look tacky, but it was a cosy restaurant and at the minute, it was warmer than outside. Sighing at how my life had turned, I shuffled into the restaurant.

Closing the door behind me, I was met by bliss. A warm gust of air flowed over me and I closed my eyes, savouring the pleasure of the warmth. My peace was interrupted by arms being wrapped round me and squeezing me tight. I gasped for breath, my eyes going wide. Lianne was clinging to me as if I would disappear into thin air.

"Need to breathe!" I gasped, and she immediately withdrew her grip. She held me by the shoulders, her eyes scanning my face with worry.

"I'm fine," I assured her, fighting back a yawn.

My change had restored my energy in wolf form. Back in human form, that was another story. I was desperate to claw at the itchiness in my tired eyes, but refrained. It would definitely look... odd. Settling with a small yawn, I forced a gentle exhausted smile onto my face. Lianne remained anxious, but slightly appeased. That appeasement was all I needed. She wasn't angry at me, thank god! Questions appeared on her face, a finely plucked eyebrow raised. She wanted an explanation.

"Later," I mumbled, finally giving into the temptation and rubbing my eyes.

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Lianne's expression softened and she led me to the kitchen, where another wave of heat surrounded me. The warmth was only making it harder to stay awake. I hardened my resolve, I would at least stay awake until Lianne finished her shift, which apparently ended in ten minutes thankfully.

Sitting down in a chair, feeling awfully like an old lady, I asked Lianne if she could fetch Jake. She gave me a hard look, but complied with my request anyway. I relaxed back into the cushions, rolling my stiff neck. The past few days had been taking its toll on my body and tonight I'd definitely be sleeping like a log.

Jake pushed his way through the doors hurriedly, gaining a disapproving glance from Lianne. As soon as Lianne had left and we were sure everyone wasn't listening, I turned to Jake giving him my full attention.

"Get yourself hidden tonight," I instructed him, studying him. "Make sure the Hunters don't find you and come back here tomorrow. Survive tonight and you might have a chance of living through the next few months."

Jake nodded curtly, asking me whether he knew where he could hide. I thought hard for a minute, before giving him the directions to the alleyways I'd just been through. He'd be pretty safe there, and I was sure that a certain werewolf wouldn't bother him, not if my scent covered him. I patted Jake on the back before sending him away. Before he left the room, he turned and hesitated.

"Where did you-" he began to ask, but I cut in knowing exactly what he would ask.

"Needed to change," was all I told him, giving him a rushed smile before signalling for him to leave.

He took the farewell and quickly closed the door behind him. I heaved a sigh, hopefully the hunters would ease off for a few days before they finally realised I wasn't dead. A few days would be all I needed to recuperate.

Then I'd be fighting ready...

I hoped.

Knowing that someone will ask me, I'll say it now....

Xavier was Lei's partner in the war in the last book, he's another werewolf from another pack, a pack that is close friends with hers. If you still can't remember you will find him in *Wolf Obsession*. :) Hopefully that cleared things up...

And hopefully you liked it?

Comment and like please! I'd love to know what you think!

:)

Chapter 9: Like-like?

Chapter nine: Like-like?

The empty space left by Jake was soon filled by Matt. Seriously, did people never leave me alone? Stifling a groan, I smiled up at him. He didn't need any more prompting, Matt pulled me to my feet in one quick pull and pulled me into a crushing embrace. Unlike with Lianne, Matt wasn't choking me I wasn't gasping for air. His warmth engulfed me and for a minute it felt like Jayden was holding me. As soon as the thought appeared, I quickly tried to pull myself away, but Matt held me tight.

"Don't scare us again," he whispered, giving me a firm squeeze before finally releasing me. He smiled down at me, and I returned a terse smile. Falling back into my seat, I studied Matt's face. He looked nervous with his ruffled red hair and his gaze barely settling on anything longer than a second.

"C-can I talk to you about... something?" he asked, his gaze finally settling on me.

"Go for it," I sighed, resting my head against the wall, my eyes closed. My final wisps of dread and fear finally easing away, leaving me relaxed and more than ready to sleep.

"Well... I..." he stuttered, I could imagine another hand skimming through his hair.

"Yes?"

What did he want to talk about? What could possibly have him so nervous?

"I.. er..."

"Matt!" I groaned, starting to get annoyed. "Just spit it out! You know you can talk to me about anything."

"IreallylikeLianne.DoyouthinkIshouldaskherout?" he chattered so quickly that I didn't catch any of it.

"Sorry, what? I didn't hear a word of that," I mumbled, rolling my closed eyes.

He sighed before admitting, "I really like Lianne... as in like-like her..."

My eyes shot open so quickly that you'd need to have taped it and slowed it by a hundred before you could see the unguarded surprise in my eyes. Today was turning out to be full of surprises. I schooled my expression, and it soon became one of childish delight.

"That's fantastic!" I all but screamed at him

"Ssssh!" he reprimanded, but he couldn't help the grin that stretched across his face. "I want your opinion on this... Your *serious* opinion!"

He was definitely asking the wrong person, but oh well, he wouldn't know that.

I smiled sweetly, "Am I ever not serious?"

He rolled his eyes and took my answer as a yes.

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"Do you think I should ask her on a date?" he ventured awkwardly, his cheeks blazing crimson matching his hair colour.

"Ask her out?" I laughed, " You should freakin' marry her!"

His eyes clashed to mine, horror seeping through into his gaze. Then he saw I was joking and relaxed. He'd thought I was being serious, which made me want to laugh even more, after all I had told him I'd be serious about this. Too late.

"Kidding," I smirked, inwardly laughing at the relief that wiped across his face. "You should totally go for it, Matt. I know Lianne likes you too."

His eyes turned hopeful, and a small boyish smile crossed his lips.

"Really?"

I nodded, my heart filling with happiness for my two friends. I already knew what Lianne's answer would be, I noticed her watching Matt when she thought no one was watching, but me being a werewolf and all meant I noticed everything. Well... almost everything.

"Like-like?" he grinned, his boyish charm increasing.

I struggled not to laugh, he sounded like a seven year old boy.

"Yes, as long as you never say like-like ever again," I snorted, my laughter finally coming through.

"What?!" Matt shrieked hysterically, not supporting my four year old claim at all. Matt burst into laughter, realising how he was acting.

Eventually! I was wondering if he was ever going to stop acting like a child, and realise his mistake.

"When?" I beamed, resting back into my chair once more and my eyelids closing the world from me.

"Tomorrow," he proclaimed, sounding all high and mighty to my amusement. "Today has been filled with too much drama."

I agreed, today had been one heck of a day. Not that tomorrow wouldn't be either... I'd have to plan what I'd have to do with Jake, and to be honest, I hadn't a clue what I was going to do. He was stuck in the middle, hunters on one side and the supernatural on the other side. One wrong move and he was dead. Not much room for mistakes then.

Damn!

**

"Argh!" I yelped, falling through the doorway and hitting the floor with a thud.

Laughter echoed above me from Lianne and Matt, I rolled onto my back and saw Lianne keeled over, her face as red as a tomato with giggling. Matt was standing tall, a great smirk snaked its way across his face showing his amusement and a booming laugh escaped his lips.

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"Ow," I moaned wearily, relaxing on the floor- well relaxing as much as possible on a cold wooden floor. I rubbed my arms, the skin feeling tender and slightly bruised. Did I ever stop getting injured!? The amount of times I'd been hurt in the last forty-eight hours was ridiculous!

I wasn't upset about my run in with Xavier, neither was I upset about the hunters trying to kill me... I was no longer upset about anything... it was five times worse than that, I was angry. I was furious with the Hunters for chasing me- what gave them the right to hunt me down and finish me? What gave them the right to discriminate people and tell others what they can and can't do?! What gave them the right to do anything!? They were murders, they deserved to be slaughtered.

And don't get me started on Xavier. As little as he most likely thinks he's done, he's damaged me in a way the hunters couldn't. He'd brought back my past. Every time I thought of my meeting with Xavier, all I could see was memories...

Memories of my first meeting with Xavier, our fight and our 'telling off' from the Alphas; Jayden holding me and nursing my broken nose. Daunting memories of when I was told Xavier would be covering me during the fight - Could I trust him? More memories spilled over, the gut-wrenching pain I'd felt as my side had been cut open and the guilt I'd felt as Xavier had ripped my young assailant apart.

And the last one... the most painful and the reason I'd left my past behind... the memory when he told us Jayden had fallen, when he'd announced my mates death... I forced the tears back and forbid myself to cry in front of my friends. Crying would lead to questions and if they asked me I'd spill everything... which I couldn't do under **any** circumstances.

Taking a deep breath to calm my steadily rising distress, I held my hands up and Matt's firm grip pulled me up from the ground. He spun me around, and a giggle escaped my lips as the world spun. Being dizzy normally meant bleeding to death in my case, but when you weren't it was definitely fun. It was like being drunk for a matter of seconds and not being able to walk straight, it was always good to have a laugh at yourself.

I stumbled my way towards the fabric sofa perched in the centre of the room and flopped backwards onto the comfortable seat, my eyelids fluttering closed.

"Hey!" Lianne shouted in a mock-annoyance tone. "You can't go to sleep yet!"

Her loud voice startled me awake, I'd dozed for a matter of seconds- that was how tired I was. I was practically falling asleep in seconds. I looked round towards her, blinking, worried. I took me a minute to take in what had happened.

"Tired?" Matt asked, thumping into the space next to me and leaving just enough room for Lianne on the other side of him.

I nodded.

"Unbelievably so," I muttered, my head resting against the back of the sofa and yawning like a lion.

"I almost fell in there," Lianne smirked, settling beside Matt.

"Ha-ha," I mumbled sarcastically, throwing her my 'I'm not amused' look.

If they wanted to keep me awake they'd have to learn to deal with the consequences, wouldn't they? Pffft... It serves them right.

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Do not mess with a tired version of me. I get grouchy, real grouchy, so grouchy you wouldn't believe it. I think the word grouchy explains a tired me quite well... I'm also very fond of the word grouchy, it sounds... I don't know... Grouchy?

Brushing away my littering thoughts, I focussed my eyes on the telly refusing to let them droop or blur. Lianne flicked through a few channels, there wasn't really much on not that there was ever much on at ten minutes to midnight. She flicked back and forth between a cooking show and a live comedian show.

Finally settling on the comedian show, I'd never been a fan of stand up comedy, but I had to admit the greying man on the television screen had what you needed for it. He was funny and quirky... for about ten minutes and then his act began to dull and he looked like he was becoming increasingly panicked. Obviously running out of jokes. And by this time, I was having to stare at the screen to keep my eyes from closing. It's a lot harder than you think.

I felt my eyelids begin to flutter and my head begin to nod before I knew it I was slipping into a deep dreamless sleep.

**

"Do you think we should wake her?" A voice murmured beside me, tugging me gently from my sleep. I remained quiet, my mind fogged with drowsiness.

"No, let her sleep. She's had a rough day," I heard Lianne whisper, I felt her fingers push the hair back from my face. "Will you carry her to her room, please?"

Hands slipped under me and lifted me swiftly from the chair, barely jostling me. I groaned softly and unthinkingly, Matt had touched my leg which still held the silver bullet. The sting of pain was unwelcome after the warm dark blankets of sleep. The two of them fell silent and nobody moved. I felt sleeping tugging at me again, it's claws outstretched, but I wanted to stay awake till I was on my bed.

"Seriously, she weighs next to nothing, Lianne," Matt commented in surprise, his chest vibrating as he spoke.

"Shhhh."

"Sorry," he whispered. "But really, are you sure she doesn't have an eating problem or anything?"

I heard Lianne sigh.

"Not that I know of..."

The room fell quiet and I felt Lianne lead Matt towards my bedroom, I heard the click of the door as it opened into my probably dark room. I saw my lamp turn on behind my eyelids, the orange light shining through my lids and hurting my eyes. I was lowered to a soft surface. My comfy bed. The lamp was switched off and I heard retreating footsteps. They didn't leave the room, they stopped at the perimeter.

"She's hiding something," Lianne told Matt, her voice echoing her silent hurt.

"I know."

"Do you think she'll tell us some day?" Lianne asked hopefully, my heart squeezed tightly.

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Never. My own thoughts answered automatically. I could never tell them and that hurt me as well as them.

"Maybe one day. She's hiding her past for some reason and it could take a while, but she will lower her guard and trust us with it. It'll take time."

Lianne murmured her agreement and I heard the door click shut.

I opened my eyes, staring at the dark ceiling.

Why me?

Chapter 10: Confrontation

Chapter 10: Confrontation

It's always disorientating when you wake up somewhere you didn't fall asleep, and that was what happened when I woke up. I'd fallen asleep beside Matt on the sofa and now I was lying on my bed, staring up at my pristine white ceiling. I briefly remembered Matt carrying to my room; remembered Lianne and Matt murmuring softly to each other, but about what bewildered me. It obviously hadn't bothered me as I'd had no trouble falling asleep afterwards.

Groaning I pulled myself out of bed and shuffled into the kitchen, holding my arms tightly around me. A cool draft was wafting through the open space and I soon found the source. The window was wide open, no wonder it was cold in here. Slamming it shut, I made my way back to the kitchen and clicked on the kettle.

Coffee.

My saviour.

Grabbing my favourite Winnie the Pooh mug and a jar of coffee, I started to make the heavenly drink. Coffee was what kept me awake most the time, having to change into a wolf one night a week meant I got a whole night less sleep than every other person. Yawning, I stirred the coffee and boiled water. I lumbered over to the fridge and opened it with a hefty tug. My hopes dropped.

No milk.

I was going to be having some strong coffee this morning. Mumbling curses at no one in particular, I stumbled over to the table and sat down with my coffee. Bringing the hot beverage to my lips, something caught my eye. A note from Lianne was stuck to the table.

Lei, I'm at work from ten till seven, pop by the restaurant later if you're feeling up to it. Hope you're feeling alright. Lianne x x

I glanced at the clock, three O'clock in the afternoon. Sighing, I dropped my half-empty cup of coffee into the dish with a clatter and began to get ready. Today was already beginning to look like a lazy day.

Twenty minutes later, I was locking up the doors to the apartment and strolling down towards the bus stop. The restaurant wasn't my destination for once, I could see the red flickering sign up the road, the old dingy place I'd clung to for years. My destination was the hospital, I needed to talk to Mark, the vampire doctor. I hadn't taken his warning seriously, but I was beginning to think maybe I should.

If Xavier was still in the city and they knew they would be more likely to come searching, probably stumbling across the werewolf they supposedly killed last week. I sighed at the thought of Xavier, I knew he only wanted to help as odd as that seemed for Xavier's character. When I'd first met Xavier five years ago, the first word that had popped into my head was arrogant. He had that air about him, the one that screamed I love myself, he'd proved that by making snide comments to me and later punching me in the face. Fabulous introduction I'd always thought, it's a good way to get someone to never forget your face that's for sure.

I felt the first spots of heavy rain and looked up at the sky, sure enough it was an endless plain of dark looming clouds. Oh joy. I didn't have my umbrella or even a coat. Wrapping my arms around me tightly, I walked slightly faster towards the open-roofed bus shelter. I was going to get wet, that was inevitable. I could

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see the bus stop now, it stood lonely away from the other buildings and sadly lacking people. I still had at least a third of a mile before I reached it.

The heavens had opened and the rain was coming down in buckets, I was thoroughly drenched after mere minutes. Mark was going to kill me, I was supposed to be in bed resting, but here I was trekking through the concrete jungle in the pouring rain. Just what I wanted to be doing on a Tuesday afternoon.

I couldn't hear anything because of the rain and the wind, the mixture of thundering rain and blustering winds had placed a blanket around the area, muffling out any noise. Suddenly the rain stopped, at least I thought it was the rain. I peered in front of me, it was still raining but I was no longer getting wet.

"Does this help?"

I spun around so fast that I fell and I felt hands grab me before I hit the ground. I really had to stop getting myself into these situations. My heart thudded loudly, my stomach dropped. I closed my eyes, not wanting to look at my helper's face. I knew that smell, even masked by the rain and wind, I could never forget that smell.

"What do you want?" I asked him, my tone bordering defeat as I bowed my head. His hand gripped my chin, lifting it so I was forced to look at him.

Wolf eyes stared back at me.

"To talk."

I stared hard at him, and mumbled, "Why?"

Xavier pulled a face, before sighing, "Can't we just talk?"

I froze, gazing at the ground.

Did I really want to face my past? I'd been hiding from it for so long, that it felt that if I just simply ignored it that it would go away and leave me alone... but I guess I was living a fairytale, living a lie. I knew it wasn't the truth, I knew I'd have to face it one day, but I didn't want to. I was scared, I was a coward.

Xavier was looking at me softly, even caringly.

"Why did you leave?" he asked gently, tucking a stray strand of hair behind my ear.

I felt a tear slide down my cheek and the next thing I knew Xavier had bundled me up in his arms, my head on his shoulder.

"Shhhh," he murmured, stroking my hair. "It's okay, Lei."

That was what did it for me, everything began pouring from my lips.

"D-Daniel pushed me too far," I sobbed, giving into the tears.

I felt Xavier go rigid against me, he pulled me away so he could look me in the eyes.

"What did he do?" he growled, anger vibrating through his voice.

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I closed my eyes, blocking out everything. Xavier thought he'd made a move, forced himself on me.

"It's not what you think..." I whispered, gripping to Xavier tightly.

"Then what the hell is it!?" he shouted in fury.

I squirmed as the scene replayed in my mind, the anguish returning and the horror multiplying tenfold.

"Your mother..."

My fake mother, I added silently.

The Headmaster sighed, "Your mother's dead."

..Now how do I react to that? I had no idea. As much as I hated her a part of me, however small, had always strived to please her. A part of me had loved her. I felt the first tear of many slip from my eye and roll slowly down my face. Then I became even more emotional as Daniel, who at the first sight of me crying, had come to comfort me with a hug. Yes, Daniel hugging me and I wasn't punching him in the face for once. Who would have thought? After I'd managed to become even slightly composed the officer was talking to me.

"We found that she had been murdered, but we have no leads to who could have done it. Do you have any ideas who it could possibly be? Did she have any enemies or recent feuds that you know of?"

I shook my head and glanced again at Daniel, who had moved to stand at the side again.

Not her enemies.

Ours.

Daniel's expression told me he was thinking the exact same thing.

Murder. *Such a cold blooded act.*

"If you have any ideas, the police would appreciate it if we were informed," the policeman continued. "We realise now that you have no parents or guardians. As emotional as you may be we need to sort this out now. Mr Saven has offered to adopt you-"

And that was it. Them seven final words, they were what had driven me from my home, driven me from my life. Even the simple thought made me shudder. I refused to tie myself down to someone. The pain I'd felt then had reappeared after several years of being covered. It might have appeared that I'd acted irrationally, but I'd been pushed and pushed.

Becoming a werewolf; the war; losing Jayden; losing my father and half my pack; losing my mother; then the adoption. No real person could take all that pain and walk out normal; it affected me more than it should have done. Becoming a werewolf was traumatic enough, but with so many deaths, I'd become depressed. To get away from it I'd have to physically get away from it which meant moving away. It may have destroyed my chances of a good life, but it was better than living with Daniel.

"What did he **do**?" Xavier growled again, his eyes looking as if he was ready to kill.

"After everything, losing everyone I loved and losing..." I trailed off.

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Xavier's expression softened immediately, he knew how much it had hurt me, but he wasn't aware that I hadn't gotten over it.

He knew now.

"After losing Jayden," I whispered, waiting for the expected pain and I was surprised when only a dart of hurt seared through me instead of the usual avalanche that crushed me until I couldn't breathe. I clung to Xavier, he was what made me felt better because he'd known Jayden. None of my current friends could help, they didn't know about Jayden, didn't know I was a werewolf, they wouldn't be able to cope.

"Daniel wanted to adopt me," I mumbled, suddenly ashamed of running. "I know it was stupid, but-"

"Lei," Xavier interrupted me, grabbing my chin between his forefinger and thumb making me look at him once again. "It was not stupid what you did, you thought it was right and you did what you had to do. I don't blame you for running, I mean who would want Daniel to adopt them?"

Xavier said the last part with intended humour, his smile a mile wide and I couldn't help the small grin that escaped.

"Do you understand? We're not angry at you, Lei," he told me softly, washing away all the nightmares I'd had, I could see Lucas and Jack's gentle faces sneering at me with hatred, but now... now I couldn't see that. Not after what Xavier just told me.

"I know Jack misses you and so does Lucas," Xavier informed me, the small smile lighting his face turned to a smirk. "And I know I do too, I miss fighting with you most of all."

I pulled away from him and hit him lightly on the arm, he pulled a pained face.

"Your face is so fake," I laughed, swatting him again.

He winked, "I know."

We stared at each other for a while; the rain still coming down like there was no tomorrow. I watched as Xavier's expression became serious as his eyes scanned my body, he looked... worried. I started shuffling backwards, a natural instinct now; if people wanted information they'd have to chase me for it.

"Lei..." he warned, taking a step towards me.

He wasn't going to hurt me, I was confident enough of that. He was anxious about me, worried even. He only wanted to make sure I was okay... and then probably force me back to the pack...

I couldn't let that happen... not yet...

I saw the bus coming and glanced backwards. Xavier couldn't see the bus and the bus stop wasn't far from me.

"Don't you dare," he muttered, his eyes alight with annoyance. He was guessing I was going to run.

"I'm not."

"Yeah right!" he snorted, moving forward to take my arm. The bus was beginning to move into the bus stop, I turned and ran. Xavier shouted behind me and I felt his fingers skim my arm, he was so close to grabbing me,

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but his fingers didn't find the grip they needed. I heard him curse behind me as I jumped onto the bus, swiping my bus card and taking a seat at the back of the bus. I looked out the back window and gave him a cheery wave. Xavier glared at me, giving me the middle finger before turning and storming away.

Thank god Xavier couldn't chase me in public.

Swivelling on my seat, I relaxed.

I never thought I'd ever want to be in a hospital, but right now it was looking like a safe-haven from Xavier.

Chapter 11: Running With Crutches

Chapter 11: Running With Crutches

Walking through the halls of the hospital trying to search for one Doctor, who's surname I couldn't remember, was a difficult job... that and it gave me a god-damn headache. Who knew that hospitals were one of the noisiest places in the world? I swear that it was louder and busier than the city high-street on a Saturday which is some feat, I tell you.

Not to mention the anxiety I had when speaking to members of staff, I remember Mark telling me that half his co-workers were hunters and they were all there when I got attacked. In other words they'd remember me and come after me; I was a failed assassin attempt and the thing was they didn't know I was alive so I wanted to keep it that way.

I gave up on asking nurses if they knew Mark and where I could find them, most of them just brushed me off as an annoying patient, but one small nurse had informed me that there was over twenty staff with the name Mark. Helpful. So I'd resorted to using my fine sense of smell... shame it didn't work though, the amount of trails that went up and down that corridor was purely amazing. I'd never smelt so many different scents in one place... downside? It wasn't going to help me find Mark, my vampire doctor and it was adding to my headache even more.

Giving up on my werewolf senses and communicating with the humans, I decided to do a manual search... which could take hours at the least. The hospital was massive and I'd checked over four floors and over fifty wards... yet I couldn't find Mark. What if he was off today? What if the Hunters had got him? Killed him?

My stomach turned cold.

I stood in the doorway of another ward, checking each member of staff... unfortunately none of them were my pale dark-haired dark-eyed doctor. Sighing, I turned and ran straight into someone.

"Sorry," I immediately apologised, falling to the floor in the process.

The other person remained standing and I looked up.

My spirits soared.

Finally!

In front of me stood Mark, dressed in his long white doctor's jacket and his dark hair ruffled in an anxious manner, his dark eyes were furious and focussed on me... okay, this did not look good...

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" he whispered furiously, grabbing my arm and pulling me to my feet.

His eyes scanned the room, for possible Hunters I suspected, and dragged me out into another room. An empty private room. My nose wrinkled at the recent use of pungent smelling cleaning supplies, to say my head was spinning from all the smells was understatement. I sat down on the bed, trying to take deep calming breaths.

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I could see Mark from my position on the bed, his body was still frozen... he was still angry... but why? When I'd finally put myself back together, I slowly looked up and met Mark's gaze.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked quietly, looking down at my hands.

That seemed to trigger something within Mark and the fury was soon unleashed.

"Angry doesn't begin to cut what I'm feeling right now, Lei," he growled, pacing towards me. "You come in here and waltz around as if you're in no danger at all. What if one of the hunters had seen you? What if they've already begun to plan your second assassination? Did you even think before you came in here?!"

I suddenly felt ashamed, I'd known it was a bad idea coming here, but I'd come anyway in the hope that Mark could help me with Jake and his problem. I'd weighed both the risks and benefits, I'd thought that what I could get out of this situation was greater than the risks. I needed help, and Mark, being the only supernatural I felt comfortable talking to, had instantly come to mind.

I wasn't quite sure why I trusted Mark so much, I guess it was from the fact that he'd helped to save my life when I'd most likely have died, and I guess it could be from the fact that he'd given me advice and warnings... but mainly, I think it was because he was new to this world of supernaturals and he'd been tossed into the deep end with the Hunters.

"I did think about it, but I needed your help and I-"

Mark cut me off mid-sentence, "Coming to this hospital is not going to help you, the place is crawling with Hunters. If anything it's going to get you killed."

"I know that, but-"

"No, Lei," he interrupted, his dark eyes flashing dangerously. "That's your problem, you think you know, but in reality you have no fucking clue. No fucking clue at all!"

"Can't you just give me a break?" I whispered almost silently, resting my head in my hands. No wonder I had a headache.

"Excuse me!?"

I knew he'd heard me.

"Mark," I sighed and I watched his scary vampire face soften slightly, looking more human. "I've had a rough couple of days. Can't you just cut me some slack for once?"

He stared at me hard.

"Please?" I whispered.

He slowly nodded before leaning against the wall.

"Thank you."

He nodded again, this time a soft look on his face.

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"Why did you come here?" he asked gently, his eyes searching mine.

"I've got a friend who's in a bit of trouble..." I explained, gazing earnestly back at Mark. "And I've promised to help him, but the thing is... I don't know how or even if I can..."

Mark stayed quiet, assessing the situation.

"Explain."

From there I launched into the story of how I'd first met Jake, how he came to the restaurant every night in an obsession to see me. I told Mark about how I'd met one of Jake's hunter 'friends' and how he'd threatened me, showing him the old burn marks on my wrist. I went on to explain how later that night I'd been attacked and ended up in hospital where I'd actually met Mark. I finished by explaining Jake's situation that he'd told me late yesterday afternoon after forcing him to tell me.

By the end of my tale, Mark was sitting quietly in a chair by the window. I wondered if he'd even listened as he was gazing out the window thoughtfully, seeming to be in a world of his own.

"Mark?" I asked hesitantly, not wanting to startle him. Not that I could startle a vampire anyway.

He continued to stare out the window, but lifted his hand in a gesture to wait. He was thinking.

"Well, he needs some place to live for a start. A place uninhabited by Hunters," he commented easily, his fingers unconsciously drawing patterns on the arm of the chair.

"Well done, Einstein," I muttered, rolling my eyes.

He gave me a look that told me to shut up, I gave him a sweet smile and mimed locking my lips and throwing away the key. It was his turn to roll his eyes.

"Do you want my help or not?" he asked, raising his eyebrow.

That had me silent.

"I thought so," he murmured, sending me a cheeky smile.

"Anyway," I began, sending him a look to say we should get back on topic. "We need to find a cheap place he can live in, away from hunters, but protected somehow by us."

"Yes... or he could live with me?"

I stared at him.

"You'd be willing to do that?" I asked in amazement, my eyes wide.

"Well, he can't live with you and there is no such thing as a 'cheap' place to live in this city. You said the boy knows about the supernatural, right?"

I nodded, not quite believing my luck.

"Does he know about vampires?"

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I paused, I wasn't quite sure.

"I don't really know, but he knows about werewolves so vampires should be a breeze."

Mark raised an eyebrow, snorting, "And that's coming from you. Bear in mind that this boy is human."

"I think he'll manage, he took werewolves pretty well I think... he's definitely- er- optimistic."

He smirked, trying not to laugh.

"The main question is; would he be scared to live with me?" Mark mused, running his hand across his stubbled cheek.

"I think the bigger question is; would you be able to control your blood thirst?"

Mark gave me a dark glare, I'd hoped he wouldn't take it offensively turns out he did.

"What are you trying to say?" he growled, his fingers that had been tracing patterns froze, everything about Mark seemed to freeze and become immobile. He looked like death, looked like he wanted to kill me, looked like he wanted my blood. His eyes darkened and his lips became taut and strained.

"Like that," I mumbled, looking away from him, scared that if I looked at him he'd move and rip my throat out before I could comprehend what was happening. I think I could actually be afraid of Mark, when I was in human form he was a threat to me and I was as vulnerable as a human, well maybe not quite as vulnerable as a normal human but you get my point. I felt my heart beat pick up at the thought of him killing me, I tried to take deep breaths.

We both remained silent for a moment and I watched from the corner of my eye, as Mark relaxed back into his seat and his fingers continued their invisible drawings.

"Lei."

I glanced at him, his expression soft and his eyes their usual dark green, no longer black.

"Don't be afraid of me," he urged tenderly, he wasn't smiling, but his eyes held that warm affection that made you feel like you were loved by a father or a brother. That's what I felt Mark was to me, an older brother.

I nodded hesitantly, murmuring, "It's kind of hard not to when you look like that."

"It's something I need to control," he said, looking slightly ashamed of himself.

We sat in silence a while.

"You can control yourself around blood," I commented lightly, watching his fingers continue to dance silently.

"I'd be worried if I couldn't, I god damn work in a hospital!"

I ignored his comment.

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"But you need to separate your emotions from your vampire actions. If Jake angers you, there's a possibility you could accidentally kill him."

I shuddered at the thought, trying to banish the images of Jake's death from my head.

"I'm not at home more than half the time anyway, but I will make sure not to kill your friend. I haven't killed an innocent human yet," he assured me.

That made me pause...

"You've killed humans then?"

The word innocent had made it so obvious.

His face turned solemn before he nodded. He sighed as his pager beeped, he glanced it before looking back at me.

"I've got surgery in ten minutes, I'll have to go," he informed me, standing to his feet fluidly. I'd noticed his movements had become my vampire-like since I'd seen him a couple days ago.

"You've been practising?"

He glanced up at me sharply.

"Moving, I meant."

I guess I should of thought he'd take it that way, he was thinking I meant the practicing of blood. He looked at me, confused.

"Your movements," I prompted.

"Ah, I have been trying," he grinned sheepishly.

"I can tell," I smiled. "We can talk again later?"

He laughed and I didn't quite understand why.

"Yes, but not at the hospital. Tell me where you live and I'll pop by after I've finished my shift."

I gave him the directions and asked what time he finished at the hospital.

"I should be done about five tonight," he responded, making his way towards the door.

"Oh and Mark!"

He turned to me inquisitively.

"You forgot something," I said, smiling at the puzzlement crossing his face. He glanced to where he'd been sitting and noted it was empty. He turned back to me, eyebrows raised.

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I pulled up my trouser leg and showed him the silver bullet gleaming against my red raw skin. His eyes widened and he muttered, "Now how did I miss that?"

His fingers tentatively prodded my blistered skin, being careful not to touch the silver as it burns him too.

"What's this?"

Mark pointed at the ugly scab slightly above the bullet.

"I don't remember that being there either," he told me, applying a bit of pressure to the wound.

A small cry escaped my lips, and his eyes flickered to mine.

"That hurts?"

I nodded quickly, unable to speak in case my voice broke.

"It's from another silver bullet?"

Another nod.

"You pulled it out?"

I showed him my right-hand, the angry blisters looking days old.

"You pulled it out with your **hand**?" he asked, sounding as if he was being strangled.

I inclined my head slowly; I obviously wasn't supposed to use my hands.

"And I'm guessing the reason that one is still there is because it wouldn't come out?"

I took a deep breath, "The bullet's lodged too far in; I couldn't get a sure enough grip on it and I didn't particularly want to tear my muscles more than they are."

"I noticed you don't have the crutches," he noted disapprovingly.

I shrugged, "They were only making it harder for me. Have you ever tried running with crutches? It's pretty much impossible."

"No I can't say I've ever tried that," he laughed, before inspecting my bullet wounds a bit more closely.

"There's nothing I can do about that now, I don't have enough time, but if I bring my bag with me after work I can sort that out for you. Would that be okay?"

I let out a sigh of relief, "That would be fantastic."

He glanced down at his watch, a worried frown crossing his lips.

"I have to go otherwise I'm going to be late. The Hunters don't need another reason to get me fired."

"Toodles," I grinned, jumping down from the bed and following Mark out of the room. He turned and locked the door.

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"Get the hell out of this hospital, Lei," Mark smiled, turning and walking away.

"Before it comes back to bite you in the arse," he shouted over his shoulder, attracting stares to him.

I smirked, watching his retreating back before turning to leave the hospital. I forced myself into the tightly packed lift, unfortunately they'd closed the stairs something to do with broken glass. I waited, eyes fixed on the decreasing numbers. I let out a sigh of relief as the doors opened and everyone filed out.

"You never did like elevators, did you?" A familiar voice asked from behind me and I cursed under my breath, my annoyance tripling.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAND....

I'm going to leave it there for another week as I'm off to the French Alps for some serious skiing :D

Sorry!

I've updated four times in just over a week, so I hope that will be fine....

I've almost finished the next chapter and I will post it as soon as I get back.. and I've finished it obviously :)

Hope you liked this, tell me what you think as always! I'm hoping to come back to some absolutely awesome comments :) (**And Likes!**)

Please give me some constructive criticism! I can't improve unless you tell me how!

Thanks anyway,

Caitlin x

Oh and Who do you think it is?

Chapter 12: Never Alone

Chapter 12: Never Alone

"Jesus fucking Christ," I exclaimed loudly, attracting a few unwanted stares. I turned on him, glaring. "Can I not get rid of you?"

Xavier sent me a cheeky grin before nudging me, rolling his eyes.

"I'm right though, aren't I?" he smirked, tossing an arm around my shoulders.

"Yes," I snapped. " Now get off me."

I pushed his arm away causing him to sigh.

"You're no fun! I can have more fun with Daniel than with you!"

I stopped and glared at him, opened my mouth to shout at him and decided against it, clamping my jaw shut.

"Hit a nerve there, did I?" he laughed, still standing behind me. I clenched my fists, I wanted to kill him so much, but that was impossible in a public place. I'd be arrested sadly. Apparently punching and maiming annoying werewolves was against the law. What a shame.

"You better move you're attracting attention, sweetheart and I'm pretty sure that's not what you want."

He had me there. I grudgingly walked, Xavier trailing slightly behind me.

"If you were a bug I would have squashed you by now," I muttered under my breath almost silently, knowing humans wouldn't be able to hear me, but Xavier would. I stormed through the double doors and walked towards an empty alley way, away from the public eye.

"Now that's not very nice, pumpkin," he pouted, keeping up with my pace easily.

I continued towards the alley, walking until I stopped at the end of the alley. It was a dead end. Didn't this look familiar?

"Don't call me pumpkin, I hate that more than sweetheart," I growled at him through gritted teeth.

"All the more reason to call you it, pumpkin," he smirked, stopping behind me.

I could hear his light breathing on the back of my neck and knew he was only centimetres from me. I stared at the brick wall in front of me, wishing it would move. I could smell the rancid scent of dead rat, not a particularly welcoming scent and it was the only smell stronger than the one I feared Xavier would smell. It obviously wasn't my lucky day.

"Why can I smell your blood, pumpkin?" he asked anxiously, I could hear the frown in his voice.

I heard his voice become serious and the lack of nicknames. He was worried.

"Lei? Why are you bleeding?"

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I remained silent, being stubborn as usual. I knew Xavier only cared and wanted to help, but he was only delaying me more and he was going to try and convince me of something. I heard Xavier drop to his knees, smelling the blood on my calf. He hesitantly lifted my trouser leg up, waiting for me to react. When I didn't, he continued to lift it and get a better look at my wound. He prodded the bullet, I winced and he hissed through his teeth.

"Silver," he mumbled, cradling his burnt fingers. "Who and when?"

I sighed, he wasn't going to buy any lies I gave him so I told him the truth.

"The Hunters chased me a couple of nights ago, I barely got out alive."

"Are you alright?" Xavier murmured beside my ear, his hands resting lightly on my shoulders.

"What do you think?" I growled, still refusing to look at him. "I almost died."

"Stop playing games and tell me. Are you alright?" he repeated, his thumbs rubbing the back of my shoulders calmly.

My shoulders dropped in defeat. I was alright before you came.

"Xavier," I began, turning to face him and took a step back, immediately startled at how close he was. He watched me with curious and worried eyes. "Why can't you just leave me alone?"

Xavier was quick to respond, he simply said, "Because something's wrong."

I rolled my eyes, daring him to continue.

"You're clever," I snorted sarcastically. "There's always something wrong, Xavier, when will you learn that? The Hunters are only a small part of what's wrong with the world. There's nothing we can do to help it, we're only two out of six billion. What difference can we make? I can't help change poverty, I can't stop murderers from killing, I can't even stop myself getting killed for crying out loud!"

Xavier looked at me, searching my gaze for something.

"Lei," he started softly, grabbing my hands between his. He waited for me to pull away, but I didn't it was a small comfort. As much as I refused to acknowledge the fact that I needed Xavier, I couldn't resist his comfort. He smiled when I stayed still, and continued, "We can't help the whole world, Lei. As you said there's just too many people for us to help, but there's something we can do. We can help each other, I'm trying to help you because I know there's something wrong and it's not just the blood trickling down your leg. There's something on your mind that you're not telling me and I can't help until you do."

He paused, still staring intently at me. I could feel tears splashing on to my cheeks, but I wasn't going to sob or break down in front of Xavier. I think that Xavier had thought that I'd cave in and tell him everything after his little speech. To be honest he hadn't told me anything I didn't already know. I knew that Xavier would help me if I needed, knew he'd support me and look after me...thing was I didn't want it, didn't think I needed it. I wanted to be left alone; why didn't he get that?

"Let me in, Lei," he whispered. "Let down your walls and talk to me."

I shook my head, my hands still in his.

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"Why are you so thin, Lei?"

Changing tactic. My guard went up again, he'd slowly been knocking it down with his comfort but it was all gone now. I glared at him, he'd used up all my patience.

"If I see you once more today, I will kill you," I sighed, pulling my hands away from Xavier.

"Is that a threat?" Xavier grunted, his expression losing its soft touch.

"It's not a threat, it's a promise," I told him, my patience wearing thin.

Xavier growled at me, and my attention snapped to the angry wolf in front of me. Time to put him at ease.

"I will tell you, Xavier. But not today. Push me too far and I'll run... and you'll have to find me all over again which could take years. Just give me time, Xavier. That's all I ask."

Xavier exhaled noisily before stepping aside and letting me past.

"Thank you."

I made to move past him, but he grabbed my arm and spun me to face him. He engulfed me in a hug, catching me by surprise.

"Always remember, Lei, that you're never alone. We're all here for you. Me, Lucas, Jack, Logan, Simon, Daniel, Elliot, Ollie and hell, even Trey. We're all here for you, never forget that.

I jogged to the end of the alleyway, banishing the pain in my leg. At the entrance, I stopped and turned back. Xavier still stood there, gazing after me. I inclined my head with respect and walked away, not looking to see whether he did the same.

**

I strolled into the restaurant an hour later after walking home from the hospital, the fresh air had helped me clear my head and I was definitely feeling in a good mood. I say an over-enthusiastic hello to Lianne as she's standing by the side waiting for orders.

"Somebody's in a cheery mode today," Lianne smiled softly, her eyes scanning the restaurant. "I gather you're feeling better?"

"Much better," I replied, searching the restaurant to make sure Xavier hasn't followed me. As soon as Xavier enters my thoughts my mood drops and I spot Jake sitting at one of the tables, reading a newspaper and he hadn't noticed I'd walked in. If he had noticed then he gave no sign of showing it. At the sight of Jake, my mood drops even further until I feel exactly like I did when I left Xavier. I was confused, hurt and just plain sad.

"Two seconds," I mumbled, walking into the kitchen.

I grabbed a glass and filled it with water. I took a quick sip of the cold pristine liquid and sighed, water was a good way to refresh yourself. I contemplated for a minute whether I should talk to Jake now or later. Settling

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on having the conversation now, I made to leave the kitchen.

"Hey," a voice called out to me from further into the kitchen.

I swivelled around to come face to face with a flushed Matt. I look at him with a blank expression, not really in the right mind to have a normal conversation. My mind was set on supernatural mode.

"Are you alright?" he asked me politely, worry stirring in his eyes.

Did anyone ever stop asking me that question?!

"I'm fine," I snapped sharply; why did everyone have to treat me like a child.

Matt frowned, I took a second to calm myself - Damn! I'd been too quick in my response.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I lied, correcting myself whilst smiling at him.

"You sure?"

"Yes, Dad," I smirked, causing him to laugh.

"Hey! I'm not that old!"

I didn't respond, only smiled softly before making a move towards the door.

Reaching for the handle, Matt's voice stopped me.

"Lei..."

I span round to face him, smiling still.

"You would tell either me or Lianne if there was something wrong, right?" he asked anxiously, studying my expression. I felt my smile falter, but I nod politely even though my mind is saying. I can see it in Matt's eyes that he doesn't believe me, he knows I'm lying through my teeth, knows that whatever he does I'm never going to tell him. Before he can say anything, I rush out the door, but not before I saw the final look on his face. Hurt.

That single emotion across his face burned me, the fact that I was the one causing him pain and the main thing that hurt the most was the fact that he cared and I was pushing him away. As much as I didn't want to I knew I had to there was no other way. He didn't know about the paranormal and I wanted to keep it that way.

Trying to get Matt of my mind, I strolled around behind Jake and took a seat beside him silently. He was still focused on his newspaper and hadn't noticed me. He stopped to take a sip of his water, but halted in his tracks staring at me.

"When did you get here?" he asked perplexed, furrowing his eyebrows and not looking as shocked as I wanted him to be.

"I've been here a good ten minutes," I lied, grinning cheekily. He wouldn't know how long I'd been there, so there was no harm done.

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"Really?"

I nodded my head, a serious expression on my face.

Lies.

Jake's expression turned alarmed and I couldn't help a cheeky smile.

"Anyway," I say slightly louder, wanting to get to the point quickly. "I've got a plan."

I explained to him about Mark's proposition, leaving out the fact that he was a vampire. His eyes lit up when I told him that Mark had offered a place for Jake to stay.

"You're serious?" he stuttered, not believing his luck because it wasn't every day you were put in these situations and offered a way out.

"There might be a problem though.. Mark is fine with it, but it depends what you say..." I trailed off wondering how I was going to explain it...

"Jake... Which supernaturals do you know about?" I asked hesitantly, slowly looking up at him.

Jake paused.

"You mean there's more than just your kind?" he mumbled, shocked.

Damn it. He only knew about werewolves...

"Are you telling me your friend, Mark, is a supernatural?"

I nodded slowly, murmuring, "I hardly have many human friends, Jake. I'm more likely to hang out with supernaturals, makes life easier."

He nodded in understanding, but whether he truly understood was beyond me.

"So what is he then? A pixie? An elf? A wizard?" Jake asked, looking faintly amused for reasons beyond me.

"No, a vampire," I smirked, thinking humour would be the best way to handle this.

"A... A Vampire," he stumbled, blinking.

I inclined my head, sending him a reassuring smile.

"But what if he-"

I cut him short, I was not having this conversation with him.

"If you want to live, never say that to him," I told him bluntly, watching his eyes widen. "Yes, he drinks blood, but he won't touch you. He's a surgeon, Jake; he works around blood every day. Yours is hardly going to be any different."

"But-"

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"God damn it," I muttered, glaring at Jake. "He's a normal guy, just like me and you. Yes he has a twisted sort of humour, but so do I and so do all supernaturals you'll meet."

"Are you done?" I moaned, waiting for the next batch of questions, but to my surprise he nodded even if he didn't look completely certain of the idea. "So are you okay with living with my perfectly normal vampire friend?"

Another nod, I assumed he was short of words.

"What time is it?" I mumbled, rubbing my eyes.

"Quarter past five, why?"

I groaned.

"Shit!" I cursed. "You are coming with me. Pay the bill and meet me outside. Now."

I moved quickly, not waiting to give him an explanation, weaving in and out of the tables and finally moved out into the cool air. It was always awfully hot inside the restaurant and it was always nice to come outside and let myself cool down.

Jake wandered outside, as soon as he saw me he asked to know what was going on.

"I'm taking you to meet Mark," I stated, instantly dragging him in the direction of my apartment where I'd promised to meet Mark. Jake's face drained of colour as he realised I meant my vampire friend.

Chapter 13: Strange Occurrences

I don't want to ramble about the delay because it's really been hard to even keep up with school work and exams and I have laptop difficulties that should be fixed tomorrow (fingers crossed)! Overall big sorry, nothing else to say. Hope you enjoy it.

One last thing... **My heart goes out to all of those who have perished and lost loved ones in the Earthquake and Tsunami in Japan. R.I.P from the UK.**

Chapter 13: Strange Occurrences

I jumped the last three steel stairs and let out a lungful of air. Running up several flights of stairs seems to tire me more than anything else, then I realised something. Somewhere on the journey upwards I'd lost Jake and I couldn't hear his echoing footsteps on the clanging metal steps. I pushed my way through the door at the top of the staircase; it was typical of me to be awkward. I **had** to live on the nineteenth floor, which just happened to be the top floor.

Letting the door swing closed behind me, I surveyed the long narrow corridor. To say it wasn't a place you'd expect to find a werewolf was an understatement. The landing was as frilly and as ornate as if a grandma had decided simple and clean was not an option. The carpet was a dark green and the walls were covered in flowery wallpaper tinged copper with age.

The building wasn't one of those new swanky apartment buildings with the electric buzzers and super efficient insulation, it was an old worn down mess. Everything reeked of dust, but it was good to cover my smell from supernaturals and no one would expect to find me here.

As supernaturals live an extra-long life we get perks, we have longer to earn money or have the ability to steal money as the Hunters seem to think, but with more money we can buy swanky new places and posh cars and everything you've wanted in your wildest dreams. However I wanted to stay on the down-low and living in an upscale apartment just wasn't going to cut it, this was the most decent place I could find that was in the run-down part of the city.

I waited impatiently, sitting with my back against the wall my fingers absently drawing patterns in the carpet. I was curious to know what was taking Jake so long, had he-

Ping.

I started in surprise, flinging myself to my feet and glancing around the empty corridor in alarm. My eyes came across a rather smug Jake standing in the doorway of the lift; I'd never used it as it looked as if it was on its last legs and knowing my luck it would break as soon as I touched it.

"Oh come on!" I exclaimed exasperatedly, tossing my arms in the air. "That has got to be cheating!"

Jake flashed me a cheeky grin, walking out of the elevator and towards me.

I fumbled for my new keys in my pocket that Lianne had given me earlier whilst strolling down the corridor towards my door. Jake trailed in my wake, being careful not to make a noise. I abruptly stopped in the middle of the corridor and crouched down, my nose to the floor. Jake bumped into the back of me, quickly muttering

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an apology that fell on my deaf ears. I wasn't listening, wasn't looking. My nose had picked up something I hadn't smelt in years, something I'd wished to wake up to, wished to bury my face into but it never came never happened. It smelt faintly of Jayden, I wiped a stray tear away I hadn't realised how much he still affected me.

Inhaling the scent again, I realised that I **was** smelling Jayden, but it was only traces and not a full scent. I deemed it impossible; everyone's attitudes towards his disappearance had finally begun to settle in and I finally began to see how much common sense it was even if it hurt like a bitch. Over that scent I could smell Mark's prominent scent, yet there was no sign of him and his trail stopped halfway down the corridor. Odd.

Jake asked why I'd stopped but I only dismissed the question with a shake of my head. Straightening, I continued to my door and noticed that there wasn't a single fresh scent, my own trail from this morning had disappeared and I couldn't smell Lianne's trail either. Something was going on. A cold shiver trickled down my spine and I could feel my fingers trembling as I struggled to grip the key.

"Can you feel it?" I whispered, I could tell my eyes were wild when I glanced at Jake who's face had turned ashen at my question. He shook his head and looked anxiously at me, as if I were a mental patient.

"No, I'm not crazy before you say anything. Problem is I can't **smell** anything," I told him, my heart rate picking up.

If Jake had been looking at me as if I was crazy before he now looked as if I was insane.

"Lei," he said slowly as if talking to an infant. "You shouldn't be able to smell anything, all I can smell is dust."

I gave a frustrated groan.

"You don't get it," I started impatiently, handing him my key as my hands were shaking for some reason. "I should be able to smell all the trails in this corridor yet I can't smell a thing. Not even my own trail from this morning. I can't even smell you!"

He definitely thought I was a nut-case.

"Are you okay, Lei?" he asked nervously, remembering that I wasn't human.

"I will be when you open that door," I snapped, my mood constantly changing for no reason. I was feeling light-headed, colours blurred. I blinked a couple times and the room returned, Jake was still looking strangely at me.

"Hurry and open the door, I've got a really bad feeling."

Jake hastily shoved the key in the lock and opened the door letting me in before him. I stopped directly in the doorway.

"There's somebody here," I spoke quietly, fear settling in the pit of my stomach.

"How do you know?" Jake whispered, resting a hand on my shoulder making me jump.

My eyes were scanning the empty drab living room as I spoke, "You see that post on the table next to you?"

I saw him nod from the corner of my eye.

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"Check the date," I muttered, listening for any movement.

"It's today's."

Just what I had thought.

"Well, I was the last person in here since late this morning and the post doesn't arrive till late afternoon, so how did it jump from the floor to the table?"

I saw Jake start at a bang that echoed throughout the important.

"It's just a window," I informed him, leaving out the part that I hadn't opened that either. Listening intently I couldn't hear anything breathing or making a heartbeat and I couldn't see anything. Just because I didn't hear a heartbeat didn't mean there was nothing there. There were a lot of things without heartbeats in the world, most unpleasant things.

"A cleaner perhaps?" Jake suggested nervously, sounding uncertain.

"One problem with that," I mumbled, glancing at his pale skin and wide eyes. "We don't have a cleaner."

I took a step into the room, ready to duck or push Jake out of the way. I paused, the dizziness I'd felt outside came back with a blow. I stood there for a second, white lights twirling in front of my eyes and my head felt light-headed. I felt a warm hand on my shoulder, steadying me.

"Jake," I stammered, trying to calm my voice. "I want you to stay in the doorway-"

"But-"

"But what? I'm a woman?" I snarled quietly, my head was all over the place. I was scared, frightened, angry, and shocked. I needed to calm down, yet I couldn't seem to. Something was stopping me, pulling on my emotions and I didn't quite know what.

"You can barely stand on both your feet, Lei!" he burst out.

I twirled on him, glaring at him.

"You will do what I tell you," I growled quietly, feeling rather intimidating. "If you weren't my friend I would have killed you for saying that. Now get in the doorway and stay put."

Jake looked shocked, I think he was wanting to stride in and rescue me, but in total honesty he stood less chance than me in my temperamental weakened state. Taking a deep breath, I took a few more steps into the room making sure Jake did what I told him. I soon as I stood in the centre of the room, I felt it. The cool breeze of a vampire moving at an incredible speed.

I twirled rapidly, seeing a blur in front of me. The invader. My fists came up and I punched. The blur moved quickly, I barely saw it move.

"Looking for me?" came a voice from behind me.

Without thinking, I span and moved to punch again. The person grabbed my fist, and I slowly recognised Mark standing in front of me, looking faintly amused. I scowled at him and pulled my hand from his, I glared

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at Jake as he moved into the room, staring at Mark.

"I hope you didn't mind me letting myself in?" Mark asked me politely, his eyes still warily watching my fists that remained clenched at my sides. "I looked rather stalker-like whilst hanging around outside."

"Sure, it's fine," I said sarcastically, turning away from him before I injured myself trying to attack him. Anger surged through me, fuelling my words. "Besides the fact that you almost frightened me to death, yeah it's perfectly fine," I snapped, trying hard to calm my racing heart.

"Sorry," he smirked, not seeming sorry at all. "At least I know your fighting skills aren't a danger to me. Had you actually hit me, you'd have hurt yourself more than you did me."

"Oh good for you," I scowled, my mood darkening further.

Mark's amusement fell away and I noticed anxiety drowning his features.

"Are you okay?" he asked me, moving towards me.

"No, I'm not," I shouted furiously at him. Then I surprised both of us. I growled. I actually growled at him, like I did in wolf form. Mark froze. His eyes met mine. He bent down to my height, moving slowly as not to alarm me and rested a surprisingly warm hand on my shoulder and quietly repeated the question. I felt the fight slowly drain out of me as I gazed at Mark's dark green eyes, he put a steadying hand on my arm as I became dizzy again. He led me to the sofa and collected me a glass of water. He sat in front of me on the table, his eyes never leaving mine.

It was then I remembered Jake standing just inside the doorway.

"Jake," I mumbled, glancing across the room at him. I signalled to a chair for him to sit, and I watched him wearily as he slowly crossed the room his eyes continually flickering to Mark, who was studying me carefully. When I was taken care of and feeling stable and reasonably less dizzy, Mark turned his attention to Jake as if noticing him for the first time.

"So this is your human friend," he smiled sickly, he tilted his head and his eyes began turning dark as his eyes swept over Jake. I could feel Jake's fear, could sense him trembling, could smell him sweating with nerves.

"Don't be cruel," I scolded quietly, losing some of its effect as I slumped in my chair. "He doesn't know that you're messing around with him, Mark."

I pulled myself to my feet, and watched Mark's eyes shoot to mine in concern. I shook my head and moved to Jake. I inclined my head towards another room and Jake stood up to follow me. I grabbed his clammy hand and squeezed it tightly for comfort, he was certainly going to need it. I tugged him towards my bedroom, and made him sit on my bed.

"Can you stay in here till I've spoken and sorted some things out with Mark?"

Jake nodded silently, still looking as if he was in shock.

I put my hands on his shoulders, giving them a gentle squeeze.

"He's not normally like that," I told him, thinking I'd never seen it until today. "He's fully in control of his blood thirst. Hell he's a doctor, he's around blood all day and I can bet yours isn't as appealing as others he's smelt."

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Jake smiled softly.

"You'll be fine and don't forget. One important thing with vampires, they feed on your fear so don't be scared."

I closed the door quietly behind me with a friendly smile and dropped my composure. I staggered towards my seat again.

Mark was at my side as soon as I collapsed into the sofa.

"Well?" he asked, his eyebrow raised.

Chapter 14: The Unexpected

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Chapter 14:The Unexpected

Mark laughed quietly as I stared darkly at him from where I'd collapsed on the sofa.

"What?" he chuckled, trying to calm himself but clearly failing as his laughter grew.

"You know what!" I hissed at him, fighting the urge to smile at his contagious laughter. "I've got a young man in there already frightened to death of you! Think before you act!"

"Hey," he defended, his last bubble of humour drifting away. "After you left the hospital I had a pretty bad day. I needed something to cheer me up!"

I narrowed my eyes at him. As if that made it any better.

I sighed, giving up fighting. I didn't have the energy to argue with Mark, my wit could barely tackle his on a normal day let alone today, it was if all my energy had been used him as soon as I'd entered my apartment.

"I brought my bag with me. Do you want me to see to your leg now?" Mark offered, meeting my gaze and reaching for his bag before I'd even responded.

I nodded wearily, resting my head back and closing my eyes.

"Rough day?"

"Yeah, physically, mentally and emotionally," I told him. "It's been a long time since I've had a normal day, feels like it's been this way since my birth."

I felt Mark pulling my legs up onto the sofa so that I was lying flat, he gently rolled my trouser leg up. I felt the tickle of his finger ghosting around the wound, prodding delicately in certain places getting a feel of what was under the skin. I winced when he accidentally moved the bullet with one of his pokes, he apologised quietly. I felt him pause before unzipping his bag and removing his tools. Next thing I knew he was tugging at the silver bullet as if his life depended on it, I hissed between my teeth.

"Not so rough," I said through gritted teeth. You'd think being a doctor would give him gentler hands.

"I see what you mean about it being stuck in," Mark grunted, his fingers working busily however more tender than before.

"Try getting it out with your fingers!" I pointed out, wriggling my burnt fingers for emphasis.

"I somehow don't think I'll try that with silver bullets, thank you," Mark smirked, before frowning at my leg as I peeked my eyes open. I saw Mark leaning over my leg with a pair of tweezers. He was picking away at the silver that was surrounded by my blood. I closed my eyes against the sight of my own blood and flesh; I started to talk, trying to get my mind of the pain and the thought of hole in my leg.

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"So can you take Jake with you tonight?" I heard myself ask, gritting my teeth as he began pulling at the bullet.

"That should be fine," Matt said quietly, obviously annoyed at my leg for some reason or other.

"Are you sure you're okay with this? Taking Jake into your home, I mean."

"Don't worry about it, Lei. It's all fine as long as he doesn't try to stake me in the night," he assured me, giving the bullet one final tug.

I screamed.

Actually screamed a girly high-pitched squeal.

However the burning pain didn't last for long, it was soon replaced by a cool tingling sensation that crawled up my leg and covered my entire body. I'd felt the prick of a needle and knew that Mark had drugged me. Thank god he had otherwise I might have yelled the place down, drawing more attention to myself than I wanted or needed. I sighed in relief, relaxing back into the sofa as my tensed muscles began to loosen up. My eyes closed, I immediately felt drowsy. I heard the clattering of my bedroom door handle and heard thudded footsteps as Jake stumbled into the room.

"Lei?" he asked, panic evident in his voice.

"Mmhhh?" I slurred, feeling at ease and relaxed for the first time in weeks.

"Are you okay? I heard you scream."

"Just dandy," I sighed in content, not bothering to open my eyes.

I heard Jake tip toe closer, crossing the room to where we were. He abruptly stopped beside me, probably seeing my leg wound for the first time. I didn't remember telling him anything about it, so it should have come out of the blue especially when I hadn't been limping or acting as I was in pain even though I was in pain every time I walked, but he didn't need to know that.

"Oh my gosh... Lei, why do you have a gaping hole in your leg?"

My lips twitched, but I could seem to have the energy to smirk. I mumbled something incoherent, the word leg was definitely tossed in there. I heard Mark laugh at my failed attempt, it sounded as if I was in a tunnel and his laughter was echoing towards me.

"I guess I gave you a little too much anaesthetic, Lei?" Mark assumed, I was aware of an amused tone faintly in his voice. Jake asked Mark what was wrong with me but it came out as a mumble and I could feel his worrying gaze on me.

"Drugged up that's what," Mark smirked, rummaging through his bag again.

"Stop teasing him," I mumbled almost silently to Mark, whose smirk only widened. "You smell really nice, Mark."

"What?" Mark replied, wrinkling his nose. "Smell nice? How? Smell of dust."

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I inhaled deeply, the musty honey smell that reminded me so much of *him* was covering Mark.

"You smell like Jayden," I told him, not sure what was coming out of my mouth.

The room fell silent for a while, then Jake finally turned back to Mark, who was still staring at me in confusion.

"I meant what happened to her leg," Jake corrected himself, sounding almost indignant.

I almost jumped when a hand gripped mine and squeezed. I hadn't heard Jake move, must have been the drugs otherwise I'd have known.

"I assume you know how she was attacked by hunters a couple of nights past?"

Jake nodded, still gazing at me unerringly.

"She was shot with silver," Mark told him simply, inspecting the inside of my leg. "Twice."

"Twice?" he spluttered. "Why can I only see one wound then?"

Mark paused, gutting his needle before answering Jake's question. He pointed his finger idly at the large circular scab just below my knee.

"Had it been any higher and it would have shattered her knee," Mark commented grimly.

"How did she get it out?" Jake asked curiously, seeing me in a new light.

Mark wiggled his fingers in Jake's direction, a serious expression wiping all emotion from his face.

"She... She pulled it out with her fingers?" he exclaimed incredulously, his eyes widening with horror and sheer disgust.

"My response exactly," Mark nodded, turning back to my leg as Jake shuddered.

"That's..."

"Barbaric, I know. She burnt her fingertips pulling it out too," Mark sighed, rubbing his eyes. "But she couldn't risk going to see a doctor, I'd just told her the place was swarming with hunters so she had no choice."

Leaving Jake with that thought, Mark focussed on stitching the muscle together inside before closing my skin completely.

"Can you grab me two bowls, one filled with water please?" Mark asked, tying a knot in the end of the inside stitches. "Lei? Are you still with us?"

By this point I'd been unconscious for a while on the sofa and nothing changed, my head remained lolled to the side.

Mark's eyebrows furrowed as he muttered under his breath, "Definitely too much anaesthetic."

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Jake returned with two bowls and placed them beside Mark, who promptly began cleaning my skin clear of blood. By the time he was finished, the bowls were both a dark shade of pink.

"I'm beginning to assume that silver affects her more than it does me," Mark remarked casually to Jake. "Did you see the amount of blood coming from the wound before?"

Jake inclined his head slowly, as if thinking as he stared curiously at my leg.

"I don't bleed even half that much with double that amount of silver," he admitted, grabbing both the bowls from the floor and quickly cleaning up all the mess; thankfully remembering that I shared a flat with a human and that blood wasn't a normal occurrence to my Lianne.

Coming back to my side, Mark neatly stitched up the wound and began to bandage it before finally packing the rest of his stuff away. Kneeling beside my head, Mark gently placed his hand on my forehead.

"Temperature's fine," he muttered to himself, making sure he hadn't killed me with an overdose of anaesthetic. He checked my pulse and counted, immediately frowning his eyebrows furrowing. "Pulse shouldn't be that low though," he continue to mutter to himself. "Definitely not that low."

"Jake can you get me a cup of water please?" Mark asked, his eyes never leaving me.

Taking the glass from Jake, he sat me up so I wouldn't choke and light pressed the mug to my lips. Slow dribbling the water into my mouth, Mark continued to watch my eyes for any movement.

Nothing.

I was out cold.

Mark sighed quietly and carefully picked me up, carrying me to my room with Jake trailing behind him. Gently setting me on the bed, he sat beside me deep in thought when something caught his eye.

Scars.

Lots of them.

He laid my left arm across his lap and inspected the dozens of scars, his eyebrows furrowed. Jake was hovering in the doorway, deciding whether or not to come in. Mark made his mind up for him.

"Jake," Mark murmured, not turning to face him. "Turn the light on and come here."

Mark ran his finger over the most prominent white line as the dull bulb flicker on, his eyes widened as more scars became apparent. Jake joined Mark kneeling on the floor beside the bed, his eyes only seeing the bare skin of my arm and nothing else.

"What are you looking at?" Jake asked, watching as Mark's eyes widened.

Perfectly straight cuts plagued my left arm as if it had been cut to ribbons with a knife. Mark's frown deepened and he glanced at my peaceful face, not quite believing what the evidence showed. Jake leaned forward to look, still unable to see anything. His eyes finally settled on the boldest scars, his eyes obviously frightened.

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Mark's fingers trailed down to the pale scars around both my wrists, not knowing that they were once clasped in silver chains over five years ago. His hands travelled up to my left shoulder where the age old stab wound peered out from under my shirt. Mark muttered profanity under his breath.

"What the hell have you been through?" he muttered almost silently to himself, his wide eyes unable to believe what he was seeing.

Mark twisted to face Jake a question lingering on his lips, Jake's expression cut him short- his face looked almost bloodless, the whites of shockingly visible as his hand moved to the smallest area of exposed skin at my hip. Marks followed the hand with his eyes, watching as Jake pushed up my shirt to confirm Mark's worse fears. A bigger scar, a thicker scar, a dangerous scar.

A thick strip of pale skin started at my hip and disappeared under my shirt, Mark pushed the sleeve of my t-shirt further back and the scar continued until it faded into the base of my neck.

Mark whistled loudly, " That is one hell of a scar."

Jake was as white as a sheet as he sat down on the bed, his anxious gaze stuck to my currently unconscious face as his hands trembled in his lap and his mouth drew taut.

"What happened to her?" Jake whispered, shock shrouding his features.

"I was hoping you could tell me, but by the look on your face I guess that you have no clue. Seems like our friend here gets up to more than she should," Mark exhaled loudly, rubbing his eyes. "Looks like she's had quite a traumatic life, I've known her for three days so you probably know more than I do. Has she ever been injured since you've met her?"

Mark glanced up as Jake hesitated before slowly shaking his head.

"Better question to ask is how long have you known her for?"

Mark studied Jake, the cogs of his brain slowly churning ticking off the time he'd known me.

"Just short of a year."

They both paused, or rather hesitated. It was obvious that most of the scars were over a few years old because they were fainter, but two sets of green eyes, vibrant and dark, were glued to the prominent white line standing out against my skin. Mark pointed to a bold scar just below my elbow.

"That's only a few months old, probably less," he mused anxiously, worry clouding his features.

They both lapsed into silence, both staring at my scars, both concerned and troubled. However, the main thing on both minds was the thought of me harming myself, but the same idea crossed their mind at the same time a more important thought.

What had pushed me into self-harm?

Their eyes connected, vampire and human, so different from one another. One the hunter the other the hunted; both from different backgrounds; both with different stories.

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But at that moment if you spared the scene a glance you'd see two people.

Two people as equals.

Two people with the same goal.

To find out my story.

Chapter 15: A feeling of Betrayal

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Chapter 15: A Feeling Of Betrayal

I woke up the next morning to find I was alone and had a killer headache, the pounding seeming to get ever louder with each heartbeat. I swallowed a sigh and sat on the edge of my bed, my head cradled in my hands. A pink post-it note caught my eye stuck to the top of my bed-side table beside a glass of water and aspirin. Deciding to take the medication first in case the note brought bad news, I realised that was the last thing I needed. More bad news.

I noticed with satisfaction that the silver bullet was gone from my leg, although the stitches tugged every time I moved.

Sipping at the water, I reached for the note. The first thing I noticed was Mark's neat scrawl, his flowing letters making the dreaded words look a whole lot friendlier, but it was all a lie. Fear settled in the pit of my stomach as my eyes scanned over the words:

We need to talk about those pretty white lines covering your body.

Both Jake and I need an explanation and you're going to give us one.

The pair of us will be dropping in at yours at 4:30PM.

Get ready to talk.

My heart thudded even louder in my chest, my breath quickened. This was the last thing I needed. To tell Mark and Jake about the scars would be to tell them about my past and that was never going to happen. Not in a million years.

I shouldn't have let myself get into this situation, I should have removed the silver bullet myself that way Mark wouldn't have had the opportunity to see my 'pretty white lines' as he phrased it.

I shouldn't have trusted Mark. I shouldn't have let him get this close to me, shouldn't have let him see my scars, shouldn't have let him get attached to me. I should have just pushed him away in the first place; I shouldn't have involved Jake in my life either. It would be better for everyone if I just disappeared, just left them to live and not have the threat of the hunters hanging over their heads.

I was a danger to everyone.

I was also becoming prey.

If Mark knew my secrets then he'd have an advantage over me, one he could easily use against me. But Mark hadn't handed me over to the hunters yet... Why would he keep me safe to only later get rid of me? It didn't make sense. I refused to even acknowledge the idea of Mark being benign, that was just out of the question nobody in the twenty-first century did anything unless it benefited them. As selfish as it seems, it's true.

I spared a glance at my digital clock, it flashed its red square-like numbers at me almost mockingly.

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4:02PM

Damn... I had to get out of here before Mark and Jake turned up to question me. Thankfully I was still wearing my clothes from yesterday even if I did look as if I'd had a rough night. I was surprised I'd slept so long, Mark hadn't arrived until around five the following evening I'd been out almost twenty-four hours and even in my books that was quite an achievement. Not waiting another minute to ponder the thought, I quickly grabbed an apple before leaving the apartment and running down the nineteen floors of stairs constantly ignoring the tug of my stitches.

Bursting through the building door I realised I looked somewhat similar to a madwoman, slowing my pace and calming my features I strolled away from my apartment block the biting November breeze nipping at my skin. The murky sky was filled with darkened snow clouds, fine powder began drifting from above the snowflakes rapidly melting as they hit the ground. To my relief, it wasn't cold enough to lie and to be honest, I wasn't quite ready for the inches of snow that came with winter.

I wrapped my arms tightly around my body against the cold winds and pulling my hood up; I continued through the maze that was the busy city.

**

Two hours later and the sun had already set, the snow sprinkling the ground like icing sugar. I was tired, I was cold and I was slowly making my way to the restaurant. The familiar red lights flickered, giving out enough light to see the welcoming door. The road was unevenly lit the lampposts outside the restaurant smashed, glass covering the ground. I gingerly slipped passed the glass and made to enter the restaurant, but a voice held me there my hand skimming the handle.

"I said we needed to talk," Mark's voice echoed, his silhouette appearing from my left as he walked towards me his disapproving expression told me everything I needed to know. He was angry, and he wanted to know everything.

I sighed. Why couldn't everything be simple?

Because you have to work hard to get what you want.
Funny how that never seemed to apply to me.

"I know what you said," I told him through gritted teeth, barely keeping the fury from my voice. Why did he think he had the right to control me? What gave him the right to order me around like his puppet? Where did he get the impression that I would be at his beck and call like a puppy?

"Then why weren't you at home? I told you I would be coming," he argued, his eyes flashing dangerously.

I shook my head, finally giving in to my anger.

"Get this through your thick head Mark! I am not yours to control. My past is my past it's none of your god damned business!"

Mark's eyes darkened and I knew I was in treacherous waters.

"It is my business if one of my friends is hiding information that could get us all killed," he objected venomously, stopping on the edge of the circle of light.

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I could barely see him, but I could tell he was tense the outline of his body told me he was as tightly sprung as a spring ready to pounce.

"And where did you get that information?" I yelled, furious at his suggestion completely ignoring the attention I was attracting from the restaurant window.

"There's no need for that, your scars speak for themselves, Lei!"

I fought the urge to strangle him and blatantly ignored his statement.

"You want to accuse me of anything else while you're at it? Why don't you make up a story or two? I'm sure you'll entertain Jake with that."

He took a step towards me and I retaliated, stepping into the restaurant and out of harm's way. Embracing the warmth, I shuffled towards the kitchen ready to offer my help. As I started work I ordered myself a new plan of action.

Avoid Jake and Mark at all costs.

Throughout the night I received several requests to see Mark and Jake, but I refused each one. Doing a few hours work helped take my mind of certain things and for once in my life, I actually found my job to be relaxing... once you compared it to my hectic lifestyle. Jake and Mark sat in a table in the darkest corner and even though I refused to look at them I could feel the holes burning in the back of my head. Curious and angry.

I had reason to be furious at them, in particular Jake. Since I'd first met him I'd been the nice friendly hostess that I was, then I helped him get out of some tight spots helped him even though his mistakes had almost gotten me killed- and look how he repaid me? Siding with Mark. Boy, don't I feel special.

After Lianne and I had finished working we headed home without any interferences or disasters.

Thankfully, the next three weeks were peaceful. Unfortunately the serene life I was living wasn't meant to last.

After managing to skilfully avoid certain people over the last few weeks I was feeling confident enough in my surroundings that I was almost certain nothing was going to change drastically. I knew that Mark was going to have to go through a lot of grovelling to get me to forgive him, some things are easier said than forgiven and this was one of those cases. He'd based his suggestions on the fact that he'd wanted to believe them, because they were the most interesting and largely because he didn't have any other ideas. However I simply couldn't imagine someone with such a high level of self-esteem like Mark to come grovelling to me on his hands and knees begging forgiveness. As much as I tried I couldn't see it.

I felt as if I was having good luck for the first time in years, I'd had no trouble avoiding those I wanted to stay clear of and the hunters had yet to try and kill me. For the first time in a long while since the war, I felt safe felt as if nothing could touch me, but I was wrong. So wrong.

Running From My Past...Literally

I'd been trying hard not to notice the fluctuation in my health. It was honestly scaring the hell out of me even though I refused to admit it. Some days I was fine and as happy as Larry, but some days like today I was feeling as if my energy had been drained and as if every inch of my skin was bruised. I'd sometimes get random pains all over my body yet nothing to show for it or no reason to be in pain. I was frightened. Was I becoming insane or was the pain actually there? And if it was why was I in pain? I was confused.

Today I'd been receiving pain like I'd never felt throughout this strange ordeal, usually it was a tingling sensation quickly followed by a short burst of pain, but now? Now it had changed, obviously deciding I wasn't in enough pain already. Instead of only seconds of pain, they now lasted at least ten minutes of agony and another problem? They came without warning sporadically.

This was when everything decided to spin out of my control again, decided that I obviously wasn't working hard enough and the world decided to crash down on me.

It was a busier than usual at work with it being only a week away from Christmas, Lianne and I had been serving tables non-stop since we'd started our shift at noon. It was now late afternoon and the evening tables were beginning to fill in. I almost felt relieved when I realised we only had two hours until the end of our shift.

As a result of us being so busy, I'd never really spoke to Lianne since we'd arrived at work besides a brief word or two. Neither had I spoken to Matt who was working furiously in the kitchen, trying to make up for the lack of staff.

Exhaustion was beginning to set in and I was slowly struggling to keep my eyes open, surprisingly I hadn't been showing or feeling any signs of tiredness until a few minutes ago. I collected two plates from the small peep hole and made my way out in to the restaurant. The dark lights only making me feel all the wearier.

My eyes instantly collided with Jake, who sat in the corner as usual. If it wasn't Jake it was Mark. One of them was always here watching me; tonight Jake was watching my every move. When I'd realised this I made a deal with Lianne that she would always serve them. To my luck she'd agreed.

I stopped abruptly outside the kitchen doors, my thoughts jumbled for a second before my mind went blank. I felt strangely empty. I blinked and all my thoughts came whizzing back. I slowly raised a hand towards my head as I felt a soft nudging against it. Nobody was beside me and no one was watching me apart from Jake, who was watching me curiously. My hand passed through nothing but air and the nudge happened again but this time there was a difference. It was harder.

I heard someone come through the doors behind me; I was briefly aware of a warm hand on my shoulder and of a voice speaking to me. White lights blurred violently in front of my eyes, I felt my grip slacken and the plates slipped from my hand, crashing to the floor shattering everywhere. I raised my hand to my head again, unused to the sudden dizziness. Then someone whacked me over the head. Or at least that's what it felt like...

Fluttering my eyes open, I found myself looking up into Matt's ashen face as he hovered above me anxiously. Now wasn't this familiar? Fortunately this time I wasn't stark naked. The restaurant lights had been turned up and the sudden brightness stung my eyes and I slowly closed them.

I was really worried now and for a change it wasn't about other people. I felt as if I was losing it, it felt as if some other person was attacking me... yet there was no one there. My head thudded as if I'd been knocked out

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by a heavy-weight boxer but I knew there had been no one there. Nobody had actually hit me, yet it felt as if I'd whacked my head incredibly hard of a stone surface. I really was clueless at why I was feeling so tired and ill, I had no idea what was hurting me, but whatever it was it scared me witless.

I felt Matt's arms slip beneath me and gradually pick me up. Matt carried me into the kitchen as I felt the warmth engulf me; he slowly lowered me onto a soft surface. My head was still spinning, thumping in rhythm with my heart beat, the skin above my ear felt suddenly tender as if it were bruised. I heard an argument inside the kitchen, but all I could concentrate on was the sudden urge to throw up.

"Who are you?!" I heard Lianne yell, faintly surprising me as Lianne never yelled at anyone.

Without opening my eyes, I curled into a ball and leaned over the soft surface. I could feel my face resting against the edge of the large sofa, a hand tried to push me back gently but I wouldn't budge. I felt the contents of my stomach rise in my throat.

"Get out of my way!" shouted a familiar voice, I could hear footsteps running towards me.

Soft gentle hands pulled the short hair away from my face as I emptied my stomach over the floor.

"Are you okay?"

I smirked weakly, finally opening my eyes.

"What do you think?" I croaked, looking up into Xavier's face.

Chapter 16: New Solutions to Old Problems

Running From My Past...Literally

Chapter 16: New Solutions to Old Problems

"Are you okay?"

I smirked weakly, finally opening my eyes.

"What do you think?" I croaked, looking up into Xavier's face.

Xavier laughed and I gave him a small smile. How many times had I said that to him? Let's say I wouldn't be able to count it on two hands. I felt like I was going to wretch again, at the same time an alarmed expression crossed Xavier's face. He pulled back my hair again as my empty stomach decided it wanted to hurl. I wretched, Xavier handed me a tissue. Cleaning my face, I sat up and took a deep breath. I felt much better now as ironic as it seemed. I lowered my head between my knees and breathed deeply, I could feel Xavier's hand soothingly rubbing circles on my back.

I didn't know how I felt any more; life was beginning to spin out of my control. Each time I tried to reign it in it just kept avoiding my grasp. I was slowly losing it. If I didn't become an emotional wreck first, the hunters would catch up with me. I didn't know who to trust. I couldn't tell who lied to me anymore. Every time I looked into a face, I saw the possibility that they **could** harm me.

And that frightened me. Frightened me more than anything I'd ever come across in years. Nowhere was safe, no one could help me... I was alone again, but I didn't think I could get through it this time. Not with the Hunters chasing me, not with Jake and Mark burying for answers and definitely not with Xavier hot on my heels... But somewhere in me, I couldn't seem to want to be alone. I wanted the help, but I didn't know if I could trust anyone. Distrust could leave me lying in the gutter with eyes unseeing to the world within days.

I had to trust someone.

With that I came to a decision.

"Xavier?" I mumbled, my head still buried between my legs.

His hand on my back stilled, hearing my cautious tones.

"Yes?" he asked warily, removing his hand altogether.

"Can..." I started hesitantly, drawing in a deep breath. I lifted my head so I could look him full in the face.
"Can you take me home?"

Xavier's saw my deeper meaning immediately, his face slackened his eyes wide with shock. Out of everything I could have said he expected that the least. He tried to speak, but couldn't speak a sentence his mouth unable to form the unsaid words. Finally he nodded, his jaw still hanging and his face strangely pale.

"Can we go now?" I urged him, trying to cling on to the confidence that seemed to have blossomed in me. My words seemed to spur him into action and a quick grin found its way onto his face as he made no move to cover how pleased he was.

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"Who is he!?" Lianne yelled, putting herself in my line of view and pointing at Xavier exasperatedly.

"Lianne, this is Xavier. Xavier meet Lianne," I introduced half-heartedly, I tried to look as if I was interested, but my mind was whirring with what I was going to do. All negative thoughts of course, I was always the pessimist.

What if the Pack rejected me?

What would Daniel do?

Would they hurt me?

The last question settled in my mind, repeating over and over in my head like a damaged record.

Would they hurt me?

I really don't know anymore. They never hurt me when I was part of the pack, but then again I'd left now and the war had changed some of the wolves. Xavier hadn't harmed me, but that was Xavier and he could easily change if he was influenced by others. I wasn't going to rejoin the pack or at least I wasn't intending to... would they harm a werewolf who wasn't from their pack?

Yes.

I remember when I'd walked through the woods outside Logan's house years ago... with Jayden... and been attacked by the two unknown wolves... Jayden had torn them to pieces.

Would they pack treat me like that?

Surely they wouldn't, they knew me... I was old pack...

I couldn't help, but feel uneasy at the flicker of doubt that had stirred deep in the pit of my stomach.

I felt a hand squeeze mine, I clashed gazes with Xavier his eyebrows furrowed. Worried.

"You want to talk about?" he murmured almost silently, so only I could hear him.

I shook my head slowly, dropping his gaze. Xavier gently tugged my hand as he stood up, ready to lead me out of the room. We were half-way crossing the room before Lianne spoke up.

"Where are you going, Lei?"

I sighed, feeling bad for being unable to tell her the complete truth. Not meeting her eyes, I explained, "I'm going to visit some old friends; I'll be back in a few days."

Lianne and Matt exchanged a look. This was the closest they'd ever had to me mentioning my past.

We turned to leave.

"Lei."

I glanced back, my eyes clashing with Matt's vibrant green gaze.

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"Don't... Don't feel pressured into going by your...friend," he fumbled, shooting Xavier a dark glare.

"I..." I croaked, my voice breaking. Taking a deep breath, I tried again. "I know and it's not what it looks like. He's trying to help me."

"If you're sure?" Matt asked, questioning my last statement.

"I'm sure." I gave him a half-smile, my gaze flitting to Xavier's telling him to take us away.

We left the restaurant without a backward glance, but as we exited the warm room and into the dark and draughty night I could feel Jake and Mark's intent gaze on my back and more surprisingly, my hand in Xavier's.

Xavier closed the car door for me as I sat uncomfortably, my fingers twitching whilst I watch Xavier walk around the front of the car to the driver's door.

Was I making the right decision?

Was I crazy doing this?

Was I-

"Please stop worrying, Lei," Xavier's soft tones came through the open door.

My fidgeting increased.

"You just asked the impossible of me," I told him distractedly.

I heard him chuckle as he started the car, slowly pulling away from the restaurant.

I watched the scenery blur past for a few minutes, unable to distract myself from my constant worrying.

"This is a bad idea," I muttered, my panic stirring.

I heard Xavier sigh.

"I knew this was too good to be true," I heard him murmur. He cleared his throat and spoke louder this time.

"Lei, talk to me. Why do you think it's a bad idea?"

A considerate Xavier... that was new.

"What if they reject me?" I whispered feverishly, my heart beat picking up as I admitted my fears aloud.

"They won't and if they do then you just bounce back at them," Xavier grunted, his eyes flickering in the car mirrors.

"What about Daniel?" I wasn't looking forward to seeing Daniel after our last meeting when he'd wanted to adopt me five years ago.

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Xavier snorted, a laugh erupting from him so loud it startled me. "Since when has he been in your way? He's a bastard and we all know it, just ignore him."

I hid a smile... He did have a point about Daniel...

"Anything else while you're at it?"

I fell silent, my smile fading.

He glanced at me.

"Spill."

Taking a deep breath, I banished my hesitation.

"What if they hurt me?"

The car screeched to a halt. Xavier whipped to face me, ignoring the beeping of cars behind him. Stopping in the middle of the road was never a good idea. I flinched back from Xavier, expecting him to look angry, but he didn't. He looked confused and startled.

"Why would we do that?"

"I-er... I don't know," I stuttered, realising that I'd just shown Xavier how terrified I was and I quickly regretted it. Xavier spoke some colourful phrases under his breath before starting to drive again. A couple of hours passed in silence, I kept sneaking glances at Xavier out of the corner of my eye. His face was carefully constructed with a wall of calm, but I could tell it was only for my sake his real emotions were another thing altogether, something he couldn't hide. He was worried... for me.

Deciding that studying Xavier would only provoke him eventually, I sighed.

"What?" he grumbled, taking his eyes off the road for the first time in hours to glance at me.

"How long will this take?" I moaned, rubbing my eyes.

I was beginning to get tired to say it had been a long night would be an understatement. It didn't help that collapsing takes the energy out of you. To my surprise, I'd felt fine since I'd left the restaurant. I felt weird when I thought about it, it was as if a heavy burden had been lifted off my shoulders and for the first time in weeks I felt as if I could breathe easily.

The clock in Xavier's car flashed, telling me it was nearing midnight. The werewolves would still be up like the strange people they were.

Xavier grimaced. "At least five hours till we get there, if the traffic stays like this."

Now you're going to think where do you find traffic at twelve at night? Well, let's just say this was the busiest road in the country surrounded by the busiest cities. Living in an area like this would make me nearly impossible to find... or so I'd thought.

I groaned loudly, resting my head against the cool glass.

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"Might as well get some sleep while you can," he told me, running a hand through his hair. "You're not going to get any where we're going," he added with a laugh.

So I did what he told me for a change, closing my eyes I fell dead to the world.

**

Xavier looked at my asleep form, he'd been sitting outside Logan's house for nearly ten minutes now considering his options. He could either wake me up and risk me having a fit before I even got in there or he could carry me and hope I wouldn't wake up. Deciding on the latter, he pulled out his phone and scrolled through the contacts, looking for one name in particular.

Upon finding it, he pressed the call button and waited patiently as it rang. The man on the other end of the phone was probably the only person in the house he wouldn't yell at being woken up at four in the morning, a time which all werewolves would be asleep. Thankfully, he picked up.

"Hello?" Jack's voice mumbled through the phone, sounding half-asleep.

"Hey Jack," Xavier greeted in hushed tones, not wanting to risk waking me up.

"Xavier?" Jack yawned. "What on earth are you doing ringing me at... What time is it?"

"Four am. I need you to do something for me?"

Jack raised his voice, muttering, "At four in the morning!?"

"Yes at four in the morning!" Xavier snapped, sounding exasperated. Jack may not have realised that Xavier had been up all night as was just as tired as he was. "I need you to open the front door for me and show me to an empty room, I don't know which rooms are empty nowadays."

"Why can't you open the door yourself? And why do you need another room? You've got your own!"

Questions continued to be barrelled down the phone, but Xavier cut Jack short.

"Jack?"

"What?" he grumbled, not sounding too pleased.

"You're an old grump you know that?" Xavier smirked, continuing to talk before Jack exploded with outbursts. "I've got Lei with me and she's asleep. I can't open doors with no hands and I don't think she'll be pleased to share a room with me. Not think so? Have you ever-"

"-Wait! Wait!" Jack interrupted, an amazed tone entering his voice. "Did you say you've got Lei with you? As in Lei? Our Lei?"

"Yes! Our Lei!" Xavier exploded impatiently. His eyes widened as he heard me stir, he continued in a quieter tone, "Now can you please open the front door?"

Jack agreed and the phone call ended.

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Xavier was soon at my car door, and tenderly lifting me out resting my head gently against his chest. Jack appeared by Xavier's elbow, his eyes concentrating on my face. Anxiety instantly covering his features.

"That can't be good for her. Why is she so thin?"

"She's barely eating and she's been injured recently," Xavier sighed, motioning for Jack to close the car door quietly.

"How was-"

Xavier sent him a look, obviously not in the mood to be trifled with.

"We can discuss this later, not in the middle of the night. I've been driving for six and a half hours through the night and I'd appreciate it if you let me go to bed."

Jack nodded slowly and led Xavier inside, towards an empty room at the back of the house. They were cautious not to wake the others or me. The room was simple, only containing a bed, a chair and a desk. Xavier gently lowered me onto the bed, his eyes fixed on my tranquil face knowing it would all change as soon as I woke.

Xavier yawned, rubbing his eyes wearily.

"Can you..?" Xavier started, interrupted by another yawn.

"Yes, I'll watch her," Jack smiled softly. "Now go and get some sleep."

Xavier went to leave the room, but a thought stopped him in his tracks.

"Jack?" he ventured, watching as Jack's gaze moved back to him. "She's not the same as she used to be. She's absolutely petrified of us; I had to hunt her down three times before she would even speak to me and on our way here I asked her what she was worrying about and... she told me she was scared that we'd hurt her

Jack's eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "Why would she think that?"

"My exact response. I don't know, but whatever has been going on in the past five years I've got a feeling that a lot of it hasn't been good. She'll talk eventually, but not yet. It's too soon. Give her time."

"I'll look after her," Jack assured him, his eyes wandering back to me more questions in his gaze than before.

Xavier gave a tired smile, and nodded his thanks before silently leaving the room. Jack settled himself into the chair by the bed, studying my face.

"Now what have you been doing?" Jack muttered to himself, tenderly placing his hand on top of mine whilst his gaze was glued to my serene face. Somewhere deep in my unconscious mind, I realised I finally felt at home. I finally felt safe.

Chapter 17: An Unavoidable Meeting

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Chapter 17:An Unavoidable Meeting

Author'sNote:I realise this is shorter than usual, but it's the kind of chapter it is. I will be updating later this week, so please don't complain about the length and please just enjoy the content.After all it's quality not quantity ;)

I blinked my eyes open to something which I was strangely becoming used to, waking up in places I never remember falling asleep in. I was lying on a soft bed in the centre of a pristine white room, the smell of dust met my nostrils and I realised the room hadn't been used in a while. The sun was beginning to set, shining in a soft orange glow through the window. I let out a sigh as I finally felt at ease, felt relaxed as if a crushing pressure had been lifted off of my shoulders.

"Hey, sleepy," a soft voice chimed, my heart stopped.

My first thought was that Xavier was an absolute swear word for leaving me.

I guess waking up to a gentle and kind voice should normally comfort you, but not when you wake up in an unknown room in a house full of werewolves who you'd been avoiding for the last five years. I was on my feet with my hackles raised facing the speaker before you could even scream. My breathing instantly became haggard and to my distain, I couldn't hide the plain fear in my eyes and for that I hated myself.

Jack was staring at me with wide eyes, his hands raised in a sign of peace as if he was warding off a wild predator. Jack looked the same as I remembered him, his wolf eyes framed by his dirty blonde hair and as he smiled you could see the small wrinkles appear around his eyes and lips due to what a happy person he was.

"Hey, it's all right. Everything's okay, I'm not going to hurt you, sweetheart," Jack told me softly, his wolfy gaze never leaving mine as he tried to calm me down. I took a deep breath, and slowly my frantically beating heart after all he was right, Jack wouldn't hurt me he wouldn't even hurt a fly.

"I know," I whispered, sinking to my knees as my eyes threatened to shed tears. "You're making me all emotional now," I sobbed through a smile, wiping away the tears as I watched Jack hesitantly move towards me with a caring yet wary expression on his face. He slowly dropped beside me and pulled me into his warm arms comfortingly.

The feeling of comfort and safety was just too much and the flood gates opened, Jack buried my head in the crook of his neck as he murmured soft assurances. We sat there for a while; I was simply just enjoying the comfort of being hugged and the warmth that Jack brought.

"We missed you, hon," Jack murmured, his breath warm against my face as he stroked my hair tenderly.

A rush of warmth came with his words; it had been an awfully long time since I'd felt loved, felt wanted, and felt comfortable around people. All my problems seemed to slip away as I listened to the steady beat of Jack's heart-

Shouting interrupted our quiet moment, I felt Jack's heartbeat race, but not as quick as my own; the quick thumping of my haggard heartbeat drowned out the yelling. I clutched myself closer to Jack and he whispered

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comforting words, still rhythmically stroking my hair.

I heard Xavier's voice quarrelling with a few others.

"You can't go in there," he yelled frantically, panic edging into Xavier's voice.

My lips twitched, Xavier actually cared... I never would have believed it, never in my lifetime. He was trying to protect me. I nestled closer to Jack until there was no longer any air between us, my invasion of his space not seeming to bother him as I glanced up into his face to see him concentrating, his eyes focussed and ears trained on the door. His strong jaw set firmly, deciding whether not to intervene and risk frightening me.

"If you don't move out of the way, I'm going to damage that pretty little face of yours until it looks like your backside," I heard another voice growl angrily.

Lucas.

I expected Xavier to make a witty comment in response, but he stayed silent; I could imagine him guarding the door with an intense expression on his tanned face as he stood tall, his arms crossed.

A sigh. "Just let us in, Xavier. We're not going to hurt her."

Daniel.

My blood ran cold. I wasn't ready for this, wasn't ready for this at all. Daniel was one of the main reasons I'd refused to come back, seeing him this soon would throw me off it completely and I'd probably be out of the house faster than you can say 'Boy, look at her go!'. My breath quickened; I squeezed my eyes shut, the anticipation rocketing.

"You don't understand," Xavier protested, his voice rising. "I know you won't hurt her, but she doesn't!"

"Well tell her that then," Daniel muttered offhandedly as if it was the easiest thing in the world, Daniel had never been the compassionate type.

Another sigh, this time from Xavier. "You still don't get it! In there is a young werewolf, she's absolutely petrified of us and we don't know why. She thinks you're all going to hurt her, I can't convince her otherwise, but maybe Jack can. As you all know I'm not one for sentimental value, but she's scared and I don't think bursting in there yelling is going to do her any good! Do you?"

"But Jack's in there!" A new voice argued almost whining, completely ignoring Xavier's valid point.

Simon.

"That's 'cause she trusts him," Xavier groaned, obviously feeling as if he was running round in circles with this argument.

"Why would she?"

"He's a god damn doctor, for crying out loud!" Xavier pointed out, exasperated.

"But-" Lucas tried again, only to be silenced by Xavier once more.

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"No one is going in there any time soon unless it's over my dead body!" Xavier exclaimed, causing everyone else to fall quiet.

"That can be arranged," Daniel commented snidely, brandishing the empty threat and filling the silence.

Xavier knew that Daniel wouldn't hurt him, or was stupid enough to think so...

I heard Xavier try to hide a laugh, but was abruptly cut short as a loud crunch echoed around the house, rapidly followed by cursing from Xavier. It was easy to see that Daniel had fulfilled his threat. Daniel pushed Xavier aside and rattled the door handle. Locked. Thank God! Not that it would hold Daniel for long. Jack covered my ears in a petty attempt to block his next words from me; it obviously didn't work. The door handle clicked and the door edged open an inch. A tanned strong hand appearing through the gap.

"Daniel," Jack growled quietly, his chest vibrating against my cheek. Without hesitation, Jack ordered Daniel to get out. The door didn't move, didn't open any further or close completely.

"Daniel, what Xavier is saying is true," Jack explained honestly, not looking at me. "Come in here now and she'll never trust any of you. Come in later and you have a higher chance."

The door closed slightly, but the hand still poked through the smaller gap.

Squeezing me tighter, Jack admitted, "She looked as if she was going to kill me when she first saw me, Daniel and we both know she prefers me over you whatever you try and delude yourself into thinking."

Daniel's fingers disappeared from the gap, but the door remained open.

He still wasn't quite convinced.

Jack wasn't going to be able to convince him to leave.

I pulled away slightly from Jack's grip and he frowned down at me, puzzled.

I channelled all the fury and all the anguish I had against Daniel into one single word.

"Leave," I snarled, my fingers gripping tightly to Jack's shirt. I silently begged for him to leave, the door wavered before slamming shut. Stomping footsteps echoed away, Daniel was walking away from a direct challenge. That was a... shock. Guess he was getting soft in his old age. There was a shuffling outside, but I paid no attention to it and buried myself back into Jack's chest, ignoring his astounded expression.

The door flew open rapidly, slamming shut as a figure walked into the room. I instantly tensed, screwing my eyes shut; my muscles bunched tightly, ready to spring.

"Hey, you're awake," Xavier said softly, a small smile lighting up his face, his eyes still furious however they cooled slightly at the sight of me. Surprise was shown openly in his expression as he saw me huddled in Jack's arms looking as vulnerable as a small child. He crouched down in front of us, and for once I didn't twitch at the sudden movement. I'd been getting used to Xavier for weeks; it was the others which had me distressed.

Xavier gently stroked my cheek with the back of his finger, startling me slightly. Never had Xavier treat me like this before, it was as if I was his little girl and he was the comforting father. Xavier must have seen my wide eyes as he pulled back, looking abashed.

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"You okay?" he asked gently, another careful smile.

I nodded timidly, trying to calm my sporadic emotions. Adrenalin was still coursing through my veins from the situation outside; my breathing was still quick and light.

"Will you let anyone in?"

I paused... I felt as if I wanted to see them and I would see them eventually, but I wasn't quite ready yet... If I saw them one at a time I'd be alright.

I licked my dry lips, mumbling hesitatingly, "Not yet... Can..."

My throat caught and I tried again.

"Can I see Lucas soon?"

I heard an exclamation of joy from the door instantly followed by grumbles from the others, who obviously weren't pleased about the exclusion.

"Don't feel pressured," Jack murmured quietly in my ear. "Take your time with this."

Xavier smiled as he rose to his feet and crossed the room. He inclined his head politely before leaving, the door clicking shut behind him.

"What did you do to him?" Jack chuckled, going back to stroking my hair which I hadn't realised he'd stopped earlier.

"Nothing yet," I yawned, the adrenalin from earlier slowly wearing off leaving me realising that I was still exhausted.

"You're tired?" Jack asked, surprised and slightly startled.

"Extremely."

Jack hesitated, a worried look crossing his face before he rapidly banished it.

"Sleep then," he whispered softly, closing his eyes and leaning his head back against the wall as I snuggled closer. "I won't go anywhere," he promised me.

I inhaled his musky scent, relishing in it, drawing comfort from it.

I'd missed him.

I sighed silently in relief before the enticing warm blankets of sleep enveloped me.

Please Ignore The Length!

Hope you liked it anyway, tell me what you think please!

Thanks,

Caitlin x

Chapter 18: A kiss out of the blue

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Chapter 18: A Kiss Out Of The Blue

Waking up what felt like minutes later, I blearily blinked my eyes to a bright light. I found myself still entangled in Jack's warm arms, lying on the cool floor. I was squinting my eyes against the blinding light when the sound of curtains swishing shut echoed quietly; the light in the room immediately dimmed. I found myself peering into Xavier's face as he sat in front of the window in a plush red chair, his eyes glued to his mobile as his fingers danced across the keys.

I suddenly became aware of Jack's deep rhythmic breathing, his eyes shut and his arms limply wrapped around me. He'd fallen asleep.

Xavier finally looked up to see me watching him silently, he smirked.

"That's not creepy at all," he commented sarcastically, brushing his fringe back from his face.

I felt Jack stir beside me as if he shuffled slightly, his grip on me tightening. My heart raced for a moment, forgetting that Jack was a friend all I could think about was the set of arms circling me. It didn't matter that they were Jack's; I felt trapped, my palms sweating as I tried to ignore the fright that was threatening to spread. I felt the blood slowly drain from my face as-

"Hey, are you okay?" Xavier's voice interrupted my panicked thoughts and reminded me to breathe. Xavier was standing and quickly making his way towards us, I wasn't able to hide my pale face for him as he studied my expression rapidly before closing his hand around Jack's wrist.

Bad move.

Jack's grip only constricted further as he struggled to wake up, my heart fluttered and I heard an almost silent squeal leave my lips. Jack's eyes snapped open and his arms quickly dropped; Xavier pulled me into his arms before Jack could accidentally scare me further.

"It's all right," Xavier mumbled reassuringly into my hair, rocking me gently.

I buried my head again, this time in Xavier's chest.

Jack muttered something incoherent until he suddenly jumped up, jolting awake. His tired eyes flickering in puzzlement from Xavier to me cradled in his arms. Jack raised an eyebrow as he ruffled his flat blonde hair.

"You were scaring her," Xavier explained quietly, lowering me onto the bed where I swiftly curled into a ball trying and failing to calm myself down.

Jack's brow furrowed in confusion. "But... I was asleep, what could I possibly do?"

Xavier fixed his gaze on me, coiled up on the bed my eyes wide and unseeing. "She couldn't get out of your arms, you kept tightening your grip and-"

"-She felt like she couldn't escape," Jack finished softly, his hazel eyes going to me.

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Xavier's gaze snapped back to Jack in surprise, he was astonished Jack had understood so quickly. Jack hesitantly got to his feet and sat down beside me on the bed, his hand gently resting on mine. I closed my eyes, willing the feeling of hopelessness to vanish; Jack's touch helped to push away my vulnerability. Taking a few more deep breaths, I banished thoughts of Jack as an enemy and slowly opened my eyes.

"I'm sorry, Lei," Jack apologised awkwardly, his thumb skimming along my knuckles in comfort.

Sitting up, I sighed, "S'okay, I'm just going to have to get used to it."

Jack smiled softly barely hiding a yawn, I wondered how long he'd actually been awake. He must have sat there all night, watching over me. Warmth filled me, soon followed by guilt. I didn't want Jack to put himself out like that for me...

"Jack, go get some sleep. You're obviously tired," I heard myself saying, fiddling with my fingers once more.

"No, no I'm fine," Jack claimed, his tired eyes fixing onto my own gaze as he struggled to conceal another yawn.

I gave him a stern look, one that he'd used so many times on me.

He finally gave in and left.

"Are you okay?" Xavier asked, lying back on the bed with a groan.

"Yeah, I guess."

"You guess?"

I paused, never would I have believed five years ago that Xavier was willing to have a heart to heart talk, and especially after our sour introduction which ended with us both having bloody noses.

"I... I'm just trying to come to terms with everything. When I left I never even dreamed of coming back here, it was completely out of the question. Everything reminded me of... Jayden and it still does. I could just imagine him walking through the door with a smile on his face."

I felt warm tears slipping down my cheeks; Xavier abruptly sat up and looked at me curiously, no sympathy.

"Five years later and you still miss him?"

I nodded, mumbling, "It feels as if my hearts been wrenched out... God Damn it! I've stopped myself from thinking about it for years, then you bring me here and I'm suddenly surrounded with memories of him."

My cheeks were drowning in tears, but I refused to let myself sob, refused to wail and scream that the world wasn't fair- because it was true. The world wasn't fair. Throughout my life, I'd been hit and punched by whatever the world threw at me, but when Jayden came it felt as if my life was actually turning around... How wrong I was... As soon as I was comfortable, as soon as I had the love of my life, as soon as I realised that not everything was bad- it was taken away from me. Brutally.

Xavier's hand slipped into mine, his thumb brushing across the back of my hand as Jack's had earlier although it had a different feel to Jack's comforting touch; his gaze intent on mine, searing through me. He shuffled closer until his leg was almost pressed against mine, he softly caressed my face. Puzzlement washed through

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me. What the hell was he doing? My eyebrows furrowed and I opened my mouth to speak.

"What-"

I never got to finish my question.

Xavier crushed his lips to mine as if he were drowning, his tongue slipping in and trying to dance with mine. I sat there unmoving, my thoughts scattered and trashed as if a cyclone had passed through. Xavier's warm hand rested on the top of my thigh, I could feel the heat radiating through onto my skin; this seemed to jump start my brain.

I placed my hand on his chest ready to push him away as common sense began to seep back; Xavier moaned in approval, still unaware that I wasn't participating. He pulled away, his breathing laboured as he rested his forehead against mine, his eyes sparkling.

What the hell?!

"He's gone, Lei," he whispered against my lips, eyes burning into mine.

"No," I mumbled, still half frozen in shock and anger as I stared into his deep hazel eyes.

"Jayden's gone," he whispered again, his hand leaving tingling trails up my arm.

"No," I repeated, louder this time as my fury rose.

I shoved Xavier away from me. Hard. I poured all my anger, all my anguish into that push. He sailed backwards crashing into the wall, he's head connecting with a satisfying crunch. I watched as he slumped to the floor, his breathing heavy and strenuous.

I remained motionless on the bed, staring at Xavier. He'd been so nice to me over the past few weeks, I'd thought he'd changed and I never suspected anything like this. Maybe he had changed, but then again maybe the moon really was made of cheese. I suspected that Xavier may have become nicer over the years, but not this much. Five years isn't long enough to change a normal person, let alone a werewolf who lived almost three times as long.

A small rivulet of blood trickled down the side of his face, his eyes were shut and his face was slightly pale. I wasn't going to be helping him any time soon; deciding to find the bathroom, I strolled through the unlocked door and found myself in an unfamiliar corridor. The solid wooden floor was icy under my bare feet, a sudden gust of wind flowed down the narrow landing, chilling me to the bone. My eyes scanned the corridor, finally landing on the source. A window had been pushed wide open, the freezing pellets of December rain thrashing through the small gap.

Approaching the window, I felt the firm wood under my feet become slippery and I found myself standing in small puddles of ice cold water. Pulling closed the jamming window with a grunt, I quickly retreated from the swamp that was the floor. Thankfully, I managed the entire operation without landing on my butt which, unsurprisingly, always happened. Wandering down this corridor led to another corridor... and another...

I checked every room as I went passed, but most were either locked, dust-filled or empty. Finally I came to a corridor that looked well used, the floorboards groaned beneath my feet as I came across a door which held everything I was looking for. A bathroom.

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I walked out the door fifteen minutes later feeling refreshed, relaxed and most of all, clean. I'd given up on my scraggly hair, the blonde dye half washed out to give my hair a dirty blonde-brown appearance as if it hadn't quite decided which colour it wanted to be; my hair had also grown until it sat annoyingly on my shoulders, not long enough to tie up yet long enough to get in my face and aggravate me.

Sighing, I dawdled along the corridor as it dawned on me that I was lost, I had no idea how many corridors I'd walked along or which room was mine or even which direction I should be walking in. When I'd been here years ago, we been restricted to the bottom floor of Logan's house, but obviously the upper floors were obviously a lot more complicated.

Then I realised that Xavier was going to come after me for knocking him out... oh dear, more for me to worry about. Xavier was going to kill me. I wondered where he was, if he was awake he would have followed my trail by now and would be staring me down, but he wasn't. That could only mean two things either Xavier was still unconscious or he'd been sidetracked. My gut was telling me the latter was more likely, which wouldn't be good. I wasn't worried when I'd knocked Xavier out if he'd be okay or not because I knew he'd be fine, it took a lot to knock a werewolf out, but it was even harder to kill one.

I heard two voices from behind me and instantly spooked, my eyes darted around for a hiding spot not that it would hide me from werewolves, but I could always try. My search was to no avail as all the doors around me were locked, why lock a door inside a house? I didn't have enough time to answer the question, as I spotted a thin sliver of warm light peering through a doorway.

I padded towards the door quietly, tottering in the doorway. Was it better to face the two people behind me or face the possibility of more in the room? My heart thudded in my chest as I tried to weigh my options. I took a deep breath and pushed the door gently open.

The warm light seeped out, engulfing me as I let my eyes adjust to the brightness.

I glanced around the room.

Six wolf eyes met mine.

My hopes plummeted.

"Why hello, Lei," Daniel greeted from a chair across the room, his smirk widen at the look of panic on my face.

My heart stopped, my mind whirred.

Then I felt it, like I had in the restaurant, the hard nudging against my head. Colours swirled in front of my eyes, I suddenly felt like I was floating. I felt my knees give way, felt myself crashing down, then nothing.

I blinked my eyes open to see Xavier looking down at me, his eyes wide with concern and worry.

The nausea rose, my eyes widened.

I hurled.

Oh shit.

Chapter 19: Supernatural Means

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Chapter 19: Supernatural Means

Xavier was kneeled in front of me, his face a picture as he studied my vomit which was splattered all over him. Xavier glanced up at me in disgust before alarm crossed his face. He quickly moved to my side and held my hair back as I threw up once more.

Lights danced in front of my eyes, and I squeezed them shut against the spinning room. I slowly lowered myself to the floor, shoving Xavier away when he tried to stop me; the feel of the cool floor against my cheek was refreshing, clearing my head slightly.

I heard someone mention Jack's name and assumed he'd be here soon, not that Jack could do anything, but hopefully he'd have more idea than I did about what was going on with me. I was faintly aware of Xavier explaining that the exact same thing had happened yesterday at the restaurant, yet I was fine afterwards.

But now I wasn't.

My stomach clenched, dropped and heaved continuously. I'd thrown up only twice yesterday, and yet now I couldn't seem to be able to stop. The disturbing thing was that I hadn't eaten yet and my stomach had been empty since yesterday, string-like yellow vile covered me and the floor. I felt strangely uncoordinated and shaky - as if I were recovering from the flu. I realised I was trembling as my body rebelled against me.

"What the hell is wrong with her?" Daniel muttered, the question aimed at anyone who was listening. The exact same thought was running through my head, I had no idea what was going on. I knew fine well that this wasn't any illness or bug, this was something else entirely. Something new. Something Jack wouldn't be able to treat.

It was supernatural.

"Is she ill?" I heard Simon ask, puzzlement evident in his voice as I abruptly lurched again over the floor.

I pulled my face up from the floor to stare at him dizzily. "No shit, Sherlock."

I was on the floor again in seconds, blinking rapidly as lines blurred and my eyesight became unfocused. My body convulsed, and I found myself gasping for air; my muscles were trembling as I clung on to consciousness as I felt the light-headedness begin to invade once more. I felt beads of sweat forming on my forehead as a hand skimmed across it. I started at the touch, only to be met by Jack's soothing tones.

"She's boiling," he muttered, before sending Ollie, one of Logan's werewolves, to fetch a cloth and bucket.

I felt an unknown hand in mine and I instantly relaxed, my muscles loosening and my stomach settling. I mentally sighed as peace finally settled into my body, a weary exhaustion taking its place. I closed my eyes, almost drifting off to sleep and ignoring the surrounding voices.

Then the hand was gone along with the harmony woven throughout me.

I felt as if I'd been plunged into freezing cold waters, I shivered violently. I felt as if I was being tossed around at sea, my stomach lurched as if I had sea-sickness. The dizziness came back, this time stronger. It was if I'd been rescued only to be dropped in more treacherous waters.

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My assumption of this being of supernatural causes only became stronger, no human could survive this. I felt my body temperature plummet from its once heightened state, could feel my entire body jerk out of my control, felt it fighting against whatever was eating me.

I searched blindly for the hand that had held mine; skin contact seemed to calm it down. I could hear my breath coming out in haggard pants as I used up the final reserves of my energy in hope of my fingers skimming skin. My fingers brushed bare skin and I clutched to it, the relaxed feeling quickly returning. Something wet was draped over my brow, easing my throbbing head. The hand tried to pull away, but I only clung on harder.

"Daniel, don't let go of her hand. I think she's on to something," I heard Jack's voice above the beating of my heart loud in my chest.

I mentally heaved at the thought of holding Daniel's hand, but I guess whatever rid me of pain was welcome... but Daniel!?

"You think she's on to something? Have you seen the state she's in? She can barely think of anything normally, let alone-"

Daniel fell silent as I assume Jack sent him a harsh look. I blocked out their petty arguments as I tried to focus on calming my breathing; swift breaths in and out. Regaining my breath, I realised I could no longer feel the heavy pressure weighing down on me. I felt as if I'd never been ill bar the bone-deep weariness I was currently fighting.

I pulled my hand from Daniel's and he immediately sought after it, his fingers clinging to mine. Jack chastised me, but like I used to, I ignored him. Opening my eyes, I got to my feet quickly hastily taking my hand away from Daniel. I swayed slightly as my muscles protested and my exhaustion set in, but I set my eyes on a chair and stumbled towards it, collapsing into it.

I raised my gaze to Jack's as he stared at me. Puzzlement and anxiety pierced me with his gaze, but I saw the true emotion even though he tried to hide it, curiosity lit up his eyes.

I sighed wearily, shaking my head. "Before you ask, Jack I have no clue."

"But-" Jack abruptly stopped as I leant my head against the back of the chair, my eyes drifting close.

"Lei?" he asked hesitantly, moving to my side.

I felt a palm pressed to my forehead and I flickered my eyes open in irritation.

"What?" I snapped, just wanting to be left alone as my mood darkened.

"Easy," Jack said quietly, his eyes suddenly becoming wary as if I was going to attack him. "Talk to me. Tell me what you're thinking."

He crouched down beside me, his eyes peering up at me. I instantly freaked inside as my heart sped up, trying not to feel enclosed as I felt the struggle of my trying to exert my will to banish thoughts of danger. None of them would hurt me, I tried to convince myself.

Or would they?

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The nagging thought lingered. I pushed it away, realising I was only goading myself.

Glancing around the room, I finally noticed everyone was gazing intently at me... waiting for an answer. I felt my fake smile slip as my panic welled up inside of me. Jack reached for my hand, but I instantly pulled away. They were all staring at me like a vulture seeking prey. As if they were hunting me. I barely managed to hold back the tremble that shook me.

Calm down.

"Please don't hurt me," I whispered in fright, my eyes glued to the ceiling as I refused to meet their gazes, feeling as if they would rip me apart at the slightest glance. I heard someone shuffle and a few whispers were exchanged.

"Is she being serious?" Daniel asked in disbelief before Jack shushed him.

I heard footsteps approach me, I closed my eyes. Not wanting to see the person who might harm me. I sat there rigidly in anticipation.

Hands slipped beneath me and I was pulled into a warm chest.

I peeked my eyes opened, confused.

Lucas was clinging on to me, his eyes as puzzled as mine as he stared into my petrified eyes. He was sitting in the chair I'd recently occupied; he blanked out the people around us as he focussed on me.

"No wolf should be frightened." His hot breath tickled my ear as he whispered, "You need to open your eyes... realise that none of us are a danger to you."

I felt my racing heartbeat slow, I guess Lucas felt it too as he smiled softly.

"I'm not going to let anyone hurt you and I'm sure Jack isn't either. Right Jack?"

I looked up hopefully, Jack's eyes linking with mine even if I tried I would never have been able to pull my gaze from his.

"Yes. Lucas is right, I should have explained it earlier, Lei. We're pack and pack stick together. Always."

I immediately relaxed, Lucas's hand rubbing my arms as he pressed his lips to my forehead.

Lucas mumbled against my brow soft words of encouragement. "We love you like a daughter, Lei. We won't harm you. Ever."

I buried my head into the crook of Lucas's neck like I had to Jack earlier. I really loved them. Jack and Lucas had always been there and I didn't understand why I hadn't realised that sooner. They were brilliant people, caring funny and loving. They were my lifelines in the pack.

"Do you think we'll hurt you now?"

Another voice. Simon.

I glanced at the snowy white skinned werewolf, his shaggy midnight hair framing his narrow face. His wolf eyes were gleaming in the bright light as he stared at me with interest. I didn't feel ready to use my voice, so I

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shook my head numbly.

"Good," he smiled, ruffling his hair as he sank to the floor, crossing his legs. I raised an eyebrow confused to why he was sat on the floor when there was an empty chair beside him.

"Why not?" Simon smirked, sending me his signature smile. "It's not like I have someone to snuggle into," he laughed, looking pointedly at me and Lucas. My lips twitched, the corner slowly pointing upwards.

"Success!" he grinned, his eyes instantly lighting up. "I got her to smile!"

I laughed quietly, shaking my head. Typical Simon, always laughing at nothing.

"Least I'm not lonely up here," I bit back, nibbling at my lip as I hid a smile.

"That can easily be changed," Lucas chuckled, quickly jumping to his feet startling me.

I froze, my fingers twitching slightly as I stared at him with wide eyes.

"Easy, Lucas," Jack soothed, collapsing into another chair.

I felt Lucas nod, as I found myself clutching to his shirt.

"C-Can you let me down, please?" I asked quietly, my voice shaky.

Lucas slowly lowered me to the floor, his hands tentatively leaving me as he walked to take a seat by Jack. I swayed slightly, blinking. Taking a deep breath, I felt the immeasurable exhaustion that clung to every limb weighing me down. A hand appeared at my elbow, I followed the hand to reach a slightly familiar face, a face I'd spoken little to.

"Trey, isn't it?"

The young werewolf smiled, his eyes twinkling. How could I forget the handsome werewolf? His face was as perfectly proportioned as I remembered seeing it years ago, not a blemish marred his smooth face. He was dressed in expensive clothing, I glanced up at his eyes once more. Dark thick eye lashes blinked, and I could sense his amusement at my eyes scanning his body.

I didn't really know Trey, only heard stories from the others saying he was quiet and reserved despite his outgoing appearance.

"Trey Gallagher at your service, Miss," he winked, taking his hand in mine and lightly pressing his lips to the back. I stared in amazement I hadn't seen such courtesy since I'd met Simon and to say you shouldn't judge people on the first meeting was entirely true. Simon no longer showed any etiquette that he'd once possessed. Shame.

"Show off," I heard Xavier mutter, obviously not amused.

Trey's eyes darkened and I realised I didn't particularly want anything to do with him. Usually when people were silent it meant that they hid secrets, and from the way Trey looked at me I guessed they were dark secrets, ones I really didn't want to know. Secrets swirled behind his eyes. It took me a moment to realise that he'd dropped my hand and stepped away... and the fact that I was openly staring at him.

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I glanced away, my eyes catching sight of flaming red hair and freckles on a tanned face.

One of the twins from Logan's pack.

He smiled softly at me, a sad presence hung from him. It was then I remembered his twin was dead, killed in the war. Sympathy blossomed within me. I sent him a smile back, my eyes telling him I knew of his pain, knew how it felt. He inclined his head slowly as if he knew what I was telling him.

"Elliot," he reminded me, a humorous glint entering his eyes the misery banished.

"Lei," I nodded, collapsing back into my chair.

I found myself slowly drifting off as I listened to the others talking quietly among themselves, but then I felt it. An intense gaze fixed on me.

My gaze clashed with a younger werewolf.

Ollie.

The one who'd Jayden risked a heavy price to save.

Jayden had given his life.

Ollie looked startled as he swallowed nervously, Jayden had barely known him, but he'd once told me Ollie was a good kid and he was different from the werewolves among Logan's Pack.

I inclined my head in greeting and closed my eyes.

That was all that needed to be said.

He didn't need to know how much I was dying inside at the sight of him.

That was something no one needed to know.

Ever.

QUICK NOTE: Happy Birthday To Booklove18, have a great 19th Birthday :)

(... Mainly the reason for the speedy update...)

Also the reason I've been updating so much recently is because in a couple week times I won't be able to update for a wee while... I'll be posting another note closer to the time, but I'm trying to make the most of what I can now :) Hope you enjoyed this chapter!!

Thanks,

Caitlin x

Chapter 20: Necromancy

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Chapter 20: Necromancy

Peace.

It was an odd feeling.

I was so used to my chaotic lifestyle of running away from people that it had taken me days to realise what it was. Logan's house blocked out all of my traumatic experiences of the outside world, mainly because the cause of all of them weren't in the house or anywhere near. The front door and the acres of wood surrounding the house cut off most contact with the external world.

This house was my haven...

But there was a limit...

It only took one stray thought to turn it into absolute hell. I couldn't forget the fact that Daniel was in the house; I could imagine his disgusting smile as he leered at me, could imagine him calling me pathetic as he had in the past. The house was throbbing with emotional tension, so deep and so old that not many could remember the cause, like a history book pouring out memories. I didn't know even half of the stories here, but all I knew was that there were many and that they were distressing.

Whilst trying to recover from a near emotional breakdown, this was not the ideal place to be. Especially when memories gulfed you at every doorway you walked through, every room you entered and every person you spoke to. It was definitely not the place to be.

I'd been here for two and a half days now and I hadn't seen a hide nor a hair of the owner of the house, the other Alpha. Whenever I asked the others about the whereabouts of Logan, they'd shrug and admit they hadn't a clue; it appeared all they knew was that he'd been gone two weeks and wouldn't be returning for a few more. None of them seemed to think it was odd for an alpha to suddenly vanish without an explanation. Only me then.

When I wasn't wondering over Logan's disappearances, I thought about what Xavier had said. Was it really possible Jayden was dead? It was the first time I'd asked myself the question, constantly pushing it away from me, refusing to admit the blatant fact staring me in the face. Where would he have been for five years? Why hide from me? Did he lose his memory? Was he captured by the Hunters? Injured? The list was endless, but the most simple explanation was a simple idea so cruel and so upsetting that it refused to cross my mind.

And that was lie number one.

To say the possibility of Jayden's death hadn't crossed my mind would be completely wrong; the scars on my arms were only proof of that. Pushing the sleeves of my jumper up, I stared at the pale white lines criss-crossing my arms the faint reminder of the fact that the pain took it away. The simple sting of a knife buried my emotional turmoil. I wasn't crazy or suicidal, but the release it gave me was always relaxing.

The people who self-harmed weren't always people with nothing to live for or even people looking for an easy way out, but they had an issue, a problem and sometimes... they just had no one to support them in their time

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of need. The statistics say that 1 in 4 people self-harm within their lifetime, to say these people were insane would be to say that one quarter of the world's population was in need of mental help. People dealt with pain in different ways, and this was how I dealt with mine.

It was my secret way of dealing with things... The main word being was.

Mark had discovered all the 'pretty white lines' as he'd called them, covering my body and frankly, I didn't know how to deal with facing him. My first option was to avoid him, but that wasn't likely to ever happen. There was no way I could avoid him if I continued to live at home... but if I moved? I instantly felt guilty as I thought about Lianne and Matt, who were probably worrying themselves about me.

Then I thought about Xavier's kiss and knew I couldn't stay here long without talking to him about that. Like Logan, I hadn't seen Xavier since my arrival, he was most likely avoiding me. Oh well. To say Xavier had shocked me would be an understatement, I could still feel the buzz of alarm running through me at the thought of it. I didn't love Xavier, far from it. I used to hate the guy; my opinion of him doesn't just change overnight, he had a lot to make up for we were barely on speaking terms let alone kissing.

I heard a click, but was too snared in my thoughts to notice; I continued to stare at my fiddling fingers as my mind whirred over what I could do next. I'd already decided I'd have to leave soon, as much as it pained me to leave without seeing Logan I was sure I'd see him eventually.

I felt a small tingling invisible pressure wash over me, I pulled a face to myself. I was already sick to death of this unknown illness; God knows what was wrong with me. It just wasn't natural, I ignored the nagging presence.

"It's him, you know?"

I jumped, startled at the voice that seemed to appear out of nowhere. My hand flew to my chest as I tried to calm my frantic heart, I scanned the room. My gaze settled on the extravagantly dressed werewolf who sat relaxing in one of the other empty chairs, his legs crossed, his blue eyes pinned on me.

"Excuse me?"

"He's the reason you're ill," Trey commented, faking idleness as he pretended to clean his nails; what gave him the way was the fact that he kept sneaking glances at my expression. I was beginning to think Trey was smarter than he appeared, and he knew a hell of a lot more than he was telling. I continued to stare at him in puzzlement, my brow furrowed. What was he on about?

As if reading my thoughts, he leant forward his eyes sparkling dangerously as he was about to reveal a dark secret.

"Jayden."

That one word had me startled, of all the subjects he could chose he decided to discuss this.

"He's the cause of your illness; the reason you've been passing out, throwing up, feeling dizzy and feeling as if you've been mentally punched. It's been going on for a few weeks, hasn't it?"

I froze. I hadn't told anyone about the dizziness or the feeling of being physically punched by thin air. There was no way he could know that. I was pretty sure nobody knew about me being ill before my visit, I was also quite confident that Xavier hadn't told anyone either. Completely ignoring Trey's explanation for my illness, I

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stared in horror at him. How did he know?

"How did-

"How did I know?" Trey smirked, his sapphire eyes darkening. I nodded slowly, beginning to feel uncomfortable around Trey. "Because the spirits told me."

I stared at him. It was official, being a werewolf made you coo-coo in the head. He had to be either crazy or just a liar, there was no way he could be speaking to spirits. Anyway who said that spirits were real? I gave him my most disbelieving look.

"I'm not lying and I'm not insane," he declared quietly, Trey slowly got to his feet his eyes intent on mine. He began to walk closer to me, continuing, "My mother was a necromancer; you know what one of them is?"

He clearly was insane, but I thought I'd play along for a while, so I shook my head.

Trey rolled his eyes at my ignorance, he was halfway across the room taking gentle steps as if I would startle like a deer, his gaze still forceful against mine, it pinned me. I felt as if I couldn't move from under those eyes. Was it a werewolf thing? Could I do that?

"My mother could speak to the spirits, raise the dead and predict the future. She was what one could call a clairvoyant, preferably a necromancer."

Trey let the information settle in, watching my face for a reaction. I continued to stare at him, flabbergasted. He really was crazy and he had one hell of an imagination.

"And me?" Trey whispered eerily, coming to a halt in front of my chair and leaning forward, his breath wafting over my face. "Well I can do that too."

He gave me a freaky smile; for the first time since I'd arrived at Logan's house, I actually feared for my life. He really was mad if he thought anybody could raise the dead, it was even worse that he thought he himself could do it. If I disagreed would he harm me?

A dart of fear pierced my heart, quickly pushed away.

Trey's smile turned feral.

Okay, I was definitely freaked out now.

He leaned forward, his sweet cool breath covering me as I stared into his eyes, only inches from mine.

"Jayden's alive," he growled almost silently. "His spirit hasn't joined the others, I'd be able to feel it if it did. He's alive somewhere."

That pierced through my thoughts, I'd thought he'd continue to rabble on about raising the dead, but he didn't. He'd told me Jayden was alive. Now I was torn.

Someone had finally told me what I wanted to hear, but common sense fought against my hope. Did I want my hopes to be crushed again? Especially when those hopes were raised by a mental werewolf?

Listening to Trey would get me a one way ticket to a mental institute. Surely.

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But I couldn't resist the tug in my mind telling me that Trey wasn't lying, wasn't making anything up.

"You-You're lying," I stuttered, still confused about Trey. Do I trust him or not?

Trust the crazy werewolf or not?

It really wasn't a difficult question.

Yet I held back.

I was almost sure he wasn't lying.

I studied Trey's expression; his blue eyes bored into mine, no hint of deceit. They say your eyes are the window to your soul and it's true, your eyes betray your real emotions and Trey's were open and honest. His face was completely serious as he held his body only inches from mine, I could feel the heat radiating from his body. My gaze settled on his eyes, such a magnificent blue... yet he was a werewolf and didn't have the trademark hazel eyes.

"Is... Is that why your eyes are blue?"

Surprise flickered in his eyes, quickly followed by triumph. A question like that meant I was close to believing him. He nodded slowly, his gorgeous face nearing mine slightly.

"Will you let me explain your sickness properly or will you continue to stare at me as if I'm a God?"

Snapped out of my reverie, I realised I'd been admiring his beauty and I felt a blush creep up my cheeks.

"And that is my answer," Trey smiled softly, easing away from me and sinking into the chair beside mine. "You're Jayden's mate, correct?"

I let out a small sigh and nodded.

"You used to feel drawn to him and when you weren't together you felt lonely, right?"

I inclined my head once more.

"Now think about it on a bigger scale. You and Jayden have been separated for five years and for all we know, he could be in another country. That small pang of pain you feel when you used to be separated has had time to build up and change form as your time apart increased. That is going to make you one very sick werewolf."

I lowered my gaze, my eyes wide as I took in all his information. As weird and as warped as it sounded, I could feel it in my gut that he was right... but that meant only one thing.

Jayden was alive.

Then I had a different idea.

"How come when I came here the pain seemed to vanish for a while?"

Trey chuckled as if he'd wondered whether I'd think of that or not.

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"Being away from the pack only made it harder for you, when you're with us you feed of all our strengths instead of just your own."

"But how come this has only started recently? I've been away from Jayden for five years."

Trey shrugged. "That is the only question to remain unanswered. I know he has been either unconscious or injured badly enough to dim the bond you have as mates, but now? Now he's recovered and he's feeding of your strength as you are ours."

Wow. This guy knew his stuff.

"And you know all of this due to the spirits?"

Trey nodded, a tired smile crossing his face. "More or less," he told me finality in his tone, before exiting the room and leaving me to muse over the new information.

As absurd as it seemed, I knew he was right.

Jayden was alive.

All I needed to do now was find him.

x-----x-----x-----x-----x-----x-----x

Hey Readers :)

I've been wondering what you all think about the way this story's going? Because I'm not quite sure where to go from here.. I've got a couple of ideas being tossed around, but I want to know what YOU all think... Please can you tell me what you think of the story so far?

I've really hit a stumbling block...

Oh and I hope this chapter answers some of your questions and raises some new ones :)

I also wanted to mention that self-harm is a big issue and that people who do self-harm shouldn't be ridiculed or teased, but helped. The statistics in this chapter are horrifyingly real.. I've known people who do this and it's not pretty...

Chapter 21: Syndicate With My Heart

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Chapter 21: Syndicate With My Heart

My fifth day in Logan's house and I felt as if I'd already overstayed my welcome. Daniel had been attempting to corner me since I'd arrived and he'd finally got me.

I'd been sitting quietly by myself in the back of a pack meeting when Daniel decided it was time to get me back. I was dozing in my chair, almost drifting off as I recalled that Jack had been worried about my health. He'd reminded me that werewolves needed less sleep than humans yet I'd slept for almost two whole days when I'd arrived... and I was still tired. I'd told him I was catching up on lost sleep, but he'd only pursed his lips and looked away. He hadn't believed a word of it, he was beyond worried.

My conversation with Trey had been kept quiet, no one needed to know because someone would try and stop me finding Jayden. They wouldn't believe Trey's squabble, they would probably jump to conclusions like I had and call him insane without giving him a chance. I wondered if Logan knew about Trey's mother, no one else in his pack seemed to know, but then again Logan knew everything.

Logan. He still hadn't returned and it appeared that I was the only one beginning to worry. For an Alpha, even a joint-alpha, to leave his pack for a number of days was unheard of, but to leave for three weeks was like a fairytale. Completely unbelievable.

Daniel was explaining something to the rest of the pack, something about the new rules of hunting, but I wasn't really listening. My head was spinning with the idea of finding Jayden. Where would I find him? What would I do? What would he do? Did the Hunters have him? Was he injured? Questions darted in and out of my thoughts like buzzing bees.

I suddenly noticed that everyone in the room was staring at me, and I raised my head, looking at them like a startled rabbit. Why were they all looking at me? Annoyance flashed across Daniel's face and I instantly knew he'd spoken to me, but I'd been too consumed in my thoughts to listen. I raised an eyebrow.

"I **said**," Daniel grumbled through gritted teeth. "Who do you think you are?"

I stared at him, puzzlement shining in my eyes as I furrowed my brow.

"You are blatantly not listening to a word I'm saying. Even stupid noggins like Simon are listening."

"Hey!" Simon called out, sounding offended.

Daniel ignored him, barrelling down on me.

"Do you think just because you've been missing for years that you can turn up and act like the Queen of Sheba?"

I opened my mouth to argue, but Jack and Lucas both sent me warning glances.

Don't interrupt the angry Alpha's rant.

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Personally I thought Daniel needed to be put in his place, not that Lucas or Jack would ever let me do that.

"Jack and Lucas are jumping around the point that you look like hell. Does that not tell you anything?"

I remained silent, my eyes made of steel as I glared at Daniel. My gaze shifted to Jack and Lucas once more, they were sharing a wary glance. Daniel was right. They were avoiding the sensitive topic. I wasn't a spoilt brat whatever Daniel pointed at, but I knew that Jack and Lucas cared about me and Daniel couldn't change that.

"Do you think that just because you're the only female of an entire race that it gives you the **right** to ignore your Alpha?"

It was then I realised Daniel was trying to bait me into arguing with him, give him a reason to punish me as he wanted to. But it was too late by then. I wasn't guarded against the next question which had me on my feet and punching at him within seconds.

"All women are worthless, so what makes you think you are any different?"

Now that riled me.

My fist came within inches of his face before he blocked my hand easily, grabbing my wrist and with some fancy manoeuvres had me lying on the floor beneath him, my face pressed against the cold tiled floor.

Damn it wasn't supposed to go like that.

I tried to raise my head, but he shoved it into the floor, his hand gripped tightly in my hair. All the other werewolves remained frozen. Anger and humiliation thrummed through me; how dare he treat me like this! I bucked beneath his hold, but he only pressed his knee sharply into my lower back, restraining me with ease.

Daniel's hot breath tickled my ear and I squirmed, his grip tightened.

"You're weak, girl. Never forget it," Daniel snarled, smashing my face into the floor.

I felt a steady trickle of blood flow from my nose.

I closed my eyes in defeat. There was only so much I could fight against. Having the pack fight against me would slaughter me. I dug my nails hard into my hand. Why couldn't I be stronger? Why couldn't I be like the male werewolves? It was unfair.

I stopped resisting and melted into the floor, reigning in my emotions.

"Pathetic," Daniel growled, lifting me partly off the floor before dropping me with a thud. My face collided with the hard tiles, yet I refused to move or cry out in pain. That would only fuel Daniel's onslaught. Apparently lying unmoving did just as well.

I felt his foot collide with my ribs and a squeal slipped past my lips.

One thought remained in my mind.

This wouldn't be happening if Logan were here.

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I stared up at the others for help, but they only glanced away. They couldn't help me. Jack was gazing at me, pain obvious in his eyes. He didn't like this at all.

Daniel pulled me to my feet, holding me up by my hair.

"You're skin and bones, Lei. How do you expect to fight against us like that? Where is your screwed up logic?"

I wrapped an arm around my skinny torso, feeling as if it was all I could to protect myself. I pushed away all the uneasiness I felt, all the fear. My insecurities now banished, I lifted my gaze to meet Daniel's.

A growl erupted from my throat.

This was the part where I fought back, where I was invincible.

Daniel's eyes widened slightly as if he thought I'd been broken already. Looking around at the others, I saw the same thing reflected in their gazes.

They all thought I was weak.

Maybe they were right.

I lunged out of Daniel's grip and stormed from the room, fuming.

How dare he embarrass me?

How dare he mock me?

But some part of me was clinging to the idea that Daniel had a point, my body had been mistreated, my she-wolf even more so. How could I fight them in this state?

I couldn't.

It was as simple as that. In this shape, I couldn't hurt even a child. I heard quick footsteps behind me, but I ignored them. It was only Jack. He wouldn't hurt me, if he did I didn't know what I'd do anymore. Jack could keep me safe, but not from Daniel, even Jack had to abide to Daniel's rules.

I burst into my room, and my eyes instantly scanned the room for my jacket, the only thing stopping me from leaving immediately. I didn't want to get cold. I was furious, not stupid.

As soon as Daniel had pinned me, I'd decided to leave.

Nothing would change my decision. Not even Jack.

My hands were frantically moving things out the way, looking for my coat. My fingers brushed the rough material and I clutched it to me. Hands landed on my shoulders, I didn't jump. I knew it was Jack. He turned me round to face him, and he smiled sadly leading me to the bed. I reluctantly followed, I wanted to leave as soon as I could. He gripped his hands in mine, it was then I realised they were shaking and that tears were slowly making their way down my cheeks.

Why was I so upset by Daniel's teasing?

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Shouldn't I have been used to it by now?

No. It hurt, the pain as raw as the first time. I guess after seeing the pack as a happy place filled with peace, that I forget how quickly the tides could turn.

Jack hugged me gently, before pulling away and wiping the blood softly off my face. Jack had to be the kindest werewolf I'd met, he didn't let others judgement affect his urge to help people.

"Thank you," I mumbled, Jack only smiled again and told me I had to see him before I left. I agreed and Jack left... as Trey walked in.

He gave me an awkward smile, and I returned it tiredly.

I was sick of having my emotions toyed with. I had been so exhilarated with Trey's news of Jayden, but anger had replaced it viscusly although now I was down. Completely emotionally exhausted, I wanted to go home, wanted to ignore Daniel's rant and enjoy my warm bed. That would be heaven.

Trey idled in the doorway, twiddling with the strings dangling from his jumper.

"I wanted to tell you something before you left... The others don't know where Logan is because... I told him what I told you earlier and I told him how it would be affecting you. He left to find you, and in the process to find Jayden."

So that was where Logan was, he was looking for me. My heart tingled warmth. It was always nice to have someone who cared about you. I was also right in trusting Trey, if Logan had believed Trey's story then I was right to.

"Thank you," I repeated, giving him the same smile I'd given Jack earlier.

Trey nodded. "I just thought I should let you know."

He bid me goodbye, before leaving.

I sighed, running a hand through my hair.

Why couldn't life be simple?

Because then it would be too easy.

Clicking the door shut behind me, I strolled towards the entrance of the house. My mind whirring with memories, both good and bad. This house held a major part of my life, even if it was only for a few days.

"I knew you'd run, just like the coward you are," Daniel's voice echoed down the corridor, I ignored him my frustration and anger rising. I couldn't argue with him, he'd just hurt me more. I had to be an adult and push his harsh comments away, even if it hurt. I had to remember I was no longer a stroppy teenager.

I was storming through the front door, slamming it behind me and furiously making my way down the long drive. I heard the door behind me open and the pounding of footsteps. A hand grasped my wrist and tugged me backwards.

I snarled.

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"Lei, I want you to promise me something?"

Jack.

I gazed up at him silently, instantly feeling foolish for snarling at him.

His eyes burned earnestly into mine.

"Promise me something?"

I nodded.

"I want you to eat, want you to sleep and I want you to change forms more often. It's killing you, Lei. I want you to look after yourself properly. Can you do that?"

My eyes were frozen on his, Jack's words ringing through my ears. He was right of course, he was always right, I had been neglecting my body. Without responding to his plea, I pulled away from him, my eyes lowered as I turned and ran away from the house.

"If not for me, for Jayden," I heard him call after me, and there he had me. He knew I'd fulfil my promise; he'd sealed the deal for me with the mention of Jayden's name.

Not quite what I wanted to think about right now.

I pushed myself to continue running along the dusty road, the pounding of my footsteps the only sound I could hear, syndicate with my heart.

Chapter 22: For the Love of God

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Chapter 22: For the Love of God

It'd been a week since I'd left and life hadn't gotten any easier. Yeah, Daniel wasn't hindering me and Xavier wasn't trying to make out with me, but that wasn't it. My illness was getting worse as the days carried on; the longer Jayden and I were apart the more pain I went through, the more energy Jayden was unknowingly taking to heal. Was it affecting Jayden too? Or was he too injured to notice?

I was sat on the edge of my bed, my head cradled in my hands as it thrummed constantly. There were days when you just shouldn't get out of bed and for me, today was one of those days. I had felt the build up of pressure since yesterday afternoon, but just brushed it off. However every drop of illness I had felt yesterday had now multiplied tenfold. To put it nicely, I wasn't a happy bunny.

I'd never felt like this before, never felt this ill; it was if I was slowly dying or being cooked alive. This wasn't natural; it felt like hell. My energy was almost fully drained despite having slept through the entire night for once. My head was constantly tripping an unknown beat that echoed, giving me one whopper headache. My skin was blistering, hot to the touch, my eyes watering constantly. I glanced at my bedside clock; it was almost two in the afternoon, almost time for work. Could I go into work like less without raising suspicions? I felt horrible, but that didn't mean that I looked it... right? I needed to act normally, I couldn't let Lianne or Matt worry, couldn't bear the guilt of refusing to seek medical help. I just couldn't do that to them.

Groaning inwardly, I forced myself to my feet and stumbled towards the bathroom I shared with Lianne. It was Tuesday so she'd be at work about now and I hated that. Today was the only day that Lianne and I didn't share the same shifts. I found myself suddenly standing in front of the mirror, and I couldn't believe my eyes, well I could I just didn't want to. I stared at its reflection. Okay, maybe I couldn't go into work without them sending me to hospital.

My skin was ashen and clammy as if I'd been sweating and was suffering from a fever. My eyes were dull and hollow surrounded by light bruising, missing their normally playful light. My hair, well... my hair framed my face as always, but it was tangled and hung greasy and limp from my head. No amount of makeup could hide the zombie that stared back at me in the mirror. If Jack were here he'd be sending me to bed, and threatening me if I got up or complained.

"Ugh," I grunted, rubbing my itchy eyes. I felt the pressure escalate and I wondered how much my body could take before this killed me. Pain erupted from my forehead suddenly. I gripped the sink, trying to push away the pain. It was impossible. My eyesight blurred and my mouth tasted like burnt food.

Why couldn't my life be normal?

The answer?

Because I was a flippin' werewolf.

Fire exploded, pain submerged me. I was suddenly struggling to find which way was the right way up. Cold fear snaked up my spine. I'd never felt anything like this before, hadn't known it could get this serious. I felt as if my entire head had been engulfed in a melting heat and squeezed between a vice. Life was just peachy. I felt my hands slip from the sink, felt my eyes close, felt as if I was floating in the clouds.

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Then nothing.

Lianne and Matt walked into our apartment over two hours later, she'd lingered in the kitchens talking to Matt way after her own shift had finished. She'd still been engrossed in her conversation with him that she didn't realise I was missing, until Alan, our boss, came to ask where I was. Lianne instantly became alarmed, she didn't know where I was, if I was okay. She hadn't heard from me at all since the following day, I'd still been asleep when she left the house.

Ringling the apartment only created more panic. The answering machine picked up several times. They tried to ring my mobile, but only with the same result. No one could get in touch with me. Lianne decided that she wasn't going to wait any longer, and left to check our apartment. Matt was panicking although he barely showed it, he pleaded with Alan to let him leave earlier, even our boss had seemed concerned about my whereabouts so agreed without hesitation.

Lianne stood in the centre of the apartment, her eyes scanning the room as she called out, "Lei? You in here? You were supposed to be at work over an hour ago."

Matt was stood in steps behind her, his eyebrows furrowed. It was obvious I hadn't left the apartment yet, my bag still sat on the kitchen counter and they both knew I never left for work without it. The silence was deafening as their footsteps echoed around the seemingly empty apartment. Lianne peered into my room, disappearing from Matt's view for a while before coming out and shaking her head. She hadn't found anything, the room was empty. Matt checked the spare room, also empty. They both began to get worried. Was I okay? Had something happened to me?

Between the two of them, they checked every room within the small apartment. All were empty. Lianne made towards the bathroom, the only room she had yet to check. Her heart was tripping with anxiety, what if something bad had happened to me? Had my 'friend', Xavier, taken me away again? This time without consent? Neither Mark or she had trusted Lei's 'friend', he'd seemed a bit foggy from the beginning.

Lianne pushed the bathroom door open gently, glancing back at Matt with worry. He softly brushed back the hair from her face; his emerald eyes glued to her face as she turned back around and nudged the door open further. The door stopped as it hit something on the other side. Their eyes widened, their stomachs dropped.

Oh dear God.

Lianne slipped through the gap and stopped dead. My body was sprawled across the bathroom floor, my face ghostly white, the rest of me painfully still. My hair splayed over the floor forming a halo around my head, my eyes closed. She dropped to her knees beside me, making sure I was still breathing. Matt poked his head around the door, swearing as his eyes settled on me. He gently manoeuvred around the door and picked me up from the floor, carrying me into the living area, Lianne trailing behind him.

"She's stone cold," he murmured worriedly, laying me on the sofa before running to fetch my duvet off my bed. The same thought kept popping up in both their minds. What was wrong with me?

Lianne grabbed for the nearest phone intending to ring for the paramedics, the fingers dancing over the digits. Matt took the phone from her and ended the call, his face serious.

"Don't ring an ambulance," he said quietly, his eyes on me. Lianne opened her mouth in puzzlement to ask why, but Matt cut her short. "She's scared of hospitals, Lianne. She has a friend who's a doctor right? I'm sure

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she'd preferred to be seen by him. Don't you think?"

Matt finally raised his gaze to meet hers, the emotions clear in his eyes. He was worried for me. Lianne nodded slowly, fishing around in my bag for my mobile; she scrolled through the contacts, finally pausing on Mark's number. Pressing the dial button, Lianne turned to Matt biting her lip, his face was a mirror of her own.

Anxious.

"Hello?" a gruff voice answered, not sounding at all welcoming.

Lianne snapped her gaze from Matt's, ignoring the tingling sensation it had caused.

"Hi, this is Lianne. I'm a friend of Lei's and we... we really need your help." Lianne paused, pushing away the fear that tried to consume her.

"Lei?" the voice went up a notch, threaded with apprehension. "What do you need my help for?"

"She-she..." Lianne couldn't finish her sentence, just pushed the phone towards Matt who came up beside her, a comforting arm around her shoulders.

"We found Lei unconscious a few minutes ago and for all we know she could have been out at least an hour. We can't wake her up and you're a doctor so we thought maybe you could help us."

The phone line buzzed for a second in silence.

"Care to tell me why you're ringing me and not an ambulance?" Mark asked, his tone implying they were being stupid.

"I.. er..." Matt trailed off, panic rising. What if Mark refused to help?

"Not that I won't help," Mark rushed, sensing Matt's alarm. "I was merely curious."

"She's scared of hospitals."

"Good choice in ringing me then. You're at her apartment, yes?"

Matt murmured a yes as Mark said he'd be over as soon as he could.

**

I groaned, my head was pounding and my body sweating with the radiator I was becoming. I felt a cold wet towel be pressed to my forehead, I sighed as cool beads of water traced patterns down my face. Despite the first feeling of aching, I began to feel better as I blinked my eyes open to a dull light.

"Welcome back to the world," a voice laughed beside me.

I froze.

Mark.

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So much for avoiding him.

"How did you get in here? More importantly why are you here?" I tried to shout at Mark, but it came out as a croak.

"No thank you? I'm appalled at your manners, Lei. What would Lianne and Matt say about that?" he grinned, lounging in a seat beside me. I glanced at him in alarm, if they were here then surely they would be suspicious of why I passed out. "Don't worry they're not here anymore, left a couple hours ago. I fed them some mumbo-jumbo doctor speech and that seemed to ease them," he explained. "So anyway back to your manners."

"Forget that. Answer the questions."

"Chill your beans, Lei," he smirked lazily. "You still haven't answered my questions."

"You didn't ask any!" I exclaimed in frustration, my voice still hoarse.

"Ah, but you're wrong," he smiled devilishly, leaning forward his elbows resting on his knees. "You've yet to answer my questions about your pretty white lines."

My anger suddenly erupted.

I pushed myself into a sitting position despite my body arguing against it.

"You want to know my past?" I whispered venomously. "You want to know why I do this to myself?"

I vigorously pushed up my sleeves, brandishing my scarred arms; Mark's eyes flickered to the scars, concern flashing in his eyes as he raised them to meet my furious gaze.

"I do this because I was dragged from my normal life to be told I was the only female werewolf in existence. I do this because my own mother didn't want me, hated my guts. I do this because I got involved in a supernatural war that had nothing to do with me! I do this because my mate has been presumed dead for five whole years! Do you know how that feels?"

I didn't wait for him to answer.

"This," I yelled, pulling off my t-shirt and showing him my age old scar from hip to shoulder. "Was from a Hunter, when I was sixteen years old and I was fighting a fight that wasn't meant for me."

"These," I shouted, baring my wrists to him, revealing the bold circular scars. "Are from being chained to a wall, kidnapped by Hunters."

"This," I repeated, pointing at the ragged scar on my lower abdomen. "Is from being stabbed when I refused to let a man rape me before I even knew about supernaturals."

"These," I screamed, brandishing several small untidy scars clumped together on my shoulder. "Were from being attack by another werewolf after I'd had only one change."

"Now do you understand why I do it?! Because I made it perfectly clear."

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Mark stared silently at me, horror wide in his eyes, all existence of the sureness he'd once held was gone. He moved towards me, brushing angry tears from my cheek. Mark pulled my t-shirt back over my head gently, but I was concentrating on not bursting into tears which my eyes were threatening to do. It wasn't my fault that life didn't like to treat me right. Mark enveloped me in a hug and I finally broke down.

Five years remaining strong had crumbled to dust.

He let me cry on his shoulder as I cried at how unfair life was, how much I missed Jayden.

"I'm sorry," he murmured into my hair as he held me close. "I didn't want you to hurt yourself."

x----x----x----x----x----x

I had a lot of problems publishing this chapter, so sorry if the layout turns out to be dodgy. This is the last update for Two weeks AT LEAST.... SORRY! Hope you enjoyed this chapter, and HAPPY EASTER! Have a good one! -Caitlin x

Chapter 23: Blast From The Past

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Chapter 23: A Blast From The Past

I felt hollow, empty as Mark reached down to wipe the tears from my eyes. I'd cried myself out and now I sat on the edge of the bed, wallowing in self-pity.

It really wasn't my fault.

I couldn't help if I attracted trouble, attracted Hunters, attracted death.

Or was it?

Was I really doing something wrong? Creating situations that could have been prevented?

"Hey, hey," Mark soothed, trying to get my attention. "Whatever you're thinking, stop it. You're only making yourself more upset."

I felt the heat prickle in the corner of my eyes, but I'd cried too much and now there was nothing left to cry. Thankfully I didn't feel ill any longer, unfortunately this only made me think about my past even more. It wasn't as if I was ashamed, I... missed it. Missed the exhilaration of the hunt, missed the excitement of nearly being caught by hunters, missed Jayden. I took a deep breath and slowly released it.

Jayden was alive and I was going to find him.

It had been three days since the bathroom trauma, and Matt and Lianne were beginning to get seriously concerned about my health. Mark had made up some fancy doctor speech although I didn't understand half of it, I got the impression he was telling them I was going to be fine.

Our boss was finally letting me come back to work, and I appreciated it. It wasn't that I particularly enjoyed my job because in total honesty, it was completely boring and a waste of time, yet I still went. My job offered me normality and a distraction, something which I'd willingly take. I was shuffling into the cosy warm restaurant when I was barrelled into a hug by a familiar blonde woman. Lianne squealed in my ear, barely containing her excitement. She pulled back, her eyes dancing happily. I opened my mouth to ask, but she cut me short.

"Matt asked me out," she shrieked, jumping up and down in front of me.

I grinned, pleased for Matt and Lianne; they deserved some happiness.

"That's great," I exclaimed, hugging her again. "I assume you said yes?"

I lifted an eyebrow, a smirk widening on my face.

"Of course," Lianne replied as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

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I laughed and walked past her into the kitchen to grab my pen and pad, ready to start work.

"Go see to table seven, Lei," someone called from the kitchen as I was about to ask.

Table seven it was then.

I made my way out, not looking to see who sat there, but glancing back as Lianne spoke enthusiastically to Matt. I stifled an 'aw' as Matt leaned down to peck Lianne on the cheek.

"Are you ready to order?" I asked automatically, finally turning to see who I would be serving.

"Yes I am, she-wolf," a familiar voice responded.

I dropped my pen, staring at the familiar blonde-haired vampire sat in front of me, he gazed up at me with amused eyes.

"Seems you're as clumsy as always," Finley laughed, bending down to pick up the pen that had slipped from my nerveless hand.

It couldn't be. Could it? I didn't believe my eyes. I blinked. He was still there. You've got to be kidding me. I must be hallucinating. I've finally lost the plot.

"Yes, it's really me," Finley chuckled, running a hand through his fair hair. "Now are you just going to stand there or serve me?"

As confident as usual I see.

Waitress mode kicked in as I finally came to my senses and quickly took Finley's order. I turned to leave, my heartbeat finally slowing from its once heightened state.

"You going to tell me what happened?" Finley's voice echoed over my shoulder.

I glanced over my shoulder at him. "What do you mean?" I asked suspiciously, not liking where I thought this was going.

"Have you seen yourself recently?"

I pushed a stray strand of hair from my face self-consciously.

Finley stared at me seriously; concern shining in his normally humoured eyes. "She-wolf, you're skin and bones. **That**,"-his eyes flickered across my body, making me cringe away- "cannot possibly be good for you. Are you sure you're okay?"

"You've spoken to Trey, I presume," I mumbled, my eyes lowered.

Surprise flickered in Finley's eyes.

"Logan told me what Trey said."

"Then you know why and no, I'm not particularly peachy."

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I turned on my heel and walked away, only to return later with his order.

"Anything else?" I asked mechanically, the words springing to my lips out of habit.

"Food wise? No. To talk? Yes."

"Finley," I sighed, rubbing my eyes and suppressing a yawn. "I think you've failed to notice that I'm working. If you can wait a bit I'll come and talk to you on my break."

Finley agreed, and once again, I left. I only had to work for another half hour before my break, I barrelled through.

After taking several orders, I slumped into the seat beside Finley watching as he slowly looked up from the food in front of him.

"That's a complete waste," I commented, looking at the dish. He'd moved it all around to make it look as if he'd eaten some of it. "Why buy food when you don't eat?"

"Humour me," was all he said.

"So," I drawled, leaning back into my chair. "What did you want to talk about, Blondie?"

"Less of the Blondie, She-wolf. I wanted to know if you'd been getting in to any trouble in the last few weeks?"

"Maybe a little bit," I admitted, biting my lip. "A few weeks back, I got into a bit of a... complication with the hunters and I'm still not quite sure how I survived."

"It was you," Finley murmured under his breath, burying his head into his hands he sucked in a deep breath.

"What?" I demanded, sitting up sharply. What was he on about? Sighing, he ran his hands through his hair before lifting his gaze to mine, his shoulders dropped in defeat.

"Three weeks ago I was here and saw a few hunters. As stupid as I am, I decided to follow them. The longer I followed them, the more the smell of burning became apparent. They lead me to a house that was burning, and... something alive was inside."

I stared at him patiently, waiting for him to continue his story although I already had a good idea where this was going.

"Something inside the building was choking and because the hunters were there I knew it was something supernatural. I went in the back way and managed to drag an unconscious blonde werewolf from the flames.

"I wondered if it was you, but I didn't hang around long enough to find out."

Before I could stop it, a question blurted from my lips, "Why didn't you stay?"

"I'd have been attacked, even if it was you, you'd have been too startled to register that it was me you were attacking and I didn't particularly fancy being ripped apart."

"Oh..."

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"So it was you?"

I nodded slowly, still uncomfortable around Finley; I was still waiting for him to burst into an angry rant about why I left. I sat silently for a minute, staring into his eyes, my emotions a whirlwind. They say your eyes are the window to your soul and it really is true.

As I looked at Finley I saw the raw emotions that I'd never normally see, he was baring himself to me and I guess it was his sign of trust. Concern was there, followed by only little anger... Hurt was the main emotion in his eyes, hurt that I'd left, hurt that I couldn't even bring back my wit to have a bout with him and generally just hurt that I hadn't confided in him.

Although when I thought about it, I wasn't even that close to Finley, all we ever did was jibe each other. Friendly teasing... And suddenly he'd popped up again in my life and expected me to give him a heart-to-heart conversation. I didn't know what planet he was living on, but it obviously wasn't the same as me. There was no way I was going to confide in Finley. Yes I liked him, but to tell him something so deep? I didn't like him that much.

Without saying anything, I stood and left.

It was almost an hour later when I walked past the corridor to the bathrooms that I heard Finley's voice talking to someone. Lianne.

"How's her health been?" I heard Finley asking in a hushed tone, aware that if he spoke normally I'd most likely hear him. Oh well. "Has she been ill or is she just not eating?"

I heard Lianne hesitate before answering, "You are a friend of Lei's, right?"

It was nice to think how much Lianne cared about me, and I have to say it was a nice feeling, it'd been a long time since I'd felt it. For a human, Lianne was definitely too innocent for her own good.

Finley chuckled quietly, I could almost see the smirk on his face, "You reckon I'd be asking if I wasn't?"

"I guess that make sense," Lianne mumbled, before actually responding to Finley's original question. "She's eats less than I do, but I noticed that however much she eats she doesn't seem to put on weight. When I first met her I thought it was impossible for her to be any skinnier, but I guess I've been proved wrong."

I heard Finley grunt.

"I found her a couple days ago passed out on the bathroom floor, I had no idea how long she'd been there as I'd just come back from work. We rang for Lei's doctor friend-"

"We?" Finley's tone was caring, startling me, I'd never heard it from him before.

"Matt and I, but anyway Mark, her friend, seemed to make her better although she's been a bit depressed since."

Finley let out a deep breath and rubbed his eyes.

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"I've been thinking that she's anorexic or something..." she trailed off as I strolled down the corridor, plastering an oh-so-fake smile on my face I glanced at a retreating Lianne and sent Finley a death glare and he instantly knew I'd heard.

"Back off," I mouthed angrily as Lianne turned away from me.

"Never," he whispered, the joking manner gone from his expression. I turned my back on Finley and took a step towards the door, but not before his words stopped me cold.

"You're afraid of help, she-wolf. You need help, but you're too proud to admit it. When you lost Jayden, you lost it. Now look at you. What would Jayden think about his girl looking like that?"

He would disprove. The thought rang through my head, soon followed by my rampaging emotions.

"It's not my fault," I whined, puzzlement swirling through me. "I try, I really do, but nothing works. Being separated from Jayden is physically killing me."

I twirled around, a mix of emotions pressing down on me. A familiar nudge to the head and a rush of dizziness swept over me.

The floor's moving again. Not good.

I blinked.

Next thing I knew, I was on my knees only supported by Finley's strong arms. The floor still spun beneath me and I was suddenly thankful that Finley hadn't let me drop head first into the ground. Drawing in a surprised lungful of air, I felt Finley pick me up and move me to a chair. I closed my eyes as colours swirled behind my eyelids. Finley whistled softly to grab my attention.

"Lei," he whispered anxiously, I instantly knew he was being serious because he used my name and Finley rarely ever used my name. "I want you to drink this, it will make you better." Cool glass was pressed against my lips, and I parted my lips slightly letting the bitter herby liquid dribble into my mouth. Whatever it was, it certainly wasn't water. Soon enough the glass of liquid was removed from my lips and I felt a cool hand pressed against my forehead. Finley's hand.

It was strange. I'd never seen this side of Finley five years ago, never had he been concerned or worried about anything; even when I'd been stabbed he'd appeared calm and collected, but there was always that hint of humour in his voice. But now, as I listened to him, I realised that his tone was lacking wit and knew that wasn't good. Haze shrouded my mind and I wondered what Finley had made me drink, sleep trickled into my brain, but not before I heard Finley speaking to someone.

"Logan? It's Finley. I've found her."

Chapter 24: Logan

When I awoke, my first thought was that I was in a hospital bed; the sheets were cool and crisp, the air around me equally cold, blinds drawn, lights out, room blanketed in the eerie hush reserved for those recovering or dying, the only sounds the soft murmuring of voices from another room. The only thing missing was the stench of overly strong disinfectant and the dulled beeping of monitors.

As I roused myself, the voices became more familiar, more recognisable.

Finley was talking in hushed tones, too quiet to decipher, but loud enough to be heard. Another voice answered in the same muffled tenor, it was one I knew well. A voice I hadn't heard for years and one I'd woken up to before.

I suddenly found myself on my feet, moving in the direction of voices and in my eagerness to reach them, I felt my foot catch onto something. Within seconds I was face to face with the carpet; I groaned at the impact, it wasn't enough pain to seriously hurt me, but I didn't need any more bruises. I lay still for a few seconds, the fuzzy carpet rough against my face.

I was tough, I could fight for my life... yet I'd been taken down by a loose rug. I didn't think my savaged ego could take much more. Sighing, I rolled to my feet and ran a hand through my dishevelled hair.

Since I'd already been up and personal with the floor, I scoped out the rest of the fairly large room. The first thing I noticed was that it was unfamiliar, although from my trip on the floor it held familiar scents. Werewolf scents. Vampire scents. It was clear I was standing in the centre of a living room, which was ironic as this was a house of the living dead, the sofa I'd just been lying on was a chocolate brown matching the patterned drapes framing the windows. The walls were painted mint green contrasting sharply with the luminous red carpet; the designer obviously needed some tips if this was the result.

For a living room, I noticed it was missing quite a few pieces of the usual furnishings; the room was bland, empty of furniture bar the sofa and a small coffee table, there was no television or homely items like photos. The room was empty as if the person had only recently moved in yet as I glided a finger across the glass surface of the coffee table, my skin was instantly covered in dust. The room hadn't been used for years, until now.

"Catch," a voice called behind me.

I spun, my hands instantly rising and my eyes scanning the air. A white rectangular shape soared towards me. My hands closed around the cool crisp local newspaper. I glanced upwards at Finley, my eyebrows raised in question.

"Page seventeen, bottom article. Read it."

I gave him an odd look, but followed his instructions regardless. The paper rustled loudly as I quickly flicked through the pages, coming to a halt on the seventeenth page. A small article sat in the bottom left hand corner, my eyes flew to the bold headline:

Local man comes out of a coma after five years

My eyes stared at the title for a few seconds longer before my gaze jumped to Finley.

"What-?"

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"Read the article," he said sternly, crossing his arms and leaning against the doorway.

I felt his burning gaze on me as I began to read the article.

A local man, who has yet to be named, has woken up at Hope Hospital after five years of being in a coma. Doctors have no idea who the man is or if anyone in the area knows him, however the Doctors are guessing the man to be around twenty years old.

Dr Lishman, a well credited Doctor at the hospital, revealed that the young man was found in the middle of the woods, supposedly after a lumber accident, as his body was hacked at as if someone had taken an axe to him. The man was found unconscious and has been ever since. Dr Lishman, 26, also told us that the young man remembers nothing and has been diagnosed with temporary amnesia.

The hospital is requesting that if anyone has any information or knows anything about this man that they contact Hope Hospital immediately. The man has been describe to us as a 6ft 3 hispanic man, his eyes are hazel and his hair blonde. Once again any information would be appreciated.

I stared at Finley, the newspaper slipping through my finger tips.

"Look at the date," Finley told me.

I scrambled to pick the newspaper up again, searching for the front page.

October 7th 2010.

Almost two months old.

I made the connection.

"Almost two months of being ill," I whispered, dropping to my knees.

"Exactly," a voice uttered from behind Finley.

My head shot up. Logan stood in the doorway, smiling warmly despite the miserable look in his eyes. I jumped to my feet and ran into his open arms, his skin was warm against mine as I inhaled his strong scent.

"I've missed you," Logan mumbled into my ear, softly stroking my hair. "It's been too long, little wolf."

I nodded into his chest, still coming to terms with the fact that he was real. Logan was one of the few wolves I actually trusted, he'd look after me. Logan slowly pulled me away from him, and brought himself down to my level.

"Now that I've found you, we're going to find Jayden," Logan told me, his eyes twinkling in anticipation. Logan was Jayden's brother after all, he would want to find him almost as much as I would.

"We should go now, we know where he is and-"

"No," Logan cut me short, his voice stern, final. He was using his Alpha voice.

Shock ran through me like electricity.

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"But-"

"But nothing. We're not doing anything today. That article was written two months ago, chances are it might not be still accurate. We'll go tomorrow because beside that fact, you don't look to good and there is no way I'll have you on a rescue mission in your state."

I stumbled. "But... I..."

"No."

"There's nothing wrong with me," I exclaimed, not able to hold back the outburst any longer.

Logan stared at me. "Is she being serious?"

The question was aimed at Finley, yet he was still gazing at me intently.

"Completely," Finley sighed from behind me, I heard the sofa groan as Finley collapsed onto it.

"You're not going," Logan commanded sternly, shaking my shoulders as if the point would sink in if he did.

I bowed my head in defeat, acceptance.

"Fine," I grumbled, refusing to meet his gaze as he tugged on my arm and forced me to sit on the sofa. Logan sat on the dusty coffee table, thankfully I was just out of his grasp. Unfortunately I'd moved into Finley's. The blonde vampire grinned cheekily as he slung his arm over my shoulders and hugged me to him.

"Why are you staring at me?" I directed at Logan.

My attention may have been on Finley, but it didn't mean I couldn't see Logan staring at me, inspecting me, his face drawn and worried.

"You're not well," Logan frowned, leaning forward so he could cup my face in his hands. Logan's thumb caressed my pasty skin, his eyes scanning my drawn face, searching my soul-beaten eyes.

"It will all be over within the next few days," Logan murmured, his breath warm on my face. "Jayden will be back and you will be better."

"Amen," I smiled softly, causing Logan to laugh quietly.

"I want you to go home and rest. We'll come and find you tomorrow."

I nodded slowly, pushing myself to my feet and moving towards the door.

"Wait a sec," Logan called after me, I twirled around to find myself face to face with Logan.

"Promise me you won't go after him without us?" Logan asked, grabbing my elbow to keep me still. He knew me too well, I sighed inwardly before agreeing and walking out the door.

**

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I felt the bullet before I heard it. The silver stung my side and I dived to the floor. I'd barely walked out of the apartment building and I was already being shot at.

For the love of...

I heard the thuds of approaching footsteps, felt myself react automatically. I rolled to my feet, ignoring the metal biting into my side and hit the ground running.

I took in the area and realised I was in the quiet area of the city, there wasn't any crowds to run into, no way to stop them attacking me due to the public. I realised I had two options, I could either try to lose them within the labyrinth of alleyways in the centre of the city with a chance of becoming lost myself or I could run along the main streets and be at risk of being shot.

I pivoted on my heel and found myself running into the maze of buildings that towered over me. The sound of pursuit was hot on my heels. I didn't need to look back to know it was the Hunters chasing me, the use of silver bullets told me all I needed to know. If they were hunting me that meant they knew I'd survived their first attack, and they'd keep chasing me until they were sure I was dead.

I felt the trickle of blood become sticky across my stomach and I steeled my mind against the pain. I'd lasted too long to fall at the last hurdle. I'd waited for years for Jayden, I wasn't going to let the Hunters get in my way the day before I found him.

I pressed my hand against the wound in my side, the bullet was only half-lodged in my skin. Grimacing as my feet thudded along the pavement; I gripped the bullet and pulled it out. A small cry ripped from my lips, but I ignored it and hoped the Hunters hadn't heard. Tossing the silver bloody bullet away, listening to it tinkle as it hit the floor.

I'd turned several corners, going faster than humanly possible, the Hunters shouldn't have stood a chance, yet I could hear their rapid footsteps becoming neither louder nor quieter. They were keeping up with me.

After two hours, I realised that it was impossible to outrun them. They were still hot on my trail, yet I'd ran as fast as I could for over an hour. It was impossible. No human could run faster than werewolves, I could easily beat Usain Bolt's record with seconds to spare. I counted seven sets of footsteps behind me, but I didn't doubt there was more in the area, cornering me. I'd have to fool them, there wasn't a hope in heaven that I could outrun them, not when they were keeping up with me the way they were.

I wiped the sweat from my brow and started paying more attention to my surroundings. I swerved into the next alley, looking for hiding places. None. Further down the alley was another street, then another. That's when I found it. An open manhole. Without hesitation, I jumped into the dark hole.

Turned out the drop was further than I thought.

Sorry for the Late update!! Please comment on both chapters!

Chapter 25: One Thing After Another

A/N: Make sure you read the chapter beforehand! It's a double update! :)

Air whooshed past me, whipping my hair in my face, sending cold chills down my spine. It was dark, but I could see outlines of everything in the sewer. The smell wasn't as bad as I'd thought it would be, but I was more focussed on the fact that I hadn't reached the ground yet, and I couldn't see it.

After a few seconds of free falling, I realised I could see a hard surface below me. Something cracked as I landed and rolled. I bit my lip as the burning pain seared my ankle and I knew I wouldn't be able to run for long. I gritted my teeth and forced myself to my feet. All I could hear was the echoing slap of my feet on the wet ground.

In minutes the Hunters would have split, half the group coming down here to follow me and the others following the ground route. They'd try to cut me off, the problem was they didn't know where I'd come out. It would take the group minutes to climb down compared to the few seconds I'd wasted jumping and I now had to struggle with a bad ankle. It was a matter of who could run faster and if they could catch up with me. It was minutes later when I heard their feet echo quietly. They were still far behind.

I had a chance.

**

After an hour of running through the twisted dark tunnels, I guessed there would be no one on the surface. At least I hoped there wasn't.

I could no longer hear the Hunters behind me, which was a surprise, but I wasn't going to lose caution. The hunters had disappeared over twenty minutes ago, but I hadn't stopped running. I wasn't stupid.

I slowed to a walk and finally felt the blast of pain from my ankle. I'd been banishing it from my thoughts as I ran, but now that I'd stopped, I became aware of the inferno inside my ankle. I hobbled over to the small river running through the tunnels and dipped my ankle into the cool water. My ankle instantly eased and I sighed in relief. I sat there, catching my breath for a few minutes before limping over to the ladder and looking up at the daunting climb. Taking a deep breath, I began making my way up.

Hoping, just hoping, that there would be no one at the top.

**

Less than five minutes later, I reached the top and paused, straining my ears to hear any sound from above the surface. I stayed there for a minute, yet I couldn't hear anything unusual. I lifted the manhole an inch and peered through the gap. A dimly lit alleyway. I couldn't hear anything so I deemed it safe.

Sighing with relief, I lifted the lid off and clambered out before safely closing the hole. I leaned against the nearest wall in the alley and rested my eyes for a moment. I was exhausted, I'd been running for hours, my ankle was throbbing and my side stung like a bitch, the bullet must have shattered otherwise it would have healed by now.

"Finally."

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My eyes sprang open in alarm. I hadn't heard anyone, yet across the alley two men became apparent, practically melting out of the shadows. They were both clad in black overalls, both similar in appearance with midnight black hair, blue eyes, and pale complexions; the only reason you couldn't call them brothers was the fact that one was at least half a foot shorter than the other. Lucky for me, it was the shortest one who let his mouth run away with him.

The Hunters really needed to sort out their members, if they thought it was okay to let them run around looking like wannabe ninjas without the samurai swords and face masks, as if that would protect them in a fight. That was possibly the biggest weakness from the Hunters; they fought with man power and weapons, not with their brains and hopefully for us that would be the cause of their demise.

"I thought you vamps were supposed to be good at tracking," the shortest one commented, grinning at my startled expression.

Before he could react I blurred towards him and kned him in the groin. I stepped away as he sank to the floor, clutching his crown jewels.

The other one laughed, completely relaxed about my appearance as if I wasn't a threat. At that moment, I knew what I had in front of me. Two cocky newbies.

"She has to be a good tracker to find your dick," the second grinned, his eyes finally flickering to mine before glancing down at my bleeding side and my twisted ankle. "An injured tracker at that," he smirked evilly. "We can have some fun with this one."

I held my breath as he moved towards me, his eyes glinting with lust.

No way was he getting that from me. Not in a million years.

But I was angry. No, I was furious.

"I'm not a God Damn Vampire," I growled, drinking in the pleasure I got from the fear that raced across his face. I scowled at him, my fist blurring as I punched him in the face. I wasn't going to let anyone think I was a vamp, not even the enemy. A satisfying crunch echoed around the clearing, but in seconds I was gone, leaving two stunned Hunters sprawled on the floor.

**

Six hours. I'd left Logan's apartment six hours ago. Six hours later and I'm still being chased by Hunters in a concrete jungle. I'd thought I'd escaped over three hours ago, how wrong I was. It was only twenty minutes into my freedom that I stumbled across a group of Hunters, or rather they found me. At the mere sight of them I turned and ran.

Here I am now, almost dead on my feet. Six hours of adrenaline and running for your life does that to you, I'd never felt so exhausted in my life. Every time I thought I'd escaped, I was proved wrong. They were everywhere, every corner I turned, every building I climbed, and every hiding place I thought of. There was no escape, nowhere to run. I was trapped, and I was beginning to realise I didn't like that feeling.

I didn't like it at all.

The feeling of being trapped was beginning to drown in the urge to sleep. I just wanted to drift off and wake up perfectly fine, yet I knew if I fell asleep... I wouldn't be waking up. Sleep meant death, but no sleep could

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cause foolish decisions, therefore death. Technically I couldn't win.

I couldn't go any further, I physically couldn't push myself any harder, I was out of juice, out of energy. This was the end.

I'm sorry Jayden.

I slid down beside a bin, glad to hear the silence, happy that I couldn't hear my approaching death. I closed my eyes, finally giving in to the overwhelming tiredness, giving in to the Hunters. I rested my head against the cool metal, the soothing feeling was the last thing I was aware of.

I can't say I ever heard the footsteps that came towards me, can't say I was even aware of people surrounding me, can't say I protected myself in any way because I simply didn't, couldn't. Although, I did feel the press of cold steel against my throat, and the hot breath blasting against my face.

"You reckon she's dead?" I heard a male voice murmur, as if I would suddenly jump up if he spoke any louder. A rough hand gripped my chin and moved my face from side to side.

"I don't know, you idiot! Check her pulse," a different voice snapped, surprisingly it was a woman's voice. Tentative fingers were pressed against my throat as my head lolled to one side.

"She's alive, but... her pulse is tripping like she's having a seizure or something...Why isn't she running?" asked the male voice, sounding puzzled as if the act of giving up was some new idea that hadn't occurred before.

The woman sounded tired as she sighed, "Wouldn't be surprised if she's dead on her feet. She's been tiring us out and we've only been chasing for half an hour, she's been running for six hours. That's got to wear even a vampire down."

"She's not a vampire remember," the guy noted dutifully. "Orlando said that she told Harry that before she knocked him out. Do you know what she is?"

I felt the knife cut harder into my neck.

"At first I thought she was a witch, but then she wasn't using magic. I'd say she's a werewolf, but you don't get female ones... or at least I don't think you do."

"Do we kill her or take her to the boss?" the man asked gruffly.

I didn't hear the answer because there wasn't one. Before I knew what was going on the bin was pushed forcefully away and the people were ripped from me. Without the bin to hold me up, I ended up sliding along the wall until I was lying flat on the floor. I heard two muffled screams, two cracks, then two thumps as I assumed their dead bodies hit the floor.

A cold hand touched my face, a cold hand. I didn't flinch.

"Lei?" a voice whispered, lifting my head to rest it upon someone's lap. I flickered my eyes open and blinked, the world blurry. Finley's face was hovering above mine, worry etched into the deep lines around his eyes.

"Why did you stop running?"

I coughed.

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"I couldn't do it, couldn't run any further. I gave up," I whispered, my eyes closing of their own accord. My head fell flat again the stone floor with a thud, I felt the throbbing begin.

"For the love of God, Lei!" Finley exclaimed, smashing the back of his fist into the nearest wall causing small pieces of debris to crumble from the old rock. I heard him begin to pace back and forward, felt my ankle throb with every step he took as if I were the one walking. Finley's anger smothered my own emotions and I felt myself drifting back towards sleep.

"Don't you **dare** fall asleep!" he hissed angrily, his pacing halting.

My anger erupted.

I suddenly found myself launching at him before he could even process what was going on. I pushed him roughly against the wall, ignoring the flare of pain from my ankle. I bared my teeth at him, wrapping my hand tightly around his throat, showing him who was the boss, showing him I could easily kill him if I needed to.

"Now you listen to me," I growled, my grip tightening. "I've been running for my life for the last six hours. Don't think you can tell me what I can and can't do!"

I glared at Finley, my eyes piercing his like daggers. I think he finally believed I could do him some damage, he look startled and even a little frightened.

"Now I want you to leave me alone," I snarled, my grip slackening as I tried to pull away before my anger got the better of me. Finley remained still, pressed up against the wall, waiting till I moved away.

Finally, I was safe. With Finley nearby the Hunters wouldn't be able to get to me, I was happy being safe. Even if I was furious with Finley, I knew he wouldn't let any harm come to me. All I wanted to do now was curl up in my nice warm bed and sleep for years, but I knew it couldn't happen, couldn't happen because as always fate had different ideas.

Small blurry black dots began appearing before my eyes, my balance instantly swayed, heat smothered me. *Not again, I groaned.*

I heard Finley yelling my name, before I hit the ground. Hard.

I hoped you liked both chapters, please tell me what you think as I always appreciate feedback :)

I'm currently bang in the middle of my exams, three weeks to go and I'm free! I'll try and update at least once a week, but if I don't you know why. Revision unfortunately comes before writing :/

Thanks,

Caitlin x

Chapter 26: New yet Old

Incessant throbbing.

It wasn't a new sensation.

Groaning, I opened my eyes to see light filtering softly into the room; I was lying diagonally across my bed, a warm blanket spread over me. My curtains had been hastily closed, small gaps channelling the gentle morning light so that I could see the small dust particles swirling gracefully in the air.

The smell of cold coffee wafted towards me and I tilted my head to see a green chipped mug, beneath it was a small slip of white paper. I stretched my hand out, Goosebumps rising on my arms from the chilly air; I carefully tugged the note out from beneath the mug.

Get some rest, I'll be back in the afternoon.

And I'm sorry.

Finley

Shock raced through me. Finley was... apologising? Surely he didn't mean it, Finley may be a charming character, but he wasn't one to go back on his actions let alone apologise for them. I was beginning to think I didn't know Finley as well as I thought, I'd heard vampires had a reputation for being emotionless, hiding secrets and I was beginning to think Finley was an act.

I glanced back at the frozen coffee, Finley must have left at least an hour ago probably more if the caffeine-filled drink was as cold as it was. I flung the sheets off me and was instantly met with chilly air, making me shiver and wish I could just stay curled up beneath the sheets, hiding from the world.

Obviously nature had different plans for me, I shifted slightly towards the end of the bed and felt how bloated my bladder was. I shuffled awkwardly towards the bathroom, noting on my way that Lianne wasn't at home and had probably only left recently looking at the time.

After dealing with my needs, I felt myself yearning for a warm shower. My skin was covered in grime and dried sweat, my hair looked like a bird's nest as I tried in decency to tame it. I felt as if I'd been without a shower for weeks, felt as if I'd run a marathon yesterday as my muscles ached and protested. Looking and feeling the way I did, I made my decision. I can't say it was a difficult one.

Minutes later, I was standing under the rain of water, the warm droplets caressing my skin and making small rivers across my body. I felt the tension of the last few days ease, felt my muscles relax beneath the tepid downpour. I stood there, feeling as if I didn't have the energy to move just appreciating the small comfort. I watched the rivulets crossing my skin, watched as they travelled down my legs joining the pool at my feet. The pool of red water.

I felt my stomach twist. *Not more blood*, I pleaded.

But sure enough there was a wound on my right side, looking like a paint splatter; there were small pieces of silver shining within my flesh. The sight made me ill. I distantly remembered pulling out the bullet as I'd run away, obviously I hadn't removed it all. Upon deciding I liked the feel of my fingertips, I refused to remove the silver myself. One silver handling had been enough.

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Drying myself down after a thorough scrubbing, I patted softly at my raw pink flesh, wincing when I applied to much pressure. The dirt had taken a lot to get off and I really didn't fancy walking around public places in the state I'd been in. My ankle was still tender from the fall in the sewers, it was only slightly swollen yet bearable to walk on. I brushed my fingers through my dark blonde strands of hair, realising that the blonde dye was beginning to wash out.

Gritting my teeth, I reached up into the medicine cabinet my hand searching for bandages. My fingers closed across the soft material. I slowly and gently wrapped the white cloth around my middle, frowning when the first layer instantly turned red as it came into contact with my wound. Minutes later, I was tentatively pulling a clean t-shirt and a white jumper over my head. I pulled my hood up, covering my face and hair; I didn't want to be spotted by Hunters. This time I would take care, keep my head down and not speak unless I had to. I'd realised I finally had to be cautious of the Hunters, cautious of how I flaunted myself.

I decided to take the lift rather than several flights of stairs, walking down that many steps would probably be pushing how well I felt right now. The outside greeted me with the stench of exhaust fumes and old garbage, I wrinkled my nose in distaste. I waited fifteen minutes for a bus to the hospital, a bus to find Mark.

To be honest, I was anxious about seeing Mark, the last time we'd spoke was when I'd revealed my secret, my past. That had been almost five days ago, I was worried Mark would treat me differently, think I was soft and I think was the last thing my ego would take.

Sitting on the bus and staring at the window, I finally became aware of a nagging restlessness. A nagging restlessness I'd been used to until recently. I need to change, my wolf was becoming impatient, agitated. I couldn't shift with silver in me, I'd have to wait until after I'd seen Mark.

I tugged my hood down further and bowed my head as I entered the busy hospital. The smell of death wafting through the draughty corridors as cold and as bitter as the winter wind, not letting any patients escape it's outstretched claws. Several sets of stairs and corridors later, I came to the ward where I knew Mark worked and it occurred to me as I stepped through the double doors how large the ward actually was. It would take me hours to find Mark in this.

I rested my hands gingerly over my wound hoping to God that the bandage was still stemming the bleeding; the pain was causing me to bite my lip with every step, every time the silver shifted in my skin my side screamed in protest. I wandered towards the front desk of the ward, ignoring the dead-weight my limbs were beginning to feel. I tucked a stray strand of hair behind my ear, pulling my hood further down still.

"Can I help you, sweetheart?" a voice over the desk asked me sweetly.

I kept my gaze down, watching as the pert lady placed down a clipboard on to her cluttered desk.

"I need to see Dr Lishman," I answered quietly, becoming slight concerned as I felt my hand at my side become wet.

"I'm sorry, but he's currently with a patient and will be for another hour," the woman told me as she flicked through some files.

"It's urgent," I argued, still keeping my voice low.

The woman looked up sharply, her hands freezing.

"Please," I begged. "Please take me to him. He would see me."

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I heard the receptionist sigh and watched her shoulders drop in defeat.

"Follow me, but bear in mind that he might refuse you," she muttered, irritated to be dragged away from her work.

I did as she asked, following her down several corridors, taking many twists and turns that after five minutes I was completely disorientated. A few minutes later, we came to a stop outside a private room and a windowless door.

"Miss...?"

"Miss Martin," I smiled, positive she could still see my lips even though my hood covered half my face.

"Please wait here, Miss Martin, whilst I speak to the Doctor."

I nodded to show I understood. The woman slipped into the room, it turned out the room was sound proof. I couldn't hear a word of the exchange, but I could feel it, could feel the receptionist's growing anger and Mark's annoyance. The door flew open and the lady came out.

"Go right in," she said curtly, before twirling away and storming out of sight.

My hand shook- I had no idea why- as I opened the door, I closed it quietly behind me with a click.

"Damn nurses," I heard Mark utter angrily from behind me. "They always think they run this joint, that I'd be completely useless without them."

I remained facing the door, my head rested lightly against the cool wood. I realised that despite how tired I felt and how much my side hurt, I felt the best I had in weeks. It was as if a healing blanket had been draped over me, soothing me, calming me.

I could suddenly feel Mark at my side, could feel his worry.

"Why can I smell your blood?"

"Because I'm bleeding," I laughed quietly, trying to lighten the mood.

"Hilarious as always I see," Mark commented dryly, I could feel his gaze intent on me. "Now tell me what happened."

"I-"

I stopped, a new smell filled my nostrils and it wasn't Mark.

I inhaled the musky scent. Werewolf.

"Lei?" a new yet old voice asked me.

I froze. The scent was familiar, musky and spicy. A comforting smell.

"Hang on. You know her?" I heard Mark ask, but I wasn't listening, wasn't paying any attention to anyone but that werewolf in the room.

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"Lei?" the voice repeated, delight radiating from the far side of the room. I heard movement, heard someone stand on shaky legs, felt Mark move towards them, but he stopped.

"Lei?" Mark murmured, torn between who to help.

I slowly turned round, my eyes glued to the floor. My gaze ventured past Mark's black shoes to land on a pair of bare tanned feet. My eyes travelled up from the floor, taking in the blue hospital gown that covered the werewolf's body. I saw his muscular legs, his soft hands, his broad shoulders. My eyes settled on his neck. Did I want to look any higher?

"Lei?"

His throat moved as he spoke, giving me the courage to continue upwards. This werewolf was beautiful with tanned skin, perfectly shaped lips, broad cheekbones, unkempt shaggy brown hair. Our gazes clashed, his hazel golden eyes seeing through me, into me, his eyes so intent my breathing hitched.

He stepped towards me unsteadily, coming within centimetres of me. His scent was smothering me, his body radiating warmth against my skin. He reached his hand out, his touch electrifying, yet calming. I fell to my knees. He dropped with me, our gazes still locked.

"Lei," he spoke softly, no longer questioning, his fingertips brushing my face as he pushed back my hood. Soft sparks tingled under my skin at his touch.

"Jayden," I whispered.

DUN DUN DUUUUN!

Hope you all liked it! Pleeeeeeeease let me know what you think :)

-Caitlin x

Chapter 27: A Gold-Digger's Luck

Running From My Past... Literally

Chapter 27: A Gold-Digger's Luck

"Jayden," I whispered.

Gentle thumbs caressed my cheek, I leaned my head into it loving the soft comfort that followed.

"Yes, it's me," he assured me, his other hand intertwining our fingers as his eyes seared mine. Jayden's gaze burned with fiery love, unjustified anger and endless confusion. The entire world melted away, colours blurring and merging leaving Jayden's eyes to keep me afloat and his constant heart beat in his chest, never skipping a beat.

"You know his name?" I heard Mark mutter incredulously, his body crouched on the edge of my vision. We both ignored him.

I blinked. Suddenly a warm tingling sensation flowed through me along with a sense of satisfaction. I felt my body relax, knowing that there wouldn't be any more spontaneous collapsing on my part. Jayden's eyes glowed. He'd felt it as well, our bond was strengthening, healing, changing. Our bond as mates was growing, our love for each other reaching a whole new level after separation.

"Are you hurt?"

Jayden's voice smashed through my little bubble, my face had twisted in pain prompting the question. Silver and I definitely didn't need to be acquainted for any longer. Even though my bubble had popped, I still refused to take my eyes from him, the need to familiarise myself with him was too strong to resist. I reached my fingers to his cheek, tracing three jagged diagonal lines, new scars. I felt a tear escape my eye, tears of joy. Jayden swiftly removed it with his fingers, his touch lingering on my skin.

"I missed you," Jayden mumbled softly, tears welling in his eyes. His arms wrapped around my shoulders as he pulled me into his embrace, Jayden rested his head against mine and I could feel the smile pulling at his lips. I relaxed into his grip, wishing I'd never have to move again. My heart was frozen, torturing itself; it was waiting for Jayden to vanish, waiting for the pain. As much as I'd steeled myself to know he was alive, his warm body and scent was the only thing that confirmed it and now it was here, living and breathing. I inhaled the warm spicy scent, it was a scent I'd eagerly wished to catch for years. I'd missed him so much.

Unresponsive was a good word to describe me at that moment, but the same accounted for Mark. He was staring at the dark haired man hugging me, his expression one of shock and revelation, he constantly blinked as if he didn't believe his eyes either. Mark exhaled deeply, sitting back on his heels as he rubbed his face with the palm of his hands and I finally noticed how much more tired and haggard Mark looked compared to the last time I'd seen him.

"Why didn't I make the connection?" I heard Mark mutter, he was staring wide-eyed at the pair of us.

"Your name is Jayden?" Mark asked him, his eyes becoming keen and interested.

Jayden nodded, his head still resting against mine as he held me to his body.

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"You just remembered this?"

Another nod.

"And you just remembered Lei?"

Jayden pulled away from me and I leaned towards him, not wanting to be apart from him. Jayden tilted my head back so our eyes met as he spoke.

"No, I never forgot Lei. It was the only thing that kept me going, trying to remember more," Jayden murmured. He softly pressed his lips to my forehead as he spoke to me, "I love you."

My stomach flipped, my body feeling warm and fuzzy.

"I love you too," I whispered, burying my head into his neck.

Jayden rapidly pulled away, my heart dropping until I noticed his nose twitching. He'd smelt something and I knew what. He'd smelt my blood. Wolf eyes slowly travelled down my body to rest on the red blotch on my white jumper. I cursed myself for wearing such light coloured clothes.

"You're hurt," he murmured, sounding pained as he met my gaze.

"I know," I replied, running my fingers across his facial features in fascination, remembering every crook and cranny. Being hurt was second on my mind, the first being Jayden. It had been too long. His long fingers closed over mine and he brought them to his lips, kissing my fingertips lightly, lovingly.

"Mark?" Jayden questioned, his eyes trained on me.

"Yes?" the polite vampire responded, stretching before pulling himself to his feet.

"Can you help her please?"

Jayden's eyes were boring into mine, his gaze intent and unwavering making me feel light-headed... or at least that's what I thought until I felt a slow trickle across my skin in the form of a rivulet of blood. I'd never been a big fan of blood so the thought only made me feel queasy.

"I'm a doctor, aren't I?" Mark laughed, amusement twinkling in his bright eyes despite the underlying concern.

The werewolf chuckled softly, finally prying his gaze from me and glancing at Mark.

The vampire nodded and spoke directly to me, "Lei, I need to have a look at this wound, can you come and sit on the bed?"

I didn't respond, didn't even hear him speak. Staring at Jayden seemed the most important thing to do in the world at that moment. I winced at a small pang in my side and my gaze dropped to the spreading red splash on my jumper, obviously the bandages hadn't lasted long.

"Lei?"

My eyes snapped up instantly to meet his wolfy eyes.

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"Listen to Mark."

I stared blankly at him, confusion causing my eyebrows to furrow. I watched his face pale with worry, only adding to my puzzlement.

He rested his forehead against mine, speaking slowly to me as if I were a child.

"Mark needs to look at your side, Lei. Come and sit on the bed with me."

Jayden rose to his feet, one hand still in mine. My eyes followed him, but I remained kneeling on the floor, unable to move. I didn't have the energy, could feel my muscles trembling. The hand Jayden wasn't holding, I'd placed absentmindedly over my wound and my eyes flickered to the red splotch over the bottom half of Jayden's hospital gown. I was bleeding that badly?

"What happened to you that day?" I heard myself ask almost silently, my eyes glued to Jayden's face.

A mix of emotions passed over Jayden's face, the main one confusion. He didn't have a clue what I was on about, I gathered, by the look on his face. Jayden looked towards Mark for help, but I knew Mark wouldn't know. Mark gave a shrug and unleashed his irritation.

"We'll talk about this later," he snapped, perhaps he was just sick of me staring at Jayden. "Lei, get on the bed, I need to check you out."

Mark's tone told us not to question further and even Jayden in his amnesiac state knew that you weren't supposed to cross vampires, even young ones like Mark, it didn't help your life expectancy. Finally Jayden realised I wasn't going to be able to stand by myself, he caught both my hands and tugged me to my feet. I staggered and fell against his chest, my head buried into his warmth. White lights flickered before me and I closed my eyes to block them out.

"Ok..." I murmured to myself, I was still dizzy and realised that they'd both be able to hear me. "Maybe I lost more blood than I thought."

My legs were suddenly swept from beneath me and I was swiftly heaved into Jayden's arms, barely jostled. I felt Jayden move and a soft surface dipping beneath me, followed by a warm body sliding in beside me. A hand slipped into mine, squeezing gently.

I kept my head buried into Jayden's chest and my eyes screwed tightly shut. I felt Mark gently ease my jumper and t-shirt upwards, exposing the badly wrapped bandages.

"You'll never make a doctor that's for sure," Mark commented dryly as he slowly slid a knife beneath the bandages and cut them away.

"Witty," I murmured sarcastically, not bothering to hide my smile.

I felt a soft material being pushed into the wound. I hissed.

"What actually happened, Lei?"

I rolled my eyes skyward in pain as he nudged something cool and metal into the wound, moving the silver, I could smell the burning of my flesh. The silver needed to come out otherwise it would continue to char my insides.

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"I was shot at and that's the bullet hole."

I could almost imagine Mark shaking his head. I felt Jayden tense beside me, I think he disliked the idea of me being gunned down as much as I did.

"You pulled it out with your fingers **again**?" Mark asked incredulously, sighing afterwards as I nodded.

"I didn't really have a choice, Mark," I argued.

"Why didn't you come here like last time?"

"Because I can hardly run here when they're chasing me!" I snapped back.

Mark fell silent at that, I felt him beginning to move around my flesh and my stomach rolled at the thought.

"Was it silver?" Mark asked, I could feel his eyes watching my response intent, most likely trying to coax me into opening my eyes. I guess he didn't like unsociable patients. I inclined my head slowly.

"I assume you don't want me to anaesthetize you after our last episode?"

"God no," I shuddered, not liking the feeling of being drugged in a hospital filled with hunters. "That'd be suicide."

Mark shrugged.

"The bullet shattered," Mark commented, mostly to himself.

"What do you remember, Jayden?" I asked curiously, wondering how thorough his amnesia was.

"Probably better of asking Mark rather than me," Jayden smiled sadly.

"He knows his routines and bodily functions, like how to do things, but anything else? It's a gold-digger's luck. So far he's remembered you and thankfully, he knew what he was and what I was so he knew not to go blabbing," Mark filled me in, sounding as if he wasn't actually interested so I assumed he was focussing more on my injury. "Maybe you could try and fill him in, Lei?"

This startled me. I hadn't realised I could help Jayden, but I guess I could try and jog his memory.

"Can you remember Logan? He's another Alpha and-"

"-my werewolf brother," Jayden uttered softly, carrying on from me. "And he kicked me out of his pack after a stupid decision. We hadn't spoken for years until recently, until you came along."

I stilled in shock and I heard the clang of metal on metal, Mark had dropped what he was doing.

"I remember Logan now," I heard Jayden say fondly.

"Lei," Mark smiled, going back to his work with disbelief written on his face. "Give him more names. I think by doing that you'll unlock parts of his brain, he just needs nudging in the right direction."

Jayden snorted behind me. "I've got amnesia that doesn't mean I'm brain dead. I am right here you know."

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I grinned, flickering my eyes open to look at a moody Jayden. Mark ignored him and I went back to what I was doing.

"Finley?"

"Blondie," Jayden sniggered, his warm breath brushing across my face. "Vampire, cheeky bastard."

I laughed softly, wincing at the pain in my side afterwards. "That sounds about right. And Jack?"

"Pack doctor?" Jayden asked, sounding unsure of himself. "I always get him and the other one mixed up."

"Yes, Jack is pack doctor. By other one, I assume you mean Lucas?"

"Yes, that's the one," Jayden said, sounding miffed that he couldn't remember his name.

"What about-" I started, smiling up at Jayden.

"-Sorry to interrupt, Lei, but I've got to ask something?" Mark inquired, finally looking up from my bloody side. I looked at him. "Who was tracking you?"

"Hunters," I replied, trying to wipe that night from my mind. It wasn't one I particularly wanted to remember. I felt Jayden freeze beside me at my response, could feel him trembling as he tried to fight back the terror that radiated from him. I could smell his fear, strong and pungent.

"I do remember **them**..." Jayden shuddered, squeezing his eyes shut as if to banish memories.

I instantly knew what he was replaying in his mind. The night we thought he'd died. The Hunters had done something horrible to him, probably tortured him and God would they pay for it.

The Hunters needed to die.

They were inhumane.

The funny thing was, that's what they said about us.

How wrong they were.

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A/N: There's not going to be another update until at least the 10th of June due to exams, please bear with me :) Hope you liked the chapter, please tell me what you think :) I always appreciate feedback!

-Caitlin x

Chapter 28: A night to remember

Lots of dialogue in this that couldn't be prevented sorry...

Oh and sorry it's late.. they've changed the formatting which confused me further.. Guess it shows how long its been since I updated! :S

Still have a couple weeks of school to go, so updates will definitely happen more often without school on :D

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Chapter 28: A Night to Remember

"They... They were torturing me," Jayden whispered, his hand gripping mine tightly his eyes squeezed shut. Pity swirled through me and I acted quickly to hide it. Pity wasn't something Jayden would endorse himself in, to have pity was to show weakness to another and he didn't need that right now. He needed love and normality, but then again in our situation nothing was ever normal. I pressed my lips lightly to the tip of his nose, and leaned my forehead against his, our breath mingling, warm and spicy.

"It's okay," I assured him, rubbing my thumb lightly across the back of his knuckles. "They're gone now and you're safe."

Mark shot me a disbelieving look. "Liar," he mouthed, adding a cheeky wink.

I rolled my eyes skyward, Mark would never change. At least not in my lifetime.

I left after Jayden had fallen asleep, and Mark had stitched up my side; obviously I hadn't wanted to leave, but Mark had forced the decision upon me after having a heated debate with me about why I needed to sleep. As you can guess, I hadn't agreed with him. After being separated from Jayden for over five years, I hadn't wanted to be torn apart from him and I hadn't been afraid to voice my opinion to Mark, who almost blew his top off. Shortly afterwards, Mark had thrown me from the room, catching weird glances from surrounding hospital staff.

Now I was shuffling down the high street, my hood pulled down effectively to hide my face as I weaved in and out of fellow pedestrians like a slippery snake. Clearly, I was doing something wrong as minutes later a hand rested on my elbow and began steering me gently towards an alley. Inhaling the scent, I sighed realising I had no idea what he wanted.

The hand shoved me against a wall, the cool brick brushing against my skin as I fell into it. Glancing at the busy high street only metres away, I sighed finally looking towards my capturer.

"What do you want?" I groaned, sliding down the wall and resting my head on my crossed forearms.

"Are you for real?" Xavier asked, barely containing his anger as he paced in front of me, his feet thudding against the concrete ground.

"What did I-"

He cut me off.

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"Finely called me."

I lifted my head to stare at him, Xavier gazed back at me, his expression stony.

"And that explains everything," I commented sarcastically, relaxing my head against the wall. "And what did Finely have to say?" I laughed, talking to him as if he were a child. To say I wasn't in the mood for Xavier's antics would be an understatement.

"That you've been running around like a damsel in distress as the hunters chased after you like a swarm of bees. Said you almost got yourself killed, then chewed him another one."

I scrambled to my feet, prodding Xavier in the chest sternly.

"Now you listen here, idiot. I was running for six hours, running after being stabbed, after falling down a twenty metre man hole, after everything and you expect me to run around endlessly?"

I poked him in the chest again, trying to get my point across.

"I ran. I was exhausted and starved. As you said I "chewed" Finley another on because he did exactly what you're doing now. He yelled at me for falling asleep. I'm faster than you, I can run further than you, but I'm not stronger. Do you think you could have lasted as long?"

Xavier bowed his head, his hand taking its automatic trip through his hair as he crinkled his nose, a scent wafting towards him. A look of confusion swamped his features. He furrowed his eyebrows, glancing upwards at me, studying my face.

"But... that's not possible," Xavier whispered in a small voice, his body frozen in shock.

A hand snaked around my shoulders, pulling me into a warm body; I jumped in fright, a scream on my lips, not having heard or smelt anyone. Fingers covered my mouth. I saw Xavier opposite me, his jaw dropped, his face pale as he stared in wonder. I panicked slightly not knowing who was behind me, but trying not to worry. If Xavier wasn't running away screaming by now then it must be a good guy... or an incredibly bad, bad guy... Hopefully the former.

I struggled in the person's grip, but it was solid.

A familiar warm tingle tinged through me, making me suck in a breath sharply. Suddenly I relaxed, melting into the hot body behind me, my stress pooling at my feet. Hands shuffled me around, and I soon found my face cradled in a warm crook of the person's neck. I glanced up, my eyes tracing the stunning features, my index finger trailing the three unfamiliar scars.

"You'll have to tell me how you got them one day," I murmured, squeezing him softly.

"And you have five years to fill me in on," he replied, his breath gently warming my cheek. He lightly dropped a kiss on my forehead before lifting his prominent gaze to Xavier. "I thought you hated this one," Jayden asked, his brow furrowing in puzzlement.

"Times change," I laughed, remembering that at one point I'd wanted to strangle the life out of Xavier, how he'd changed.

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"Sorry to interrupt the party, but I found *this* listening in," a voice growled furiously from behind us, all humour washed away. All three of us span around, three sets of eyes scanning over the two people who'd arrived. I looked at Mark's panic stricken face, his eyes bulging in panic, his neck wrapped tightly by Finley's arms.

Frowning up at Finley, I realised he didn't know who Mark was and Finley didn't care, he was only livid that he'd been ear wiggling. In different circumstances I wouldn't be surprised if they became close friends, obviously that wasn't going to happen.

"Nosy Doctor," I said lightly, nodding at Finley to let him go. To my faint surprise Finley complied, rapidly moving away from the startled Doctor, who almost fell to the floor had it not been for a hasty Jake beside him who gripped his elbow tightly with an unsteady hand.

"Jake?" I asked uncertainly, a smile tugging at my lips as he looked up, worried. "What are you doing here?"

Before Jake could respond, Finley exploded, "Who the hells that!?"

He pointed his finger at Mark, who instantly looked down and paled dramatically as if he was about to lose control of his bowels; maybe Finley had made a bigger impression that I'd originally thought.

"Chill, Finley," Xavier mumbled from behind us, his eyes still trained on Jayden glanced at Finley for a split second.

Finley rounded on Xavier, his face pinched in white fury. "Don't get me started on you. You had one task," he yelled, holding up one thing. "One task and you screwed it up. You were supposed to keep her safe! She's been in more bother since you've arrived."

"Finley."

His blue eyes met mine, barely controlled fury swirling within their oceanic depths.

"Relax."

A hiss escaped Finley as he suddenly spun, his fist coming into contact with the wall, smashing it easily; small fragments flying as dust and shattered brick pieces crumbled to the floor. Finley inhaled deeply before slowly turning, his eyes settling on me after a glance at Jayden.

"Who are they?" he growled, simply nodding his head in greeting to Jayden.

"I'm-"Mark started almost silently, before he was cut off by a death glare from Finley.

I realised then that Finley was not one to be messed with. Despite his caring funny side that he made obvious to everyone, I knew something deep and dark lurked beneath the surface, something that wanted to be leaked out, something that wanted to be free. Finley was a show, but in spite of the shady character he was, he did hold up to one thing; loyalty.

Grudgingly Finley looked back to me as Mark backed away, his face ashen.

"Finley, this is Mark. He's patched me up on more than one occasion, sew me back up after you pulled me out of that building," I explained, hoping to play my cards right so that Finley might eventually help Mark. Finley gave Mark a disbelieving look, and grumbled a small apology.

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"His friend," I continued, feeling the tension beginning to fade as Finley stressed a smile towards Mark.

"Is human," Xavier barked, startling me.

My heart stuttered.

The tension peaked, suffocating me.

I turned on him to see his pale face, his glaring eyes focussed on Jake.

"Don't you dare," I snarled quietly, my eyes glued to the ground, trying to control my rage.

Out of anyone Jake was the least likely to start a revolution, the least likely to cause harm, the most vulnerable. In my mind Jake reminded me of me when I was younger, when I'd first been introduced to werewolves, I hadn't known heads or tails to make of it.

"But you-" Finely shouted, silenced by the growl that ripped from my lips.

"You were human once, Finley. Think. You never used to kill, would have been repulsed at the thought of drinking blood," I said through gritted teeth.

"That's not the point," Finley argued, raising his voice.

"Then what is?" I yelled, still refusing to look at anyone.

"He's human," Xavier pointed out dumbly, as if I was missing the point entirely.

"Therefore harmless," I concluded, a smug smile resting on my lips. If he was harmless then obviously he wasn't a threat.

"For goodness sake, Lei! You broke the god damn law," Xavier hissed, his hands flying up into the air.

Law?! What Law?

Jayden tightened his grip, startling me, I'd forgotten he was there.

"What-" Jayden covered my mouth with his hand.

"I don't know what's been going on, but Lei wouldn't do anything without a reason," Jayden murmured, slowly lifting his gaze to Xavier's. "Back off."

Menace laced his voice, Xavier stared at him threateningly and Jayden met his gaze calmly. Silence reigned, Xavier faltered his gaze wavering.; his eyes lowered to the floor. Jayden grunted in satisfaction.

"You're lucky," Finely muttered, staring at Jake. "Find any other supernatural and they'd rip you to shreds."

Jake's face became bloodless, terror filling his gaze as ideas popped into his head at what **could** have happened.

"Lucky you found Lei then," Finley smirked, before turning back to me. "Now we have orders to get you back to the house."

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He strode towards us and gripped my wrist, tugging me from Jayden. I stumbled slightly, the stitches in my side tugging painfully.

"Watch it," Mark snapped, I rolled my eyes skyward with Finley.

"Don't start, Mister," Jayden groaned, pulling Mark back from me as I shot him what I hoped was a reassuring look.

"We're coming too," Jake chirped, looking scared witless, but I had to give it to him he looked determined to come whether we said yes or no.

"*You are?*" Xavier poised slowly, his eyebrow raised in a slight dare as he tilted his head.

"Yes," Jake piped, sounding more confident than before.

"Aye," Mark agreed, running a hand through his hair nervously.

Finley smiled. "I've got to say, you're both foolishly brave, but you've got guts and I respect that. Good on you."

I raised an eyebrow at Finley.

"What?"

"You're older than I thought, Blondie," I laughed.

"I'm not even going to try to deny that," Finley shook his head, smiling crookedly. "And enough with the blondie, she-wolf," he added, chuckling.

Everyone seemed to sigh in relief as the strain of the conversation eased, and chattering comfortably returned.

"Anyway," Finley continued, his hand streaking through his hair. "Back to operation drag Lei home, Logan's back and now that you've found Jayden, we need to scare Daniel."

"You haven't gotten rid of that git yet?" Jayden moaned into my shoulder.

I couldn't help, but laugh. "So you've remember Daniel then?"

"How could I forget him?" Jayden exaggerated. "He's king of the imbeciles, and he tried to steal my girl."

The last part came out as a scrambled growl as he twisted me in his arms to press his lips to mine; the soft pressure as he nipped my lip was something I'd missed. My hands found their way into his luscious locks, refreshing myself with him, pulling him closer to me. The gap between us needed to shrink, I found myself pressed tightly against him, our mouths locked in battle. He pulled away, gasping for breath.

"No way," I heard Mark whisper, amazed.

Jayden and I snuffed a laugh, our eyes locked and sparkling.

"God I've missed you," Jayden murmured, his hands around my waist tightening possessively.

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I gently sucked on his bottom lip in response.

Someone cleared their throat from behind us.

"I never need to see that ever again," Xavier announced from behind us.

I made to move away, but Jayden refused to let me go.

"Not after I've been without you for so long," he whispered in my ear.

I'd definitely missed the intimacy.

Xavier stood nearest the alleyway entrance, behind me and Jayden as we faced Finley, Mark and Jake. Xavier no longer looked amused or angry, just irritated. Finley seemed relaxed, but you could never tell with him although I did notice him sending Mark and Jake curious glances. When one of them noticed Finley observing them they paled and looked like death themselves. I can't say I wanted to know what Finley had done to set such an impression; perhaps it was only his aura.

"Unfortunately Daniel's still here. So we better get going," I murmured, a ghost of a smile on my lips as I imagined possible ways of destroying Daniel, knowing fine well that it would never happen. But my imagination was pretty vivid and that was enough for me.

Chapter 29: Hidden Secrets

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Chapter 29: Hidden Secrets

Silence.

Usually a bliss, something that rarely happened, but at this moment it wasn't pleasant.

Jayden and I stood in the centre of a room, the wooden planks cool beneath our feet as we stared around, barely noting the antique worn rug or the red diamond patterned wallpaper. A fire crackled in the background, raising the tension higher as a new piece of wood crackled and popped.

Jayden was gripping my waist tightly as if intimidated by those before him, I wasn't sure if his fear was true or not. My eyes glanced at the werewolves circling us like vultures, all staring, my gaze flickering from wolf to wolf. You'd imagine something similar to fear or fright to be consuming us both, but we were calm, my fingers weaving imaginary patterns patiently across Jayden's chest.

Eight pairs of eyes gleaming wide, the stink of anticipation wafting from them. They all stood tall, frozen in disbelief. A group of four stood huddled in a corner, their expressions mixed from astonishment to outright agitation, their races varying from vampire to human, a group of unlikely idols, heroes even. To say they were huddled would possibly give you the wrong idea; making you see the group as fearful or cowards, this was untrue as they just stood collectively in the corner.

We stood there as one, Jayden and I, waiting for a response, a signal, a retaliation, but the room was as silent as a graveyard, if a needle were to be dropped you'd hear its shattering collision as it smashed into the floor. Their gazes focussed on Jayden, on the male, on the threat.

We remained unmoving, lingering, waiting for them to make the first move. I glanced up at Jayden, saw the anxiety printed clearly on his face as much as he tried to hide it, he was scared of rejection and humiliation. He needed-

"Oh get over it." Xavier snapped irritably from the group of four in the corner, breaking the formation to push through the circle of werewolves. "This is ridiculous."

"Get over it?" Jack repeated, turning his gaze slowly towards the aggravated werewolf.

"Ridiculous?" Simon chimed, following Jack's movement.

"Are you serious?" They said in unison, glancing at each other in amusement.

"As serious as ever," Xavier replied impatiently, he signalled towards where Jayden and I stood, gripping to each other. "Now-"

"In other words, he's as serious as a donkey with a slapped backside," Daniel commented dryly, his gaze lingering on Jayden, his expression unreadable.

The atmosphere in the room seemed to clamber at Daniel's snide remark and everyone relaxed, no longer troubled by the oppressive tension. Freed of suffocation, Jack and Lucas barrelled towards us enveloping us in a group hug as they uttered sympathy and comfort. They pulled away, Jack catching my hand and tugging me

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gently away from Jayden. He glanced up sharply, reaching for me, but I only smiled reassuringly at him. He frowned to himself, releasing my hand.

"It's okay," I mouthed, before spinning to face the blonde doctor. "Oui?" I chirped, my head tilted.

I felt a warm body behind me, hands gripping me round my waist. I tensed, turning my head sharply to see Lucas's face split in a wide grin. Jack chuckled, causing me to laugh softly.

"We've missed you, sweetheart," Lucas mumbled into my hair, squeezing me tight.

I lifted my hand over my head to ruffle his hair, he squirmed behind me.

"At least someone missed you," a wry voice drifted past us, I glanced up to see Daniel's harsh gaze locked on mine as he crossed the room.

"Ignore him," Lucas stage-whispered. "It's because no one's paying attention to him."

"Wrong," Daniel called from Jayden's side as he shook hands with him, a death grip on Jayden's hand followed by a terse nod. Releasing me, Lucas turned and flipped Daniel the finger, irritation blooming in his eyes. The Alpha just shrugged it off, anger stirred deep inside me, but I pushed it away just as Daniel had with Lucas's insult. Now was not the time to deal with an arrogant Alpha.

Jack and Lucas began to talk to me about mindless chatter; I answered in all the appropriate places adding an "Um-hmm" here and there to show I was listening, but if I was honest I didn't hear a word they said. I was too busy absorbing everyone else's conversation, everyone's moods and feelings towards Jayden. My gaze was scanning all the faces in the room, settling on Lucas's animated expression.

"...And Simon, oh dear God, the look on his face," Lucas laughed, his eyes glittering at the memory. "He looked like a bird landing on a live wire, didn't he, Jack?"

Jack nodded absent-mindedly, adding a small smile our way. However I could tell he was paying as much attention as me to Lucas blabbering, we were just too polite to argue.

"Are you two even listening to a word I'm saying?" Lucas moaned at the lack of response to his story.

Jack finally turned to look at Lucas, a smile playing on his lips. "Yes," Jack said, surprising me as he watched Lucas's expression as it became appeased. "You were telling us about when Simon went up to the bar to ask for some girl's number-"

"-And soon found out it was a man," Simon groaned from behind me, his footsteps coming closer. "*Really*, Lucas," Simon mumbled, embarrassed. "You're telling this story, **again**?"

Lucas chuckled, "I never get tired of seeing your ears going red."

Jack glanced at me, eager for escape as much as I was. My gaze wandered to the two people standing in the corner awkwardly.

"Be right back," I muttered, grabbing Jack's hand and towing him behind me, not replying to his raised eyebrows. Mark's dark eyes clashed with mine, he strained a smile for me as he pushed back his fringe of nearly black hair. In the lighting he looked even pastier than usual, his hair shined dully, his eyes seeming empty. My eyes flickered towards the black haired human standing beside him, regret flittering through me; as much as I knew it had been necessary I shouldn't have dragged him into this. Jake, as a human, was in more danger than the rest of us, other supernaturals willing to kill him so exposure remained a non-existent threat.

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Jake's green eyes were timid, almost nervous as I strode towards them.

"Follow me," I murmured to them both. Without complaint they followed, I led the three of them to an empty room a few doors down. The room was unfurnished, the solid wooden floor coated in dust, our footprints marked clearly against the groaning primeval floorboards. I turned to them with a hesitant smile, noticing Jack taking a particular interest in Mark as he was staring at him, lost in thought.

"Jack, this is Dr Mark Lishman," I introduced, watching the two men. Jack was as confident as usual, his eyes glittering with curiosity, he hadn't missed the Doctor part. Mark, however, was cautious; his eyes glancing at me, asking if it was safe. I nodded reassuringly and the two men shook hands. "Mark," I continued. "This is Dr Jack..." I trailed off, I actually didn't know Jack's surname which bothered me. I looked at Jack to finish off the introduction. Mark perked up at the mention of Jack being a doctor.

"Jack Evans, werewolf doctor," Jack said, offering an interested smile.

I paused, studying Jack's expression as he studied Mark. There was a hidden flicker of doubt and suspicion. He knew something I didn't.

"I'm a-"

Jack cut him short, "You're a vamp, I know."

Mark furrowed his eyebrows, confused.

"We can smell you," I explained, watching the puzzlement in his gaze be replaced by wariness.

I frowned. "We can all do it, Mark, including you."

He nodded slowly.

"Jake?" I asked politely, taking care to be gentle. His gaze slowly moved up to my face from the floor which he'd been staring at awkwardly, he was anxious about what we would do to him. "No one is going to hurt you. Now Jake this is Jack," I commented, bringing his gaze to rest on the blonde werewolf who smiled gently and extended his hand gradually as if sensing Jake's nervousness. I didn't doubt that Jack could read Jake's emotions, after all he was only human.

"It's nice to meet you," Jack said softly, a kindness in his speech that was absent when speaking to Mark. There was definitely something up with Jack. "Are you okay?" he murmured to Jake, his eyes clouding in concern, his hand still locked with Jake's. "You're stone cold and..." He leaned forward to look closer at Jake. "Your pupils are dilated... I think you should sit down," Jack advised, helping Jake to sit on the floor. A dart of worry blossomed in my chest.

"Is he okay?" I whispered, not wanting to startle Jake.

"He's gone into shock," Mark told me, letting out a frustrated groan. "Why didn't I see that earlier?"

Jack's head whipped round fast, anger simmering below the surface, but it was gone so quickly I didn't know if I'd actually seen it. Having moved so fast, Jack couldn't not say something. He stopped, changing his sentence. He had been going to say something inappropriate, with Jack that was something of legend.

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"You were probably just worried," he choked, not making eye contact. He inhaled deeply, his lips pursed. "Lack of experience too," he muttered cynically to himself under his breath, I barely heard him.

"*Excuse me?*" Mark.

Any other person in this situation would curse quietly or make something up and say something remotely similar to the words said, but not Jack, he wouldn't bow down to someone. Jack swivelled round, fixing Mark with a glare. Surprising me, Jack was the kind of person who wouldn't say a bad word about anyone. Mark looked startled at the turn of events, but I could see the cogs in his mind whirring and the fury slowly beginning to rise.

"You're a poor doctor," Jack commented bluntly, not holding back. He really mustn't have liked Mark. "Didn't even a notice the lad going into shock. You look at him and tell me how far along he is?"

Mark glanced sheepishly at Jake. I watched Jack stare at Mark before taking off his jacket and slugging it over Jake's shoulder to keep him warm.

"An hour or two?" Mark suggested, peering at Jake, but staying well away as Jack crouched beside him.

"Not even close."

Jack waited for Mark to ask how long, the silence stretched and finally I asked.

Jack grimaced, and admitted, "Six or seven hours."

"But that's not possible," Mark argued. "I would have noticed!"

"You **should** have noticed," Jack reprimanded, shaking his head.

"I was **busy!**"

"Doing what?" Jack stated coldly, not giving him a chance to answer. "Trying to make sure none of us remembered or knew who you were? Or rather **what** you were?"

Mark stopped cold, pale face becoming even more bloodless.

"I wondered why Lei trusted you, liked you even, but then I realised she doesn't know."

Mark's gaze darted to me frantically, fear lacing his features. His lips formed a silent, "No." Mark's eyes scanning Jack's features, looking for recognition. I stood in between the two, puzzled.

"What aren't you telling me, Mark?" I asked warily, edging away from him.

"I-er... Nothing," He babbled, refusing to meet my gaze.

"Bullshit," Jack and I said in unison, this time we didn't laugh.

"Don't think I don't recognise your face, son," Jack murmured quietly, his voice much scarier with its almost ghostly tone. "You knew who I was as soon as you saw me-"

"No, I-" Mark interrupted, gaze swinging wildly between us.

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"Don't interrupt me and don't lie to me," Jack snarled, beginning to approach Mark. I grabbed his arm, pulling him backwards away from Mark, he didn't argue or try to pull away. Jack was radiating heat, something which normally happened when werewolf's became livid, sometimes they even started to change if they were furious or terrified. "I know what you were," Jack whispered, his eyes gleaming.

"How?"

"Been attacked by your lot before," Jack told him. "I remember your face, I gave you that scar on your left thigh."

Mark gripped the material of his trousers around his thigh suddenly at Jack's words. No scar was visible due to the fact Mark was wearing trousers.

"Wait..." I stammered, looking at Mark wide eyed. I glanced at Jack. "He's not a...?"

Jack nodded. "Used to be one."

A chill settled in my stomach as I stared at Mark in horror.

"Lei," Mark's desperate voice called. "Don't listen to him, it's a misunderstanding."

Jack snorted. "You're really asking her to choose between the two of us? You know she won't choose you right?"

Mark glared at Jack, silent.

"You may have saved her life a few times," Jack commented. "But I have too."

"That doesn't-"

"-Shut up," I growled at Mark. "Answer me. Were you one of them?"

"Yes, but-" Mark said rapidly, moving towards me hand outstretched.

The shock shivered through me, I suddenly felt cold, felt Jayden's worry through our bond.

"I'm not one anymore," he shouted, frustrated that no one was listening to him.

I turned away from him, facing the door as it slammed open. Jayden stood in the doorway, anxiety pulsing through him, in four wide steps he crossed the room and held my arms, gazing into my eyes for a sign. I shook my head numbly, his thumb stroked my cheek. I pulled away, my gaze cold as I looked at Mark.

"In my books that means you're one of them," I glowered, standing close to Jack and sinking into Jayden's warm embrace. "A Hunter."

Mark's gaze met mine. Panicked.

"And that changes everything."

A/N: Heeey... Sorry for the long wait, I've been busy lately... Hope you enjoyed the chapter! Please tell me what you think, how I can improve, ect... Been a looong time since anyone has given me criticism, PLEASE!

Running From My Past...Literally

Be as harsh as you want, I'll probably regret saying that later, but oh well :)

Tomorrow I'm off on holiday to visit Paddington Bear in deepest darkest Peru :)
Won't be back for three loooooong weeks, so no updating sorry!

Hope you all enjoy your summer, I know I will!

Thanks,
-Caitlin x

Chapter 30: Wake-Up Call

A/N: Helloooo readers :)

Hope you all had a fantastic summer, back to school on wednesday :(Bleurgh.. I know this chapter is short, but the next one is coming soon it's already half-written :) I'm on a roll ;) haha expect it up by wednesday (hopefully)!! I know some of you thought that Lei looked a bit weak in the last chapter so I hope once you've read this you'll think differently.. you'll think she's stronger... or she's just crazy..

Wow.. Chapter 30? :o :)

Oh well ;)
Enjoy!!

-Caitlin x

Running From My Past.. Literally Chapter 30: Wake-Up Call

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Mark's gaze met mine. Panicked.

"And that changes everything."

x-x

"Lock him up," Jack ordered, sounding as disgusted as I felt.

Lucas and Simon stepped through the doorway, hands stretched out towards Mark. Mark took a step towards me, his eyes pleading for mercy, his lips moving silently mouthing unheard pleas. I shook my head, feeling cold. I couldn't feel Jayden's comforting touch or Jack's hand on my shoulder. Just coldness, betrayal and anger.

I was struggling to understand how Mark could have kept such a big secret, how he hadn't have thought it important enough to tell us. Then I realised, he was a hunter and hunters always kept secrets. Betrayal stirred deep inside, but it gave way to fury and that I was happy to unleash.

I took a confident step towards Mark, vaguely aware of Jayden's grip tightening, but I shoved it off. Lucas and Simon paused mid-step, not wanting to interfere with me. All eyes in the room were on Mark and I, the silence deafening bar the footsteps of the whole pack entering the room. Mark looked up at me, hopeful. That optimism died as he registered my shielded expression and ice cold eyes.

I took another step so that my nose was only inches from his. I stared at him, taking in his frantic appearance, his wild eyes scanning the room for possible escapes, his dark hair ruffled from stressful hands.

"I can't believe I trusted you," I commented darkly, staring him down.

"You still can! I can help you," Mark pleaded, his eyes moving to touch Daniel's empty stare. "I can show you where they meet, show you their weaknesses."

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"And lead us straight into the lion's den," Finley muttered dryly, crossing his arms and raising an eyebrow in an expression that clearly stated, "Do you think we'll fall for that old trick?"

"We're supernaturals, not idiots," Jack stated bitterly, a round of nods and a murmured agreement from everybody in the room.

"I didn't say that," Mark protested quickly. "Seriously, I can help you. I can give you names!"

Daniel rolled his eyes. "See how fast they betray each other?" He shook his head sadly, before turning to Mark. "So if they were to torture you, would you give up **our** names?"

"No, no, I wouldn't," Mark responded instantly.

"Are all vampires liars?"

Finley shot Daniel a frosty look, but remained silent.

"I'm not lying!" Mark objected.

"Then you unknowingly lying, but I'm sure we could test that theory," Daniel threatened idly.

Mark paled.

I heard Jayden step up behind me, felt him grip my hand and try to tug me away from close quarters with Mark. I shook him off, ignoring him. My glare was still on Mark.

"Lei," Mark begged. "Please help me. You're a woman."

"Fantastic observation," Finley smirked, causing a few to laugh. "If you think pleading to her feminine side will help you, I'm sorry, but you're sadly mistaken."

Mark ignored Finley's comment. "Please, Lei. Surely you're compassionate feminine side wouldn't let them hurt an innocent man?"

My hand hitting his face with a resounding slap. I heard Finley stifle a laugh.

"Innocent?" I asked humourlessly. "You think killing **innocent** supernaturals without reason makes **you** innocent?"

"I...I di... I didn't mean-"

Daniel gave an incoherent sound of disgust.

"You were on that raid," Daniel spoke quietly, almost a whisper. "Five years ago. You almost destroyed all of us."

Everyone recoiled away from Mark as if he had the plague. Everyone that was, but me. I was the only one standing within a two metre radius of Mark. I span to face Daniel, his gaze flicked to mine.

"Are you serious?" I asked nervously, licking my suddenly dry lips.

Running From My Past...Literally

I expected a mocking comment, but I only received a solemn nod. I watched Daniel's eyes drop sorrowfully. My brain whirred to answer the question. Why?

Daniel glanced back up at me, the sorrow replaced by an emotionless shield. Behind me, Mark had fallen silent. Jayden was watching me carefully, I glanced at Daniel in time to see his eyes widen and his mouth form a silent 'shit'. I frowned, but my breath hitched in my throat as an arm was wound forcefully around my neck. The heat of a chest was pressed into my back as Mark pulled me tightly to him. I was dimly aware of someone shouting and being moved backwards. I could feel Mark's chest vibrating as he spoke back.

"You bastard," I coughed, struggling against his grip, but only succeeding in losing more air. He cut off my air way, I couldn't breathe.

"I'm so sorry, Lei," Mark whispered in my ear. "But I had no choice."

"If you were sorry you would be dead by now," I snapped breathlessly.

The retort had cost me too much air, and I gasped for the air I couldn't reach. I ceased struggling, growing dizzy. I heard a roaring in my ears, the edges of my vision darkening.

"Get out of my way or I'll break her neck," Mark yelled, the sound barely reaching my deaf ears.

"Bastard," I grunted, feeling my energy seeping away.

I gritted my teeth and tossed my head back sharply. The back of my skull collided painfully with Mark's face with a loud crack. I felt Mark's arm fall away from my face, felt his body slump and heard his body fall to the floor.

I inhaled sharply. "Somebody God damn tie him up," I croaked, my throat felt raw. I felt my knees give out as my head swam from the sudden intake of oxygen.

I opened my eyes, puzzled. I couldn't remember closing them. Gradually I realised I was lying on the floor, staring at the white ceiling. I exhaled deeply, suddenly reminded of a sore throat. A face blurred over mine, blearily coming into focus.

"Lei? Can you hear me?" the face asked me, lips moving slowly as if speaking to an elderly person.

I blinked. "Yes," I replied softly.

Relief flooded across the person's features, and a few words were muttered too quiet to hear.

"Can you tell me who I am, Sweetheart?"

The person moved closer so I could make out their face, golden hazel eyes glittered above me, blonde ruffled hair and a tanned face that was strong, but caring.

I closed my eyes, wishing for the pounding in my head to disappear.

"Lei?" Sharper now, worried.

"Hello, Jack," I greeted, the corner of my mouth lifting in a small smile.

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"Oh, thank God."

I inhaled deeply, before opening my eyes and stumbling to my feet. A hand tried to push me back down, but I pushed it away roughly.

"Where is that bastard?" I growled, wincing slightly at the burning sensation in my throat.

"Lei, you should sit down," Jack reprimanded, appearing in front of me his hand reaching out to steady me. I jerked away, only to have Jayden's hand snake out to help me. I moved away rapidly, sick of feeling weak and vulnerable. Jayden frowned, troubled. Two hands descended on my shoulders, gripping tightly so I couldn't move. I let out a growl of frustration as my captor turned me around.

"Stop it," he said sternly, narrowing his eyes at me.

I glared at Daniel. I growled. "Get off me."

Daniel's gaze hardened.

"Now," I demanded, trying to squirm out of his grip.

Daniel's gaze searched mine. "I think she's out of it," he murmured, anxiety creeping into his voice.

"You might be right," Jack agreed, worried eyes fixed on me.

The pounding in my head grew, and I shook my head irritably, hoping that I could somehow shake it off. I blinked rapidly, and the ache grew. Closing my eyes, I felt my head ease the pounding barely noticeable.

"Lei?" Daniel's voice echoed, concerned. I felt a hand touch my temple, and a cool soothing feeling flowed through my head, diminishing the pounding completely. I sighed in relief, relaxing against the hand. Then I remembered something.

"Where is that bastard?" I growled again, my eyes flying open, my fury returning.

"Lei, you need to sit down," Daniel's stern voice reached me.

"I told you to get the hell off me," I shouted, wrenching myself from Daniel's grip, surprising him.

The room had been cleared out, only Jayden, Daniel and Jack remained which made it easy to escape.

"Lei!" they called after me as I slammed the door shut behind me.

I instantly smelt Mark's strong scent mingled with Lucas's. I grimaced, instantly realising it wasn't Mark I wanted to see right now. Despite the anger I'd shown, I remained upset at his betrayal; I was beginning to realise I was a bit too trusting of people. Banishing the thought of killing Mark, I turned right and followed the corridor in the opposite direction the scent lead. I jogged away from the room, knowing I'd be followed by the three musketeers I'd left back in the room. I could hear them stumbling to the door as I turned the corner.

I heard a voice of disbelief calling out behind me. "She didn't follow Mark's scent... either she's delusional or she really doesn't want to kill him."

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I rested my hand on the front door handle. "I'm not the crazy one," I muttered to myself, quietly opening the front door and sneaking out.

Silently closing the door behind me, I hoped I hadn't been heard. I took a deep breath, relishing in the fresh air and listening to the sounds of nothing, but the endless forest that echoed every bird cry.

The only sound to be heard was the soft pad of my feet as I ducked and jumped as I ran through the dense canopy. I slowed, watching my breath frost on the air as I gasped from the exercise. I turned westward and strolled thirty metres before I came to a clearing.

Long grass covered the floor, skimming the tops of my arms as I trudged through. I walked towards the sound of water trickling into a small pond, a couple metres to the left. A small pool of water, barely a metre wide, was surrounded by little rocks; a tiny stream filtered into the pond, filling the clearing with a calming noise.

I waded forward, lying beside the small oasis. As I rested my head back, I mused, "If only I could stay here forever."

Tranquillity. It was this that surrounded me, indulging me with peacefulness; helping me to think. Clearly.

I hated being coddled, hated being treated like a child, weak and defenceless. But I wasn't defenceless, I was an adult werewolf. What did I have to fear besides hunters? Nothing. As I'd shown Mark earlier, even vampires weren't a threat. I was at just as much risk as Jack, Lucas and Daniel... possibly less as they were much higher profile than I was.

And Mark? He disgusted me. Did I feel upset about it? Without doubt, but I was more angry with myself than him. Why had I trusted him? I'd known him mere weeks, and I barely knew anything about him. I gave out my trust like a company handed out flyers, I needed to learn otherwise I'd become a danger to myself. And that only made me more vulnerable...

Which only prompted Jack and Daniel to protect me more, to baby me. I didn't want that. Protection was something I'd be better without, despite what the pack thought. I wasn't a weak female, I was the female alpha of the entire race. That had to count for something? I couldn't cower, I had to fight like the others. I had to **prove** to them I wasn't weak.

Happy to come to that conclusion, I closed my eyes. As I was listening to the soft sound of the river, I didn't realise until later when I was rudely awoken that I'd drifted off.

Chapter 31: To be mollycoddled

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Chapter 31: To be Mollycoddled

End of the Chapter 30

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I felt a sharp pain in my back. Then I was surrounded.

By something ice-cold.

It was this that jolted me awake, drowning me in arctic temperatures. I gasped at the chill that shivered down my spine, swallowing a mouthful of water. I thrashed out wildly, realising I was submerged in deep water. The sight of flashing lights met my eyes, blurred colours just out of reach, I couldn't tell which way was up or down. Frantically I reached out, desperate for a hold or grip. I was out of luck, my fingertips barely brushing

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slimy weeds that were impossible to hold onto.

My lungs burned for air, the flickering flame becoming a roaring fire. My head thrummed with the need. Deafening was the pressing silence. Cool was the feel of the water on my skin. The fiery instinct of survival was strong. How long had I been under the water? Seconds? Minutes? Time blurred.

The pain in my head forced me to try and breathe. Water surged toward me, filling my lungs causing me to choke. My fingers instinctively reached for my throat. Panic suffocating me along with the incoming water.

Suddenly a pair of hands hooked under my arms, swiftly followed by a powerful tug. Barely recognising the familiar touch that held me, I was faintly aware of someone dragging me from the water, felt my head break the surface. I tried to gasp for air, but ended up spluttering over the water in my lungs.

Cold. It was the only thing I could feel, due to shock or not I didn't know. Hands moved me onto solid ground; I could hazily see my hands trembling violently in my lap. My stomach heaved, water pouring from my lips. I forced myself to curl up into a ball, squeezing my eyes closed tightly against the faces surrounding me.

"Lei?"

"How can I-"

"What happened?"

A chorus of voices echoed around the small clearing. My head thrumming as I cradled it in my arms. I felt something dry being draped over me. Fingertips trailed across my cheek, trying to attract my attention. I cringed away.

"Lei?" Jack's voice.

Unconsciously, I pulled further away. I didn't want help, I wanted to be left alone. I coughed, still trying to rid my lungs of water. As much as I loved Jack, I could only take so much help in one day. I was beginning to think I could barely look after myself.

"Jack, move away from her," Jayden's low tones murmured, a hint of puzzlement sparking his voice.

Jack promptly turned to face him, most likely shooting a look that asked '*who was the professional?*' before turning back to me and once more endlessly attempting to attract my attention.

"Leave me alone," I mumbled through chattering teeth, gently pushing away a hand that tried to grab for me.

"Give her some space," Jack declared, as if Jayden hadn't suggested the idea, shooing everyone back with a hand and turning back to me. Jack reached for me. I squirmed away, hissing softly.

"**Please** leave me alone."

Jack froze, eyes locked on me, confusion furrowing his brow.

"But I need to check-" Jack stuttered-

"I don't need help," I spoke quickly, my eyes still concentrating on my shaking hands.

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Jack argued, " But you-"

"Go. Away." A growl. I finally glanced up, my sharp icy eyes colliding with Jack's. He instantly stepped back. "Listen to me now," I spoke quietly, deadly. "All of you." My gaze searched the five werewolves surrounding me. "I don't want help, I don't need it. You're all mollycoddling me-"

"But we-" Jack tried.

"I'm not a child any more. I want to be treated as an equal, but obviously that's not happening so please... Just leave me alone."

I resumed my position on the floor, curled up to tone down my shaking. I heard everyone stand and scuttle from the clearing. I heard Jack hesitate, tempting to step back towards me, but he sighed and walked away. One person remained in the clearing, standing and moving towards my side. I closed my eyes tight.

He bundled me up and pulled me onto his lap, my head wresting in the crook of his neck. Jayden stroked my hair softly, pressing his lips softly to my head, murmuring sweet condolences that I barley heard.

I felt Jayden's touch through our bond as mates, felt the calm swirling from his fingertips and dancing through me, felt the strength in his muscles reassuring me I was safe. I inhaled his musky smell, quelling my panic. Jayden's thumb brushed across my neck, and he let them trail softly across my skin.

"Have you calmed down yet?" Jayden's husky voice whispered gently, his warm breathe causing my skin to tingle. I wrapped my arms around him in response, burying myself into him, hoping the world would go away.

"Do you want to go for a walk?"

I shrugged, biting my lip absent-mindedly as my mind wandered. Would they ever treat me like an adult? Like an equal? What would I have to do to prove myself? Leave again? Or would they see that as childish and drag me back with my tail between my legs? Sick to death was I of being dealt with like a toddler, like a nuisance. They all needed to wake up and smell the fresh air, I was no longer a defenceless child.

Jayden shifted beneath me, forcing me off his lap and bouncing onto the ground. Snapped out of my day dream; I glanced towards Jayden sheepishly, feeling mortified about my actions. As if sensing my shame, Jayden waved the topic away with a smile, assuring me that everything between us was okay. My fingertips were enclosed in his hand and he tugged softly, a gentle smile warming his face.

"Come on," he murmured, a cheeky tone entering his usually playful voice. I perked up slightly, and he just laughed at me, amusement twinkling in his eyes. Jayden pulled me to my feet, and led me out of the clearing, making sure to point out hidden branches or stumps. I trailed behind him, my hand still in his.

We walked in silence, the crackling of frozen leaves underfoot the only noise to echo through the peacefully silent woods. His hand was strong and firm in mine, assuring me of our relationship, assuring me that he'd always be there for me. When I turned everyone's help away, he knew it didn't include him.

"I love you," I murmured, my eyes cast downwards.

Jayden stopped in his tracks, unhurriedly pivoting around to face me. He lowered his head to mine, lifting my chin with his spare hand and forcing me to look at him. Piercing wolf eyes met mine.

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"I love you too." Jayden's breath feather-like across my lips, as he leaned up and kissed me.

Chapter 32: Trouble in Paradise

Running From My Past... Literally

Chapter 32: Trouble in Paradise

And so life carried on, uneventful for a change and surprisingly peaceful. After everything I'd been through in the last few years you'd think I'd be happy now that it's all over, now that I'm finally safe and healthy, but honestly? I was bored. This was mainly due to the fact that I wasn't allowed to leave the house as it was a safety risk. As you can expect I took this with womanly grace, and ended up being locked in a room for three days and denied social contact until I apologised. But I didn't see the point of this house arrest, especially since the house itself was in the middle of a forest in the middle of nowhere, to me it didn't seem like the Hunters were going to find us anytime soon.

I'd been cooped in the house for sixteen days now, completed my change to werewolf *inside* my room and not allowed to run free, so my she-wolf agreed with me. This was neither fair nor fun. As elated as I was to have Jayden back, I didn't actually see him that much and to be honest I was jealous of the ease in which he re-entered the pack as if he hadn't been gone a day. Then there was me, lonely little female werewolf who'd been alone for five years and had a right to lock her boyfriend and herself in a room for a week. Sadly they'd denied me that too.

Without trying to sound like a clingy girlfriend, I just needed to be with him right now and it wasn't happening. Five years I'd presumed him dead, most of which he hadn't been conscious to even feel my pain and now he was on the verge ignoring me. My she-wolf and I were devastated. I saw him for mere minutes every day, the last time I'd been alone with him or had a one on one conversation had been eleven days ago. My last kiss happened in the alley before we even rejoined the pack. But honestly, after being alone for so long you'd think I'd get used to it right? Wrong. After so long apart it'd burned me for him to be only rooms away laughing with the others and not with me. I couldn't help, but feel betrayed by his actions, though a part of my brain was telling me it wasn't his fault. I was lonely, and I was sick and tired of feeling that way.

Right now, I was sitting in my room with Jake. Everyone, including my renegade boyfriend, had gone out for a run and decided I'd be safe, for an hour or so, on my own. The reason we were still in my room was because they'd locked the door. On a normal day, I wouldn't care and would have ripped the door of the hinges, but sadly Daniel and Logan had forbid me to leave my room so I saw no real reason in destroying the door as I couldn't act against both of their orders. Surely that didn't remove the option of taking my anger out on the pillows though?

Jake, on the other hand, hadn't been adapting so well. He was sat across the room from me, staring unblinkingly at the floor, his arms crossed defensively on his chest. Jake's midnight hair was an unruly mess, poking out at different angles as if he'd been constantly running his fingers through it in stress. The usual pallor of his skin was now stark white, making him look more like the living dead than Finley himself. I hadn't seen him smile or make eye contact with anyone in weeks; I was worried. I'd tried physical contact, hoping to appease him, but he'd frozen at my touch. I didn't know what to do.

And of course, there was the matter of Mark. Mark, the Hunter turned vampire. Apparently, no one knew what to do with him, so they'd locked him up in a room and there he remained. Unfortunately for me, my prison cell was located right next door to his, and all I'd heard from his room was incessant pacing. You'd think after two weeks of travelling the same route he'd have worn a trench in the floor? Apparently not.

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They were forcing Mark to abstain from blood, Finley's idea of course. It seems that vampires can live without blood for three years, but after a couple of months it's unbearably painful and they usually go insane. Sounds like Mark's going to be having more fun than I am, I'd rather go insane and be happy, than locked up in this room and having meat shoved through a gap in the door every evening with the occasional visitor.

Insanity would be my new best friend sooner or later.

I traced the swirls on the wooden arm of my chair as I had so many times in the last week, my mind lost in deep thought. The house was eerily silent, an Alpha's house could never be so unless empty. A light breeze brought wondrous scents into my room, rousing my she-wolf. Surprisingly the woods were quiet, not a bird could be heard or the patter of an animal's paws scurrying through the dense bushes. The silence helped quell my anxious thoughts from my relationship issues with Jayden to Mark's betrayal and Jake's near mental breakdown.

"Can you hear that?"

Startled at the noise, I nearly jumped out of my seat; my eyes shot to the face of the quiet speaker. Jake's head was raised and his eyes met mine for the first time in weeks, but his expression was indifferent.

"Lei? Can you not hear that?" he repeated, figuring I mustn't have heard him. Even though I had I was just too surprised to respond, I untangled my tongue and tilted my head to the left, listening hard. Silence met me. My brow furrowed, concerned. Was he hearing things?

"Unless you have hearing better than a werewolf, then no I can't," I smiled softly, not wanting to frighten him back into his shell. I walked over to the window, fingers on the clasp as I slowly closed it.

"That!" Jake pointed out loudly.

Pop.

I knew that noise, the sound of a gun with a silencer when fired.

My eyes widened as I slammed the window shut and rapidly drew the curtains. Jake must've have seen something in my expression as he immediately fell silent and shuffled into the furthest corner of the room. I felt fear radiating from Jake, and it only fed my wolf, panic racing through me.

"Jake, I need you to calm down. Your aura's squishing me," I sighed exasperated, trying to ignore the itch of my skin. It was then I noticed further silence and more fear. Mark had stopped pacing, fear burning through the wall. "Mark?" I felt the fear escalate and I know he's heard me. "I need you in here now. I know you can break down that door easily, so get your arse in here."

I heard no movement from the room. Apparently I was getting no help from the vampire. I sighed. I heard a tap at the window, inconsistent, must be throwing rocks. I peered out through a gap in the curtains, seeing nothing. The place was deserted. I frowned. I lifted the window slightly, couldn't smell anyone either. I turned back to Jake, who was crouched in the corner.

"You don't move from that spot, okay?"

He nodded solemnly, fear sparking in his eyes even stronger.

Running From My Past...Literally

"And please relax, you're making me edgy. It's going to be okay," I soothed, wishing that I could only calm my tripping heart rate. Thankfully Jake couldn't hear it, but Mark could and his terror only increased. Damn it.

With another glance at the concealed windows, I shuffled so I was only a metre from Jake, my back to him. I tugged my jumper over my head, my t-shirt quickly following.

"What are you-" Jake spluttered, obviously embarrassed by my state of undress.

I glanced over my shoulder at him, and explained, "Since the wimp next door is refusing to help me, I can't do this as a human."

I heard him gasp behind me, and my eyes shot close in anguish. This wasn't going to help him.

"I'm sorry, Jake, but I need to do this," I apologised, pushing my jeans down over my hips. "Just remember what I said to you months ago in the restaurant when you found out. Do you remember?"

I heard a shaky yes from behind me.

I smiled softly back at his terrified face. "I'm still your friend from the restaurant, don't forget that despite what happens now. Okay? Can you still be my friend for me?"

Jake's eyes lowered to the floor, confusion toiling inside him.

"Please?" I murmured hopefully, stripping out of my final layers and crouching naked. My back was to him, but I was looking over my shoulder at him. He glanced up, his eyes meeting my desperate gaze and he nodded timidly.

I sighed in relief, and opened the door to my she-wolf, smiling to myself as she came bounding out. Instantly, I feel the whisper of a cry escape from my lips as an inferno ravages my body, starting in my chest and spreading, searing and burning everything in its path. They say changing is supposed to get easier with experience, but they're lying. Nothing can ease the pain of burning inside out as my muscles ripple and spasm and tear as they contort to fit my new body shape that my cracking bones make. I knew better than to struggle as the agony only goes on longer; it was best to give in to it and hope it ends soon.

It's near the end of my change when I hear Jake scream and the crash of breaking glass. They've broken in through the window my brain manages to pull together as my muscles continue to contract uncontrollably. Surely Mark can feel my fear? Surely he will come and help as I obviously can't fight half changed.

I tried to open my eyes, seeing a blurry picture of the scene. Everything's distorted as my eyesight is still changing, I see a man's figure storming towards me and suddenly I've been tackled to the ground. My body screaming in protest, agony flaring unbearably until I think I've past out. Sadly I haven't. I feel a warm weight on top of me, feel something pierce the scruff of my neck, felt its chilling effects that I now associate with silver. I know better now than to pull it out.

At this point, I'm a hairless dog shape and I can tell my face is almost human with a snout as I feel the sickening repulsion from the man, who I soon realise, must be a Hunter. With quivering muscles, I managed to stand and felt the man on my back freeze. The Hunters obviously think that we're paralyzed during a change. Scorching pain makes me break out in a sweat, my change still incomplete; I can feel my she-wolf crying out at me to stop.

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Panting with effort, I manage to throw the man from my back, fighting both the effects of the silver and the unfinished change. Refusing to look at Jake, I lunge at the man and my sharp canines close rapidly around his throat. The taste of copper fills my mouth and I'm terrified as I find myself enjoying the delicious blood.

I have barely seconds to recover when another Hunter bursts through the window, this time a woman and equipped with a shining butchers knife. I fight back nausea at the sight of the object, trying to push back memories of my capture by the Hunters, memories of Hawk-man and the red head. I shuddered. A distraction was not what I needed right now, as the woman dove at me. I darted left, barely avoiding the wrath of her knife. I could feel my legs trembling beneath me, just wanting to give out, but I locked my knees in place. She lunged at me again. This time I was too slow. The polished silver biting deep into my shoulder. My body convulsed. Then I was out of it.

I was slumped on the floor, my muscles finally settling into place as my change ended, my eyes closed; I could feel the pride radiating from the Hunter.

"Get up," I heard a voice whisper frantically. "Get up, Lei. Please get up!"

A pinprick of horror exploded in my chest.

Jake.

I had to rescue Jake.

Suddenly I was on my feet and leaping towards the unprepared Hunter, her eyes flaring with panic. My front paws hit her chest and the impact sent her hurtling towards the wall behind. I landed sloppily, my eyesight blurring with silver. I heard a crack, and saw her fuzzy figure slump to the floor, her face at an unnatural angle. I'd broken her neck. I could feel her unseeing gaze staring at me, accusing. I ignored it; I could deal with guilt later.

My legs robotically moved towards Jake, his face was bloodless with terror as he stared at the dead bodies in the room. Jake's gaze shifted to me, and I was comforted to see that the fear was replaced by relief. I crouched in front of him and presented my shoulder to him, the knife furrowed deep and stinging. His face blanched, but he reached out anyway and picked out the knife with nimble fingers.

Next thing, I was on the floor, the room spinning. Hadn't I just been standing? Jake's face fell into view and I could see his lips moving rapidly, worry furrowing his brow. I concentrated.

"Lei, they're behind you! Please get up!" Jake's loud voice broke through my fuzzy brain barrier, forcing me to my feet. I swayed, blinked and the world suddenly righted itself. I turned slowly, not wanting to reignite the queasiness I'd felt only moments before. Two men stood side by side mere metres away. Both clad in black, looking murderously at me as they surveyed the two bodies of their fellow Hunters. I stood frozen, waiting for them to make the first move.

Immediately, the taller man whipped three daggers out and they flew through the air towards me. They whistled past me as I dived to the floor. My gaze flickered to Jake with worry. I sighed as his face stared back at me. Turning back to the fight, I rolled to the left and targeted the smaller man first. I savagely gnawed at his leg before seeing a flash of metal glint and side-stepped it. The man was yelling, clutching his leg.

Rapidly, I turned to face the wielder of the knife. An ugly grin faced me, and I felt my face blanch with the confidence in his eyes. To my surprise, he slowly lowered the knife and began to step towards me. I instantly retreated.

Running From My Past...Literally

"You know," a gravelly voice stated casually. "We were told to take you alive, but I'm rather tempted to ignore that and suffer my punishment gladly."

My hind legs hit the wall, panic suffused my brain, and coherent thinking vanished. The man paused, only a metre away and crouched, utterly vulnerable, but certain I couldn't do him any damage. He tilted his head sardonically.

"I do love to see the fear in your eyes when you know you're beat," he chuckled, the knife reappearing and hopping between both hands. "And you know what's better?"

I stilled.

"Knowing that I've met you before and you escaped. It's good to know that my prey can't outwit me forever," he grinned savagely, slowly peeling the balaclava off so I could see his face.

Shock hit me.

I'd never forgotten that scar.

-

"Boo."

Face to face with a Hunter, his gun pointed directly at my heart. To say I was frightened would simply be an understatement. I could feel the cold steel of the gun pressed roughly against my skin. Fear burst in my chest as I stared at the object that could easily kill me. All it would take was a small twitch of his fingers, a loud bang and I'd be out like a light. The bullets would be silver, just to make sure I died. They were an overcautious bunch these Hunters.

My gaze quickly met his and a smirk crawled across his face, he could see my fear. Unlike the others, this one had removed his mask and was displaying an ugly scar across his whole face as if someone had slashed straight across it with a knife. I didn't recognise him from the fight a few years ago and I was pretty sure I'd remember seeing an injury like that.

"Run," he whispered barely audible, his eyes glinting mischievously.

I stared at him, he pushed me away slightly with the gun.

"Run!" the Hunter yelled, throwing his hands up in the air and I instantly shied away. Turning my back on him, I did what the Hunter told me, I didn't argue.

"Run!" he bellowed after me in delight, laughing at my resemblance overpowering fear.

-

I blinked, my muscles trembling, the stench of terror rolling off me in waves. The terror of the feeling of helplessness, vulnerability.

"Boo," he whispered mockingly.

I whined.

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The Hunter's laugh boomed across the room, his eyes flickering over his shoulder to his partner lying on the floor pale.

It took that one window of opportunity. I sprung towards him, my jaw closing around his exposed jugular. I tore backwards, adrenalin running through me. The Hunter's eyes clashed with mine, felt something sharp pierce my side, felt my insides go cold. I saw the victory in his eyes, the satisfaction and then the light died. His body slumped to the floor in the centre of the room. Silence echoed.

"Lei!" Jake yelled anxiously, my fading gaze managed to locate his. Panic washed over me. "Behind you!"

The door slammed open to the left of me and all I saw was a blur. A furious blur. Then everything went black.

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First of all I'm sorry, wow it's been a long while since I've updated! I hope you notice how long this chapter was :) I'm sorry because I'm purely lazy, but also I couldn't seem to log on to booksie, so I downloaded a new internet browser and now it seems to work just fine :) **HALLELUJAH!**

Secondly I hope you liked this chapter and will bear with me, I'm determined to get this finished by the end of the summer, hopefully earlier!

Thirdly, I think everyone has left me with this story because I'm taking so long so I'm quite sad about that :(

Fourthly (yes there is a fourth point) I'm currently in my last year of school and am drowning in exams (not figuratively unfortunately), in four weeks I shall be finished and will write for a week constantly until I finish! I'm not quite sure where to go with this.. I've half written the next chapter as I'd continued writing this chapter until I realised how long it was...

Anyway you're probably sick of this and haven't read it all and if you have well done :)

BIG THANKS TO ALL YOU GUYS WHO ARE STILL READING!! It really means a lot to me and I'm not just saying that...

because I seriously have no readers left.. :(

Cheeeeeers guys!

-Wolfeeee :) x

Chapter 33: Bonds

Running From My Past... Literally

Chapter 33: Bonds

"Come on, Lei," a voice pleaded with me.

I felt detached from my body, could feel the nauseous feeling rising in my throat, and could feel the convulsions racking my body. Even with my eyes closed, I could feel the room spinning and the chill of a wind as it swept across the matted blood in my fur. My she-wolf was screaming in agony, something that makes a werewolf cry. I could feel the tears sliding across my muzzle, the pain was insufferable, why wouldn't it leave?

"I can't help you until you're human!" the same voice yelled in frustration.

Why wouldn't the voice just leave me alone? I whined to myself. I slowly lifted my heavy lids, expecting to see an angry face. I was suddenly startled. I couldn't see anything. Blackness surrounded me. I was blind? Dread fluttered through me, making my heart feel cold. But then my gaze fell upon a single golden thread in the dark, a solitary strand of warmth and light that stretched into the gloom. I watched it flicker, and slowly begin to fade. Then I felt numb.

No!

The shout rang out, crystal clear in my head. Jayden's voice. My train of thought paused, confused. Jayden was in the woods with the rest of the pack. Then why could I hear him? Or was I hallucinating?

I gripped to the golden cord nearest me, tracing my fingers across its snapping threads, trying vainly to push them back together. I didn't understand the impulse, didn't understand what it was, I just knew I had to fix it. I felt my heart beat in time with the warmth pulsing beneath my hands, easing my panic. After a few moments, the light began sputtering again. I inhaled quickly, my heart beat slowing and unnaturally loud in my ears. I shook with irrational and unexplainable fear, I pushed all my energy towards the cord, dazzled when it suddenly flared blindingly, causing me to close my eyes. Exhaustion swept through me, relaxing my muscles.

I don't need that! Pull, not push.

Jayden's urgent voice flowed through me once more, lulling me into a false sense of security that I associated with his touch. I paused, confused. My consciousness ebbing as sleep folded me in its warm embrace; I felt my head drop with a thud against the wooden floor. In the background, I heard an anxious voice, fast paced as if worried. Unconsciously, I knew that it was Mark, but didn't understand his terror that I could feel.

Hurry!

I snapped awake, my eyes flying wide. I felt his urgency as if it were my own. The thread flared once more, an exploding white light appearing before me. My body reacted on its own, pulling the radiant glow into me. Heat engulfed me, soothing my pain and washing away fatigue. I opened my eyes again, unaware of closing them. The glowing thread was gone, replaced by Mark's furrowed brow and intense eyes... in black and white. I was still a wolf.

**

Running From My Past...Literally

JAYDEN'S P.O.V (I was toying with this idea for ages)

Jayden bounded through the woods, Lucas and Jack spread wide around him. He dodged beneath a low branch, his paws scrambling in the damp earth to keep up his pace. Rabbits scarpered away from him, the easier prey tempting him from the more difficult hunt that was afoot.

"The deer's just off to the North of you, Lucas," Jack's voice echoed through his brain, informing them both of the whereabouts of their prey.

"No fair, guys," Jayden moaned, slowing his pace from its original breakneck speed to a fast jog. *"Lucas got to take the kill last time."*

Lucas laughed, *"It's your fault for being a slowpoke, man."*

Jayden shook his head to himself, a wolfish grin clear on his canine face. He'd missed the fun of the pack, he may have been unaware for them five years, but subconsciously he'd missed it all, Lei especially. If only she knew how much he'd missed her, how much it hurt him to hear of the pain she'd been through for him, he sighed to himself. Lei had seemed really distant to him lately, introverted even, when he'd tried talking to her she'd trimmed her answers to minimal one-word answers. Jayden just couldn't seem to understand why.

A howl snapped him out of his thoughts, as he turned and followed Lucas's howl for food. Jayden emerged into a clearing, the forest falling to silence around him. Lucas stood proudly over his kill, cleaning his own muzzle free of blood before presenting it to both Logan and Daniel as his Alphas. Lucas stepped down to join Jack at the other side of the enclosure; the entire pack surrounded it, their eyes all hungry and focused on the food. Logan and Daniel padded towards the deer side by side, quickly beginning to eat their fill. Jayden's stomach growled in response; Simon, the nearest werewolf to him, grinned at him.

Only minutes later, Logan stepped back from the kill and licking his lips, he inclined his head in thanks to Lucas and Jack stood together, then across the clearing at Jayden. Then Jayden suddenly felt cold, his grin faltered. Ice darted outwards from his heart, seizing his entire body. Fear and panic that wasn't his caused his legs to tremble beneath him. He felt a prick on the back of his neck, felt the lingering effects of silver in his bloodstream, yet there was no one behind me and no physical damage done to his body.

Confused, he peered over his shoulder to make sure his nose wasn't deceiving him and that there really was no one there. He gasped sharply, and suddenly found himself on the ground, unaware of how he'd gotten there. He tensed his muscles ready to spring and attack, but found himself surrounded by pack. Worry flickered in all their eyes, but Jayden's gaze was fixed on Logan. Logan who was shooting panicked glances at Jack, and whose expression held a terror beyond Jayden's understanding.

"Lei..." Logan whispered, almost silently before sprinting towards the house and his crashing through the woods echoing around the clearing.

Jayden cried out, thrashing about on the ground as he tried to avoid the pain. Then slowly it began to fade, only to be replaced by a growing feeling of loss and sorrow. Unsure of what was going on, he looked to Daniel desperately, then to Jack who stood by Daniel's side.

"What's happening to you now isn't real," Daniel assured him, looking a bit unsure of himself. *"But it is real for Lei, and it'll be hurting a hell of a lot more for her."*

Jack was suddenly by his side, nudging paw.

Running From My Past...Literally

"Stick in there, I'll go help Lei," Jack told him softly, giving him another prod before loping off into the woods. The pack magic was flowing, he could feel it easing his pain, regretfully knowing that it couldn't reach Lei from such a distance to communicate or aid. Jayden hissed as he felt the ghost of a silver knife enter his shoulder. He tried to struggle to his feet, Daniel stared at him incredulously.

"I've got to help her," Jayden gasped, forcing his legs to straighten so he could stand.

"No."

Jayden ignored Daniel's command, his feet carrying him hurriedly towards the edge of the clearing.

*"I said, **no!**"* Daniel's voice boomed powerfully, his irritation clear, causing the rest of the pack to fall to the ground. Jayden stayed standing, his knees shaking with the effort. He raised his gaze to Daniel's furious eyes.

"And I'm saying yes," Jayden growled. *"My mate is in pain and I refuse to stand by and not help her!"*

Daniel ready his retort, he released the others from the ground, his anger subsiding.

"I understand that more than you think," Daniel responded sadly, referring to his deceased wife. *"But I'm still-"*

Jayden collapsed to the ground, his heart beat making his hearing deaf to Daniel's words. He felt the bewilderment and concern around him, saw the serious worry enter Daniel's gaze. It felt as if gallons of blood were pouring from Jayden's side. He felt cold inside, he could feel a rising dread that wasn't his own emotion, he could feel burning pain like an inferno inside him and he could feel Lei's life slipping. His body was frozen, a mix of her emotions and his combining to make a full blown panic attack.

Jayden closed his eyes reluctantly, and sought their bond, the golden tether holding him and Lei together. What he saw almost killed him there and then. Their bond was crumbling, neglected and now Lei was in pain, a lot of pain. He could see her pain by the dark bursts exploding. The black pulses were growing, coming bigger and faster, and poisoning their golden connection.

"No!" he screamed, he could feel her heartbeat in his own chest. Lei's heart was slowing, dangerously slow and about to dwindle to a halt. Jayden could feel her confusion, her anxiety; he could feel her touching their bond tentatively, before trying vigorously to heal it.

Lei pushed an explosion of energy towards him. It was then he seriously started to panic, she couldn't use their bond. He knew then that she didn't know what she was doing, didn't know their bond existed in a physical aspect, he could suddenly recognise the inexperience and unaccustomed touch. That timid touch scared him a lot more than her heart slowing, because it meant he couldn't restart the beating of her heart.

"I don't need that! Pull, not push," Jayden advised softly, she needed to be calm to do this right. With all the energy she'd just given him, she would be exhausted. He could feel her on the edge of collapsing, on the edge of death. Fright swirled within him, she couldn't be that injured, could she? He'd felt her pain, but he'd never experience this before, maybe the bond they shared purposefully exaggerated it. She'd been safely asleep in the house when they'd left, Jake watching over her. Despite him wanting to believe that she was safe and fine, subconsciously he knew otherwise. Then Jayden remembered something. He remembered the vampire in the next room. Rage seeped into him. If that vampire had harmed her-

Then suddenly she was slipping through his fingers as he tried vainly to hold her up. He panicked.

Running From My Past...Literally

"Hurry!" Jayden urged her, fear of losing her choking him.

Jayden felt her consciousness flare, and slowly begin to dim again. He'd have to give her energy, energy he sorely needed in his weak state. He gathered up as much of his energy as he could, and shoved it towards the cord. The cord barely flared, horror enveloped him, but suddenly there was more energy. He could feel his pack surrounding him, offering their power. He gladly consumed it, forcefully pushing it towards the bond. The flare blinded him, but it didn't matter, he felt her heart pick up, felt her disconnecting herself from the bond, whether willingly or not. He sighed in relief, rolling on to his side, closing his eyes.

You guys like Jayden's P.O.V?

Does this actually made sense? It does to me, but i've written the next chapter already so it's bound to make sense...

When I originally wrote this chapter it was 4000 words long which is double this, so I've split it and the next chapter will be up in a few days :)

I hope I've made up for the huge wait...?

And after the next chapter I'm lost on where to go with this so there could be a pause... I did consider ending it soon, and working on another novel which I started ages ago... What do you guys think?

Thanks for reading, can't wait to see the comments :D

Chapter 34: In Control

Running From My Past... Literally

Chapter 34: In Control

A cool breeze flowed through the window bringing with it the unwanted smell of blood and death. I wrinkled my nose at the coppery smell and coughed. I snorted at Mark's alarmed expression. Patches of my fur were wet, drenched even; I could feel the chill beginning to set in. It didn't occur to me until later that my coat was matted with both my own blood and the Hunters'. Mark's mouth was moving a mile a minute as I tried to decipher his words.

Finally he noticed the lack of comprehension in my eyes, and he froze. I quickly noticed he'd stopped breathing, and my eyes couldn't keep track of him as he blurred towards Jake. Jake was still slumped in the corner, his gaze on me and to my surprise was no longer filled with fear, but with curiosity and anxiety. Mark fell into a crouch in front of Jake, his steady gaze on me. Protecting Jake, but from what?

Danger, obviously.

I jumped to my feet, ignoring the dulled pain bursting in my side. Mark stiffened, his steely gaze centred on me. I spun swiftly, scanning the room for possible attack, my eyes covering the blood seeping into the cracks between the floor boards. I probably should have been worried about how quickly I dismissed the four dead bodies, smashed windows and torn curtains. I pawed quietly over to the window, wincing when sharp glass cut into the pads of my feet. I slowed before I reached the window. Was there a trap? Was that what Mark was hinting at?

I poked my nose between a gap in the curtains, inhaling sharply. Nothing abnormal was apparent. My ears lowered in confusion. All I could smell was our scents and those of the Hunters lying unmoving. I didn't understand; there was no danger to Jake here. Gradually, I backed into the room away from the window. I glanced back at Mark, he hadn't moved from his defensive position, but from his expression, I could tell he was just as perplexed as I was. I tilted my head at him, a particularly human gesture.

Mark's puzzlement deepened, leaving a confused frown upon his lips. Jake was looking at Mark with the same bafflement as I was. I could smell Jake's fear diminishing, could smell the spicy scent of courage coming of him in waves. Jake stood suddenly, catching Mark of guard as he stumbled. I shook my head in disbelief; a vampire with no balance was a goner. Mark reasserted himself quickly, taking a step so that he once again shielded Jake. An annoyed expression blossomed on Jake's face; he took a step to the left. Mark followed.

"What do you think you're doing?" Jake demanded, exasperated.

I shuffled closer towards the pair, feeling incredibly exposed in the centre of the open room. Fear stirred deep in my gut at the idea of more Hunters appearing. As much as I would want to, to protect Jake, I was in no fit shape to defend myself. Taking a look at all my wounds, I was surprised I was standing at all, not to mention the constant throbbing ache of the silver dart that was still attached to my neck, like a lover's bite.

Every few minutes a wave of dizziness took over me, but it was for mere seconds before disappearing. Maybe the reason for my quick recovery was due to my bond with Jayden? Just as I had healed in the past few months when he was unwell? Did that mean that Jayden was currently enduring my pain for me? The thought made my stomach clench. I didn't want him to suffer because of me, that wouldn't be fair. I wonder over the golden thread I'd seen, which added curiosity into my mix of confusion. I didn't know what it was, or why I'd

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heard Jayden's voice when he so clearly wasn't here. Was it possible that there was physical aspect of our bond as mates that I didn't know of?

I was snapped out of my reverie by a low growl erupting from nearby, I blinked and realised I was standing a metre from Jake and Mark. What astounded me the most was Mark. Mark was snarling at me. I leaped backwards startled, grimacing at the pain with wide eyes. Hurt pierced my heart, an emotion newly accustomed to dealing with Mark. It wasn't the first time, telling a supernatural you're an ex-hunter apparently isn't the opening line of conversation.

Jake sighed. "Mark, she's not going to hurt us. If it wasn't her, don't you think she'd have attacked by now?"

I glanced sharply at the brooding vampire, he thought I'd attack them? Pain flashed in my eyes, and Mark saw it, clearly displayed before him. Apparently I'd missed some of the argument when I was day dreaming. I took a few steps back, and lowered my head. Submissive. Something my she-wolf would be by herself without me to control her.

I heard Mark gasp, heard feet shuffling and suddenly Jake was next to me. I stifled my jump of shock, and forced myself to lower my heartbeat as Mark looked up sharply at me, panic crossing his face once more. I sank to the floor, exhaustion knocking on the door as I forced my eyelids open. I would not fall asleep before the pack got here, I would not leave Jake vulnerable.

"I'm sorry," I heard Mark whisper, his feet shuffling towards us. "I thought you weren't in control, you were in so much pain that I'd thought you'd let your barrier down..."

I nodded slowly, pushing my nose forward to nuzzle his hand to make him realise that it was okay and I understood. I felt a sharp pain in my side and I whirled, teeth bared, growl erupting from my throat. I'd turned to see a pale face Jake, his eyes wide and terrified. I paused, breathing deeply. After a moment, I leaned forward slowly and licked his hand as if to appease him; a small smile flickered its way onto his nervous face. I whined quietly as if to say that it hurt.

"Jake!" Mark scolded him, he glanced at me. "You okay?"

I nodded, lowering my head back onto my forepaws and dozing as Jake stroked my coat and Mark sat back on his heels across the room. I tried to remain alert, I really did, but sooner or later, my eyes got heavy and slowly I fell asleep.

A loud bang woke me from my sleep, sending my heart hammering in my chest before I've even stood up. I heard a crash from the front door, heard the noise echo through the house loudly as footsteps ran towards me. Fear surged and I jumped to my feet, my hackles raised. Jake stepped away cautiously, glancing at Mark, who stood with his head tilted towards the door, his eyes tracking suspected movement through the walls.

I remained frozen in a fighting crouch, waiting for the next attack from the Hunters, fighting back despair and disbelief. I'd thought they'd finally gone, but they'd probably regrouped and had another action plan. Sadly, it would be another plan to kill me. And I couldn't see. Standing up so quickly had proved to be one of my worst ideas today, Jake's hand which had been rested on my neck and accidentally brushed lightly against the silver dart. Even that slight movement had tipped me towards collapsing, I was currently trying to focus my blurry gaze on the door, barely seeing the stark white outline against the dark blue walls.

Next thing I saw was a mere blur of movement, I heard the door slam open, I received a waft of a scent I hadn't smelt in weeks. I blinked, trying to force my eyes to focus, but to no luck. Unable to trust my nose when my fear was running so high, I growled. Shock radiated from the figure in the doorway, closely followed by concern and anxiety. I paused, would a Hunter feel those things towards me?

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The figure remained frozen in the doorway, probably surveying the dead bodies strewn across the room, before motioning for Jake to step away from me with a blurry wave of his hand. I snarled at the blur, I was protecting Jake. I heard a quick intake of breath from behind me, fear oozing from Jake. I held my breath, the smell of fear was not going to help me control my own.

I shook my head, trying to remove the cotton wool that had stopped my brain from functioning. I whimpered; I'd forgotten about the silver. My breathing was coming in quick pants, and I vaguely realised that the realisation of the whole event was only crashing down on me now.

"You're okay, Lei," a soothing male voice crooned, taking a single confident step into the room. A hunter wouldn't know my name- unless he'd done his research. My muscles tensed, my panic ridden brain informing me that the blurred man must be lying as he'd barged into the house violently, any person who was a friend would have just calmly let themselves in the front door.

"Easy does it, Lei," the voice murmured, bending down and gesturing something with his hands. Another blur appeared behind the first, whispering something to my liar. I could smell the waves of realisation sweeping from the two blurs, and this only caused my heart rate to rocket.

"Silver," my liar resumed, taking another step. "You can't see me can you, Lei?" The voice sounded horrified, worry coming of him in waves. Perhaps he wasn't a danger?

"That's why you're growling," the voice said to himself, relaxing slightly. "And you probably can't smell me well in a room full of blood, and I'm betting you're not trusting yourself until you can see it's really me. Am I right?"

I came out of my crouch, to stand straight, confused and frightened. How did this voice know me so well? Surely it couldn't be him? I hadn't seen him since I'd arrived, since I'd met him in his apartment weeks ago...

"Remember when we first met and I taught you about silver?" The voice reminded me softly; the voice calmed me slightly, lulling me. I felt my ears relaxed, flopping backwards.

"Remember how I promised that help would come to save us?" The voice was closer now, I was slightly started because I hadn't heard him move. "Well I've come to help you now, okay?"

I could see the blurred tanned face near mine now, he was studying me for a reaction, waiting for me to snap. This man clearly wasn't a Hunter and if it wasn't who I thought it was then I'd lose all hope. I lowered my head slowly, my eyes closing on their own accord.

"That's it, kid," Logan's hushed tones reached me, comforting me and forcing my muscles to relax as he touched my face and the pack magic overwhelmed me, easing my fear until it had vanished. I leaned my head into his hand, relishing in the connection.

"She should've bled out by now with wounds like that," Jack's quiet gentle voice drifted from the doorway, I felt Logan stiffen and adjust his position to see my side. I could sense him trying to control his emotions, but he didn't manage to stifle his panic quick enough and I caught it. I nudged Logan's hand to bring his attention back to me, well the front of me anyway.

"Yes?" he breathed, trying not to startle me.

I exposed my neck, showing him the tiny silver dart.

Running From My Past...Literally

"You want it out?"

I whined in response.

Logan's fingers gently parted my blonde hairs, and he plucked the needle-like object from my skin. I whimpered. The world spun. What felt like minutes later, I found myself lying on the floor, my body human and sweating silver. I could feel Jack and Logan's presences hovering over me, Logan wiping the silver from my skin with a damp cloth whilst Jack looked at my more serious wounds. I could hear them both murmuring to each other, but I was too tired to separate the words. I fluttered my eyes open, relieved to find them no longer blurry. Logan was frowning at something Jack had said, and Jack was gazing thoughtfully at my ribs. I exhaled deeply, relieved that Logan hadn't been a figment of my imagination. Jack eyes were glued to my face in seconds.

"Hey sweetheart," Jack greeted quietly, reaching up to smooth the hair back from my face. "How are you feeling?"

"Like hell warmed over," I moaned, pushing myself up into a sitting position and quickly forgetting the numbed ache in my shoulder.

"Well you're up faster than I thought you would be," Jack commented offhandedly, going back to study my side.

"Explain," I grunted.

"The pack aren't here yet, and this room is still covered with bodies. You shouldn't have been up for hours with the silver, let alone the injuries," Jack murmured, sinking back into concentration.

"What's he doing?" I asked Logan, as he softly took my hand in his and squeezed comfortingly in a big brother way. Even though we weren't related, he meant so much to me as if part of my adopted family. Logan motioned for me to lie back down on the blood soaked floor.

"He's just stitching you up, before you bleed and make even more mess than you already did," he chuckled, wiping more silver from my face. I felt my eyes droop, and the last thing I was aware of was Logan's low murmurings as he continued to talk to me until I fell asleep.

**

Someone stroking my hair woke me up the next time, and a hot body lying next to mine. It was a rare thing to feel the way I did now, I was sated; for once I'd woken up on my own and I was comfortable and clean. I breathed in deeply, quickly noting the lack of blood in the room; they must have taken me to another room. The strong pull I felt towards the warmth beside me told me who it was, calming me more than the pack magic ever could.

"You know it's creepy to watch people sleep," I murmured groggily, leaning my head onto his bare chest and snuggling in. I inhaled his inviting musky smell, it was like a soothing balm to my aching body, I sighed in content.

"I know, but its fine 'cos you love me," Jayden responded quietly, continuing to stroke my hair as if I really were a dog. "Go back to sleep," he whispered, planting a soft kiss on my forehead. I felt him pull the blanket up over me; it was ridden with his scent. I didn't complain as I let the warm current pull me back under.

Chapter 35: A Typical Day in the Mental Asylum

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"Enough is enough!" Daniel growled, his fists shaking with barely controlled rage as he glared around the room.

The whole pack had been assembled mere hours after the Hunters' invasion into our territory, even Finley, Mark and Jake had been demanded of. Daniel had stormed into the house earlier, and obliterated the room I'd been attacked in. He'd changed forms at such a speed that he'd drained strength from the rest of us and he'd lost his composure to fury.

"I refuse to be feeble prey to arrogant humans," the Alpha's growl became an almost frantic whisper, as if he was holding onto control with his fingertips. "I will not cower in fear any longer!"

Daniel's last words echoed around the room, coming out as an enraged yell, his power crushing us all into our seats like extreme gravity. Silence fell as his laboured breathing was the only sound to be heard, even I wouldn't taunt Daniel now. I breathed deeply, inhaling Jayden's calming scent, the only thing keeping me from panic.

We were all sat in a circle, Daniel pacing in its centre. For once he'd gave pity on me for my injured state, making no snide comments as I curled up like a kitten on Jayden's lap, my head tucked into the crook of his neck. They had woken me for this meeting, so I could doze in the background, barely aware of what was going on.

"Their base is only twenty miles from here," Mark bravely offered, gazing down at his interlocked fingers in his lap. He was still ashamed, embarrassed even, that he hadn't told me about his ex-hunter status and the actions he followed after we knew, but I guess now having an ex-hunter on the team had its uses. "It's easily penetrable since I know all the trip-points."

Mark carried on explaining that it was an underground hideout, and that the offices above them had no idea it existed. There were four entrances; one from above; two from below; and the direct entrance from the front. Daniel decided that we'd be working in threes, which was unusual, and the break in would be during the night. A clear advantage for us.

"I don't care what they say, who they are or what they're doing, I'm issuing a K.O.S," Daniel finished, leaning back in his chair.

"K.O.S?" I whispered to Jayden, nearly silent.

Jayden smirked, barely holding a chuckle.

I nudged him. "Don't laugh at me, answer the question!"

He laughed.

"I said don't laugh." I whacked him lightly across the back of the head, he pouted at me.

"Fine, no kisses for you," I murmured evilly, raising my eyebrows at him.

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"Oh no! Not the kisses!" he joked, moving a hand to his brow dramatically and his expression one of fake despair.

"Exactly," I smiled, resting my head back on his chest. "Now answer my question, please."

Jayden's chest vibrated beneath me as he chuckled. "K.O.S means kill on sight, so basically if they look like hunters, kill them."

I pulled a face of disgust.

"I know," Jayden agreed. "It's barbaric, but so are the Hunters."

Jack cleared his throat, gathering everyone's attention. "What if we find supernatural prisoners?"

Daniel's eyebrows rose, he'd clearly not thought of that. "If you come across supernaturals, rescue them. However, only if you're clear of Hunters; if you're not, go back for them afterwards."

I nodded, that sounded surprisingly reasonable for Daniel. Maybe he was becoming wise in his old age?

"What about me?" a hesitant voice rose from the corner, Jake.

Daniel started in surprise, and sputtered, "What?"

"What am I going to do?" Jake asked again, as if it was a perfectly rational question.

"Sorry, but you are staying here,"

"But why? I can be useful!" Jake demanded; he looked put out.

"By getting shot?" Lucas suggested sarcastically. "Jack just finished putting you back together and now you want to go back out there?"

"But Lei gets to go and she's been in and out of hospital for months!" Jake burst, glancing apologetically at me. I raised my eyebrows; if he got me pulled off the mission I would ignore him for months. Daniel nodded, accepting his point as his gaze swung to me concerned and slightly worried. He was wondering whether he thought I should go or not.

I was so going to kill Jake.

"Don't even say it, Daniel," I told him sternly, my voice quiet yet powerful. "You know you couldn't stop me from going and it's impossible to prevent me getting injured, so just leave it."

Daniel smirked, as everyone in the room laughed. "I can't argue with that."

I nodded at him, before my gaze switched to Jake, who looked annoyed. "Jake, you're not going. I've saved your hide too many times and I don't want another one of my friends dying trying to protect you because you were being childish and demanded to come. You understand?"

Jake sighed wearily, but nodded.

"Right I said we were going in threes, so I've made the groups 'cos you lot are hopeless," Daniel grinned. "Lei, you're going with Mark and Finley whenever he gets here." I nodded, shooting a smile at Mark. I felt Jayden stiffen behind me.

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"It's okay," I murmured softly. "Shhh.."

"If you hurt her," Jayden growled, his gaze fixed threateningly on a pale Mark. "I will kill you."

Daniel shook his head with a sigh. "Jayden, I think everyone knows that by now so calm down and listen to your mate." His gaze shifted to me, signalling for me to take him outside.

Groaning as all my aches and pains made themselves known, I tried to stand up. Jayden grabbed my hips, pulling me back down with a look that asked what the hell I was doing, he could feel my pain through our bond.

"I need some air," I lied, tugging his hand and standing up again.

Swaying lightly as I stood, I muffled a cry of pain. I definitely hated Hunters right now. I pulled his hand again and Jayden rolled his eyes, but followed me as I tried to casually walk out of the room, but I'm sure it looked like one of them drunken idiots who were pulled over by the police for drink-driving and asked to walk in a straight line and the way the room kept tilting I now knew how they felt. Jayden let me tug him along until we were stood at the end of the corridor, next to an open window. I slid down the wall, hitting the floor with a thump making Jayden laugh as he joined me.

"You're a dirty liar," he commented, sending me a cheeky grin. "'I need some air'," he imitated in a high pitch voice. "More like 'my boyfriend needs to calm down before he kills someone'. I saw that look Daniel gave you."

I snorted. Lady-like I know. "I don't talk like that!"

"Have you heard yourself lately?"

I shook my head in defeat, smiling, leaning it on Jayden's conveniently-placed shoulder, feeling too tired to argue. We sat in silence for a while, merely enjoying each other's company after the stressful past weeks and the years apart.

I sighed, not wanting to move anytime soon, but I knew I had to. "I guess we should go back to the meeting."

Jayden grunted.

"What?" I asked quizzically, my head spinning round to look at him with an incredulous look.

"*I said*, you go. I'll stay here and 'cool off'," Jayden grumbled, this time more intelligible. I shook my head, laughing.

"Help me up at least," I moaned at him, he merely rolled his eyes, but pushed me upwards anyway.

"Thanks," I uttered, trying to regain my balance and stumbling down the corridor back to the room.

The door clicked closed behind me, the room was silent which was strange for a bunch of werewolves.

I slunk across the room, slipping into my seat and I was just in time to get a heart attack as barely three seconds later, Trey sprung up from his seat and was yelling.

"Why the hell do you want to speak to a wolf, vamp?"

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Now it takes a lot to make a supernatural look at you strangely, but Trey was managing quite well. He was shouting at empty air. I watched in confusion as everyone exchanged worried glances and Simon stood as if to restrain him. Trey's gaze shifted to the right, as if he were following something.

"Trey's part necromancer, guys. He's talking to a ghost," Logan explained to everyone, he appeared to be the only calm person here as the wolves looked at Trey in a new light. Then I remembered weeks ago when Trey had confessed to me his parentage, that his mother was a necromancer. By the sounds of it Trey was talking to a dead vampire, and Trey wasn't particularly happy.

"Warning about what?" Trey asked, suspicion darkening his voice. He paused, his head tilted, expression stern, calculating even. I guess he got a lot of ghosts who'd played necromancers for fun, so Trey had to make sure he was legit. Trey blinked, suddenly becoming aware of his surroundings, and then his gaze closed in on me.

I should have guessed.

He gestured me to come closer to him, so I shuffled my aches and pains in that direction.

"He wants to speak to you," Trey murmured to me as I drew close, closing his eyes slowly. My brow furrowed, how was I supposed to do that, I was about to voice the question when he opened his eyes.

I stared in shock. They were milk white, as if he'd gone blind. Trey slowly pivoted, taking note of every detail in the room and every face absorbed. When he spoke, I realised Trey wasn't with us anymore, which didn't worry me as much as it should.

"So this be her, aye?" the mysterious ghost asked. I blinked, there was a thick Scottish accent coming from Trey's mouth. It was a peculiar situation. He tilted his head his eyes scanning over me. "The infamous female werewolf?"

I glanced over him slowly, an unfamiliar scent wafting from Trey. Dust and coriander.

"And you are?" I asked, my voice unsteady, unsure.

"No one you need to know," he muttered as if talking to himself, he cleared his throat and spoke louder with a raised eyebrow. "Now what happened to you? I thought werewolves were supposed to be brawny?"

I gritted my teeth.

"Nothing to say? That's a first for a werewolf, most be a female thing," he pried, sounding as believing as his face which showed a doubtful expression.

"Are you just going to stand here and insult me?" I growled, biting my lip to stop myself from an outburst. When the ghost remained silent, my anger bubbled over and I turned away. "This is a joke."

A hand grabbed my wrist forcefully, spinning me round and flooring me. Trey's body landed on top of me with a thud, winding me and no doubt, creating more aches in the process. I groaned.

"You will listen to what I have to say," the ghost yelled, his hot breath fanning my face as his hands moved to lay either side of my head. A murderous expression graced Trey's naturally calm face, seeming odd and out of place. Growls erupted around us (delayed if you ask me) and Trey's visitor realised his action were an acute threat, he froze. Then he seemed to realise he was dead anyway, and a smirk settled in on his face, the ghost

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had no worry about being attacked.

The ghost boomed, he was obviously one for theatrics. "You can't hurt me without killing your necro-friend, so no harming me or I'll slit both the girl's and his throat. Capiche?"

There was obviously a round of nervous nods around me, the guy had my neck pinned, I could only see the his hand to the left of my head. Comforted by their agreement, the ghost turned his attention to me; pushing my face up so I could see him.

"Lei," he whispered urgently, a peculiar fire entering his eyes. His tone was raw, wild. Realisation hit me. The guy was mentally unstable, insane. A new worry blossomed in my chest, this guy could seriously injure me whilst in Trey's body. Wariness also appeared at the use of my name, how could a dead vampire know my name? One who's scent I didn't recognise.

"They're after you," he sang in a sing-song voice, like a child tormenting someone younger or smaller.

What?

I craned my head at an awkward angle to stare at him oddly. He definitely had a screw loose in his head.

"If you mean the Hunters, then they are always chasing me," I told him, confused.

"Listen to me," he growled quietly, his grip tightening. "They're worse than the Hunters, they'll keep you like an artefact in a museum, they'll run tests on you. You've got to hide, Lei Martin because they've found you and they're going to get you."

He sat up rod straight, but didn't make any move to get off me. He tilted his head with a small sexy smile playing on his lips, certainty radiating from him.

"How are you so sure?" I questioned, not sure it was truth or his sanity going for a walk.

"How do you reckon I'm dead?" he retorted, a flicker of pain covering his face. "I wouldn't play nice for their showroom, so they decided to beat me till I was placid. Obviously this didn't work so they handed me over to the hunters."

He uttered his story so calmly that my stomach flipped, he shrugged as if it was an everyday occurrence.

"You better run, pretty little girl," the ghost suddenly sang sickly, tauntingly, "Because they're after you."

My first thought was that he was bipolar, but before I could say anything else, the door slammed open. I peered around Trey's body, the dark gap in the wall revealed a panicked and blood-covered blonde vampire.

"They're here," Finley gasped, his hand clutching his side, pain flickering through his eyes. "The Hunters are here!"

First of all, I can't even describe how sorry I am... I never have anytime to do anything but eat, sleep and school work.. but I WROTE A CHAPTER!

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I hope you all liked it too.. because it was actually really easy and nice to write, but because its so late I haven't had time to proof read, but oh well it should be fine :)

If you haven't caught on by now, its finally coming to an end! Hurray!

And eventually, probably around christmas when i have no school *yay* I will be editing EVERYTHING out, wolf obsession and this.. Cos I am aware that the stories don't fit together and the last one is c.r.a.p. :) But I'm also starting to write up on Wattpad.. Eventually...

I'm bad at time managing if you hadn't realised..

But blah blah blah.. You get what you get :)

Anyway, would love to see your comments, because I wouldn't be surprised if you've all left me on this.. but would love some feedback :)

Thanks guys

-Caitlin x

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