

Chapter 22

I'm in the meadow again, lying in the lush, green grass. It's the same as my other dreams, but also different. The grass is taller than it was before and there are beautiful, yellow flowers popping up all over. The sun is high, casting a warmth on my skin as I lay in it, completely relaxed and at peace. I hear the babbling of water running over rocks in the creek and I turn to look and see that same little grey wolf sitting on the other side of the creek.

I stand and make my way over to the water, my white dress flowing in the wind, and sit on a rock on the edge, sticking my feet in the cool water. The wolf walks over and sits on a rock directly across from me on the other side and just looks at me as I wiggle my toes in the water.

"Hi." I finally say to the wolf, almost expecting it to speak back to me. She doesn't, but she bows her head at me in acknowledgement- weird. "You have such beautiful eyes. I wish mine were that green, but they're lighter." I say and she tilts her head, almost looking confused. I look down in the water and catch my reflection. The woman staring back at me isn't... ME. It looks like me, kind of, but there's very curly hair replacing my wavy hair and she has the same green eyes as the wolf and there's freckles across her nose. It's almost as if I had a sister, so similar yet still different.

"Are... are you my wolf?" I ask, knowing the wolf can't speak, but she nods her head. Surely that's a coincidence though, because this seems crazy. "Who am I, though?" I ask her. "I don't really look like this." The wolf just howls, and it's a sweet, tiny howl that you'd expect from a tiny wolf.

It seems like she's trying to get to me, but she can't. Every time she goes to step into the water, the rocks below move further down so there's nothing left for her to stand on. She tries a few times but it just keeps happening. My feet are already in the water so I decide to see if I can stand and to my surprise, I can. I slowly move one foot forward, then the other, and have no problems moving forward until I get to the other side where the little wolf is.

I reach out my hand and the wolf sniffs it, then bends her head down, allowing me to pet her. She's soft, and warm, and she smells familiar, but I can't place the scent. "Can I sit with you?" I ask her and she moves over to make room on the rock for me. We sit there for what seems like hours, with me just petting her head and back, when I begin to smell the sweet smell of orange and juniper with a bit of cinnamon. "Mate" I hear a small voice say. There's no one else here, but the little wolf seems so excited. She's standing now, sniffing the air, with her tail wagging. She turns to me and nudges me with her head, moving behind me to nudge me to stand up. I do as she's indicating, so I'm standing in the water again.

"Goodbye, little wolf. It was so nice to see you." I tell her and nuzzles her head against my hand one last time before I walk back across the water. I reach the other side and step up on a rock, and then abruptly I'm woken up from my sleep.

"Molly!" Seth says, panic in his voice. "Thank the goddess! Are you OK?" he asks, seemingly terrified.

"I'm fine." I begin to say, confused when I hear the door to my suite open and can smell both my parents. "What's going on?"

"You were so cold, you felt like ice and then your breathing became shallow. I've been trying to wake you for twenty minutes." Seth tells me, pulling me to his chest as my parents walk into the bedroom.

"Molly!" My mom says upon seeing me, climbing into bed as well with absolutely no care in the world that I'm lying in bed with my mate. "Oh, you're so cold." she says, touching my back.

"What happened?" My dad asks, his tone more serious than I can remember it ever being.

"I was just dreaming." I tell him with a shrug.

"What were you dreaming about?" Dad asks me and I'm unsure what to tell him. I look at Seth, because he'd said not to tell anyone about the little green-eyed wolf. He looks confused as to why I'm not talking and looking up at him.

"It was the little wolf again" I whisper to my mate and he nods in realization.

"Molly, you should tell them, but I'm sure you guys will agree that what she says shouldn't leave this room." Seth says and my dad looks displeased, but nods.

"Is this not the first time this has happened?" Dad asks, and I'm not sure if he's talking to me or Seth.

"As far as I know, it's the first time she physically reacted this way," Seth says.

I move to sit up, awkwardly in bed between my mom and my mate, my mom holding my right hand and Seth placing his hand on my thigh for comfort.

"It's OK, Molly. It's your parents. They won't do anything that could put you in harms way." Seth tells me, placing a kiss on my head.

"So, umm... I think I met my wolf." I begin. My mom smiles at me and my dad looks like he could pass out as he moves over and slowly sits on the foot of the bed.

"I knew you had a wolf." mom says, squeezing my hand with excitement. Her voice is so full of emotion and I can't help but smile back at her. I used to get upset when she insisted that I had a wolf, but honestly, I'm glad that she always kept hope.

"Should I tell them about the eyes?" I ask Seth and he nods at me with an encouraging smile.

"So, umm.. I've always had dreams about dark green eyes. Sometimes they'd just be off in the distance in my dreams. After I met Seth though, I had a dream and there was a little wolf, but it had the same green eyes." I begin to tell them. I tell them about the meadow, and how Altair was able to come into my dream. I tell them about the wolf being unable to cross the creek, but how I was able to. I tell them everything about the little wolf, and I excitedly tell them about how it nodded when I asked if it was my wolf.

"Bright green eyes?" My dad asks me.

"Yeah, the greenest I have ever seen" I tell him.

My dad pushes his hand through his hair, suddenly looking concerned. "Molly, I'm happy. I truly hope that's your wolf. But this could complicate things," he says and looks at Seth.

"I know." Seth says to him. "That's why I told her not to tell anyone."

"As far as I know, he only had three sons, and they were all disposed of. It's possible he had a daughter we didn't know about, though I'm doubtful. It would explain the prophecy, though" dad says, more to himself than anyone else.

"Randall, you don't actually think she's his, do you?" mom says, clearly upset.

"It would explain a lot, and fulfill the prophecy." Dad says, placing his head in his hands.

"I know a bit about the war, but not much of the prophecy", Seth says, which makes me feel better because I don't know what anyone is talking about right now.

"It's best if you don't know for now." Mom tells Seth, and I know she's talking to me as well. We both nod and I can feel Seth squeeze my leg.

"Sir, the witch that checked Molly when she was younger," Seth says to my dad, "Can you tell me how to get to her? I have some questions, and I'd like her to check Molly again." he says

"Yes, Seth, I do."