

The Guardian Angels Pack - Volume II



Sean

Virginie T.



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Sean

«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

T. V.

Sean / V. T. — «Tektime S.r.l.s.»,

A paranormal romance between a shapeshifter and a fatel (people with supernatural powers) behind a power struggle Connor has finally sheltered Sevana, in the the pack territory . But a doubt assails him. What if her best friend, Ashley, guessed her fatel origins? The sparkling nurse could then be in big danger. It's Sean who's sent to investigate and none of the Guardian Angels could have guessed how far the lion will be taken.

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Virginie T. Sean

sean

II de *The Guardian Angels Pack*

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Volume 2

Virginie T

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Prologue

I have to get active. I welcome a new nurse today and have been designated to teach her everything. I guess there will have some work to make her fully operational. I have been warned that she is just twenty, so she is an inexperienced novice. She is the age I was when I started this job almost 10 years ago, and I remember very well the obstacles I had to overcome to survive. The days are not always easy to live in this profession.

Damn, I'm a little late, Peter wanted to talk to me before I leave for work. He's the alpha of the Treat pack and my dad. Well, not really, but it's just like. I owe him a lot so when he summons me, whatever the reason, I obey without arguing, like everyone else. He wanted to tell me about the new recruit at the hospital. Like most packs, we have our own geek and Peter do researches about any new people who may come near me. It is painful, but I understand the reasons. He does it for me and Sam. He protects us and I can never thank him enough for his kindness towards us. Fortunately, our conversation was quick, as she is a simple human and therefore poses no danger to us.

So I arrive with only 10 minutes of delay to the service and the new is already there, waiting quietly in the rest room for me to come and get her.

– Hello. You are Sevana, right?

– It's me. You must be the person I was told to wait here.

– Absolutely. My name is Ashley. I will be your most regular colleague on this floor and I am in charge of training you on hospital habits. I prefer to warn you right away, I can be very direct. I say everything I think without a filter, good or bad. I hope you are not susceptible.

– No problem. I prefer honesty to hypocrisy.

– Perfect. So let's go. I'm going to brief you right away, that's how we learn best. Let's start with the first bedroom. I warn you, he's a child with broken bones and lots of bruises. A bad fall on the stairs. He's in a coma, but we're expecting that he will wake up soon. You must not be too sensitive in this job or you will not last long.

– Okay. Don't worry about me. I am sure I can make myself useful.

I like her. She is a volunteer even if she seems shy. I'm sure we'll get along well over time. I let her read the child's constants while I take the temperature. I am surprised when I raise my head. Why is she holding the boy's hand? Compassion is good, pity no. If she lets herself be overcome by her emotions, she is screwed up.

– You have to be strong, remember? I warned you.

She immediately releases his hand with a start and swings from one foot to the other, uncomfortable. I may be too abrupt. It's only her first day after all. I have been there too and I felt this sadness in front of some patients. We have to stay professional, but we are not insensitive either!

– Do you want to get some fresh air?

–No that's not it.

I am not patient at all. Does she appreciate honesty? Well, I like direct people.

– Stop procrastinating. Spit it out.

She hesitates for a few more seconds before nodding her head.

– The father must be denied access to this room. He must not approach the boy.

I frown at her incongruous request. I did not expect that. Why would we do that anyway? Parents obviously have access to their child's room without restriction.

–For which reason?

She seems more and more embarrassed. She flees my gaze, hesitant. It doesn't matter, I don't need to hear it to find out what's going on in her head. I open my mind in that moment when she decides to explain it to me.

– I'm not sure he fell by himself. I suspect abuse.

–Why ?

She shrugs without adding anything.

–It's just an impression.

Hmm. Given what is going on in her head, I believe her. The picture of this poor child in a wheelchair, plastered and crying, suddenly pushed in the middle of traffic by his father are violent, and the man is quite recognizable. It looks like he wanted a car to overturn his son. Sevana arrived at the hospital just an hour earlier. It is impossible that she have seen him before. It looks like it's not just me who has secrets. Sevana, if she is clever, she will certainly not confide in me, a total stranger. But I doubt that she has the same protection as me. Peter told me that she lived with a couple of humans. The risks that I will be uncovered are minimal and would undoubtedly be a betrayal. The brunette in front of me probably thinks herself out of danger by posing as a normal human and working in a human hospital, but sometimes we have to treat metamorphs, Without forgetting the untimely visits of my adopted family. which overprotects me and invades my living space all the time. I can probably help her stay in the shadows and I am sure that she will indeed be able to be useful in this place. She has an incredible talent that I have not seen for far too long. She choosed the perfect profession for her. However, I prefer not to talk to Peter about it. My father can be very suspicious of what he does not understand and Sevana is undoubtedly a real riddle which he would like to question until she cracks. A fatel who appears in the hospital where I work as if by magic will unnecessarily panic the alpha. I would have felt it if she had bad intentions. However, she just wants to help her neighbor. For my part, I mostly found a friend with whom I probably have more in common than I would have dared imagine.

Chapter 1

Sean

I wonder why Connor called everyone so early in the morning. I thought he would like to enjoy Sevana for at least a whole month before resuming our dawn training habits. It has only been a fortnight since he brought his partner back to his house. Note, we didn't see them much during these two weeks, apart from the official pack presentation. Would his desire for the pretty fated have dried up? No, impossible. The last time I came across them, I had to run away so as not to see them jump on each other in the middle of the forest. Maybe he wants me to take the reins of the Guardian Angels for a while to take full advantage of his wife without having to manage the clan or the governor's missions. We haven't had a call since the Sevana affair, it won't be long before we are contacted for a new assignment. I would understand very well if Connor wanted to free up some time. He is the alpha and has dedicated his whole life to others since he was elected chief, but priorities change when you meet your soul mate and there is no reason why things should be different for him. Especially since Sevana is an exceptional person. She is the last fated on Earth and has an immense power, out of the ordinary even, a magical power that I had never seen. Always this throbbing pain when thinking of the fateds and their cruel and useless end. I still miss my family so much despite the passage of time, even if the discovery of Sevana has eased my pain. These people did not completely disappear in the end. It gave me hope that others may have survived despite the plots of the dissident packs.

– Is everything right Sean? I feel you agitated.

Hmm, our alpha female, in addition of being very beautiful, and also very perceptive, it is the least one can say. Telepathy is not her main power, however. She can only communicate by thought and not read minds. But she is very observant and has a big heart.

–Yes everything is fine. What is the reason of a convocation by the Great Manitou so early? He is afraid of you and requests the protection of his lieutenants against his own wife?

Sevana has a very communicative crystalline laugh that makes me smile, but also a very possessive guardian angel. Connor places himself behind her back and hugs her, staring at me in an unmistakable gesture for me. My alpha still marks his territory. Their bond is however sealed, no risk that a person could interfere between them, and their love is deep, but that does not prevent him from being jealous of all males who approach her.

– What did you say to make my wife so happy? It's my role to make her smile.

Sevana turns slightly to rub her nose against his cheek. She quickly learned to tame the cheetah with little attentions. Touch is essential between two soul mates.

– Calm down my teddy bear, he just made a joke.

I explode with laughter when hearing this nickname, followed by Owen, Liam and Nate, who arrived at that moment. Connor groans softly.

– My angel, stop calling me that in front of everyone or no member of the pack will respect me.

– Don't be silly. You are a ferocious plush and everyone knows it.

My hilarity and that of my companions redoubled while Connor bit her earlobe to punish her. Sevana then turns around to kiss him and it is better that I intervene or I will once again be forced to run like a thief so as not to witness their lovemaking, and we will never know why our friend asked us to become. So I clear my throat to let them know we are there.

– Sorry. Thanks for coming guys. I'm going to be direct. I have no time to waste, I want to put my partner back in my bed as soon as possible.

The burning glance that they exchange confirms it to us. It is better that our meeting be short.

– Sevana's friend may be in danger. We need your opinion.

– OK. Let's sit outside and tell us all about it.

The chalet of our alpha is surrounded by table and chairs to be able to gather the whole pack here. So we take a seat around one of them, Sevana on Connor's lap, as usual. These two can't stand not touching each other. I hope to feel this communion of souls one day, like many metamorphs. Our leader then begins his story.

– Something has been bothering me since we got home and I just find it. Nate, you can give me your impression since you met her. It is Ashley, Sevana's nursing colleague

The bear nods.

– I remember her. A little blonde with green eyes. She had been attacked at the same time as Sevana, but nothing bad.

– Absolutely. And do you remember what she told us when we met her?

Our friend is thinking. We could almost see smoke coming out of his ears. He is more brilliant for action than for reflection, but he is a faithful friend and a formidable fighter. Better not to be in his path when his beast sets off, a real bulldozer. Ah, it looks like his brain has just started, his whole face lights up.

– She was the one who made us suspect the fatel side of Sevana first . She told us about your partner's extraordinary intuition.

– Exact. But before that, she took her precautions. Before revealing it to me, she asked me if I was ready to protect Sevana, no matter who she was. She insisted on this point.

Nate is more perceptive than I thought.

– Do you think she knew Sevana's origins ?

Okay. I can see what my alpha talks about and it is not good if he's right.

– You think that this Ashley knows about the talent. You think she knows that Sevana is a fatel and that she wanted to make sure you wouldn't hurt her before giving you clues.

– That's what I think, indeed. Sevana and her never talked about it openly, but I think she knew all about her powers, yes.

This could actually become a concern. There is no question that rumors spread among the rebels that at least one fatel escaped the massacre. The fact that the Blacks are aware of this is already sufficiently annoying, even if they will never try anything against us, especially after the heavy losses that we have inflicted on them. However, it could become a problem if several rebel packs hear about it and join forces to destroy us. We have the support of the governor, but in the face of rabid packs, humans can do nothing.

– Sevana, how is your relationship with your colleague?

– She is more than a colleague. She's been my best friend for six years. We're talking about everything, but I'll stop you before you ask me, no, I never made it clear to her that I have intuition, as Connor told you. Anyway, I didn't know my fatel origins. Now she has been my partner for many years, she has seen me work and save lives by alerting symptoms in advance regularly. It is possible that she did guess. But in this case, she never told me about it. In any case, she supported me from the beginning with every alert I gave despite the absence of any obvious sign of deterioration in the patient's condition. She has been my biggest supporter at the hospital since the first day.

I think Connor is right. Her friend must have had doubts about Sevana, but perhaps, like many, she knows very little about fatels. Their disappearance dates back several years now. Many have forgotten their existence and the new generation has never even known . That's easy to know.

– How old is your friend?

– 35 years ago.

Okay. They disappeared 25 years ago so she was able to meet fatels as a child and recognize the signs of Sevana's power. I am the same age as her and I remember this people perfectly. At the same time, my childhood surely does not look like hers. In all cases, a legitimate doubt exists. We need to learn more about her before we worry too much. I take my laptop out on the table. I'm not going anywhere without my tool. I'm a geek at heart and the computer scientist of the pack. An ace in my field when it comes to knowing everything about someone.

– Her last name please?

– Ashley Peterson.

OK, let's go. Let the magic of the internet work. I tap for a few minutes on the keyboard and all the information available about Miss Peterson appears on the screen. The record is strangely empty and devoid of photos. A data instantly catches my attention. She's an orphan, like me. No close relatives are mentioned. Certainly, many of us here have lost our parents, but unlike the others, it happened to me twice, although I don't remember the first one. It is better that I focus on my screen before the rage takes me, as always. Ashley was taken in at the age of ten, but unlike Sevana, not by humans. Ashley grew up in a pack. It's very unusual. Clans that adopt humans are extremely rare. Unless she's less human than supposed?

– No. Impossible. I've already seen her hurt and her wounds weren't healing at high speed like you.

Owen unequivocally confirms this to me.

– And I would have felt it.

No doubt. It would be crazy to put his intuition in question.

– However, she grew up in the Treat pack. The alpha is named Peter Browling.

Liam frowns.

– That name sounds familiar. I heard it somewhere before.

I'm looking at the alpha record.

– It's probably because he's a doctor.

–Probably. It must have been during my nursing lessons.

Probably. Which does not answer our questions. The mystery is taken more volume, even. I agree with Connor. We cannot remain in the dark. I say out loud what everyone thinks low.

–We have to go and question the nurse.

– I agree. And my goddess could use her talents to see the future of her friend.

The pretty brunette nods, tickling when passing with her long hair, with blue reflections, the chest of her companion. We are silent and remain motionless, our alpha female needs calm to control her power. She has only been using distance premonitions for a short time and it requires a lot of concentration. After a quarter of an hour, she opens her eyes, visibly tired and frustrated.

– Sorry, I can see it, but nothing more. Impossible to see her future. All I can say is for the moment she is fine.

Our alpha female needed physical contact to use her talent until recently. The bond of union amplified her, in addition to giving her access to other powers, but it still requires a lot of efforts and the significant distance between the two people is obviously a obstacle for her perception. It's no wonder she can't do it. That requires practice. Young fatels trained every day from an early age to master their talent to perfection. And as I guess, looking like Connor is upset that he don't want to sepparate from his wife to go on a mission, I volunteer. As a beta, it's my job to take over when alpha is unavailable. In addition, I have an advantage over others.

– Okay. In this case, I will go there. She doesn't know me, she shouldn't be wary of me.

Connor supports me, as usual, and he is so happy to stay with Sevana given the smile he has when he looks at her, but he makes one condition.

– OK. It is true that the only time she saw us, we metamorphosed in the corridors of the hospital, we left two dead wolves after our passage, we took Sevana and she hasn't seen her since . It does not

build confidence. But you take Owen with you. You may need reinforcement and he knows how to be diplomatic, unlike you.

I nod and we separate on these last words, our alpha already carrying his hilarious companion inside the house. I set off as soon as my mission comrade is ready.

Chapter 2

Ashley

I can not believe it. My current rascal boyfriend turned off the alarm last night, because mister wanted to wake up late in the morning. No kidding? This lazy idiot who doesn't even work reproaches me for waking him with the shrill ringing of my alarm to go to work. It looks like our pseudo honeymoon period we know at the beginning of a relationship is over. Just like our relationship . He will not see me again. Never mind, I will find myself another lover. One who works and does not blame me for not devoting my days to him. In the meantime, I'm late and angry. I run like crazy on the street, jostling a few people strolling their noses up in the air and apologizing lip service without slowing down my race. Concerning politeness, next time, but there, I really don't have time.

I finally get to the hospital, but I'm still 30 minutes late. My department head will blame me again. Especially since we have been understaffed since the attack on Sevana, some nurses having been afraid and given their resignation letter. The bloody scuffle between several metamorphs on the hospital grounds the following week did not help convince them to return to their jobs. On the contrary, it comforted them in their decision to never set foot in this hospital again, unable to protect their staff. That means I'm going to have to use my charms on this one if I don't want to hear about it for days or take a blame. As expected, I don't take three steps upstairs without being fired up by a overwrought boss.

– Miss Peterson, you're late. It is unacceptable ! You have no professional conscience? You know, however, that we are understaffed and allow yourself to take your time in the morning.

I take a minute to open my mind and take a deep breath before turning around with my most seductive smile.

– I'm sorry, Mr. Raze. A concern with the alarm clock. It will not happen again.

I spread my soothing waves and my thoughts of kindness to his boiling brain. A priori, I am the third to arrive late today and he intends to make me an example to stop this haemorrhage of latecomers. I'm going to have to force the dose to get out of there. What bad luck ! I will be tired for the rest of the day. However, I don't really have a choice. It is out of the question that I lose my job. I would be forced to return to live in the territory of the pack and I do not wish to see Nathan again for a long time. Not until he finds his partner and stops insisting.

– I'm so sorry, Mr. Raze.

His forehead wrinkles gradually disappear as my power slides inside him. It works well. Humans are so easy to handle. A real child's game that I have practiced from a very young age. Unfortunately it requires so much energy. My boss ends up stammering me, somewhat disoriented:

– It's OK for this time. But don't let it happen again. And let me know about Sevana as soon as you will know something. We miss her very much in the service. She always knew when patients needed emergency care. A true gift from heaven.

I nod my head while going to get change without asking for my rest. I dodged well.

Sevana. She's been my best friend since we met six years ago. I like to chat with her, laugh and cry. She is always there for me, even if I tease her with her nonexistent sentimental life. I never told her about any part of my life, just like she never told me her secret, but she is still my faithful friend. I worry about her. Already two weeks since she literally disappeared. No more traces of her on the surface of the planet. I hope I made no mistake when talking about her talent to this metamorph, Connor. I've been protecting her for so many years. Even my family didn't know about her, which was hard to hide. I speak very often of my human friend and Peter works closely with the

health services. It was therefore necessary to excel in ingenuity to avoid meeting them on each of his impromptu visits to the hospital. He would never have hurt her, but some members of the pack are not very open-minded, not to say homebody, they do not support new faces, and above all, I know the recommendations of Sevana's parents. She told me about it one day when we had to take care of an animorph, and I didn't want to put her in troubles by making her meet metamorphs when her family forbade her to associate with them. Maybe I should have, but I thought I was up to the task I set for myself by looking after it. Unfortunately, against the Black pack, I was helpless. I couldn't help her on the day of the attack. I lost consciousness before I even guessed their intentions and tried to intervene. When I regained consciousness, she was already so damaged. These two wolves had literally cut her to pieces. She had suffered so much that hints of fear and pain still floated in her mind, even through her coma. In all objectivity, I could never have put down two animorphs in stride. One, yes, but not two. Peter asked me not to get involved in this story when he heard about the incident. He was very worried about me and I had to convince him that I was in no danger that he would let me keep my job. When the governor's men came to the hospital, my first reaction was to be afraid for her. I immediately guessed that they were metamorphs. Their bodies, their muscles and the gleam in their eyes. No doubt possible. I grew up in a pack. I know how to recognize them. But when I got back into the room, they were just looking at her with pity, without animosity. They did not feel what she is, the fault of the drugs injected into her blood. I know the effects of pharmaceutical molecules on the blood of fatel people. Besides, it was better. They could have been scared, angry, or whatever. The disappearance of the fatels is no secret to anyone, unlike the fact that some have survived. And the way the tall brown, Connor, was staring at her when I got back into the room. He was not aware of it, but it looked like there was a connection between them. I have already seen this in animorphs, between two soul mates, but never between an animorph and a fatel. My talent is of little use to me with metamorphs. Their spirit, inhabited by their animal, is difficult to read, and requires an insane amount of energy to be effective, but I was ready to bet on my life that I could trust him about Sevana. Who would watch over her for me? Now I doubt it. What if I misinterpreted what I perceived? Gene therapy should have already cured her and the Black pack has not re-emerged in the area since she was no longer there. So why didn't she come back? Is she still in danger, pursued by rabid and unscrupulous beasts? Did the Blacks catch and exterminate her the way they wanted, which would explain why the pack was made to be forgotten? Or worse yet, have I given her to monsters wanting to use her? I am well placed to know that certain dissident packs have no limits in killing the fatels. No, some were even more cruel. They captured and sequestered them, using the peaceful members of this people until their death, in endless suffering of course.

When I told Peter about animorphs working for the governor, he was not surprised. He assured me that I didn't have to worry, that the Guardian Angels pack would protect her from all odds. I had never heard of this pack, but my alpha persuaded me that Sevana was safe with them. He is of course not aware of the particularity of my friend, but Peter never lied to me and he was sure of himself. Objectively, a pack that respects human life and fights against rebel animorphs would probably do no harm to a fatel. Besides, I have every confidence in Peter's judgment. He is a benevolent and altruistic chef, even if you don't have to trust appearances. He is the quiet force that possesses the power of a buffalo and the cunning of a hyena. It is better not to be his enemy. Fortunately for me, he is always on my side. Normal, he considers me as his daughter, just like Sam.

The thing that bothers me the most is that I don't know how to contact Sevana and that Guardian Angels territory is hundreds of miles from here. Too bad, if I don't hear from her by the end of the week, I'll go there and no one will stop me from seeing her. I did some research. It seems that one can enter their territory only by invitation, but I will deploy all my power if necessary to persuade them to let me in and see my best friend, even if I pass out at their door. Once unconscious, they will be forced to bring me in to look after me. And say that I regularly harassed her so that she would go

out, meet and open up to the world. She certainly has other priorities today, and her distrust of others has yet to grow. I'm not ready to be able to introduce my family to her. Such a waste!

In the meantime, I take my service by closing my mind to everything around me. It is better. Between the pain of the patients, the anxiety of the visitors and the dirty thoughts of the doctors who imagine us naked under our hospital gowns, I would go crazy if not! It is not always good to know what people think.

Chapter 3

Sean

I hate taking the plane. The expression "feeling like a caged lion" makes sense to me. My pet goes around in my head and demands to be released. I will not have a choice. My feline is far from being docile, it is wild and difficult to control, and feeling locked in a flying tin can for several hours made it mad. It keeps roaring and scratching my skin from the inside to force me to make room for it. It becomes painful and metamorphosing in the city would be a bit annoying.

– Sean, stop snorting, you make the stewardess uncomfortable. They will eventually run away.

Indeed, Owen is right. We wait on the tarmac until our rental car finally arrives and the staff look at me from afar, eyes wide.

– Liam would have loved it. These girls in uniform are quite to my taste. Unluckily he couldn't come. Connor wanted his presence, as well as that of Nate, in the territory to protect Sevana. As if she needed us to defend herself! She is able to kick the buttocks of our enemies just by raising a hand. She is in no danger.

It is true that Liam and Owen are an inseparable duo, both professional and personal. No mistake, however, they are not in a relationship, but they like to share the same partner. Go find out why. I'm more an exclusive type. I want to have a partner who belongs only to me. I must admit that I envy Connor for finding his soul mate. I aspire to find mine one day. But I doubt I can do it. Or at least to please her. I know myself. I am too serious, too focused on my work and the pack. I put everything else in the background, as for my lion, it is aggressive and has no subtlety. It would be able to scare or grumble at our partner, at least. It's not ideal for finding and winning the love of your life.

Owen gets me out of my gloomy thoughts with a nudge in the ribs.

– Look, there is a wood bordering the airport. Let's free our animals before that you disembowel a human by mistake.

Um, disembowel, my lion's favorite technique. It loves to open its opponents up and down to kill them. For it, it is a clean and fast operation. Animorphs are no secret to anyone, but indeed, some humans, by frequenting us only with our human appearance, forget that we shelter within us a wild and formidable animal, and it would be unfortunate if one of them take a fatal claw spreading his guts to the ground, because he would have made me jump or said a wrong word.

We stop at the edge of the wood, we get undressed so as not to disintegrate our clothes during processing, and let the metamorphosis take place. It happens quickly. The bones snap, the skin stretches, the fur covers us, and I find myself next to a black panther in place of Owen. His animal is superb, all in finesse, unlike my lion which is of a large and imposing stature. I start by shaking my head to snort my thick mane and sniff the air, looking for a possible threat. Beta reflex. Nothing. The smell of the trees around us, moss and bitumen behind me. There are the essence of some animals, but my lion is not afraid of them. I start jogging, enjoying my legs, and play with the ground by planting claws several times. I love the feeling of being one with nature. Owen chooses this moment to jump on my back. Unlike me, he doesn't want to take advantage of this moment to relax, but to let off steam and for that, nothing better than a good fight. It may well weigh less than me, its weight, combined with the fall due to the height of the tree on which it was perched, makes me lose balance by taking my breath away and we roll on the side, legs intertwined. I take advantage of its confusion due to our rolled-up to bite it on the skin of the neck while standing up and I push a fierce roar that makes the surrounding leaves tremble and clear away the rodents nearby. This startles the panther and bristles the back hair. I like to inspire fear in my opponents, even if in this specific case, I know

that it is only an instinctive reaction in my pack companion who has nothing to fear from me, but my lion appreciates everything even. I drop my large paw on its shoulder, without taking out the claws. There is no question of hurting my friend, only of beating him up a bit by playing cat and mouse, and I expect Owen to play the role of the mouse. However, the panther does not seem to agree and gives me a kick on the side, scratching me superficially in passing, its claws not being retractable, unlike mine. I roll up my lips against it to tell it of my dissatisfaction and decide to end the fight before finding myself lacerating on all sides, as often happens during our training with Connor and the other lieutenants. To do so, I utter a new cry to destabilize it and take advantage of its momentary disorder to overturn it on its back and grab its throat between my powerful jaw. I don't hug enough to hurt it, but enough to show it who is the stronger of the two of us. The panther stops struggling, feeling my fangs on its chin strap, admitting its submission in front of me. So I release it and resume human form at the same time as him. I thank him while helping him get up.

– Thank you, I needed it.

–You're welcome. Your lion is still on the alert, but I felt that our flight had put it on edge. Can we go now? Will it keep quiet in the car?

–Yes it's good. Let's get dressed and let's go. We've lost enough time and our SUV has arrived.

We make the half hour journey in silence, we focus on our mission. The last time, I did not come to the hospital, I was guarding our territory. Only my alpha and the lieutenants went there. So I don't know how the building is designed and it bothers me. I am a meticulous person, I like to be prepared for all eventualities and there, I have a little the impression to leave blindly. I know who I'm looking for, but I don't even know what she looks like, her folder has no photos. I never even thought of asking my alpha to describe her to me precisely. Too bad, Owen should be able to enlighten me, he was on the last trip here. It would be handy to recognize Nurse Peterson if we saw her in a hallway.

– Owen, can you describe the nurse we are about to interview.

– I barely saw her. You know Connor, he doesn't like feeling trapped in a room with a lot of people. Liam and I left Sevana's room as soon as her friend arrived. I can only tell you that she is slightly taller than Sevana.

– Um, that's not difficult. Our alpha female is as tall as three apples.

– Yes, but she is fierce. It is better to avoid upsetting her.

For sure. From her 160 cm, you could think her harmless. She's the most powerful fated I've ever seen and she rescued us. I owe her a debt and I hope to pay it off by saving her friend, if she is really in danger.

– You surely remember other things.

– As Nate told us, she has blond hair, but I have no idea how long they were, they were tied in buns, and green eyes. She had pale skin. That, I remember well, because she had a bruise on her temple and it stood out a lot on her white skin.

–OK. A distinctive sign that would distinguish her?

– Sorry, I don't remember anything more. You know I hate hospitals, too many smells for me. It annoys my panther and puts it on edge.

I nod my head. I totally understand. Of all of us, Owen has the sharpest smell, so the fumes of chemical drugs and detergents are a real sensory attack for him.

– No worries, we'll do with it. We will ask to speak to her at reception. The receptionist will bring her to us. It will be simpler than searching the whole hospital. We have just to say that we are her family not to arouse the mistrust of the personnel. She's part of a pack after all.

– OK, we do it like that.

Chapter 4

Ashley

This day is endless, a real torture. In addition to my delay this morning which forced me to expend crazy energy, leaving me tired, several patients conditions deteriorated without warning, which makes us bitterly regret all the absence de Sevana, forcing me to run from one room to another to provide vital first aid which, unfortunately, did not save everyone. One of the patients died despite my desperate attempts to keep him alive while waiting for the doctor, also overwhelmed, to intervene. This is not the first time that I have been helpless in face of a patient's illness, but it always lowers my morale, despite the detachment I take from them. I cannot remain indifferent to the distress of the family when they are told that the loved one is gone. And finally, of course I had the daily visit from Greg, who only made my day worse. Since the Black Wolf attack, Peter sends a member of the pack every day to make sure I'm okay, and his daddy-hen side is starting to weigh heavily on me. Especially since the conversation always takes place in the same way, even if I love Greg.

– Hi Ashley.

– Greg. Everything is OK, no attack, you can go back and report.

As usual, he laughs at my frustration. We have known each other since I joined the pack and he is, after Peter, my favorite animorph.

– Don't take it like that. Peter cares about you and doesn't want anything to happen to you.

– You realize that you repeat the same thing to me every day. You are a lieutenant, not a nanny. You have nothing better to do than supervise me?

– It's part of my job. I have to watch over the pack and you're a Treat member so I'm watching over you. And it's always a pleasure to see your dazzling smile.

If I were a metamorph, I would groan by showing him the fangs. It would be useless, but it would relieve me.

– OK, OK, I'm giving up. As you can see, I'm fine. You can tell Peter.

– See you tomorrow Ash. Watch out.

I sigh in spite. I'm going to have to talk to the alpha again, but I doubt he will take my complaint into account and since I promised never to manipulate him or the members of the pack, I can not allay his fears.

I barely took a few steps in the hospital when I hear my name through the loudspeakers.

– Ashley Peterson is asked at the front desk. Ashley Peterson.

What happens again? Maybe Greg forgot to tell me something? I hasten to go to the reception, but don't see anyone I know. There are only two men in the hall, seeming to be waiting for someone. Looking at it, one of them seems familiar to me. I must have seen him before, but I can't remember where. The second clearly draws my attention. A tall, muscular blond. Exactly how I like them. Too bad he is a metamorph. I frequent them enough to know that you should never date them, unless you want to be heartbroken, at a minimum. First, because I have things to hide and it's complicated with a man who smells lies at a kilometer, and secondly, because many people wait for their soul mates to make a living and I prefer to avoid myself disillusionment. It's the first time I'm sorry for the rule I've set myself. I would have liked to lick this golden skin by the sun. The two animorphs walk towards me with a determined step, interrupting my contemplation, and the blond speaks.

– Miss Peterson?

– Yes it's me. What can I do for you?

Where have I ever seen the comrade of this appetizing specimen? Maybe a reunion between packs? Weird. Generally, I don't show myself very much, too risky, although Peter chooses his allies carefully.

– Can we speak to you in private?

That's it, I remember him! The last time, he left Sevana's room with another, leaving me alone with this Connor and the other mountain of muscles. I turn to him suddenly, abandoning the beautiful golden eyes of the blond.

– You! What did you do with Sevana?

I raised my voice without even wanting to, drawing the attention of Alice, the receptionist, to our group.

– Is everything all right Ashley?

– Yes, it's ok Alice.

She continues to observe us with curiosity while picking up her phone. I hope she doesn't call security or I will never have answers to my questions . Now, I want to see Sevana again. The enticing animorph must also worry about the intervention of a third person, because he takes me by the arm manu militari and leads me aside without rushing me, but without leaving me the choice either.

– Could you turn the sound down, please? We'd like to discuss a delicate matter with you. No need to draw attention to us more than reason.

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