

## Reviews

I love this book! The action is thrilling and nonstop from the first page to the last page, making it difficult to put down. It's filled with love, romance, friendships, and bravery. I learned so much about wolves, and found their world fascinating. The adventures of Kassie and Jakob are enthralling, and nobody should miss out on the excitement their story brings.

Georgia Trospen



This is a most extraordinary book written by LK Kelley! I have read her other books and I have to say that this one is her best one yet! It is about the intermingling of humans, wolves, werewolves, and the supernatural - expanding all areas of folklore about them and bringing to life the characters in a most modern and ancient way. Jakob is the Alpha wolf male of his clan in Colorado who meets his human soul mate Kassie and growing their family, ultimately uniting and keeping it strong. A phenomenal must read that is so good it will have you hooked all the way through it. The story culminates to a plot that will have you curiously reading at light speed to get to the answer! It is incorporated with great detail, comedy, love, feelings, and towards the end it was emotional, tearing one up with joy, including beautifully written sensualism in a most powerful way!

Author Anita Meyer



## Other Books

The White Wolf Prophecy – Mating – Book 1  
The White Wolf Prophecy – Hall of Records – Book 2  
The White Wolf Prophecy – Scroll of Time – Book 3

The Anaerris Code – Part 1 – The Gemma



# WOLF CANYON MEMORY

**LK Kelley**



DragonEye Publishing



Wolf's Moon, an Imprint of DragonEye Publishing

Wolf Canyon Memory  
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## Dedication

I want to thank God, for my ideas and places, where these ideas come to fruition.

I also want to thank my husband, Wesley, whose very patience is the inspiration for my heroes. I also want to thank my awesome daughter, Laura, and her friends, who inspire the dialogue in my books.

I also want to thank my great friends for their help: Anita Meyer, Georgia Trosper, KJ Simmill, and so many others for all their help!

I love you all!

LK Kelley



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~ Prologue ~

*Is dying supposed to hurt this much?*

Geez! Her head was splitting open, and to boot, she felt like she was going to puke! A metallic sound caught her ears, and she was being drug out of something? The metal sound was a door opening. A truck? Car? Next thing she knew, her bottom had hit the ground, and her head struck something relatively sharp. At least, from her point of view, it was sharp.

“Ow!”

Someone struck her face very hard, making her head hurt even worse. A sticky substance was starting to run down her face from the vicinity of her nose. Blood. It had to be. The girl passed out, then awoke, hearing voices. Were they having an argument?

Barely gurgling, she mumbled, “Who...,” before she was struck once more.

“Shut the fuck up, bitch!” a female voice said. Then, “What the hell are we going to do with her?”

Well, dang! If they didn’t want her to speak, a simple, “shut up,” would suffice!

A male voice answered.

“Throw her off the bluff?”

There was no answer, and that made her think that she had agreed with a silent nod. Everything about her hurt so badly, all she wanted was to pass out just to escape the pain! But, someone dragged her across the ground over sharp rocks, and with each painful move, rocks scraped her back. Her brain sent a “*struggle and get away as fast as possible*” signal, but she, quite literally, could not move. She felt as if her body had beaten to a pulp!

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“Well? Pick her up! I can’t very well be expected to drag her down the bluff’s trail by myself!” the woman said.

Laughter followed from the man.

“You have to be kidding! With your strength?

Hell! You can carry her better than I can, so shut up, and just do it!” he ordered.

She heard a huffing sound, and the next thing she knew, she was hanging over someone's shoulder. A sharp object dug under her left arm.

“*Well, that’s going to leave a mark!*” she almost giggled aloud at the inappropriate hysterics, bubbling just underneath her pain-wracked body.

Now, with her head hanging over someone’s shoulder, she was bouncing up and down with every step the woman made! Each movement just sharpened her body with agony, and even though she tried to shriek, no sound exited her mouth. Who were these two? She was having a hard time concentrating.

After what seemed a lifetime, that someone pulled her from the shoulder, and slammed her onto something that was either concrete or stone. Her head hit something on the way down, and it just made her crave the darkness of death. But, for whatever reason, she wasn’t going to die – at least not just yet. Something inside her kept her conscience. She didn’t want to be awake! She wanted to die now, because she already knew that she was dying anyway. Why couldn’t she just give up the ghost?

“OK. No one’s around. Just do it, and let’s get the hell out of here, before someone sees us!” the man growled.

The girl felt a plop, as she was placed upright, leaning against something obviously metal that was

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scorching hot! Her body jerked forward, only to be thrust back once more.

“What the hell are you waiting on, bitch?” That was a masculine voice.

“Oh, hold your fucking horses,” the woman demanded. “Let’s kill her, and then I’ll fuck your brains out!”

“Whatever! Just do it!” he growled, once more.

While she puzzled over the fact that she knew that voice, her body was jerked toward someone, and whoever it was, whispered into her ear.

“You are dead, you cunt! I’ve wanted to do this for a long time! I want nothing more than to see your broken and bloody body in front of me. But, since I can’t do that without revealing, who we are, and what we are, well...have a good trip - to HELL!”

She felt another very, very sharp stab on her left side as she was shoved backward, over the top railing, and began the long plunge to her death. Her body wouldn’t respond, so she didn’t wave her arms to grab something, nor did she kick her legs. She sure wasn’t wind milling it all the way down, and probably resembled more of a human "dummy" as her body was slammed against rock after rock on her way down the mountain. Seconds later, she blacked out, and that was probably a good thing, since her body stopped barreling downward, as with one final hit on the rocks below, her body was bashed several more times, against something very sharp. And, then, she landed, head first, into a roaring, icy cold river. Immediately, rapids carted her quickly down the river, drowning her head in and out where she caught a breath here and there as her head poked above the water. She couldn’t struggle too much, but the ice cold of the water had revived her a bit, and covered her body like a

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wonderful, cold cloak, numbing her injuries... into the cold of darkness and death...until she awoke!

Struggling to hold onto consciousness, she just had to ask the question that everyone does in situations like this.

“Am I dead?” she questioned the cosmos.

As usually, of course, there was no answer, but at least she tried. But, she decided to answer her own question aloud.

Well, actually, she had two questions...

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*“One, what happened; two, well, it’s obvious that I am not dead – right? At least, not, yet!”*

...but *damn*...she sure as hell wished that she were...

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~ 1 ~

**I wish I were dead! I wish I were dead!  
So, why am I not dead?**

Dizzy, and with a terrible headache that would not go away, the girl stumbled across loose, river rocks, wondering one, where she was, and two, WHO she was. In addition, why was her body so hot and her head so cold? It was at this point that she realized that she really was laying half in and half out of a river. She hadn't wanted to wake up – ever, because the pain all over her body was excruciating! But, something in her pushed her to stand anyway. Wobbling a bit, she looked around her, but there was no one to be seen, and she certainly didn't recognize her surroundings. Wherever she was, it was deserted. Not one person was anywhere around her!

Her eyes blurred a bit, but she blinked several times, trying to get some moisture in them so she could see. Close to her left was that rushing river where she awoke. Huge rock faces enclosed the river all around, reaching into the sky above her, and where she stood, rocks were everywhere with a little brush scattered here and there. As she grabbed her head, she realized that just about every part of her body had cuts, scrapes, and blood was everywhere on her clothing and body. She reached to the crown of her head to try to stop it from hurting, and when she brought her hands away, she notice that they were coated with a sticky substance. Bringing her hand away, she saw that it was blood. A lot of blood. Even though it was obviously crusting somewhat, a few of the cuts were still bleeding. One cut in particular was really bothering her. She lifted what used to be a white tank top, that now, resembled nothing but a destroyed piece

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of cloth – did she even wear tanks? – and, raised her right arm. She stretched her head to look at her side. There was a small tear in her side, and it looked as if it had some infection in it. She staggered to the cold water, and knelt down. Cupping her left hand, she splashed the wound repeatedly until she couldn't see anything else oozing out of it. Without a bandage, she was certain the infection had already taken root. Great! If fever gripped her in this abandoned place, she'd probably die. So, periodically, she decided that she would just have to rinse it as thoroughly as possible, and hope that it would stop bleeding.

She pulled her tank back down, and said a silent prayer. There was a large rock to her left, and she stood and sat on it. Raking her hands through her bloodied hair, she now realized that thirst had grabbed hold of her. She knew, somehow, not to drink from standing water. Lucky for her, she remembered that the best way to drink water when out in the wilderness was to look for water rushing over large rocks and boulders. Well, that wasn't a problem here. There was plenty of water rushing over large rocks everywhere, thanks to the roaring rapids all around her. So, using her better instincts and judgment, she waded into a barely calm part of the water at the edge, where water rushed over the rocks, bent down, cupped her hands to scoop up a handful of water, and drank it. After the first drink, she realized just how very thirsty she was, so she carefully repeated it several more times, but not fast, or it would make her sick.

After her thirst was quenched, she shook her hands, and then realized how sticky she was from not only the blood on her, but also the sweat that was dripping from her. The heat around her was dry, but heavy. She turned to stare upward, and finally realized that she was in a canyon of some type. What was she

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doing in a canyon? Overhead, the sun beat fiercely down on her, and she could feel her skin beginning to burn.

Hot! So hot! Her head throbbed to the point of making her nauseous. In fact...

“Oh, God!” she cried, heaving into the water. Very little came up except a bit of green bile. That meant she hadn’t had anything to eat in quite some time.

Wiping her mouth with the back of her bare wrist, she suddenly had the urge to just lie down in the water, and let it wash away all the stickiness. It might help her head, too. Her hair was filthy with blood and dirt, and an obscure idea popped into her head about how to clean her hair if she was ever in the wilderness without any supplies whatsoever. Mud. Well, there was plenty of that around at the edge of the bank, so she made her decision. As she removed her flip-flops, and vaguely, her mind wondered why she would be in those in this terrain, she waded into the ice-cold water, and jumped back at the cold. OK. So, she needed to go slower. The same place she drank her fill just minutes before looked like the perfect place to rinse her head off, so she took her time. letting each part of her get used to the cold until she finally sat down.

“Man! This is cooold!” she exclaimed to no one. Yet, the cold was the perfect antidote to the burning hot sun above her, and her cuts and bruises.

Finally, getting enough nerve, she leaned backward to wet her hair. The cold eased the pain in her head drastically, and made her feel a bit better. She sat back up, and scooped up some river mud, and slapped it on top of her head, then scooped up some more. She worked the mud into her hair thoroughly, then leaned back, again, and rinsed it out just as thoroughly. Her hair was squeaky clean!

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“Well, what do you know? It actually works!” she muttered in surprise. She scooped another handful of mud, and repeated the process, rinsing, again. Now, her hair really was clean! She reached back up to feel the place where blood had been, and brought her hand away. No blood for the moment! That was good, right? The icy water had sealed the cut – temporarily, at least.

Next, she used mud to clean her arms and legs of the dried blood. She looked down at herself, noticing that her clothes were also covered with blood, so she did the best she could to rinse them as well. The white tank wasn't so much white any more, because of the blood and red clay stains, and because, her shorts were black, trimmed in teal blue, which didn't show stains or dirt. She looked as if she had come directly from a gym, except for her flip-flops, which she had placed on a large rock. Picking them up, the girl rinsed them well, still wondering not just why she was here, but where she was. Slipping on her shoes, she began walking, only to stumble on the rocks, and fall, succeeding in causing more cuts to her hands and knees!

“Damnit!” she complained, and walked to the water, rinsing the cuts off quickly.

Finally, she managed to walk, without stumbling, and followed the river's direction. The sun dried her clothing quickly, but a slight dampness still remained, as sweat poured down her. Looking into the sky, she could see that the sun was about to disappear from the rim above her. That meant that dusk was quickly descending, and the heat of the day would also dissipate. Somewhere, she remembered that it was a peculiarity in a canyon. Night came fast once the sun disappeared, behind the horizon at the top of a canyon, and the temperature would drop like a rock. While

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grateful on one hand by not having the blazing sun bearing down on her, on the other hand, she knew she wouldn't survive the night. Her shorts and sleeveless top would not be enough to keep the cold out, and her head was hurting, once again. Raking her hands through her hair, she brought them down to see they were covered in blood. She was very thirsty, despite the drinks she had taken, but hungry? Even just the thought of food made her sick. But, another drink might help her a little. Worse, now, she was extremely dizzy. In her mind, she registered the simple fact that she was dying, yet she still tried to keep going. She knew that with a head injury, she shouldn't sleep. But, it was getting so hard to not just lie down, and let her eyes close – if for only a minute's rest!

She continued to walk, pushing against the pain and the dizziness. Well, perhaps the better description was she staggered down the side of the river. Finally, the canyon widened a bit, and she saw some greenery near the base of the canyon wall. First, she drank some water, and then headed for the patch of green. If she was going to die, then, by golly, she would make sure that she did so, well, as close as possible to comfort. Darkness began to fall fast, and just before night began to descend, she finally reached that green patch – and...she, finally, collapsed onto her hands and knees. She turned around, and sat. The girl wasn't stupid. She would most probably be dead by morning. She looked around the dusky light, and even though she could feel the coolness of the day beginning, she realized that she was still burning up and sweating heavily. She clawed at her top. She wanted to remove it, because her body was so damn hot! But, her hands were far too weak to do anything, and she lay back on the grass. The sweating and fever

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combined with the cold, and caused her to shiver violently. With what little reasoning she had left, it most likely was from infection and exposure, along with slight sunburn as well, but that was the least of her problems. A decision had to be made. Either she would keep going to nowhere, or she would just let death take her.

“Well, that wasn’t a hard decision,” she said into the darkness.

Slowly, she stretched her limbs, straightening them out, and her arms she placed on her chest. She would not to fight it. If she didn’t fight, death would come faster, and she had heard, it would be much easier. If an animal killed her, she couldn’t complain, either. Her pain was too bad for her to care. Life had become too hard for her. Death would be a sweet release.

Distant howls from animals could be heard along with the night’s insects as they replaced their singing with the singing of the birds of the day. It was with regret that she was going to die without knowing who she was. No matter how she tried, thinking was getting far too difficult, so instead, she listened to the noises of the night, and yet, her mind still wandered. It should be really easy. All she had to do was to close her eyes, and let death take her. Her head was killing her, and even though the blood had stopped, her head felt full. And, except for the sharp, painful cut in her left side that just didn’t seem to go away, her legs and arms hurt too badly to move. As long as she didn’t move them, the pain didn’t seem as bad.

Her eyes had not been focusing well. Probably because of her head aching from that cut, but they settled down a bit, now that her head was still. Her eyes rose to the Great Creator’s sky as it darkened,

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and stars appeared, piercing the black velvet with their brilliant light! As it continued to darken, she was amazed how clear they were – and so many of them! Away from the lights of the cities and towns, they were so much brighter, even if she didn't understand that particular reasoning. The cold was finally making its way through her body, but she didn't care. It couldn't be much longer, before she would die, and looking on the stars above was a wonderful way to go. Perhaps she would be joining them very soon? That seemed like an awesome place for her soul to be. She gave a gentle sigh. If only she could pass from this life, remembering who she was, and what had happened to her, but, thinking was much too hard for her, now. She believed that it would be best to let her mind go numb and her eyes began to droop. Death would be a welcome friend. Her eyes closed, and she started to drift, her pain becoming less and less. The girl's breathing began to slow, her heart ceased its hard beating, and she knew her soul was ready to depart from this world, when suddenly, her human ears heard a growl. A very, *loud* growl. Her soul plopped back into her body, and her eyes opened. Above her body, a wolf the size of a truck with coal black fur and ice blue eyes stood above her. Her voice, garbled and weak, but understandable, she spoke to the wolf, and strangely enough, she wasn't scared. Maybe she should be, but she wasn't.

“Hi, wolfy! Gee, are you here to help me into the next world? It's OK. You can eat me.” She saw him cock his head as if he thought she had horns growing out of her butt! She giggled. “I would appreciate it, though, if you could wait until I'm unconscious, so I won't feel it? But, after all, that's your decision, isn't it? I'm just a human, and can't fight back.”

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A low growl came from the throat of the wolf as its ears twitched. It cocked its head the other way, as if it could understand her. And, for whatever reason, she could have sworn its eyes registered shock at her words.

“I can see you are definitely a boy wolf.”

She could easily see how large he was by looking underneath him. Whoa! It was huge! Why it was extended, she didn't know. Maybe he had just had an encounter with his female. Wolves mated for life. That's something she did know. So, where was its mate?

She followed her eyes, looking at his hindquarters, and then turned back to her, giving her what seemed, for all the world, just like a deliberate smirk. She blinked. Surely, he didn't understand her? That would be too weird! She must be delirious.

“I hope you found your mate, wolfy. It's obvious you were having a good time!” she giggled, then started to cough...hard.

The wolf came closer to her, and leaned down, sniffing her. His nose tickled her face, and she giggled again, only to be interrupted by another coughing spasm.

“You're tickling me!” she laughed. Tentatively, she reached out her hand and petted his head. Strangely, the wolf allowed it. “You are so soft, Wolfy! Such soft fur! It's OK. I'm going to go to sleep, now. I won't wake back up. You can have my body to eat. I won't have any use for it again. I'm so...t-tired...so...sl-sleepy...I welcome death...” Her voice trailed away, and her eyes began to close for the final time.

The wolf nudged her to see if she moved. She groaned silently at the movement. He nudged her

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again. This time harder. Her eyes flew open, and she was not one bit happy!

“Stop it! I want to die! Please!” she begged, “just let me die!”

Her eyes started to close, again, when suddenly, she was picked up in strong, secure arms. She had to be dreaming. But, those arms were warm, and she buried her head into a strong bare chest. She sighed in happiness. It was as if she were home, and gratefully, let the darkness take her.

The girl woke up, because she felt herself being bounced gently. And, she felt speed. Great speed. It was enough to make her sick to her stomach, anyway. Opening her eyes, she looked upward, and saw she was in the arms of a man. A very big, hunk of a man! His chest was broad, but she could barely make out his face.

*“Just my freakin’ luck! I just had to die, now, with this gorgeous, sexy man holding me!”*

The moonless night of stars refused to show it. His hair was long to his shoulders, and then, she felt herself bounce a bit harder, and her head and her body were overwhelmed with pain. She screamed, and knew nothing more.

Sounds were coming through her ears. Was that talking? Yes. Someone was talking. She felt something wiping on her body, and screamed when whatever it was touched her wounds. It burned! Badly. OH, GOD! Why wouldn’t they just leave her alone, and let her die!

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“STOP! OH, PLEASE, STOP! LET ME DIE!” she heard, only realizing it was her own voice doing the screaming.

She tried to push the hand that was hurting her away, but it gently, but firmly, pushed back. She didn't have the strength to do it again. Her head was lifted, and she was forced to drink something horrible tasting. It was bitter, and caused her to want to throw it up, but after a minute. And, of course, she passed out once more.

She drifted into a deep sleep to dream of a black wolf standing by her, nudging her, and not leaving her alone. It refused to eat her, and kept trying to keep her awake. She finally screamed at it that she wanted to die, but it wouldn't let her.

Finally, she slowly woke up, feeling more focused, hearing voices. It took all her concentration just to keep her eyes closed, and to be quiet, so she could hear what was going on around her. It wouldn't do for her to let them know that she was awake, until she knew what was happening. Something she had learned as a teenager. Keeping quiet, you learned a lot more than demanding answers. Wait! That was a memory, right? No. It wasn't a memory. It was more like deductive reasoning.

“If you hadn't found her, Jakob, she would be dead by now. As it is, she is hovering between this life and the next.” The man turned to address another. “And, in answer to your question, Venus, she is bad. Very, very bad. I still don't know if I can save her. I may be a doctor, but humans aren't in my practice, you know.”

Huh? Did he say humans? What did he mean, humans? Perhaps he might be a vet. She kept quiet, and continued to listen. She needed to know more about her condition.

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“Well, it looks as if she had a hard fall from a very great height. How in the hell she lived through it, though, is completely beyond my comprehension.”

“Fever is high?”

“Yes. She definitely has infection due to her injuries and exposure to the elements.”

“How long was she out there do you think?” asked the girl. Venus. Wasn’t that her name? How pretty!

“If I had to guess? Probably twenty-four to forty-eight hours,” Tyrone answered. “From her injuries, it looks as if she may have fallen from a great height. But, to have no broken bones? That is something that I cannot fathom. Human’s normal temperature is about 98.6 degrees. Hers is upwards to almost 105 degrees. A human brain cannot survive long with so high a temp.”

She felt a hand stroke her brow gently. It was so soothing. Why didn’t they just let her die if she had fever that high? She was obviously causing them problems.

“She needs a human hospital, Venus.”

“Will she make it?” the woman asked. “I mean, wouldn’t it just be a lot easier and kinder to let her die? If she makes it, we are the ones who are in danger! She cannot be here! She is too much of a risk. Let her die!”

*“Let me die! What the hell? Did I really hear here say that?”*

Those around her were stunned into silence. She could just imagine everyone’s mouth drop, because she had a hard time not dropping her own in shock at this Venus’s words! Then, a deep, bass voice answered.

“That’s enough. Tyrone, you will do the best you can for her. We cannot allow her to go to a hospital. She’s already seen far too much, whether or not she is

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conscious!” There was a pause. “Venus, why don’t you go home to Devon. You aren’t helping anyone.”

“No, Jakob? I won’t! She’s HUMAN for God’s sake! She can’t stay here, and you know it! She’s a danger to our kind! She has to die! I’ll do it if you can’t!”

The girl frowned to herself. Ignoring the fact that a woman was admitting she wanted to kill her, what the hell did that mean? Their kind? What was she saying? She felt the gentle touch of those fingers again, and relaxed.

“Venus, do I have to order you to leave?” she heard Jakob demand.

Funny. She didn’t have a problem remembering the name of the man who belonged to that deep voice! Jakob. She didn’t hear anything except a slight close of a door. Venus must have left. Good. She was annoying the hell out of her!

“Tyrone?”

“Jakob, if I can’t get her temperature down, her brain will shut down, and she will die. The only way to do this is with ice. And, you know it’s something we just don’t use out here in the desert heat!”

The words were becoming muffled, and she realized she was dizzy, once again, and very tired. It was getting too hard to listen. Probably the fever, so she let herself slip over the edge of darkness.

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~ 2 ~

**Death is kind of Peaceful, unless someone is nudging you!**

Brrrrrr! What the hell? She was really cold! She knew she had goose bumps all over her body, but the odd thing was that even though she was cold, she also felt warmth! Realizing that she felt as if she were almost floating, she also knew that she didn't feel as hot as she had. Was her temp down?

A wonderfully relaxing sound came to her ears. Water. Water falling gently? Wonder where she was? Was this heaven? Didn't matter. It sounded so good! She realized that the cold was water swirling around her body, cooling it down. She sighed in relief. Her wounds were being soothed, too. She felt the icy water being drizzled over her head wound. It all felt so wonderful! Because she was so calm, a memory hit her. She loved to swim! Being in the water was the next best place to be, because she was able to swim like a fish! Well, at least that's what her friend had always told her. Kassie had always been open to swimming. Wait! Her friends called her Kassie! Kasseiopia! That was her name! Sighing, she was thrilled to remember her name, even if it was only part of it, but try as she might, nothing else came to her. She knew pushing it would not make her memory come faster. Lowering her temperature with icy water must have caused her brain to work a lot better. Probably she had been on the verge of delusion. Well, duh! Of course! The black wolf! There wasn't one! How silly could she be?

Something very hard pushed against the outside of her right thigh. It wasn't really painful, but it was making her stir with something she didn't understand

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right now. A hand swept a gentle path across her cheek.

“Wake up, my love. Please, wake. Can you hear my voice?”

That wonderful voice!

“Jakob!” she sighed.

That beautiful voice belonged to Jakob! His name broke through her confused mind.

“Hmmm?” she managed to get out, still without opening her eyes.

“Yes. It’s Jakob, your mate. Wake up!” he ordered.

Lifting her hand weakly, she tried to push his hand away. She didn’t want to wake up!

“Mmmnnnoo.” was all she could say.

“You *will* wake up, now! Do you understand me?”

This time she felt a pull to do exactly what he said, and she sure didn’t like it! No one ordered her to do a damn thing! But, still, the compulsion she felt caused her eyes to open anyway. Blinking a couple of times, her eyes widened as she beheld what had to be an angel!! OMG! The man’s eyes were gorgeously icy blue – the color of Elsa’s blue ice gown in Frozen. His hair was coal black, and his face looked as if it belonged to an archangel! It was strong with a slightly off-center nose that must have been broken, once upon a time, and he was the most handsome man she had ever seen in her life. She could easily see his broad, dark, bare chest that had been tanned by the sun. His arms were larger than her waist, and muscles rippled throughout as he moved them. His lips were slightly thin, but kissable, and...just why would an angel be snickering at her?

He was looking at her with his left eyebrow up, and a slight smirk.

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“Feel a bit better?” that gorgeous, deep voice asked her.

“Uh...well...cooler, I guess.” She was a bit hesitant at answering him. Then, “Am I dead?”

He laughed out loud.

“No. I think I can safely say that you are not quite dead...yet!” He grinned down at her.

“Oh.”

Why was she was kind of disappointed? That would mean this man was not an angel.

“What? You want to be dead??” he asked her in horror.

“No. No, of course not. Well, not really, I guess. It’s just...I was in such pain, I wanted to die so badly.” She looked up at him. “You going to tell me who you are?”

“I’m Jakob Derrick Allan Lane.”

The girl frowned. “Why do you have four names? No one has four names!” she complained.

“Well, I do. It’s a...well, royal thing, I guess you could say.”

Seeing her eyebrows raise, and the question that was about to come from her lips, he rushed to explain.

“My Mom has always been fascinated by royals, especially their long line of names. She thought she would be funny, and do the same, but Dad stopped at four, and wouldn’t let her continue,” he grinned at her.

“Uh huh. Right,” she answered in a skeptical tone.

“No. Really. That’s how my names came to be, but I only use two of them...Jakob Lane.”

“Well, I guess I’ll let that go for the moment,” she said.

“So, my dear. What is your name?” the dark angel asked her.

“My name? Oh, well, I-I can’t really remember all of it. But, I did finally remember my first name. It is

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Kasseiopia. My friends call me Kassie. I can't remember anything else, though," she told him, sounding disappointed.

"Hmmm. Sounds like you might be suffering with temporary amnesia."

"Temporary? Is that what it is? Whatever. It's really frustrating, now that I can think again."

He nodded. Damn! She started to wiggle, trying to find a more comfortable position. That hardness was jabbing her right thigh! When she couldn't find one, she tried to get him to let her go. Instead, he only tightened his arms around her.

She was lying in his arms, feeling the water swirling around her.

"Ouch! What the hell am I lying on, because it's just hard? It's hard!"

Hearing a muted sound, her face darted to his, seeing the left side of her mouth lift. Did he just snicker at her? The smirk on his face just solidified her belief. She turned her head a little sideways as if it was completely normal.

"What?" she asked, looking around. She wondered where she was...well...wherever it was, she was.

"Where am I? Just how the hell did I get here?" she asked. She didn't want him to know that she had been awake for a short time.

"Well, how you got here is kind of hard to explain, really. But, where you are is an area within Wolf Canyon."

"Wolf Canyon? Where is that? Is that where I am?" She shook her head. "Never heard of it."

"Sort of. As I said. Hard to explain."

"Sort of? How does one just 'sort of' get to the Wolf Canyon?"

He shook his head. .

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