

Chapter 6

Shawn's Pov

"You know this wolf?" I asked Julianna who was still kneeling next to the white wolf. The wolf was licking her hands and her face in excitement. I could feel it rolling off of her in waves.

"Yes." she whispered, looking at the omega.

"How? Witches can't differentiate scents. She looks like any plain white wolf." Jeremy said with a bit of bite.

I cut him a glare and he shut his mouth and averted his gaze. He was still wary of Julianna but he was never downright mean to her. Though tonight he was testing the limits. Having an Omega around was affecting everyone it seemed.

"I can smell magic on her. That magic is familiar. I should know because it smells like my family. That and I was there when the potion she took was made. I was just a kid and had just started my journey and training to be a pack witch. My mom was a pack witch, and a damned good one. She was one of the witches who helped in the war against the bears. We made this potion together. I wasn't allowed to know who it was for but I had a few guesses. I grew up in the Yellowstone Pack." she whispered and my mother gasped. My father looked at the little omega with sad eyes.

"At first there were thought to be survivors, but when the witches and rogues heard they went back and nished the job. There was no one left. No one survived. At least that's what I thought until 5 minutes ago."

"You're saying this wolf, this omega is from the Yellowstone pack?" I asked and my father interrupted.

"It makes sense. If word got out that they were harboring an omega, it would send the witches and any rogues or alphas near into a frenzy. But that attack was 15 years ago. Julianna, how old was Rory when you made the potion?"

"She was 10." Julianna looked at her with sad eyes and continued stroking her fur. The wolf -Rory- laid on the ground with her head in Julianna's lap.

"So you're telling me, she was 10 and could shift? You're telling me she had been stuck as a wolf for 15 years? We have no clue what mental capacity she could have. She was just a child and left to live with wild animals. We could be dealing with a 25 year old with the mind and developmental age and education of a child?" I asked, growing frustrated.

"Why did her parents never reach out?" the little wolf looked at me and growled. Her hackles raised. Omegas were naturally submissive but they had spark and fierceness. It made them wonderful mothers.

"Rory isn't stupid if that's what you're insinuating. She was put through more schooling than most of the children in the pack. Her mother made sure she was not just a body to use for breeding like most heathens would want her for! Rory is smart, and kind. She may not be as educated as you with a college degree but don't you dare insult her for the hand she's been dealt! They were supposed to bring her to you. To the royal pack. I think. I remember overhearing my mom and hers talking before I left. They had been receiving threats for a while but they kept getting worse. When they learned of the attack, they asked my mom for the potion. I pieced together the story from context clues because for the most part, I was left out of everything but I wasn't stupid. When I was 15, I learned to sneak around and stay hidden. I overheard them saying they were bringing her here. That's why when I graduated from the Academy I requested to be here. I hoped when I was placed, she would be here. When I couldn't find her, I thought she might have been killed in the fight. Rory was always so sweet and kind. She was cherished by everyone in the pack. They gave their life for her and so did my mother. My mom died that night and I will do anything for this little wolf." Julianna said, looking at me with a fierce gaze.

"It was likely that they were unable to make it here. Did you learn any details of how she arrived at the zoo?" My dad asked and James nodded.

"She was brought in by a woman. They said she looked like she had been in an accident. She looked weak and pale, and had blood on her. When the woman handed her the pup, they said within seconds she vanished. They were checking the pup over and within the time it took them to look down and up she was gone. No one could find her."

"That must have been her mom." Julianna said. The little omega whimpered in her lap.

"But it still doesn't make sense. Why weren't we contacted? Why the secrecy? Why not reach out for help? We could have helped. We could have prevented such a devastating blow and so much death. Unnecessary death."

"Think about it son." my mom started. "She is an Omega. An unclaimed, female omega. Let alone a wolf who was able to shift at such a young age. Funny, reminds me of you" She said with a wistful look on her face.

It did make sense. Rory was a rare wolf just because of her gender but add in the fact she could shift early, and that she was unclaimed. She was a high value prize. This was becoming a headache. A bigger headache than I anticipated.

"Can you reverse the potion she was given? We need to be able to communicate with her. We need to be able to get as much information as we can. That and she needs a bath. Desperately. She stinks." I said and the little wolf growled again.

Good. Perhaps my attitude would push her away from me. It's possible with her being so young when she was orphaned she may not know what mates are, or how to tell who your mate is. She may feel the bond between us but perhaps she doesn't know what it means. That would make my job easier. Not having to explain or reject her.

"Of course I can. I am my mother's daughter. That and I miss my friend. I will gladly help her. But don't think I can't tell what's going on. And just so you know, I don't approve. Give me an hour to brew it up. Come on, Rory." She said standing up and I watched the little wolf trot after her without an ounce of fear. She didn't shy away. She didn't cower. She didn't jolt at the sound of her voice. She didn't tuck her tail or pin her ears. She was completely relaxed around the little witch.

Was I jealous?