

## Chapter 17-2

“No. I thought maybe it was, but the wolf had dark green eyes.” and I feel his entire body stiffen.

“Stay away from wolves with dark green eyes, they may be related to the Rogue King.” he says.

“But I have green eyes, Seth.” I say with confusion.

“Yours are light green and beautiful. I don’t know a lot about what exactly happened. I was a small kid when it all occurred. But there was a pack that was excommunicated from the kingdom and sent Rogue. Their Alpha started calling himself the Rogue King. No one knows if he died, but his mate did and he’s been rogue so long he likely died long ago. His dark green eyes ran through his sons though.”

“It was just a dream, Seth. And it was a small gray wolf. I didn’t think it was your wolf since it was so small. I could feel the pain in my finger in my dream. The wolf would lick it and the pain would get a little better.”

“That’s a rather odd dream, Molly. Try to get some sleep.” he says dismissively. And I’d argue with him, but I’m so tired that I burrow into his firm chest, safe in his strong arms, and finally fall back asleep.

I find myself lying in a field where the grass is impossibly green with a small creek flowing through it. The small gray wolf with the dark green eyes is there but she is on the other side of the creek. I prop myself up on my elbows and she just sits there, looking at me. I hear something near the tree line and we both look up and see an enormous black wolf with black eyes. He makes his way to the creek, completely ignoring me and fixated on the small wolf across the creek from us. He goes to step into the water and cross it, but he can’t. Every time he goes to step into the water his feet can’t hit it, they just continue to be pushed back to the bank. The big black wolf whimpers, but continues to try. Eventually, he gives up and sits on the bank of the creek and howls a howl full of pain and heartbreak.

I wake with a start. Another weird dream about wolves- with dark green eyes and black. I guess my startle also woke Seth as he is awake and looking at me. “Hey” he whispers out. “Hi”. I return shyly.

“So, you saw Altair.” He says, looking at me with concern.

“Huh? In my dream?”

“Yeah, that was him. He said the little gray wolf is your wolf” he says cautiously, reaching up to stroke my face with his fingers.

“I don’t have a wolf. I’ve never even seen it before. It was just a dream.” I say to him in disbelief.

“It wasn’t though, not if Altair could be there.” He says seriously.

“I don’t understand.” I tell him, so confused.

“I don’t fully understand it, but Altair is sure that is your wolf, and he’s upset he couldn’t reach her. Was last night the first time you’d seen her?”

“Yeah. I’ve always had dreams where those green eyes were watching me, but I’d never seen a wolf.”

“And you’re sure the eyes have always been green. THAT green.” he asks, and I can tell that he’s very concerned.

“Yes. It’s always that dark green.” I tell him.

Seth sighs and pushes his hand through his hair. “It doesn’t change anything about how I feel about you. But it’s best not to tell anyone about this. Those green eyes only belonged to the Rogue King and his sons. He kept the green eyes in human AND wolf form, which is rare. You don’t have them, but if that IS your wolf, you may be in danger.” This sounds scary, but I’m not convinced that I suddenly have a wolf that’s trying to come out. I’m trying not to seem like this is terrifying me, but it is.