

## Chapter 34-2

And with that, I take a step over the border, into rogue territory for the first time in my life. Well, in my life that I can remember. Lily steps over and takes my hand. My mother takes my hand. She leads me through a few more feet of the caves until we finally walk out into the woods in the rogue lands. I stop for a moment and just look around. It looks just like the woods in our territory, nothing terrible and scary like I'd always been told growing up. I guess the scary part is the rogues themselves, though.

“This way, dear. It's not far.” Lily tells me, leading us to a well worn path. “We always have lived near the cave, just in case something happened and we needed to get to you quickly. It's the quickest way into the property.”

“So when my mate and brother came earlier they took the long way here?” I ask.

“No, I have a small cabin further out that I go to sometimes. That's where they went. One of us is always as close to you as we can be, though,” she says, smiling at me.

It warms my heart a little to know that they've always stayed close. They really did want me. I've spent so much of my life thinking that I wasn't wanted, but I was.

We walk just a few more yards up a pretty steep hill and come upon a log cabin under a thick forest filled with pine trees. It's not huge, but it's not tiny. It looks very run down, though. As I get closer, I get an overwhelming feeling of familiarity, but I'm sure I've never been here that I can remember. It's like my soul knows this was my home.

“I lived here before, didn't I?” I ask her.

Lily turns to me and nods with a smile. “Yes, you did. It's worn down through the years, but this was your home. You used to play in this forest. There was a tire swing on that tree,” she says as she points to a tree just to the side of the house. “You would play out here for hours.” She finishes with a wistful smile.

“Will I ever remember that?” I ask her, hoping so.

“I hope so, Molly. Let's meet your father and talk to him. Once he says what he needs to, I'll explain more about how to try to break the spell.” She says, gently squeezing my hands and walking me up to the front steps.

She continues walking up the stairs but I stop, afraid to take another step. I look up at the door and I can smell him- the scent of dark chocolate returning to me again. I can feel that it's a safe scent, my mind remembers that, but I'm so nervous. Lily turns back to me but doesn't say a word. She just stands there, holding my hand, understanding that I need a moment.

“What if he doesn't like me?” I whisper to her.

“Oh, Molly, “ she says, moving to stand in front of me and taking both of my hands in hers. “He will. He's been waiting for this day for so long. But you do need to know something.” I nod at her slowly, waiting for her to continue. “We never dreamed that you'd be found by the Alpha, or that they would keep you themselves. We never could have dreamed they would want to, or the king would approve, your blood adoption. We thought about trying to stop it when we found out, but you were safe and loved, so your father decided to leave you there. In doing so, though, the moment the ceremony was complete, it weakened your father. He's not in great shape, that's why he didn't come to the cave with me.”

I hadn't considered that a blood adoption would have affected my biological parents at all. I'm not sure how to feel about knowing that. I want to ask her what danger I could possibly have been in, but the time isn't right, so I just nod to her in understanding.

“When he saw you the other day he said it made him feel stronger.” She tells me, cautiously. “I don't want you to think that's why we asked you to come though. He's so happy that you're old enough to know the truth, finally.” and again, I don't know what to say so I just nod.

We stand there for a few more minutes. To her credit, she's been amazingly patient. I look at her face, really look at her, and realize just how much I look like her. My eyes are the shape of hers, though a different color. I have the same shape face, though my jaw line is a little sharper. We have the same small nose, and the same full lips. I suspect that my hair is the same color as hers before she had the silver strands in it. We're nearly the same height, and seem to have the same curves, though my chest is a bit larger. She truly is beautiful. I wonder what my father looks like for a brief moment before I decide I'd rather just go inside and see.

“I think I'm ready,” I whisper to her and she turns to lead me in. We walk up to the door and she waves her hand in front and it opens to her. Woah. I'm pretty sure I just saw magic. All thoughts of the magic are lost, though, as I see the man who smells like dark chocolate sitting in a chair across the room looking up at me.

He smiles at me, a weak smile, but it's heart-warming. His frame is that of a large man, but he looks very weak and feeble sitting there. He moves to stand and I notice he's using a cane. As he gets closer, I can see that his hair is almost entirely silver, and it's pretty unkempt, nearly to his shoulders and sticking out in various places. He's almost in front of me now when I look at his face, noticing the wrinkles that seem advanced, but when I meet his eyes I can scarcely breathe. They're the same dark green eyes that have watched me in my dreams for so many years. The dark green eyes of the little, gray wolf that I recently met.

“Molly,” he says, his voice raspy, and I realize it's the same voice that told Seth and Robbie they could enter the rogue land.

“You're the Rogue King?” I ask, my voice barely a whisper.

“I was once, but more importantly, I'm your father.” He tells me with tears in his eyes. “I'm so glad you're home.”