

## Chosen 291

### Chapter 291 Hard Decisions

“What do you mean, ‘one problem after the other,?’” Bree asked him this time, taking note of the prince’s entrance earlier. He’d been in a rush to find the princess, no doubt he’d found her the same way he was trying to find Crysta just now.

‘Lina, my mother, as well as Madeline... I can’t find them,’ a panicked voice came through to Lina’s mind. The voice was one that usually set Lina’s mind at ease. However, hearing it this way was something else entirely.

‘Wait, slow down. Aren’t they at your house?’

‘That’s where they are supposed to be. Grandma said they haven’t been home the whole day, so I thought I’d check the flower shop, but it’s been closed the whole day as well. Mum wouldn’t do that unless something urgent had happened,’ Honour replied. Lina could swear she heard the girl pacing from the other side of the mind link.

“Little sister, Father is calling. We have something urgent to discuss,” Drake called, snapping out of his trance from the discovery of a missing wolf case.

“Tell Father that I’m busy right now. I don’t have time to start visiting Uncle Sean right now,” an attempt to reduce the number of issues she had to deal with at the moment.

“It has nothing to do with our uncle. It’s something else entirely. I hope it helps with you finding a missing girl, but I also hope it doesn’t,” Drake replied vaguely.

Lina couldn’t place his tone, but after hearing him commenting on how there was something else to be worried about, she wasn’t so sure she wanted to know how much trouble they were in. Whether it was connected to Crysta or not, she got the feeling she’d be better off having the two as separate cases altogether.

‘Calm down, Honour. You could try asking around or feeling for them through the mind link. I’ll help out as soon as I can,’ Lina replied. Sensing Lina’s distress, the amber-eyed goddess accepted and went silent.

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“I’ll catch up with you later, Bree. Have Ginger and anyone else that can help look for her in places she might be. Ask Alpha Phillip or Alpha Jackson for help if you must. Just please help me find her. I’ll join you as soon as I can,” with that said, Bree nodded in response and waved her off. The princess followed her brother and the two of them made their way to the king’s office.

Drake pressed the button at the side of the door and waited for the clicking sound of the door unlocking, inviting them in. Inside the office, the atmosphere was even tenser than what Lina had already experienced. Her father was seated at his desk with his chin resting on his hands, his mind deep in thought. Her mother sat beside him, wearing a worried expression for the king. Seated in front of the desk were the last two people she’d expected to find in the king’s office...

Honour’s mother and Madeline...

Without thinking, the girl rushed to their side pulling Madeline into a sudden embrace, "There you are. You had me worried."

"I'm sorry. We would have told you what was going on, but the king said we should wait for you instead and that's what we did."

"Honour reached home and didn't find you there. She's been searching for you guys everywhere," Lina replied, finally letting go of the girl, "At least that's two of them found," she said more to herself before setting her eyes on a blue card on the king's desk with her names engraved in it. Her heart skipped a beat.

"Would you contact Honour and tell her to come here as well? I think it would be better if she was here as well," Honour's mother told her. Lina tried to read her expression in search of any sign of trouble, but the woman was excellent at keeping her face indifferent. She relayed the message to the girl through the mind link.

"I'll have someone pick her up so we don't waste any more time than we have to," the king announced, his gaze landing on nothing at all as he went into a mental discussion with someone else.

While the king was doing that, the queen spoke up, "Lina, why didn't you tell us you were going to lend someone your credit card? We thought you'd ditched school and gone shopping."

"Oh, I'm sorry about that. Wait, you monitor my credit card usage? That's private, mother," the girl fumed, her mind quickly going on the defensive.

"No, Lina. We don't monitor your credit card, but when we get a call from the bank telling us that someone cashed out that much money in a boutique when you're clearly supposed to be in school, that's cause for worry," the woman argued.

Lina fumbled to find her words before giving up, "Fine... I'm sorry, mum. I should have told you about Madeline."

"Yes, you would have and I'd like to think you know better, but here we are. Why didn't you tell me?" the queen clearly wasn't done with her.

"We found her in the woods. She was tired and her clothes were torn with cuts and bruises all over. She passed out and went on incoherently about rogues. What was I supposed to do at the moment? I took her to the one place I knew was safe beside the palace, and then got her treated.

Since she was wearing clothes and barefoot, I could tell she'd come a long way without shifting. I'm not sure rogues would fail to catch someone barefoot running in the woods. In any case, if they came looking for her, I had no doubt they would find her if she was at the pack infirmary. Later on, she wouldn't quite answer us, so I was hoping to give her some time for her to gather her thoughts and I wasn't planning on hiding her forever," the girl tried to explain.

"While your reasoning certainly has consideration for the girl's comfort in mind, didn't you think to question yourself on how many people you were putting in danger? You're a royal, you know there is no safer place for her at the palace if you wished it to be.

I'm just stating this with no real meaning behind it," this she seemed to aim at Madeline, "but often when girls turn up like that, they've only just escaped from one of the breeding farms that the rogues keep hidden."

'That's not what this is at all,' the girl mentally yelled. However, all she had to go on was a gut feeling which wouldn't help her situation. Royals were meant to be reasonable and take their subjects into consideration before making the right decision. Gut feelings had no room in that line of work. Conceding defeat, the girl let her gaze fall to the floor and in a lower more respectful voice, replied "I didn't think of it that way, Mum. I accept this as my mistake and I'm sorry." This was the second apology she was making to the queen and a rare occasion, to say the least.

The queen smiled at her daughter, "It's okay, Lina. Stumbling once doesn't mean you've reached the end. I know there are times when you don't have all that time to think about what you're doing, but with time, you'll learn when to make the right decisions and fast enough. I can say this one was not a bad one exactly either... That's if no one gets killed or brutally wounded because of it."

Rather than find comfort in the queen's compliment, the girl only felt more dreadful knowing she could be the reason for the death of many. A beeping sound came from a machine at the king's desk.

The king hit the button on it and the door swung open. Honour came rushing and enveloped the girl in another sudden hug, "Where have you been, Mady? I've been worried sick."

"It seems the two of you have taken a quick liking to the girl," the king chuckled. Madeline hugged the girl back, a tear escaping her eyes, "I'm okay, Honour... really."

#### Chapter 292 Painful Memories

Once Honour and everyone else had settled, the King began to speak, "Now that we are all here and well acquainted, I would ask that Madeline reveal her story. I don't want to make this sound too formal. Feel free when speaking," the king spoke, trying his best to get rid of the edginess in his voice.

"It's hard to be informal when the person you're speaking to dresses up in a flashy suit and is the literal King of Werewolves," the girl replied nervously.

"I'll take that as a compliment. I do look good, don't I?" the king replied with a smug smile.

The girl chuckled at his gloating. For someone who was meant to be feared, he didn't show it. However, her happiness was shortlived and her smile fell almost as soon as it had appeared.

When she dived into the memories she was supposed to recount. Her mind went still with fear of everything that had happened, "Oh... Yeah... What happened? Where do I start?" her voice was distant and distraught. Honour squeezed her hand, feeling that she was reverting to the state they'd found her in on the first day she woke up.

"The beginning is always a good place to begin," the king said to her.

The girl nodded and searched her mind, finally deciding to tell them everything from the point it took a turn for the worst.

“It was raining. About the second day since the rain had begun. I’d never known it to rain so much. It was odd, but that wasn’t the problem,” her mind wandered as she tried to get a grip of herself. A warm hand covered her other clenching fist and she looked up to see Honour’s mother smile warmly at her.

“Take your time. We’ll all listen,” the woman said to her. The girl nodded and continued.

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“I had never seen him before that day, but as I was cleaning the house, he came in unannounced. I was so scared out of my skin I couldn’t move an inch,” fear filled the girl’s voice as she spoke and the hands covering hers tightened.

The girl drew in a sharp breath and steeled her nerves, continuing with the story despite the darkness that threatened to swallow her whole.

“The R-Rogue king was in our house that night. His presence was suffocating. I thought I was going to die then and there, but then... My grandmother came in. She acted like he was any other person that came to us for help and had me serve them tea.”

“Them?” Honour’s voice came through.

“Yeah, it wasn’t just the rogue king. There was another, an alpha whose presence was as equally terrifying as that of the king.

Just staring at either of them would make any average wolf feel like they’d visited hell and back. My wolf could tell how much trouble I was in and every instinct was telling me to run away, but my grandmother was there and she barely showed a sign of fear.

I almost spilt tea all over them just from shaking, but my grandmother was quick to act and helped me out. I was sure I was going to die that night. While I was serving them tea, one of them commented on having wanted to see me slip once more,” the girl paused, biting her lip as though the memory hurt her more than that of the rogue king in her house.

The mention of another person in the house got Drake’s attention. This person, despite not being an alpha, was someone close to the girl. Drake couldn’t help but feel as though he knew who it was she was talking about, but why she felt sadness from his treachery was beyond his comprehension.

This man had been present when the rogue king had escaped. There had been a face of one of the cloaked werewolves that made him feel betrayed. His tension built up as the girl continued, “The man that had spoken was Victor.” Everything made sense to the prince then.

“Who’s Victor?” the king asked.

“Victor is one of the delta’s that prince Drake had stripped of his position. He’s out for revenge. I don’t know what his goal is, but I know he is the one that led them to us,” the girl responded.

“So you had a traitor in the Golden Moon pack. Was he a rogue the entire time?” the king asked.

“No, he wasn’t. I guess he must have gotten really angry when I punished him,” Drake intervened.

“What was your reason for punishing him?” the king asked his son. There was no mistaking the slight hint of anger in his voice.

“The delta was looking down on Madeline at the time, so I warned him. That’s when he insulted our family. I had to put him in his place,” Drake replied, bowing down on one knee in submission to his father.

The king sighed, “I’ve never seen you lose your temper before. Rise, Drake. We’ll have this discussion another time. Ms Madeline, please continue.”

“Victor claimed not to care about me during the time he was assigned as my bodyguard. I thought I would be fine with it, but I wasn’t. I’ve always had trouble keeping my true feelings hidden. My grandmother doesn’t think there is anything wrong with it, but it’s also why I can’t...” she paused.

“Never mind. I’m going off-topic. After hearing Victor speak so harshly, I ran upstairs. I couldn’t stand being in their presence any longer. They radiated pure evil. While I was upstairs though...

My grandmother started to talk to me through the mind link. She told me to pack light and leave the house through my window. It was raining, but she suggested it was better than me dying because of the power our family held.”

“The power of your family?” the king was forced to ask this time. The girl’s amber eyes began to flash to grey and back to amber until they shone a clear silver. The king held his surprise in, hoping it was directly related to his question.

“My family is the one that holds the power of the Seeker,” the girl revealed. Gasps went through the office before she looked back at the ground, “I’ve had to hide it my whole life because of the dangers that come with being a Seeker. Not to mention the fact that I don’t want to be a Seeker.”

“I’m confused. The power to seek out mates is a bad thing?” the king asked her. While it was reasonable that the Seeker would wish to remain hidden, he found nothing bad about the power at all. If he’d known of their existence as no more than a myth, he could have found his mate much faster than he did.

Now that the king thought about it, Drake had gone to the Golden Moon pack to seek out his wolf but had returned without good news. In fact, after that day, he’d cancelled the rest of his plans to visit other packs, stating that it was a useless endeavour.

“The Seeker has another... power... if I may, that makes it impossible to keep safe if we are ever discovered,” she explained.

The king pinched the bridge of his nose, “That explains my son’s visit to the Golden Moon pack. Just how many things are you younglings planning to keep from your parents?”

“My informant had me know the Seeker was to be kept a secret. I couldn’t share that information for fear of jeopardising her safety,” the prince replied.

“I am your father...”

“And the same person that trusts our grandfather... Great Uncle... Uncle..

,” the prince countered, fiddling with labels and cutting his father off.

“You have a point there,” King Davin grumbled, settling back into his seat, “makes me want to give him more punishment than the ant-infested cell I gave him.”

“Who are you talking about?” the girl asked them.

“My uncle. He’s working for the rogues as a spy within the royals. Even after being captured, he makes it seem as though he was doing the right thing, but never mind that, please go on with your story.”

The girl nodded, “Well, my mother continued to instruct me even when I ran through the forest. I was to run straight for the capital. My best hope was to find prince Drake and tell him of what happened. After all, he’s the only royal who knew about us.”

“Then why didn’t you do that as soon as you were able?” the king asked her.

“Davin, do you have no heart? The Golden Moon Pack is nowhere near the capital. It rained for an entire week and this girl turned up on the last day. She hasn’t had an easy journey,” the queen snapped at the king.

“Forgive my bluntness, Ms Madeline. How did you survive that long in the woods?” the king asked her. Queen Martha facepalmed.

A genuine smile graced the girl’s lips, “The rain made it easy since everything was hiding from it. I had to make it to the capital before it stopped raining. I just never thought it would rain for five whole days.”

“It makes sense why you slept for the whole day yesterday,” Honour replied, “How are you feeling now?” The girl had already started checking Madeline for a fever.

“I’m fine, Honour. You don’t have to worry about me,” the girl whined, but there was no shaking the mothering girl.

“Hey, you could never be so sure. Katie also slept for a long time after only a night of exertion,” the girl replied. The tales of Katie had come up a lot during their slumber party the previous night that the girl didn’t have to ask who they were talking about.

“I’m okay, Honour. It’s not like I didn’t know how to survive in the woods. Although I really don’t want to taste raw meat again,” the girl shuddered, simultaneously stunning those in the room.

“Oh dear, it’s like I’d forgotten I was speaking to a werewolf,” the queen giggled. Her contagious laughter spread through the room, lightening the mood.

“I remember a time Drake went out on a hunting trip with Dad...” Lina began.

“You promised never to speak of that, little sister,” the prince put his hand over her mouth before she could continue her story, stirring the laughter only more in the office.

“I was hungry and Father wouldn’t light the fire for me,” the prince defended himself.

“Well, I’m glad you learnt that later on... After three days of eating raw meat. Were you trying to kill...”

“FATHER...” the prince yelled at the man for finishing the story.

“Oh, was I supposed to keep that a secret as well?” the king was playing dumb.

“Oh, forget it. My reputation is already miles below the sea,” the prince groaned, falling back into his seat in defeat. When the laughter had died down, he asked, “When are we going to the Golden Moon Pack, father?”

“I’m glad you asked. We’ll be going there tomorrow. For now, all of you are to get some sleep. Lina, get your guests comfortable,” he asked.

“Your majesty, if you may. I would like to stay behind,” Honour interrupted the king abruptly. The details had not been sorted out completely, but something told Lina that when the king spoke, he was telling everyone in the room and not just the royals concerned.

#### Chapter 293 Home Alone... and a Road Trip

The next day was as good a day as any to have a vacation. With the sun out after a whole week of rain, who wouldn’t want to have a nice day out to relax, but that wasn’t the case for the Sirius family.

“Do we all have to go?” Drake asked the king while they stood outside the trio of cars that had been assembled to transport them.

“No, we aren’t all going. I will be going personally and you will be staying behind in my place. I haven’t visited the Golden Moon Pack in a while. Sending you would make it look as though they aren’t worth my time,” the king sighed. Drake didn’t know whether to be offended or not. He’d just been told to sit this one out...

“Oh, Drake looks like he was in the need of a trip,” Lina swooned, batting her eyelashes at the man for missing out.

“Not quite, I’ve already been on two trips with barely time to rest in between. I would like to enjoy some time at...”

“I am not leaving you behind to relax, Drake. Honestly, you should be more exemplary to your sister as the crown prince,” the king stopped his train of thought. The prince ripped his gaze away from the gloating sister, “Perhaps you need someone to watch over you while I’m away.”

“Father, I already have alpha Jackson and Phillip to watch me. Those two will make sure there isn’t a decision that hasn’t gone through them. And they are enough to make this assignment hell,” the prince cried.

“Honour, keep him in line for me, will you?” the king turned to the girl, ignoring his plea.

“Wait, what, why me of all people?” the girl was shocked by the sudden turn of events.

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“Partly because I’ve reconsidered who goes and who stays. Drake was already meant to stay behind in my place. You, however, are staying behind for other reasons,” the king said, giving the prince no room for negotiation.

“Very well, your majesty. I will stay behind,” the prince replied, standing aside while the Queen, Lina and Madeline got ready to go. Just as he was getting ready to see them off, he saw Alpha Jackson approaching the cars, dressed in a suit, “What... why do you get to go?”

“Oh, I happen to be the one in charge of security, young prince. Try not to screw up anything while I’m gone,” the alpha smirked before heading to the first car in the convoy. The three of them were gone without another word.

“You’re happy you get to stay behind, aren’t you?” Honour asked the prince, narrowing her eyes at him. His act felt too flawless.

“More like I’m relieved. I went to Lycaon on one of Katie’s whims and I’d only been back from the Golden Moon pack shortly before that. I would like to relax for a little while,” the prince admitted.

“Anything you say, your highness,” Honour replied with a smirk on her face, “I just hope everything is okay when they get there. I would also like to know what reason the king has for keeping me here.”

“Oh, if the king doesn’t give a reason for you to go, then there was probably another reason why you stayed that wasn’t his opinion. I know my father well so...”

“In other words, it was my mother that told him to leave me out of this,” the girl rushed.

“Let’s not jump to conclusions, but I wouldn’t rule her out of your list of suspects,” Drake suggested.

“Very well. You will now take me to my mother and we shall question her together,” before Drake knew it, Honour was dragging him to the flower shop against his will. ‘This girl skips the whole formalities of me being a royal... I like it,’ his thoughts rang out excitedly.

And his wolf was in agreement.

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Walking got them to the flower shop in a much longer time than the prince would have liked, but eventually, they were there. Instead of using a car, the girl stormed off without giving Drake a chance to point out the use of a car to travel faster, “You know we could have gotten here a lot faster.”

“You royals like to flaunt around the money and power you have at your disposal. Walking is good for you. Besides, I needed the walk to think through whatever reasons my mother could have for keeping me here,” the girl replied.

“Are you saying you have an idea of her reasoning?” the prince asked her.

“Well...” the girl dragged it on while knocking at the door, “Maybe...”

The door opened only a moment after she had started knocking, “Honour, I see you stayed behind. What a coincidence! We haven’t tended to the shop in a week, love. Help me out with the flowers.”

The girl sighed upon her mother’s acting, “Your lies still need a lot of practice.” Drake was chuckling at the antics. The two females knew each other too well. He’d worried that Honour was jumping to conclusions earlier, but that wasn’t the case.

“Would you like some help?” he asked her.



“No, we’ll handle everything no problem,” Honour replied. The prince surveyed the room, taking note of the indoor wilderness that had now grown disastrously without anyone to tend to it.

“Are you sure?” the prince asked.

“If you insist, I guess I don’t mind you helping, but don’t you have more important things to do right now?” the girl asked her.

“If I get something urgent, I will be contacted. At the moment, I shall help you since you are also part of the empire. In a way, I am still doing my job,” the prince gloated. The excuse was crystal clear, but Honour was glad he wanted to help.

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that while you get to helping me prune the roses,” the girl replied with a giggle.

“Understood,” the prince bowed before getting the tools required to get the job done. Honour chuckled at his behaviour and nearly forgot she was supposed to be working as well.

“Hey, Honour, how in the world do you get through this shop? It’s like a forest in here. I know it’s a week, but this is a forest,” the man yelled from within the disaster of plant life, “Ah, roses have thorns. Whyyyy?” he screamed, albeit unharmed.

Honour bit back a laugh, “Of course, they do. Don’t you know the phrase ‘as prickly as a rose,?’” the girl asked amidst her laughter.

“No, I don’t. Why would girls fancy a plant that’s this vicious? Goddess, they are everywhere,” the man cried and hence commenced their morning of gardening.

‘I’m right here,’ the girl thought to herself, imitating the role of the goddess he’d called out to. It was the first time she’d thought of something about the role that wasn’t ominous...

‘I wonder...’

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Lina enjoyed her hobby of spoiling people her age and letting Madeline watch episodes of her favourite shows on her tablet was just one way to do that.

Madeline was bored at first, but as the story behind what they were watching started to make sense to her, she started to lose all her sleep and get glued to the screen before her. ‘Mission accomplished...’

“Careful, you two. One chatterbox is enough in this family,” Queen Martha warned as she noticed a new problem blooming right in front of her.

“Oh, I beg to differ. This way, I don’t get to bother explaining all of this to you simple-minded oldies,” Lina flipped her off.

The queen’s jaw dropped at her daughter’s reply. “You walked into that one, honey,” the king rubbed his wife’s back.

"I know, my love. Though I guess I don't have to worry about getting an earful about a human surviving the wild. I wonder where they get the rogues he fights at some point. Perhaps they use the ones the hunters have in captivity," the queen began to question.

"Well, you'd probably know if you ever gave the man the chance to explain it all to you," Lina interfered.

"These rogues are also acting. I doubt they have real rogues in the show," Madeline suddenly interfered although her eyes remained pinned to the screen.

"Just when I was sure we were warding the conversation away from us, we stumble into it and in far more detail," the king commented, breaking the awkward silence that was about to build.

"Yeah, I guess so," Lina replied. She watched the rogues on the screen more. The words she'd heard Madeline say a moment ago reminded her of the rogues she'd faced in the reserve. Remembering the feral murderous wolves made the ones in the video look more like a joke. How it had slipped her mind still bothered her.

It was all the more proof that she had not been present during the entire fight in the reserve. The king noticed the change in her daughter's demeanour, "Lina, you should be glad you haven't been through something like your friend has."

"On the contrary, I've been protected my whole life. There was that time when I was abducted, but I barely felt that as well. I was unconscious the entire time. Katie was the one to save me that time," the girl replied, "Makes me wonder if there will ever be a time when I'm useful."

"Lina, you must realise that saving someone requires that person to be in danger in the first place. Praying for something like that to happen would not exactly make you the hero you're trying to be," the queen chuckled.

"I hadn't thought about it like that. It doesn't change what's been happening though. When everyone was attacked in the reserve, I didn't help either," she replied.

"You're safe without a scratch on you. For those of us in this car, that's all that matters," the king replied sternly, "My family comes before my kingdom."

"Is that why you argued with Katie that day?" Lina asked him.

"Yes, that is why we disagreed, but..." the man got sad, "I was completely wrong then. Katie had taken everything into consideration. I don't think I would have had anyone take care of it any better than she did.

She acknowledged her weakness and put her trust in others to take care of the pack while she positioned herself in the one place that would let her get rid of most of the rogues without spending too much energy in case a beta alpha had shown up. I was impressed."

"Those are high compliments coming from you," Queen Martha exclaimed.

"Yeah, they are. I just wish I had told her that before she rushed off into that plane. She wouldn't let herself get any kind of rest. Drake's report was thorough. The girl's an enigma..."

Chapter 294 Broken Home

The Golden Moon Pack was ready to receive the royals when they arrived, having gotten the information about their arrival a little late and very abruptly.

The king was impressed by the speed with which the pack got ready to receive them. The alpha of the Golden Moon pack along with his heir was waiting for them at the pack house and looked to have been waiting for a while even if they had only been there a few minutes.

King Davin chose to keep his detection of the sentries a secret. It was only natural for the pack to know precisely when the royals would be arriving.

The cars were welcomed and led to the parking lot of the packhouse. The king was impressed by their take on nature. They built as little with unnatural materials as they could and it kept the wilderness growing freely and beautifully around them turning their humble pack into a perfect integration of nature and man-made structures.

"It's a pleasure to have you, your majesty," the alpha greeted when the king stepped out of the car.

However, as more royals stepped out of the car, the man realised his error. The wolves that had come with him to welcome the king bowed in the presence of the three royals, "Allow me to correct my words, your majesties. It's a pleasure to have you all visit our humble pack. I trust your journey here was... comfortable and not too long."

"Well, it's not every day three royals set out to visit a place such as this on a whim," the king replied, "When you're the king of an empire, you learn to love a nice road trip."

"I do remember similar tales of your family travelling on a whim to a remote town known as Brigadia," the alpha replied, his voice filled with wonder. The man was clearly in the dark about the happenings of the visit, "I used to go there myself for their lovely festival."

"Oh, that... Yes, we had to pick a member of the family that had been living there. I don't think I would count that. In any case, we didn't come here for the occasional royal visit," the king spoke, emphasizing an authoritative tone in his voice.

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"I thought it was unlikely for the king to make an abrupt visit such without a reason," the man replied with a chuckle, "To what may I owe the pleasure?"

"More like to whom?" the king replied allowing Madeline to step out from behind them. The alpha's eyes widened in concern when he saw the girl. Madeline wouldn't meet the man's eyes under all the attention she'd gathered. Her cheeks were flushed red with embarrassment.

"Thank the goddess. I thought we'd lost you," the king sighed in relief. His shoulders slumped and released a tension he hadn't known he was holding. However, there was no smile to grace his face. Instead, the deep-set creases in his forehead only deepened with worry, "However, you're not the first ones here on this matter and I fear for worse news to be uncovered."

"Is anyone injured?" the king asked with growing concern.

The alpha was silent for a moment, "I don't know what to make of it, your majesty. I guess it would be best for you to come and take a look for yourself."

The alpha then turned and began to lead the king's party to the house of the Seeker. Curiosity burned in their hearts as they yearned to get to the bottom of whatever it was they were dealing with.

Soon enough, they'd arrived at the cottage that was meant to be Madeline's home. Lina noticed the girl who'd been walking beside her slow down the closer they got to the house. The two of them soon fell behind the rest of the group.

"Hey, are you okay?" she asked Madeline, "You can stay behind if you don't want to..."

The girl swallowed in fear before shaking the thoughts from her head violently, "No, I want to go in. It's just... scary. He was here... in my house. I don't think I can be as brave as my grandmother that day. She barely flinched," the girl said, a shiver running down her spine as she remembered the suffocating presence of the rogue king.

"Well, she might have just been faking it. Who knows? Your grandmother is your grandmother. No one said you have to be like her. You're meant to be you. Her strength is not the same as yours. Someone once told me that strength comes in many different forms," Lina said, placing her hand on the girl's shoulder.

At that moment, the girl jerked back from the girl as though Lina's hand was made of fire and gripped the spot her hand had just touched. Lina noticed the way her eyes flashed bright silver before settling down into their calm grey that she covered up with amber, "What's wrong?"

The girl was stunned for a moment before replying, "I-I'm not sure. It just felt like I had relived one of the moments that night," the girl replied.

Lina wanted to pry further but noticed the horror in the girl's voice. What was odd, however, was that for the first time in her life, she wasn't curious to know what had made the girl flinch. 'It must be something bad if neither I nor my wolf wants nothing to do with it,' she thought to herself.

"Very well," she replied, lending the girl her hand, "Would you want to come in then?"

Madeline reluctantly took her hand, as if afraid to touch Lina again, and followed her into the house. On the inside of the house, the living room was organised. Without the scent of blood, there was no way any of them could tell what had happened.

A man was standing by the seat Madeline remembered her grandmother to be seated in, "This is where the civilian was," the man mumbled to himself.

"Yeah, that is where she was," Madeline replied involuntarily, "That's where she always sits... or sat in this case."

The man looked up to see her. His hair was black and short and the muscles beneath his dark green shirt were toned and clearly visible.

If it wasn't for the leather biker jacket that covered added more coverage to the man's body, he would have been considered a walking statue of perfection.

His eyes flew between her and the stairs that led up to her room as though he was trying to piece together one thing after the other. Before the man could speak, a deep voice filled with authority interrupted him.

“Who are you?” the king demanded.

Chapter 295 Micah

The man looked around, taking note of the new guests, “My name is Micah Chase. Living under my brother’s shadow makes it hard to be recognised. Now that Tom and Marie are back in the picture, it’s going to be even harder,” The man replied, standing up only to bow to the royals in the room.

“Micah Chase, I thought you were still in Lycaon,” King Davin asked, calming at the mention of one of the members of the renowned family of hunters.

“I was supposed to be there, but Thorrin detected trouble in this part of Sirius. Since it was raining heavily at the time, there was nothing he or any of us could do. The rogue king definitely was here, but I don’t understand what he was doing here. He came and only tampered with one home. He also left no carnage in his wake. There is no blood or bodies. No sign of a struggle. None of it makes sense,” the man said, speaking more to himself while still trying to find clues to what happened in the house.

“The Chase family keeping tabs on the rogue king again,” the king chuckled.

“It’s more like Thorrin chasing his hunches. Although he’s not the only one that does that. The most interesting story that’s still going around is that of a hunter who flew from Sirius just to intercept the escaping Rogue King.”

“Katie says the Rogue King was not to be allowed to escape by any means necessary. Any idea what she was so afraid of?” Queen Martha asked Micah.

“Not yet. I’m more interested in how the man escaped the dungeons,” Micah cursed.

Silence took over the entire room... an awkward silence that demanded the attention of everyone in the room. The king was the first to look around for reasons for the end to the occasional murmuring. The werewolves of the Golden Moon pack would not look him straight in the eye. The silence was so thick that it felt like one could cut through it with a blade, “Is there something I should know?”

Micah looked up in time to hear the explanation, “The traitor that set the rogue king free was from our pack, your majesty.” The alpha admitted. As it had turned out, the Golden Moon pack were aware of the betrayal.

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“Ah, Victor, if I remember the name correctly,” the king nodded.

“Yeah, Victor...” the king cut him off.

“What was he doing in the capital again? I thought he’d been demoted,” the king asked.

“I see you’re informed. No doubt Madeline told you everything. He asked Lionel to let him prove his worth to the prince, claiming he would never be able to be given his rank back if he sat down and did nothing. His courage was inspiring. None of us was able to look past his deception,” one of the deltas began to explain.

“How did you come to learn of his treachery?” the king asked the alpha.

This time, he turned to his son, Lionel. Lionel sighed and looked up at the king. Despite the terror that assailed him when he locked eyes with the king's blue orbs, he continued, "He confronted me on that day... after drugging my drink with a sleeping draught. It was his own sick way of getting a reaction out of me after leading him to the rogue king myself."

Micah stopped his obsession with the room and walked to the girl standing beside Lina. Intimidated by the man's sudden interest in her, Madeline's eyes began to shift back to grey, her focus on keeping them amber wavering under the scrutinisation.

"You were here that night, weren't you?"

The girl nodded, taking a step back from the hunter. Realising his awkward mistake, he stepped out of her personal space, "Apologies... I just figured you were the missing piece of the puzzle."

"Is my grandmother still alive?" the girl asked him.

Micah was silent for a bit, "I honestly can't tell. There was no sign of a struggle as far as I can see from the state of this living room. Considering no one else in the whole pack was attacked, the rogue king probably came here for a reason. One that I think you might know. I don't know why he chose this house to attack. I see nothing special about it, but I do think he took your grandmother alive for a reason. Care to share?"

The girl sighed, secretly relieved he didn't say the rogue king had killed her. Unfortunately, that didn't mean she was safe either.

Madeline started explaining the story of her escape and the last moments she saw her grandmother. The whole time, the members of her pack that were present paid attention to what she was saying critically.

A few of them couldn't help but stand proud when they heard the way the Seeker had handled herself in the presence of the rogue king.

The alpha of the pack walked about the room when she was done with her story, "The rogue king is going to try his best to get whatever information he thinks he can get out of the woman."

"What of the Origin? Is that important to him?" the queen asked them.

"I don't know, honestly. It's more like a mystery really. No one has ever seen it. It's only a tale and even if the king finds it, I've heard that he might not be able to use it, but who can tell?"

"What is the Origin exactly?" Lina asked, irritated after hearing the term so many times.

"Oh, it's just something the hunters can never forget," Micah interrupted them, taking a seat and crossing his legs, "It is said to be the place where the two original werewolves were given their power. The place where moon goddess touched the ground on the day she first arrived to curse her first two followers. It's said that each time she comes down, the place she sets foot on, transforms into a field of moon lotuses. But then again, those are all stories."

"Stories... legends... that's all we have to go on right now," the king sighed, "Madeline, you'll be living at the palace back in Sirius."

“What? Madeline is a member of the...” one of the deltas began to oppose him when the king turned to face him furiously.

“There will be no further discussion on this matter. One Seeker is already missing. I don’t intend to have let another go missing as well,” he said with a hint of finality. The delta backed away from the king as he marched out of the cottage.

‘What on earth is going on here?’ the king’s thoughts thrashed about his mind in search of an answer. A wave of frustration echoed through his mind. He desperately wanted to find an answer to at least one question in the raging sea that assailed his mind. But alas, he would not be granted one... Not so soon at least...

#### Chapter 296 Do not despair

Honour, with the help of the prince and next to no help from her mother, was done pruning (and sometimes hacking at branches that had grown a little too much).

With well-explained instructions from the girl, they both managed to put the flower shop back in order after three hours without incidents( there might have been a few).

The prince rushed the trash out of the shop and came back in as Honour placed the last pot on display. Wiping the sweat from his brow, “This is no easy task, you know.”

“It gets hard the moment you don’t take delight in doing it,” the girl replied, barely showing a hint of exhaustion from the work they’d been doing.

“I didn’t think I would ever find chores impressive. You don’t even look a little worn out. You should take some delight in the morning training drills,” Drake joked, pouring himself a drink from the water dispenser.

Honour laughed out loud at his joke, “Now that would be something. But if it were the case, then Katie would have infinite endurance.”

The prince came around and watched as the girl’s fingers wouldn’t let go of the petals of the last plant she’d placed in its place, “You really love flowers, don’t you?”

“Who wouldn’t? They are so delicate and beautiful,” the girl swooned over the vibrant colours of the flowers within the shop, “Each one is unique in its own way as if mother nature knows the meaning of beauty(which I think she does) and they are always around for just a short amount of time, gracing the world with their beautiful colours just before they fade away. The plant then works to bring more colour to this world. That short moment the flower blooms means a lot.”

In her rambling, she willed the plant before her to display the process she envisioned in her mind. Forgetting about the royal’s presence, the plant began to grow buds which bloomed immediately into vibrant yellow flowers.

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The petals bloomed so fast that they were flung from the bases of the flower, fluttering about in a beautiful spiral motion of yellow radiance. The sudden movement startled the girl for a moment. Noticing her error, she remained quiet and waited for the prince to speak.

“That explains why the plants in this shop grow so fast and are the prettiest, might I add. Just like the one that tends to them.”

Skipping over the obvious compliment, Honour whipped around so she could stare the prince straight in the face. The expression that met her gaze wasn't one she'd expected at all. While one would be frightened after seeing something like that, Drake was barely shaken.

“Aren't you freaked out?” Honour asked him.

“Not really... not after what I have seen in the past few weeks. I watched my sister put the rogue king in a tight spot, harnessing divine energy to levels I could not begin to believe possible. You are sort of like the cherry on top,” the prince chuckled, rubbing the back of his head nervously.

However, when he did, Honour noticed a freshly bleeding cut running along his middle finger.

Honour's smile faded almost immediately. She hurried forward and reached for his hand, “Drake, you're hurt,” the girl exclaimed, her voice filled with worry.

“Oh, this will heal... you don't have to...” the man was immediately silenced when a chilling sensation went through him yet leaving a warm feeling in its wake.

Puzzled, he watched the wound on his hand close up almost instantly. In a matter of seconds, the wound was gone and hadn't even left a scar behind.

Honour, who hadn't been able to control that much of her power before was mystified by what happened. However, this time she'd taken note of what triggered her powers into doing her bidding.

That mental note aside, there was now the case of the royal standing in front of her. He'd witnessed her using her powers twice now. She looked up from his hand with a pained expression. It was a silent plea.

“Your secret is safe with me, Honour. For as long as keeping it won't put anyone else in danger,” the man winked. Without giving her much room to explain herself, “Now, what's next on your to-do list?”

A sense of relief washed over the girl along with one of longing. Not knowing the source of her odd feelings, she couldn't deny she wished she could explain everything to him. She shook off the thoughts that plagued her mind and spoke up, “Pushing you back to the palace where you shall tend to the rest of your duties.”

“What... no, those are already taken care of. You have to believe me. I don't...”

“No excuses, we are going to the palace right now,” the girl shouted over the sound of his voice. The prince chuckled at her attempt, but followed her lead nonetheless, “Mother, I have finished tending to the flowers, like you wanted me to.”

“Oh, you're such a dear. Have fun you two,” the woman replied, turning Honour's face red. To hide the reaction, the girl continued to drag the prince outside, keeping her face to his back.

“Move it, Sirius...”

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It was almost dusk when Honour yawned out of sheer boredom. Drake had been seated at his father's desk for what felt like ten hours but was in fact just three.

The two of them had made it to the palace and had a late lunch before Honour forcefully dragged the prince to take care of his father's work. Drake was loving the attention. There was a lot of work at the king's desk that he needed to go through.

"Ugh, is this all the king does every day?" the girl yawned, helping Drake file one more document before stretching her arms.

"More or less... It gets worse when there is inflation or during the festive and harvest seasons. Too many people sought his approval for many of their ideas in the capital and others quarrelled over land. It's nuts," the prince replied. Noticing the girl's obvious boredom, he stopped what he was doing, "How about we go for a walk?"

"That would be nice. Do you have that kind of time to spare?" she asked him.

"No, not really, but I do have something I need to check out," the man responded, his face getting somewhat worried.

"Very well, what is it?" she asked.

"Well, Crysta was missing in the morning. I want to go out and ask whether she has been found yet," the man replied. He then scrunched his eyebrows in worry... there was something else he wasn't saying.

"Why didn't you start with that? We've been going through useless papers about people filing complaints. Look at this," Honour held up one of the papers they had just been through, caring not for folding it too roughly, "This was someone complaining that her mate was cheating on her or at least she suspected it."

"I was expecting to find missing persons report in one of these pointing out that Crysta was missing, but after I didn't find it, I assumed she was found.

That is the procedure, but then again, I have tried contacting her and I haven't received a response through the mind link and none from Bree either," the prince replied, "I have a bad feeling about this."

"Who else knew about this?" Honour asked.

"Lina knew, but I can guess she's been overwhelmed by Madeline's case that she might have forgotten," Drake replied thoughtfully, "Bree was also with her when the two of them discovered the girl had gone oddly silent."

"What are we still doing here? Let's go check her room first," Honour urged him out of his seat. Drake was out the door faster than she could follow before he remembered she couldn't exactly keep up with a royal's speed.

"You coming..." he called after her. The girl snapped out of her daze and hurried up to him. 'He's no Katie, but he's still fast...'

"You know I am... Lina would never forgive herself if something happened to that Delta," Honour mentioned.

Drake wanted to ask what that was supposed to mean but decided against it. He had known the two were getting close, but Honour's description of their relationship didn't make sense to him. 'I thought Crysta didn't like Lina... at all.'

They reached her room and just like before, there was no reply from the other side. Honour got out her phone and tried dialling her number. After a while, Drake asked her to keep quiet for a moment.

The prince then closed his eyes and began to focus. He was far too focused to notice that as he closed his eyes, white fur slowly grew from his face and his ears elongated tapering into tips with the aim of gathering all the sound they could. He sorted through the many sounds and searched for the one sound he was looking for, "I can hear her cell phone ringing."

When he was sure about the source of the ringtone, he rushed through the hallways in pursuit of the phone. Honour knew she only had to keep calling the phone and let him follow the sound of its ringtone. She kept track of him through the mind link and made her way through the palace. 'Was... was Drake always capable of a half shift?'

The royal led her out of the palace and into the forest bordering the backyard. She found Drake staring at a phone in a purple case vibrating on the ground...

In a pool of dried blood...

Honour's blood went cold at the sight, "Is that... Crysta's phone?"

Drake didn't reply, his mind working on the next step, "Have you heard from her friends?"

"You mean Bree, Ginger or Lina? I haven't heard from any of them," Honour replied quickly.

"Bree knew she was missing as well," Drake said more to himself. Searching the mind link, "Try calling her phone."

"I don't have Bree's number, Drake, but it shouldn't be hard to get," the girl replied, searching her phone for someone else who could help. It did not take them long to figure out that Crysta's friends had gone missing as well. "Why don't we try calling her parents?"

"Crysta's guardians are ambassadors for the king. She lives on her own," Drake replied. A short while later, the prince slammed his fist into a nearby tree, "How didn't we pick up any form of distress through the mind link?"

"Either both of them were caught off guard and knocked unconscious before they had the chance to call for help or they were led away by someone they trusted... at least, that's what I can say for the others. Crysta was definitely knocked out. I don't want to think about what could be happening to...", Honour stopped in her rambling. She didn't want to give in to despair. Drake began pacing about, "Can't you follow her scent?"

"It's been far too long now. With the scent this faint, there is only one wolf I know capable of following such a trail. If we could find the place Bree or Ginger were captured, we could be able to follow those scents," the prince replied. Honour noticed his tone... the tone of someone who had already given up on their chances of saving the girls.

“Hey, you can’t give up now. Think about Crysta and her friends for a moment. If you were in their shoes, what would be going through your mind at the moment,” the girl asked.

“I would be seeking ways to escape and break out before...”

“You’re a royal, Drake. Deltas don’t have the power that you do,” Honour scolded him. Drake fell silent, staring the girl in the eyes.

“I would be hoping to be saved by someone. Anyone would do, I guess,” he guessed, “I don’t want to think about what they could have been through already.”

“We can’t give up on them, you know.”

“No, we can’t,” his mind worked on finding different ways to save the girls. As he thought through a solution, he began his broadcast to the entire pack, notifying them to stay vigilant and report anyone else that had gone missing. As he addressed the pack, a voice interrupted him.

“Perhaps, I could be of help,” a man greeted them.

#### Chapter 297 Captivity

The prince and girl turned to face the new arrival. Drake hadn’t even heard the man approach him. In his hand, he held Crysta’s cell phone and from the looks of it, he had already surveyed the scene, “I came as fast as I could. How many have gone missing?” the man’s familiar voice rang out.

‘Where have I seen this man before?’ Honour clawed through her memories in search of the man’s face, but couldn’t seem to find it.

To her surprise, Drake looked a little relieved instead of startled by the man’s sudden appearance, “I can’t be sure yet. I have confirmed that three are missing, but they are from those I’m aware of. I didn’t expect to see you this far from Lycaon, Thomas Chase.”

The man’s face snapped into focus in the girl’s mind. She’d seen him at the reserve. This was Katie’s guardian and one of the famed Chase hunters.

“Well, I was supposed to be watching the newest member of the Chase family, by my senses have been picking up random pieces of Trouble all over the world. The Chase family has been distributed after only just coming together after a long time. It’s a tragedy honestly,” the man sighed.

“Drake?” the girl spoke out, sensing the power that came from him. She’d never been introduced to the hunter before.

“This is Thomas Chase. He’s Katie’s adoptive father,” Drake replied and the man took a simple bow.

“So you would be Katie’s father figure. The photographer behind all her coveted baby pictures,” the girl responded.

Thomas chuckled, “Don’t start pointing fingers. It wasn’t my idea to take those. I can’t wait for the time I’ll embarrass her with them though.”

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“Do you know where the girls have been taken?” Drake asked him, noticing them drifting off-topic.

“No, I don’t know that and I doubt we’ll be able to find out either. The only thing we can do is trap whoever has captured them. If I’d arrived a little earlier, I would have found them, but by the time the plane touched the ground, the trail had gone cold. I could only find one of the last places I detected trouble and this was one of them,” the man explained.

“How much do you know concerning our situation?”

“I was eavesdropping. It seems the rogues know how the power of the Chase family works,” the man observed.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” the prince asked.

“Well, we can detect the murderous intent of the rogues. If I’m correct, the girl is still alive. And for as long as the rogues don’t kill them, we won’t be able to track them using my abilities. However, that doesn’t keep them from dying from other means like starvation,” the man explained, frustration leaking into his voice, “I was thinking...”

“You have my attention,” the prince gestured for him to proceed.

“You said three people had already vanished. It could be possible that we can set a trap for the culprits. I had to say it but we’d need bait,” he said to the prince, smirking at the girl behind him.

Honour took longer than she would have liked but when she did, she groaned, “How are we going to draw them out exactly? You seem to have everything figured out?”

“Well, to be honest, I’m only using the information you’ve given me. So far, we only know that the culprit captured the girl that you called Crysta along with her friends. You talked about her guardians and they are unreachable.

From the looks of it, the three victims are all related. I would think the culprit intended to make it impossible to be discovered in time. Is there anyone else that would have been willing to check on her in a short while? Maybe we can pick up on a pattern here,” the man asked.

“She pushed away the only other people that were that close to her in light of recent events. Liam and Wyatt don’t seem to mind where...”

“Have you been able to find her yet?” a male voice interrupted them.

“Talk of the devil,” Honour pinched the bridge of her nose after hearing Liam’s voice, “What do you want, Liam? Didn’t you hear the prince mention you were to move in groups and not once let your guard down?”

“Look at you acting like you’re in charge. I’ll just ignore you and wait for my answer. Have you found the girl yet or not?” Liam dismissed the girl.

“You will treat her with respect, Liam,” Drake spoke to him. The alpha’s eyes widened in shock at the man’s words. They were practically blasphemy to him, but his experience with the royals had taught him more than to get into an argument with them.

“Very well. I apologise for my disrespect. It was wrong of me. Happy now?” he forced a smile.

“Huh, it’s not like you to simply accept, so I’ll take what I can get. As for your question, we don’t know anything... yet. You know she’s not the only one missing?” the prince told him.

“Yeah, I know that, but she’s the only one missing that I actually care about. The ones that followed her weren’t as important,” Liam replied, folding his arms across his chest.

“You can be so heartless and proud of it at the same time,” Honour was amused by the man’s character.

“Look who’s figured it out,” he rolled his eyes.

“Oh Liam, you didn’t really mean all those mean things you just said?” Wyatt shouted from the exit at the back of the castle as he jogged towards them.

“No, I didn’t mean them, but I would be more comfortable to have you take Crysta’s place in all this,” he yelled back at the approaching alpha.

“Haha, very funny... You would probably be captured immediately as well, just like Bree and Ginger to keep the royals from noticing,” Wyatt replied. His voice didn’t mirror the venom in Liam’s voice. It was calm...

and almost hurt...

‘Get a grip, Honour. Wyatt is not capable of feeling hurt,’ the girl shook off the illusions.

“I can’t believe something useful came from all this useless banter,” the prince sighed, “So they capture someone along with everyone that can tell that they’ve gone missing so that their trail will run cold before anyone has noticed. While this is just one way to look at it, it’s a step in some direction. Why though?” the prince pondered.

“Well, maybe it’s because...” Honour stopped her sentence when a foreign consciousness invaded her mind. It was similar to the time when Katie had forced her to sync with her...

After a short pause, she spoke up, “I think I might be able to lead us to Crysta.” That was all she said before allowing herself to shift for the first time in many moons.

Honour very rarely shifted in her life and chose not to... for her wolf was just as weak as she was. While it was stronger than her physical body, it was nothing compared to the strength of the average wolf.

Without warning, she rushed off into the woods, following the voice and feel of the mind that had reached out to her. ‘We don’t have much time, Drake,’ she yelled through the mind link, ‘She sounds really weak.’

The girl’s frightened voice spurred the prince into motion. In a few seconds, a large white wolf with a black patch on its back stood in his place and darted in Honour’s direction.

“Now we are getting somewhere,” Thomas Sirius exclaimed, using his bow and arrow to launch himself off the ground and send him soaring through the woods and in pursuit of the small (well, as small as a werewolf could ever be) grey wolf that had just left.

Arrows that were tied to strong cords were used in this fashion usually by hunters that didn't have Agility gifts. When Katie received her gifts, the man had put off teaching her this technique any further.

The man was airborne and tearing through the woods before the two alphas could tell what was happening. They shifted as well and followed, catching up to Honour with no problem at all. The grey wolf's speed left little to be desired.

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The taste of blood, the smell of wolfsbane and the throbbing pain that purged her head were the first things that were made clear to the waking delta.

Crysta groaned in pain as she struggled to get up. The sudden motion dosed her with an immense dose of dizziness that had her reeling to empty the contents of her stomach.

Without having had breakfast that day, there was nothing to eject from her stomach and so the girl was only heaving painfully on the ground.

When the painful ordeal was done, she collapsed on the cold hard floor again, the scent of loam floor making its way into her nostrils.

She hadn't managed to open her eyes yet and she was already feeling her consciousness drifting away. It took everything to stay awake.

Her throat was dry and she was both thirsty and hungry. Voices started to make their way to her ears, "What do you think happened to her?" one asked.

"I don't know, but she doesn't look so good. That wound at the back of her head worries me. We need to get her to the doctor quickly," another came.

"Forget that, Ginger. We can barely move. Not to mention we don't know where we are," the girl complained.

This time, Crysta recognised the voices. Her memories hurt to return, but she could barely focus on anything. "Would you two shut up? You're making the headache worse," she whispered.

"Crysta, you're awake. Crysta, we've been worried," Bree yelled to get her attention which was the absolute opposite of what the girl wanted to hear.

"Quiet down, Bree. Didn't you hear what she just said? Keep your voice down, already," Ginger tried.

"Oh, blast it. She doesn't get to order us around after the way she's been treating us," Bree yelled back at her friend, "Crysta, how could you prioritise that usurper over us?"

"Are we really going to do this now?" Crysta coughed, this time trying her best to get up without triggering another wave of dizziness. Her muscles hurt so much that she was barely able to hold her weight.

"When else shall we do this? When or if we do get out of here, you'll just go back to ignoring us and tending to everything that royal wants," Bree yelled.

Crysta's head rattled with more pain as the girl yelled at her. She got up and felt something cold at her wrists. Touching them confirmed what they were, cuffs attached to chains that restrained her. She didn't need to open her eyes to know where they were.

"Lina is my friend, just like the two of you," she replied through gritted teeth. She held her eyes shut as though keeping her head from exploding from the headache and massaging her temples.

"I wish I could believe that," Ginger chuckled when Bree didn't answer her.

Crysta kept her breathing steady for a while, focusing on only that while she tried to think of what to tell her friends. She had indeed been ignoring them for a while and she hadn't even taken their feelings into consideration.

"Bree, Ginger, I'm sorry..." pausing for a bit before continuing, "I'm honestly nearly at my limit in all this. I was hoping to rekindle the friendship I've wanted to restore for years now."

"What do you mean, years? You've shown no interest in Lina since the day you acknowledged she was weaker than you," Bree snickered.

Crysta sighed, cringing at the memory of the day she abandoned the only person she'd considered her best friend, "And that is the day I regret the most in my life."

#### Chapter 298 Treason

Bree and Ginger were taken aback by the girl's statement. To them, that had been a moment of realisation that the royal was indeed beneath them...

And who better to prove it than the strongest of all the females their age? Crysta had completely shamed Lina in front of all their peers.

With Liam and Wyatt's backing, they had put Lina in her place, "Stop lying to yourself, Crysta. You were ecstatic that day. The girl that had always gotten the special treatment just because of the colour of her eyes was getting what she deserved."

"Enough, Bree. That's not what was supposed to happen that day. Liam and Wyatt staged all of it. If they had shamed Lina themselves with the risk of me standing up against them, it wouldn't have gone well and they knew it.

They would have looked like the bad guys. After all, Lina already didn't like them. So they set me up... No, I was too much of a coward. I hid behind the fact that Lina was not physically strong like the rest of us and I continued to hide my guilt, trying to make myself feel better... That was until someone else showed up and showed... no, reminded me of the power of a royal."

To herself, the girl thought, 'Those blue eyes don't grace anyone by mistake.'

"Katie Sirius is not here anymore. You know..."

"Katie is not the reason I switched sides. Katie was just the one who made me realise I was being a fool. That girl doesn't even care about the battles we have with each other.

The rankings of royals, betas and deltas... she doesn't care about any of it. She could talk to about anyone and treat everyone the same. While the royals demand respect, she still shows those weaker than her the same respect if the situation requires it," Crysta said to them.

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"She looked like a brute to me," Ginger huffed.

"Oh, she definitely is a brute. She will use her fists against the law itself if the situation called for it," the girl chuckled, "But all that showed me one other thing, she wasn't the kind of person that could betray Lina.

Even when we thought she could do nothing to Liam and Wyatt, she went ahead and stripped them of their right to succeed their fathers as alphas of their packs. I was already inspired far before she even did that," the girl continued, "I wanted to fix what I had broken all those years ago. I had to become Lina's friend again no matter what."

"What does that make us then?" Bree asked her, this time in a quieter tone.

"That makes you the friends that wouldn't support me when it mattered," Crysta replied.

"No way. Lina doesn't deserve that kind of respect and you know it. She'll only have us demoted like the others. We can't trust..."

"Do you even hear what you're saying, Ginger? What do you even know about Lina Sirius? She's done nothing to any of us. When we chose to abandon her and she did nothing. We stabbed her in the back and made her life hell every chance we got... But not even once did she even think about revenge. I was honestly jealous of someone with a heart that full," Crysta chuckled.

"If her heart was really that full, why hasn't she accepted you back as a friend?" Ginger spat, "Don't go and start thinking that now that she's back in the den, she'll just forget everything you did to her."

"You have it wrong, Ginger. I will never forget what I have done. Each time I said something against her or raised my hand against her, the moment was engraved into my memory. Each time I looked at her scornfully, I felt worse than any of you had the chance to notice."

Thinking about the princess, Crysta overlooked her headache subsiding. The horror retreated to the back of her mind, allowing her to think more.

Everything she'd been holding back from her friends was finally coming out. She hadn't told anyone about why she was doing what she had done. This was the first time she was telling anyone. While the two 'friends' she'd kept at her side were not the kind to get sentimental, they had stuck with her for years... That had to count for something, didn't it?

"So what? It's not like the past is going to change just because you had a slumber party," Ginger shrieked, rage pouring out of her voice. Crysta's eyes shot open for the first time since she'd sat up and her blood went cold.

The ground was made of loose moist loam. The remnants of the scents of rain were rich in the cave they were in. Her eyes easily adjusted to the dim lighting in the cave.



She looked up and came face to face with a raging Ginger. The girl was standing in front of her with her hands crossed over her chest. To her right, Bree was tied up the same way as Crysta was, but had a blindfold over her eyes, "Ginger..." the rest of her words wouldn't leave her mouth once she had seen her friend staring at her with scorn.

'H... how did she know about the slumber party?' the question reverberated through the girl's mind, rousing the headache that had only recently simmered down.

"You were once the cool one, you know," the girl said to her, "But now look at you, bowing to someone you've scorned for the bigger half of your life. You're pathetic, do you know that?"

"Ginger, what is the meaning of this?" the girl asked.

"No, you don't get to say anything, Crysta. You don't get to judge me. You only get to watch as I kill the precious girl you've been working so hard to become friends with."

"Huh, but she's a member of the royal family. Why would you do such..."

"Royal my foot, Crysta. You of all people should be able to understand me. You said it yourself all those years ago and for years that followed. She's an abomination that's not worthy of her place in the royal family. I'm only doing you a favour," the girl replied with a sly smile.

The logic itself sounded so far-fetched... as though Ginger was channelling someone else entirely. 'Is that what I sounded like?'

"Crysta, what's happening? What are you guys talking about? I lost track of the conversation," Bree asked from her place on the ground, sounding panicked.

"Relax, Bree. Nothing that concerns you anyway. I'm only trying to get our friend back from that witch's spell. Yeah, that's what it must be. The girl compelled you to grovel at her feet, didn't she?" Ginger smiled as she figured out the reasons for her Crysta's erratic behaviour.

"No, Ginger. That's not what happened. Haven't you been listening to everything I have told you?" Crysta yelled, the strain had her head reeling with another dizzy spell and one hell of a pounding headache.

"Oh, you shouldn't exert yourself too much. That wolfsbane really hits hard," Ginger cooed, crouching down next to Crysta's weakened form.

Cuts were littered all over her forearms, glistening with the familiar purplish toxin. Ginger lifted Crysta's head by the chin so they would look each other in the eye, "You know, I've always envied your green eyes. They are beautiful... You would waste all your power in service to an abomination like that."

"She's not an abomination," Crysta argued through gritted teeth.

"Oh my... Her mind control must really be powerful. Just what limits do the royals have when it comes to compelling others? Perhaps they can even turn your memories completely different to fuel their ambitions.

How did you let that weakling get the jump on you? Oh, don't answer that. It's obvious. You've been growing soft. After all, how would a rogue be able to get the jump on you that easily?"

Crysta's eyes opened wide in shock as she heard the girl speak of a rogue, "What rogue?"

"Oh, did you really think I had brought you here all on my own? I had some help," the girl laughed, whipping her hair back in pride, "Come in... Amanda."

Just then, a woman walked in from the small sign of daylight up ahead. From what Crysta could tell, they were in a cave that dipped below the ground, completely blocking out the light of day.

"Is there something you would like me to do for you? Anyone else you know that could follow us this far?"

"Oh no... We agreed to come this far so that the only ones that could be able to hear her cries for help were the royals. They will come after her... the fastest will be Lina and she will make it here first. That will be your chance to bring her down," Ginger laughed out loud as she spoke of her brilliant plan.

"Had you really planned to tell her your entire plan? I thought you wanted to lead her on until the moment I killed her friend," the woman asked her.

The scariest part wasn't that the woman was a rogue, however. It was the colour of her eyes. They shone a searing red. Crysta had never heard of a rogue cooperating with a werewolf so comfortably.

The oddity made her question just how dangerous the woman actually was. Crysta tried to remember how she'd been captured, but there was nothing there. Everything went black before she had the chance to acknowledge the intruder... 'This woman is a professional killer...'

"That was the initial plan, but it proved far more boring than I could have imagined. The thought of having to sit on the ground in chains, lying to her. No, that was no fun. I want her to know it all and watch it happen while she sits by. I want to remind her of who is strong between her and the sorry excuse of a royal she worships," the girl explained, spilling all her hate into her words.

"Ginger, how long?"

"I have wanted to see that brat dead since the day she sat on the throne in the Den. The nerve on that dead girl for walking in and thinking she could take over everything. Katie didn't know what grave she was digging and now I have my chance to show her how the werewolf world truly works," the girl answered with a crazed look on her face.

"You've gone insane, Ginger. Teaming up with a rogue of all people. Have you even realised what could happen to you if the royals find out about this?"

"Who's going to tell them?" the girl said with a look of delusion on her face, "Oh, I heard you say all this stuff about being confident now. That you're not a coward anymore. I know it was all because that girl compelled you. She must have finally snapped and decided to compel you to..." Just then, the whistling sound of a knife ringing through the air...

a sharp knife from the sound it made, filled Crysta's ears, followed by the tearing of the fabric.

The girl looked ahead of her to the eyes of the girl that was talking to her. She had stopped talking and now coughed a large amount of blood. Her hands flew to the blade going through her torso before she collapsed on the ground.

“You’re right, Crysta. The royals would not be happy about what this girl has to say,” Amanda said, standing over the body of her friend.

However, what filled Crysta with dread was the colour of her eyes. Instead of the bright red that she’d seen earlier, this woman stared at the wolf at her feet with a bright azure stare.

#### Chapter 299 Helpless Feeling

“What...” the delta just about screamed at the sight before her. Bree choked on her own voice. The girl was frightened. Albeit blind, her heightened senses picked up on what had happened. The scent of blood was thick in the damp cave air.

“Hush, little wolf,” the blue-eyed rogue rushed over to Crysta with keys in her hands. When she reached for the locks, she paused and looked the frightened Crysta in the eye.

Her azure eyes seemed to be looking straight through to the delta’s soul, but... for someone that had just killed her friend, she looked nothing like the cold-blooded killer and that perturbed Crysta most of all, “Before I release you, you will agree to my terms.”

“What... what do you mean, ‘terms’?” Crysta asked her, shocked, surprised, in fear and very curious all at the same time.

Something about the odd blue-eyed woman before her calmed her even though she was sure this wolf was a rogue... Reluctantly, she nodded her head.

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Honour ran through the forest as fast as she could, however, due to her lacking physical abilities. She needed plenty of stops before she could continue leading the wolves through the woods.

They had not gone deep into the forest and had long since past the training clearing, but the girl pressed them further into unknown territory, “Honour, do you have any clue where you’re taking us?” Liam asked her first through the mind link.

Thinking back to the state she was always in during their morning drills, he was almost sure she wasn’t supposed to be capable of running this long without collapsing...

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Drake shared the same suspicions and worried about the girl’s condition. She wasn’t the strongest wolf out there... In fact, she was the weakest he’d ever seen.

“Yes, I know where I’m going, damn it,” the girl yelled in frustration, panting with exhaustion. She wanted to stop running completely and rest. Her wolf wanted to rest and return to its usual completely dormant state. Her legs wanted to give out. Drake came closer to her, worry radiating from his colossal form.

The girl was sure she was half his size each time she tried to compare the two of them.

“You shouldn’t push yourself so hard, Honour,” the man tried.

"I have to... I can't tell where she is unless I'm in my wolf form," she argued. Yelling out in frustration, the grey wolf skidded to a stop, using her claws to break, "Damn it, I lost her..."

"Because your emotions are yelling louder than her voice," Drake replied soothingly. If only for a moment, the prince felt as though he was teaching his sister how to control her senses all over again.

'Nostalgic...'

"No, that's not it. I need to focus. She doesn't have much time," she paced about, keeping her eyes closed and searching the mind link once more.

"You will do nothing to help her if you can't calm down yourself. Calm down and you will be able to find her," the white blue-eyed wolf asked her.

"I can..."

"Honour, look at me," this time, he called her out more strongly. His voice arrested her senses against her will and forced her to turn to him. The royal calmed down, "That's one step in the right direction. Now, listen to me, Honour. You won't be able to find her if you keep letting your emotions through a tantrum of their own.

I understand that she's weak and can't really project her own thoughts as strongly as a normal wolf, so you have to make it easy for them to reach you.

It might be hard. Your friend is on the brink of death, but that's what makes this all the more important. Your emotions can't get in the way. Crysta's life is all that matters right now and that means you have to clear your mind."

The girl took a few deep breaths and listened to the large White wolf before her. Once she had calmed down, Crysta's voice made it through once more, "Please hurry... You have to get here," it was clearer this time and she heard actual words and not just the lingering feeling of a familiar consciousness in the mind link.

"I'll be there soon, Crysta," the girl replied.

"Honour, I wasn't sure you could hear me. Thank the moon goddess," the girl's relieved voice came back through stunning her with the exclamation, "I meant the other..."

"I know what you mean, Crysta. Just hang in there. We'll be there soon," the girl replied, "Can you tell us about the place you're in so that we can find you much faster?"

"Well, I'm in a cave right now, but beyond that, I don't know where I am. I don't even know how far from the palace I am," the girl replied weakly. The weakness in the normally strong delta was like a stab to Honour's heart. The girl was always strong and spoke with so much confidence. Hearing her sounding weak was just... wrong.

"Who else is with you?" Honour asked, starting her run with renewed energy and paying attention to the girl's voice. "This way," she called to the rest.

"That's much better," the prince grinned proudly(if at all a wolf would grin), following the girl as she led them through the woods.

"I'm with Bree and Ginger. Ginger is injured badly. You should come quickly. I don't know how long she has," the girl replied with a sob. Her voice was breaking at the mention of her friend.

"What about the one that captured you? Do you know anything about the culprit? We need to be prepared for what we might find there," the girl replied.

"Oh, the culprit... they left," Crysta sighed.

"What do you mean they left?" Honour yelled.

"Don't... yell at me."

"Sorry. You probably have a headache right now," the girl replied, "Do you have a description of your assailant so we might keep on the lookout?"

"No, you aren't listening, Honour. She left completely. You won't find her," Crysta replied, "I'll explain it all when you get here, but if you really need to know what she looks like..."

The image of the woman that had been keeping Crysta and her friends hostage popped into the girl's mind. Honour didn't know what to think of the emotions she was getting from Crysta.

She didn't seem to resent the person that she claimed to have captured which only worked to confuse her more than she already was.

She passed along the image and had them open their minds so she could broadcast the location of the girl she was tracking. With a stronger sense of where the girl was, it was easier for her to expose her mind to the mind link they shared.

Liam and Wyatt rushed forward, leaving the hunter, prince and girl behind to follow them at Honour's pace, "Young people are always in a rush to get things done. Rushing into situations unprepared. Don't they know it's one of the reasons they will never be able to win anything in this life," the hunter sighed as he weaved through the woods, vanishing from them to keep up with the wolves ahead.

"How will he be able to catch up with them if he can't hear us over the mind link," the girl asked.

"I would have thought the first question would be how he is able to accurately move through the trees at that speed and not get hit by a tree branch. Not even once," the prince chuckled to himself.

"Do you always like goofing off?" the girl asked him.

"Not always... but when the situation calls for it, it helps to lighten the mood. If you can smile no matter how bad the situation has gotten, you have not yet lost," the man replied. Suddenly, his goofing off sounded more like another life lesson... and Honour didn't mind.

In fact, she was startled by his response, "I don't know how that made sense, but it did," she replied.

"I thought it would. We're almost there. Be on your guard," the prince replied before they found the clearing that led to a cave.

The cave had been hollowed into a mound of earth and then burrowed downwards to create more room on the inside. From the looks of it, it was man-made... or wolf-made for that matter.

While simple, it provided ample shelter to whoever would need to use it in case of rain. "Do you think a rogue was using this to hide out in the woods?" Honour asked.

"We'll just have to find out. Stay behind me," he asked Honour as they walked closer to the cave. "Hey, have you found them?" he asked over the mind link.

"Yes, we did, but Ginger is in urgent need of treatment. She's bled a great deal. Crysta is not looking too good herself. Bree is the only one that could be able to move on her own," Liam's voice came out.

"Get Ginger and Crysta back to the palace infirmary as fast as you can. I'll ask the medics to intercept you once we are within range of the palace," the prince said to them.

The scent of blood soon reached them as Liam came out holding Ginger close to him. They had used her shirt to try and stop the bleeding, but that was only something that could only last so long.

"This looks really bad. Shift quickly. I will keep her steady while you rush us back to the palace," Thomas said, landing beside the alpha and taking the girl from his arms. He gave no time for discussion and the wolf quickly followed his instructions... after Drake had urged him to do what the man had said.

When the two of them were gone, Wyatt himself came out holding Crysta in his arms. She was awake but barely alive. Her lips were dry and her eyes sunken, showing all signs of dehydration. None of them could tell how long she had been here. "We were together just the day before," Honour whispered.

"I never made it home the next morning," Crysta whispered back, having heard the girl's words.

"Alpha, what are we to do?" the alpha asked Drake.

"You will shift and take Bree with you and I will bring these two back with me. Try to make sure I don't catch up to you," the prince threaten-I mean advised.

The alpha nodded and watched the two of them leave as well. Bree was quiet the entire time and didn't say a word as she was taken away from the cave. Drake turned away from Honour and asked her to shift back into her human form. She was to hold Crysta steady while they rode back to the capital.

Honour chuckled at him being a gentleman and shifted back into her human form, "You can look at me, Drake."

"Huh, you're not a royal or an alpha. Doesn't that mean..."

"I'm not the same as all the average wolves and deltas, Drake," the royal was even more stunned to find that the girl still had her clothes on.

'Oh, of course. I wonder what else she can do?' The large white wolf lowered himself to the ground and allowed the two girl's get comfortable on his back.

"Are you two ready?"

"Yes, Drake... Let's get her to safety," Honour replied, holding Crysta as firmly as she could.

Her chest, however, constricted in pain, 'I guess now I know why Lina always felt she couldn't help anyone because of her weakness although... she didn't know what she was talking about. I can barely

keep Crysta stable...' her thoughts ranted while the prince dashed through the forest at a speed almost twice Honour could manage in her wolf form and at top speed.

And even then, she could tell that he was going slow enough to keep the two girls atop his back...

### Chapter 300 Secrets From the Luna

The giant royal wolf that Honour sat on holding Crysta close to her zipped through the woods at astonishing speeds, one destination in mind. To Honour's surprise, the ride was smoother than she'd ever experienced.

Lately, Lina had grown fond of using this mode of travel when she didn't want to use her driver, however, those times were nothing in comparison to what she was experiencing at the moment.

The prince's paws struck the ground noiselessly while still dashing through the woods unrestrained. The difference between the prince and the princess was clear, but Honour couldn't complain, considering she was only a spec in comparison to these bright shining stars.

Honour was sure that at the speed they were going, they were going to reach the palace in no time. It was only after rushing through the woods for almost ten minutes that she realised how far they had come.

She hadn't yet recognised her surroundings and Drake continued to press on even faster, "Those boys are going faster than I thought possible," the prince chuckled, "Looks like they've been training."

Honour hadn't noticed, but the prince had not yet caught up to the other alphas. It was a difficult feat to accomplish, "You could just be the one that took a wrong turn or something," the girl replied absentmindedly.

"I am keeping track of them through the mind link, so I don't think that's exactly a possibility," he replied.

"Then you're just moving slowly," the girl replied, in a smug tone.

"I like the enthusiasm," the prince chuckled. Honour couldn't help the smile on her face as well as notice the odd way she let down her guard when she was around the prince.

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Her thoughts wandered to the girl in her arms. She had gone unconscious soon after they'd found her in the cave. Honour remembered what she had done with the prince before, but looking down on the girl, a frown etched across her face. Her hands strained beneath the girl, summoning the powers she'd used time and time again, but nothing happened...

Seeming to read her mind, the prince asked, "Can you... you know?"

"I've been trying, but nothing is working..." the girl sighed, "... and yes, Drake, I am as calm as I can be. I don't know why it won't work now."

"It's alright, Honour. We'll get her to the hospital in no time. You already helped us find them. You've done more than enough," the prince replied.

Honour wiped a stray tear off her sleeve. The prince's words were the opposite of what was in her heart. She was weak and hadn't been able to help them with anything... and yet, he sounded sincere. Shaking her head free of the depressing thoughts, she changed the subject.

"You could have taken Ginger to the medics first, you know," the girl voiced her concerns. Drake was quiet for a while before answering. His thoughts wandered to the decision his sister had taken only days before. It might have not been the best decision she could have made, but she had taken the responsibility and made one as well.

And so had Drake...

If Ginger died because of his selfish intentions, that would be all his fault.

"I had to make sure everyone was making their way home. It makes no sense to save one and have another ambushed," the prince reasoned. It was an excuse that the girl saw through. The mind link was open between the two of them and his emotions were laid bare. 'So he lets his guard down around me as well...'

"Alright. I just thought it would be easier for the faster one to get Ginger to the medics is all," she wondered, letting her eyes wander until they settled on the unconscious delta in her arms. To herself, she asked, "Why did she contact me?"

The trio continued in silence for a while. The prince had no answer for her, "We'll ask her that when she wakes up and is getting better."

"Yeah, I guess so..."

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A dark-haired girl sat on a bench watching her friend practice with a bow. It had been a few days since her license had been issued and during that time, the newly licenced hunter had been trying to sharpen some of her skills and testing her newfound abilities.

Katie happily offered some instructions for her to follow and the girl used her knowledge to the best of her abilities.

"Sandra, try not to get agitated," Katie called out when none of the girl's arrows would hit the bullseye.

"Easy for you to say. You're an archery genius," the girl yelled back, letting another arrow loose. This arrow sailed even further from the bullseye than all the others. The girl sighed and walked back to Katie, taking a seat next to her, "And here I thought I was getting better."

"You will get better. Just don't let your emotions get the better of you," Katie replied.

"Now that I have a gift, just watch as I catch up to you, Katie. You won't see me coming," the girl yelled enthusiastically before picking up the bow and arrow once again. Katie sighed and watched her take another chance at shooting arrows.

"Don't forget a single one of your lessons. Pay attention to the breeze, and relax. An archer can feel it when an arrow is going straight for their target," Katie called out.



"It's easy for you to say. You're already perfect," the girl grumbled, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath to calm herself. She was so focused on the target before her that she didn't notice Katie go silent.

Everything vanished from her world. The target and her arrow were the only things that made sense to her at that moment. Feeling for the wind, she adjusted her aim and let the arrow sail through the air. It hit the circle right outside the bullseye, "You've got to be kidding me," Sandra cursed out loud.

Katie watched, suppressing the tinge of sadness that had been eating away at her every time she watched her friend try to chase her mirage, "Do I really look that perfect to you?"

"What else would you look like, but perfect? You protected our town singlehandedly back in Brigadia. You went head-to-head with the rogue king and had him running for his life. Just when you seem to have done something amazing, you go and trump those limits and soar even higher. How else would I describe you? You're like the perfect hunter. Blessed with both Prometheus gifts. We all look up to you, you know," the girl replied.

Katie sighed in defeat, watching her friend let another arrow loose, "And look where that got me," she said more to herself. Sandra did not hear her.

"Hey, what has been going on with you and Cole lately?" the girl asked her.

"Huh, oh, he's just busier these days. Nothing much really. Not to mention the coronation they are preparing for. Honestly, being a royal is so much work," the blue-eyed girl groaned.

"What? You're a hunter and you're thinking about being a royal as so much work," Sandra chuckled.

Katie laughed as well, "Oh, yeah, being a royal is a lot of work. While the hunters might have their fair share of chores, I get to relax every once in a while."

"I think I understand what you mean," Sandra replied, "Would you check my bag? I got some documents that I thought you might be interested in looking through."

Curiosity worked its magic and had Katie searching through the girl's bag faster than she could finish her sentence. The papers inside the bag weren't many and had been bound neatly in a leather pouch. Katie opened them and found pictures of the beta alpha they had defeated in the reserve, "They've moved him to a maximum prison in the Sirius capital," Katie observed.

"Yes, I think it's somewhere at their agency there. He's to be interrogated to see if he can be useful. However, they have proved him to be extremely dangerous after running more tests on him," the girl replied.

"What are they going to do with him?" she asked her fellow hunter.

"As of right now, the decision has not yet been made, but I've heard rumours that he will be put in a state of suspended stasis to keep him from either dying or escaping," Sandra let another arrow loose, losing any care for hitting the bullseye...

Then hitting it without even meaning to... It was a frustrating cycle of disappointment...

"What a waste of resources! To think killing him is not an option. Beta alphas are even harder to deal with than the rogue king himself," Katie sighed, remembering the number of times she'd come face-to-

face with the colossal abominations. They were bigger than the rogue king and far more relentless when they set their minds on something.

Fortunately, neither of them had been able to injure anyone close to Katie. However, that was only a matter of time. Anything could happen.

“Yeah, if he had been one of the rogue king’s generals, he would have been killed the moment the agency was sure he wasn’t going to give them any more information,” the girl replied, “Speaking of generals, I heard you killed one yourself.”

“Huh, me, a general. I didn’t face a general,” Katie panicked.

“Don’t play dumb with me. The impressive part is that you didn’t even notice you were killing a general when you were doing it,” the girl replied.

“Oh, shut up, Sandra,” the girl replied, closing the documents after skimming through them.

A male voice interrupted the Luna while she was skimming through the documents. It was a voice she was now getting used to and even found herself worrying when he didn’t check in every once in a while.

‘Alpha, there seems to be trouble going on in Lycaon. The king is keeping it from you for your comfort. Permission to report it to you,’ Kyle’s voice invaded the girl’s mind.

‘Are you now spying on the king and his beta alphas?’ Katie replied angrily.

‘That was not my intention your majesty, but I happened to hear them saying you weren’t to know about it and yet I’m of the opinion that you should know about this,’ he replied.

‘Very well, meet me at the exit of the Hunter’s Agency. Tell alpha Caden that I have summoned you and take your leave,’ the girl said to him.

“What is it?” Sandra asked her, walking up to her, “You spaced out.”

“It’s Kyle. He has some information for me,” the girl replied.

“Okay then. Let’s get going,” the girl smiled, “Permission to slap him if I happen to feel like it.”

“Granted,” Katie sighed, slinging Sandra’s bag over her shoulder and walking away.

“You don’t look like you enjoy watching him getting beaten,” Sandra asked, doubling her pace to catch up to her friend.

“I don’t, but then again, I can’t help it. I know he is no harm to us anymore. To me, he’s not the same Kyle as the one that betrayed me, so I don’t enjoy seeing him pay for crimes he’s unable to continue carrying out,” the girl summarized.

“Oh, I see. Is something bothering you, Katie? You know you can talk to me,” Sandra had always been able to see right through Katie and the Luna was stunned by the sudden offer.

‘Can we really tell her?’ Ashley’s voice rang out in her mind, a rare occurrence these days.

The girl sighed, “I’m fine, Sandra. I’m just worried about what Kyle has to tell me. It sounded urgent.”

The newly-licensed hunter let it slide, but one of the powers of being Katie's best friend was seeing through her lies. Katie rarely ever needed to make lies unless she was lying about the pain she was feeling from the training she put herself through.

The Luna found that to be frequent as she was almost always suffering from some kind of muscle pain from the excess training. 'Although, this time, it doesn't seem to be something caused by training. I haven't even seen you touch a bow since you woke up,' Sandra was even more worried for her friend, but she knew asking wouldn't help.

All she could do... was wait.