

Chosen 341

Chapter 341 Ha! Who Knew Royals Could Hurt?

The last of the hermit's meagre confidence vanished as soon as he intervened in the conversation between the Mighty Warrior and the king of Lycaon, not to mention the Sirius family that was in the waiting room along with them.

Catching the attention of all the people in this room had been one of his taboos as a hermit. He didn't believe in the system that ruled their world. Whereas others had to cower in fear because of rogues living in no man's land. He preferred to go wherever he pleased. However much that exposed him to danger.

Miraculously, this hermit had managed to get by and raise his daughter lovingly without ever being disturbed by any of the factions raging war on the planet. Now here he was, standing in the nexus of that very war. "Well, go on. We don't have all day, as you might have noticed," Cole lashed out when the man was tongue-tied.

"I'd like to apologise first. They made me do it," the man threw himself to the ground before the king. Cole scrunched his eyebrows in frustration. "That's beside the point. Who cares what you did? It's already history... Wait..."

"The Perfect Warrior has not yet deemed you a criminal. There must be a reason for that. Raise your head and continue talking about the guardian already," Cole leaned his chin on his fist, supporting himself on the armrest of his chair and regarded the man with a sideways glance. It was taking a lot to conceal his patience, but he wasn't fooling anyone among the people that knew him.

"Well, I was forced to dig open the tunnels that go under the palace. And the people who made me do it. They captured my daughter and promised to give her back only after I was done doing what they asked of me," the man explained regardless of the king's words. Cole found it both annoying and bold of him.

"Is that all?" he sighed.

"When the time came that they were going to use the tunnel I dug, they didn't meet the end of our bargain. They just left me there. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't go home without her. While I was still trying to wait for an idea to come to mind (hopelessly mopping), the lion approached me. And soon after, she was there. She came out of the woods, impossible to detect... and protected by a bear. The Voice of the Wild told me she would help me get my daughter back and asked that I lead the lion to the throne room, hopefully before the criminals got there," the man explained.

"That explains that... I'm grateful for that lion stepping in the middle of things. That last rogue caught us all off guard," Cole responded, "Where did you say your home was?"

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"Well, it's a cottage deep in the..."

The man stopped talking when the sound of running footsteps and a loud commotion ruthlessly interrupted the room's calm atmosphere, getting everyone's attention. The door to the waiting room

soon burst open, admitting Jason panting hard. He was exhausted and nearly collapsed at the sight of the king. "Y-your majesties... Well, of course... I would use majesties now instead of majesty, but since there is only one that I actually want to talk to, I should be... changing my phrasing to..."

"Jason, get to your point," Caden suggested.

The beta alpha hadn't noticed the irrelevance behind his rambling but picked up soon on the room's mood. Still tired, he skipped to his message, "Th-there's a woman outside with a child... and you won't believe what else. She has a bear."

Cole stood and left the room briskly before many of them had the chance to react to the news. The royal family followed behind him, along with the Chase family and the dirt-coloured hermit.

Chaos echoed through the halls stemming from the outside of the hospital. When they made it outside, they were stunned to see a bear growling at everything and everyone in sight. A woman stood beside the bear, holding an unconscious little girl close to her.

The medics and guards were at a loss. Proceeding with this situation was proving to be a challenge. With a dangerous bear and a child in need of assistance, the two groups of people were stumped. 'They don't teach this in training...' one muttered to himself.

Cole regained his composure and walked up to the trio. He expressed no fear towards the bear and the closer he got to the three of them, the calmer the creature became, "You must be the Voice of the Wild," he announced.

"Indeed I am. Though I am not too proud of being called any other name in the list of names I've been given," the woman responded.

"The girl needs to be treated. Would you order your umm... bear to back down?" the bear growled at the man before them.

"His name is Brian," she huffed, "And you'll do well to remember that."

"Right..." Cole replied, walking up to the woman with next to no attention paid towards the bear. He lifted the girl out of the old woman's embrace and turned to the hospital, "A certain hunter has told me you might be able to help me."

The woman smirked for a moment before letting her expression fall, "Yes, I might be able to help you. I know told about the situation and I'll do my best."

The tightness that had grown permanent in Cole's chest finally drew loose, if only by a little. Hope was getting hard to hold on to, but now, he could hope again. He placed the girl into the care of one of the nurses and regarded the hermit, "I'm guessing that's your daughter. You should go and be with her," Cole said as he passed the hermit.

The dirty man bowed in respect for the king and rushed off in the direction they'd taken his daughter. 'I wonder if he intends to walk around like that without taking a shower,' Cole kept these thoughts to himself.

“Where is the miracle Luna now?” the old woman asked, standing beside Cole. The king turned to his right and regarded her sudden appearance. If he hadn’t been so consumed with worry for his mate, she might have just scared him, ‘Undetectable, huh? I can’t even pick her scent from this close.’

“Right this way,” he responded, turning to the direction his mate was in. Having intended to give the man a fright, the old woman took a mental note of the state the king’s mind was in and steeled her resolve to help in any way she could, ‘Who knew royals could hurt? Ha! That’s a first. Right, reviving Sleeping Beauty should be my task now.’

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Chapter 342 Jane?! Fauna

Katie lay in the hospital bed, her chest falling and rising in a painfully even rhythm. The lack of irregularity in her breathing only proved her terrible state. This was just what the body was used to doing. If there was even an ounce of consciousness, she could have taken a deep breath at least once in a few minutes, but she didn’t.

Cole found he could stare at her for any amount of time he desired without ever turning away, almost like he’d lose her the moment he took his eyes off her. Nevertheless, there was nothing he could do. He’d already done his best and it was because of his efforts that her body was in the best form it could ever be. Even then, she still lay in front of him, healthy and unconscious.

Cole found himself missing her sapphire orbs more and more. The necklace he’d bought her on the day of the Founder’s festival had been placed back on her neck once the doctors were done stabilising her. The swirling blue colour within the blue jewel was compelling to look at but only slightly less than his mate’s eyes were.

The thought that she might be stuck that way or might even die after some time scared him to the core, but he kept hoping. The girl had asked for that much at least. The bond they shared revealed all her emotions in her last moments awake. Instead of worrying for her life, she’d been worried for everyone else she troubled with her weakened state.

The old woman walked up to the girl and placed her hand on the girl’s forehead. She then felt her forearms before taking a step back with a wistful expression. The woman felt tongue-tied for a moment, trying to discern what she was looking at, “I’ve never seen this before.”

“What is it?” Cole asked, his eyes beaming with the first emotion since the girl had collapsed. ‘A clue... anything is better than nothing at this point.’

“Her body is in perfect shape... more than that... If this girl could move...” the woman froze, shivering from her discovery, “It’s amazing. Honestly, what was she doing to have her body this fine-tuned and what does she eat?” the woman exclaimed.

Cole’s shoulders slumped and lost his hopeful expression, “You’re not being serious, are you?”

“I am... I thought she was weak when I saw her, but this is something else. She really is only being held back by the poor flow of divine energy in her body,” the woman observed.

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Cole's eyes snapped open and lit up with curiosity. In a levelled tone, he asked, "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Well, consider a system that handles divine energy is identical to our bodies. It's also adjustable... which is why we are able to change our forms into werewolves and back. Knowing how ductile, one would never think such a thing could be damaged, but that's not true. Under the right conditions... When a mortal fulfils these requirements and pushes past what their divine vessel should be capable of handling, it's possible they can break it.

This, however, should be practically impossible. No one should be capable of pushing themselves beyond the limits set by divine energy, but... She broke whatever was inside her that helped her store divine energy and keep its flow manageable. Humans were never meant to have that kind of power, to begin with. Too much of it would rip our bodies to pieces," the woman explained with a sombre tone at the end.

It was then that Cole realised what she was saying... or rather, it was then that everything started to make sense to him. The memory of Katie battling the Rogue King offered him the explanation he required. During that battle, the blue aura of divine energy had been leaking out of his mate. It was the only explanation he could have for it.

His wolf had felt that something was very wrong with Katie and at the time, he'd acted on pure instinct, stopping Katie before she continued to hurt herself. "Can you help her?"

"Hmmm, not in a way that you would expect. I'm no doctor and if I'm being honest, this can only be treated by the gods themselves. She will have to talk to them," the woman responded, "Oh my, I didn't introduce myself. My name is Fauna... some people call me Jane, but I don't go by that name anymore."

"You call yourself Fauna and disregard the names you've been given," Thorrin joked.

"Unfortunately, the name was a catalyst that brought on my numerous titles, but I would like to be called by that name, please. It fits perfectly with my role in this world," she responded.

"Very well then, Fauna. What are you suggesting?" Cole regarded her with new hope. For the first time since Katie had started getting weaker, there was some semblance of a solution in sight.

"We can take her to any place the gods have ever touched the earth. That's usually something they can do once in fifty years. During those fifty years, the planet heals from the power that altered its very structure during that time along with getting sealed completely from human interference," the woman said to them.

"What do you mean 'getting sealed'?" Cole asked her.

"It's not a wonder that these places are unheard of. There is a reason they are hidden from the rest of the world. Many of those reasons are already showing themselves in society as it is," the woman grumbled, "Humans let curiosity control them when they don't know what's good for them."

By now, Thorrin and Cole had realised the woman's thoughts were moving faster than the two of them could catch up. Her usually jovial eyes were now staring into space as a vast memory flashed within them. "Do you know a place here in Lycaon, don't you?" Thorrin intervened.

"I knew a place in Sirius once, but the power there is almost spent. Other nexuses such as this have long been swallowed by nature. There is one other place that I know of, but no one is allowed to go there. Do any of you know of a place where the Moon Goddess could have set foot in the last hundred years? I know she appears to the royals, so I'm hoping you could help me answer that question," the woman smiled widely.

Cole sighed and sank into the seat he'd occupied, trying to think as much as possible. Almost as soon as he'd started thinking, his eyes beamed with emotion as a vivid memory came to him, "I never thought I'd be going back there so soon."

"Going back where?" Thorrin asked.

After a calm sombre silence, he replied.

"Brigadia."

Chapter 343 [Bonus chapter]Odd family

Seated in a chair under the shade of a cottage in the woods was the king's uncle. He skimmed through the newspaper he'd only procured earlier that morning. Keeping track of what was happening in the world was his only way of knowing if they were being followed and if they were safe.

Two slender warm arms wrapped around the man's neck in an embrace. The man turned to and kissed the new arrival on the lips before she asked, "What are you reading?"

"The daily newspaper," Sean replied. Amanda took a look at the page he was reading and noticed a halfway-done crossword.

"Are you certain?" she laughed fondly.

"I was also passing the time, checking on my intellect to make sure it's just as sharp as it used to be," the man replied with a smug look.

"Of course, you were," the woman chuckled.

The door burst open, letting out an irritated girl, "Ugh, the two of you are so disgusting. What are you even doing? If you're going to make an heir, hurry up and do it already."

"Someone's jealous. You know, Bree. Even if we have one, she will never be able to replace you in a million years," Amanda joked.

"You mean 'he', dear," Sean pecked the woman and pulled her from behind him, guiding her to sit on his lap.

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Complying with her mate's wishes, she continued once she was seated, "No, I meant 'she'. It doesn't matter anyway. I know we'll have both genders at some point," the woman tried to let it go.

"The firstborn though. That one will be a strong male," the king replied with a proud look on his face.

"I pray the goddess rewards us with a bundle of joy that will quell that unnecessary pride that resides within you," the woman tapped his nose.

"I can't say no to that," Sean smiled and shelved away the argument, 'I'll take that win.'

"Ugh, get a room. It's like I'm watching a romantic show. Since when does the king's brother say more than a single sentence?" the girl complained, 'What has become of my life?'

"Since he found his mate, I guess," Amanda responded.

"That makes me curious on so many levels. How are the two of you mates to begin with? I don't mean to pry, but she's a general for the rogue king. There is simply no way the moon goddess can make a mistake like that," the girl asked, sitting across from the two of them in a chair of her own.

"We could tell you what happened. It's not like it's a secret to anyone that knows that the two of us are mates," the woman replied thoughtfully.

"Oh, this has got to be nice," Bree smirked, rubbing her palms together. After spending time with these two, she was starting to get very bored and now... the most interesting kind of entertainment had come out of nowhere... gossip.

"Well, I was running about the woods and happened to run into a handsome lone wolf bathing under a waterfall. I might have overstayed my welcome and the two of us locked eyes. It was like fate, as many would say. We talked for a while and I was able to convince him to help the rogue king from inside the empire, the end," the woman explained with a giggle.

"That summary is far too quick. Do you really remember that little of what happened?" Sean asked the woman in his lap?"

"Oh, I remember much more than that. I just wouldn't want to get into it with someone who blackmailed you into losing your nephew's trust," the woman replied, narrowing her eyes at the girl.

"It doesn't matter anyway. I'm hungry," the girl raised her hands in surrender and stood to leave.

"I was just about to fix something up," Sean beamed. This was Amanda's cue to get off his lap. She did, however, not without placing another kiss on the man's lips.

Bree took note of how quick Sean took her requests and couldn't help, but get a familiar sensation in her mind. It was akin to the way her parents cared for her as a child.

"I can cook something for myself. You don't have to do anything," the girl argued. She almost added something else just to spite the older man, but he didn't seem to be listening. His reply came just as fast.

"Oh no, I like cooking. So just get comfortable and I will have everything done. What would you like to eat though? Amanda brought home venison in the morning. I know that could make anyone's mouth water from the mere thought of it," the man responded, walking into the kitchen.

Bree clenched her fist... this had been going on for the bigger part of their last week and she did not want it to become her new life, "The two of you are stalling. Don't think I haven't caught up on your scheme? I can..."

“What can you do, Bree? You don’t have that mask of poison anymore and the two of us healed from it already. Not to mention you’re powerless against us. If it weren’t for Sean’s request, I would have killed you already. So please do tell... what can you do?” Amanda’s mask of tolerance had dropped. It was always the first to drop. Sean’s however, was always on... or was he simply that kind to her. Bree couldn’t tell.

“Threatening her won’t do any good, you know. Honestly, will you be threatening our kids as well?” the man called from the kitchen.

“Honey, our kids won’t try to stab us in the back. This one has betrayal written all over her,” the woman called back, taking a seat in the living room. The royal didn’t continue with the argument and Amanda took the hint as their discussion on the matter ended.

“The two of you are so confusing. Is this what you were planning to do from the start?” the girl asked. After coming to a stalemate, or rather, after her loss to the two royals, they had travelled through the forest and brought her to this peculiar cottage in the middle of nowhere.

The two wolves seemed to know where it was... but Bree couldn’t help but feel like there was so much more to them that she was missing. They talked, acted and kissed like they’d been in a happy marriage for a long time, each being a safe haven for the other... It was...

Weird(for someone who hadn’t seen it coming).

Chapter 344 The Futility of Rage

“You certainly want to know everything,” the woman sighed, “If you must know, the rogue king ordered all rogues to relinquish their bloodthirst and blend in with the general population. Doing that will keep the Chase family from finding them even if they make a sweep of the entire no-mans-land.”

Bree already knew all this, but every time she felt trapped and tried getting them to explain why they were stuck living in a cottage in the middle of nowhere, this is what Amanda would reply. Still, the conversation would not end there.

“But that’s similar to giving up. They will find those breeding camps he has scattered around the globe, won’t they?” Bree tried. ‘Why wasn’t the rogue king doing anything about this? To the mind of a young wolf who depicted the royals as powerhouses with next to no limits, it was harder for her to understand why everything was the way it was. She’d never even asked herself why the rogues chose to hide in no-mans-land in the first place.

“Yes, they will. But at this point, those are also useless. He could only rescue the children there that had a chance of growing into strong rogues. Besides that, the females in those camps were rendered barren the moment the Moon Goddess’s Chosen marked each other,” the woman explained with a sigh. This was just another different route the girl had taken to this conversation... ‘This is getting exhausting.’

“That really put a dent in the rogue king’s power, didn’t it? It’s hardly a levelled playing field in this war anymore,” the girl observed. Having brought the man’s newspaper with her, Amanda began finishing his crossword... and correcting a few of the things he’d gotten wrong.

“Which side do you think is going to win in the end? And no, war is never a levelled playing field. Everyone does what they must to gain the advantage and win the battle,” lacking any form of entertainment, Amanda often surprised herself with how patient she’d become toward this girl.

“If I was to pick a side, I would go with the one I found to be fighting for equality. Since that wench was born, I’ve found our system to be completely unfair. She’s the whole reason I realised the rogue king was fighting for something better,” the girl responded.

After a short moment of silence, Amanda asked the girl, her voice raising in pitch, “Have you ever met a female rogue?”

“I’m looking at you right now, aren’t I?” the girl raised an eyebrow.

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“I’m the only one that’s allowed to fight among the females. And that’s only because I was strong enough to earn the rogue king’s respect,” the woman replied, “If you didn’t know this, females are only used for breeding. The rogue king sees them as nothing more than a tool to help him increase the numbers of rogues in this world.”

“How did you survive that?” the girl asked.

The woman went silent for a moment, memories washing over her face. There was a storm of emotions in her eyes that Bree had thought she was incapable of expressing, “There was a time I tried to run away, but certain conditions led me to where I am today. When the rogue king found my strength to be what he was looking for, he made an exception and bit me to grant me the power of an alpha. I was just lucky. The rogues are not what you make them out to be. I would know... It’s how my mother died.”

It took everything for Bree to keep herself composed. Suddenly, her once so clear path was not so clear anymore. She was now having trouble trying to fathom what the rogues were doing in this world. All the stories they had of them were just that... stories, but hearing them from another rogue had a different feel to it. It was real, “I’m sorry about that,” the woman waved off her apology. After a short pause, she asked, “What’s his goal?”

“His goal... Oh, it’s simply to eradicate all of mankind. There is not much more to it than that,” the woman shrugged, turning her attention back to the crossword.

Bree pondered the woman’s words for a while, trying to come to terms with what could have brought on such a decision, “What made him come to that conclusion?”

“That’s something even he doesn’t share in detail. Although, if I’m to guess, he knows what actually happened to the moon goddess centuries ago in her feud with the Man god. Knowing that could have driven him to anger beyond redemption. He values a world that’s saved from the cruelty of mankind,” she responded.

“How are werewolves any less cruel?”

The woman smirked, feeling herself finally make progress with the stubborn girl, albeit in a way she hadn’t expected, “We feel emotions more vividly than humans do. A human can do something with no

emotion behind it. They are prone to anger and hatred and can lean away from love when it's their salvation much easier than werewolves.

This could be the same thing that started the war between the two gods. However, for some reason, the moon goddess changed her mind during the war and the Man god forgave her for attacking his creations. I don't know what he would stand to gain from that, but it was a peace that could have been. The rogue king just had to appear and harbour memories that reopened old wounds."

"You say humans are cruel, yet it was you that killed Ginger without batting an eyelash," Bree attacked.

"I know what I did, but I could not stand what the girl was planning to do. Betraying the royal families is the first step in the rogue king's direction. So I cut the scourge at its roots before she could do any more harm. You may want to justify your anger towards the girl that was born royalty instead of you, but that same anger is clouding your judgement..."

"You know nothing about me," Bree spat.

"I don't need to. I heard what I wanted to from your dead friend. She was so angry that she tried to use me to kill a royal. You were on your way to do something similar, but miscalculated," the woman replied.

"That's enough. I know what I was doing. I know riding the world of Lina Sirius is a grave crime that is unforgivable, but I am repulsed by the mere thought of watching others bow to a weakling like her. Werewolves are strong and the strong are above the weak. It's how it's always been and how it's meant to be," the girl was now yelling, "I would only be doing the world a favour."

"What about you, then? What happens to you?" Amanda asked, "Have you thought about what will happen after all this? Have you been in a battle before? What if you lost Crysta in this meaningless tantrum you're throwing? Have you ever felt the warmth of a mate bond?"

Would you want to die before experiencing it? To die fighting someone who probably doesn't know anything about you beyond your name. From what I heard the other girl saying that time, it sounded like this royal you hate so much was loved...

And honestly far more powerful than you're giving her credit for. The world doesn't need fixing and you certainly don't have the right to claim you're fixing anything. The only thing that needs fixing here... is you."

Chapter 345 Second Chance

The words from the female rogue royal hit hard. Bree had sought her out to get to the rogue king, but this woman had only spelt her errors out for her and it irritated her to the core. She searched her mind for a witty comeback, but nothing came to her rescue. She'd messed up, she knew that now. Unlike Ginger, Bree didn't have it in her to go through with something that wouldn't work.

In fact, she would have started all of this in the first place if Ginger hadn't tried it first. The late girl's actions had given her the push to come up with a plan and she had, however, she'd also allowed a lot of holes to sneak into it, "No, you don't understand anything."

“Oh, don’t I now?” the woman searched her eyes, “I’ve lived in a world so cruel that you couldn’t begin to tell which side was right or wrong, up or down if I was to throw you into it. And you almost marched yourself right through the doors of hell.”

Calming down her tone, Amanda continued, “Earlier, I heard you speak of the breeding camps the rogue king keeps around like it was something normal, but do you have any idea what happens to the women in those camps?”

“I’ve heard the stories. I know what happens. You don’t have to spell it out for me,” the girl replied. Disgust was beginning to set in her mind.

“Do you have parents?” Amanda asked. When the girl didn’t answer, the woman’s jaw dropped. The girl before her had held such a strong front when they’d met that she wouldn’t have thought she’d lived such a sheltered life, but then again, she could sympathise. There were a few things she could think of that could make her lash out like that, “You’ve lost something dear to you, haven’t you? Or at least, you feel like you do. I’ve noticed one similarity between you and your friend.”

“What might that be?” the girl mocked. This sudden mind-reading was starting to get on her nerves.

“Chris... Christle... No, Crysta... Yeah, that girl we captured that day. She’s the one the three of you care about so dearly. I won’t pretend to know what the three of you have been through, but I know it can be fixed. Anything can be fixed if you come clean and try to fix it,” the woman said, half to herself.

“You say it like it’s so easy. Have you ever come clean about what you’re doing?” the girl asked.

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“Yeah... I have done that once before. It’s the reason my mate and I were still going this long, but we didn’t do it with the current king. It’s not like it’s that easy to do. With honesty, time and patience, relationships can be fixed. I don’t know what happened between you and Crysta or Liana-”

“You mean Lina...”

“-yes, Lana. The three of you can fix whatever mess you’ve got yourselves in,” the woman explained. While the wrong name she used made Bree laugh, the point got across.

Through her giggles, “You didn’t strike me as someone that could offer advice.”

“Ugh, tell me about it. I blame the man in the kitchen. He brings out the worst... or the very best in me,” the woman groaned, tipping her head so she stared at the man working in the kitchen.

“Are the two of you finally getting along? The food is almost ready,” Sean yelled from the kitchen.

“No, in fact, we are wrestling at this very moment,” Amanda lied, chuckling with the girl who was now warming up to her.

“Oh, I’m really good at wrestling. Just letting you know. If I find that you are interested, I’d be glad to teach you a lesson or two,” the man yelled back from the kitchen.

“Oh my, is that really Prince Sean making a threat?” Bree was the one to ask this time, “They are normally scarier than that.”

The royal in the room went silent for a while before his voice came through, "It's easier to make threats when you spend that much time away from your significant other."

"That explains why you are so grumpy all the time. How long have the two of you known each other?" Bree asked.

The two of them laughed at the question, "It's been quite some time, Bree. Honestly, let me see... If I was to estimate, it would be about forty years... maybe more. Just so you know, Sean is the king's uncle, so... It's been a while."

Bree's smile dropped at the mention of how long the two of them had been apart, "I'm sorry."

"No, it's fine. It has nothing to do with you, really. And everything to do with our goddess. It was her plan after all," Amanda quickly replied.

"So, we're telling her now?" Sean asked from the kitchen.

"Yeah... I believe she can tell right from wrong once again," the woman replied.

"That was fast," Sean replied with a chuckle, "In that case, come help me set the table before we get into that story." With that, Amanda invited the girl to help them get ready for a filling lunch. It might not have been much or permanent, but Bree felt what it was to be a part of something.

Amanda didn't desire her death anymore and Sean didn't want her hurt or injured in any way. For the gloomy brother of the king, he was oddly kind and considerate. Almost like his personality was often hidden when he was in the presence of others.

The three of them set the table, idle chatter milling through them with a hint of dark humour from the rogue royal. Having lived within the rogues for a long time, the woman's military tendencies often leaked into her personality, although it only gave her an irresistible charm of her own. When the table was finally set, Sean was the first to launch into story time, taking the girl back to a time before the two powerful wolves had even met.

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Chapter 346 [Bonus chapter]The Day They Met

A little over forty years ago...

At a time when King Davin had only been a small prince, barely capable of performing any tasks in the name of their kingdom. At the time, he was still only a child. Back then, the current king's brother was not known for staying in the same place for too long.

He was far too antisocial and wild to be capable of such a thing. He moved about the globe as though it was his home and spent more time in no-man's-land than any wolf on the planet that wasn't a rogue.

Rumours spread about why the man was like this. Some suggested he was simply too powerful to care about the rogues out there... as he never seemed to have trouble dealing with them when he was attacked. While others suggested he was in cahoots with the rogues.

Regardless of these rumours and the fact that the king knew nothing of his brother's exploits, he allowed Sean to do as he pleased, letting him come and go at any time with complete autonomy. Seeing that the king tolerated his behaviour, the kingdom let the matter rest... however, not before nicknaming him, the Lone Wolf.

A black wolf calmly plodded through the woods one hot afternoon, making it to a raging waterfall. Despite how harsh the water beat down on the rocks beneath it, it seemed like paradise in the afternoon heat.

Sean had been hunting for a myth and this had been the furthest he'd made it following the great Sirius river. At its confluence with its other sister branch was a waterfall. The man had taken the time to observe the area surrounding it.

The confluence was surrounded by rich vegetation and was brimming with divine energy. The place where the first kings of the past parted ways and established the two empires on opposite sides of the world, using this great river to guide them.

The black wolf shifted back into his human form and stripped, placing all his belongings at the river bank before taking a dive into the cool river. The life of a lone wolf was filled with the constant need to refresh one's mind. To keep himself from drowning in his own thoughts, he often found himself doing different extreme activities that set a pace for him to keep himself grounded. To keep himself from going insane from the painful silence that surrounded him. Only so rarely did he get the chance to let water from a waterfall beat down on his back.

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Usually, the man would have decided against it, but his wolf was convinced it wouldn't hurt one bit and so, he went for it. After struggling a bit against the weight of the falling torrent of water, the man stabilised under the water and calmly let his mind wander.

Without his knowledge, a weakened panting wolf made its way through the grass and onto the river bank. The tired small wolf was starving and panting heavily from exhaustion. She was lost and barely had anything to eat. Well, she hadn't known which way to go in the first place, but she ran, nonetheless. The cruelty of the wild was nothing compared to what she was running from. Thinking back on it, she decided this was much better than the alternative.

The sound of the river was soothing. Dying by a river did not sound like such a bad thing. 'It would be peaceful,' the grey wolf thought to herself, moving closer to the river. Just then, her nostrils flared with a sweet scent that swept her drowsiness away immediately. She looked about the river bank in search of the source of the scent, but couldn't find it. After walking along the river bank, she made it to a waterfall. There were clothes and a bag at the river bank, but no sign of their owner.

The grey wolf walked up to the clothes and gave them a sniff before backing away. The scent she'd been following was intensified in the clothes. She could just roll in them and die a happy starving wolf within them, surrounded by this sweet scent.

The bag beside them, however, caught her attention before she could carry out this craziness. She shelved her recent idea and moved on to the bag. She began to open it using her paws and mouth. It

was a slow task in her wolf form, but eventually, she got the bag open. Within the bag, she found a loaf of dried bread and a juice bottle. Along with other necessities that her mind wanted nothing to do with.

She was practically drooling at the sight of the contents within the bag. The wolf shifted into her human form, curling up when the biting cold breeze blew against her bare body. Without caring for the bag's owner, the woman began to eat the bread in a rush and gobble up the juice inside.

It tasted heavenly and choked her more than once, but the more she consumed it, the more her other senses dulled. She couldn't remember the last time she'd eaten... well, anything. 'If there is a goddess out there that cares about werewolves, thank you so much,' she mentally screamed to the sky, savouring the food she was eating.

"Someone's been starving. You're eating like an animal even in your human form," a voice broke through the silence, sending a wave of dread through the woman. She froze and turned her head towards the water and saw a man standing at the river bank with his hand on his hip, stark naked.

The woman quickly averted her eyes at the sight of him and inched further away from the man's belongings, 'What's wrong with him? Could he be like one of those savages that don't care for...'

"No, please, finish up," Sean's voice cut her thoughts short.

The man's voice was nothing like she was used to. Instead of the cruel and commanding tone that she was used to hearing from men, this one sounded kind. The voice of a male being kind was foreign to her and the generosity even more so.

She wasn't supposed to believe his words. She shouldn't have... after all, he could have been asking her to eat up so he could take her back in one piece. What other reason was there? He was standing naked behind her after all. Regardless of these doubts, she couldn't find it within her to doubt him... and she had an idea why. That sweet scent she'd caught earlier... It was everywhere now... and she knew the source.

Tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably. Tears she didn't know she had. Her life was so rough that it never called for tears. They were a sign of weakness... and yet here they were. She didn't even try to dry them off.

The biting cold of the wind suddenly came to a stop as a warm jacket was wrapped around her back. He was right behind her now. He didn't bark at her or ask her to do anything he desired.

The wolf inside her knew why. She also knew why. What were the odds of her finding the one werewolf out of millions that the rest of the women from her home would never get to see... ever. And she was overjoyed... She found her mate.

Chapter 347 Virtue of Kindness

Sean dressed up, leaving aside the jacket that wrapped around the young girl. When he was done, he watched the woman before him hungrily gobble what he'd packed in silence. Staring at her, he tried to guess her age. While she looked considerably young, he couldn't call her a young girl either. She was definitely beyond her twenty mark. Beyond that, the prince was drawing a blank.

He did know, however, from the scent coming off her that she was indeed his mate. Surprisingly, the prince didn't care that she was weak. What mattered was that he'd found her and could save her from the starvation that was eating a hole into her stomach.

Now that he thought about it, what was his mate doing out in the middle of nowhere? There wasn't supposed to be anyone this far down the river. There could always be the obvious answer that she was from one of the Rogue King's breeding homes, but she looked too young in comparison to the few escapees he was acquainted with. His curiosity eventually got the better of him, "Can I know your name?"

The woman looked up from the bread in her hands and looked around in search of a third person. When she was sure there was no one else he was talking to, she swallowed the food patiently residing in her puffed-out cheek.

Before she could talk, though... she was choking on the chunk of bread she'd forced down. The girl struggled against the dry bread when the prince closed the gap between them and guided the juice bottle to her lips.

Having forgotten about the drink, she hurriedly gulped down the juice to force the near-dry bread down her throat. "You might want to slow down," the prince chuckled. When she'd regained her composure, the woman inched away from him, sending numerous red flags through the prince's mind.

He pulled his hand away from her, ignoring the slight sting the rejection came with. She'd probably been through a lot. After all, she was in the middle of nowhere. Who would willingly come out into the woods with no direction or understanding of where they were going.

He took off his shirt and handed it to the woman, finding the jacket minimal covering, "Use this to cover yourself."

The woman eyed the shirt as though it was a treasure. In her mind, she would be bathed in his scent and the thought made her wolf leap with joy. This didn't bode well with the initial reaction she'd had to his touch though... and there was a lurking regret. She had many habits she wondered if she had to break now that she'd found her mate, "Are you sure? I wouldn't want you to be cold," she tried.

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"Between you and me, I'm better off naked, but I know that will make you uncomfortable. Now put it on, you'll catch a cold," the man responded warmly. The woman was malnourished and much more prone to the cold than he was. She took the hint of finality in his voice and received the shirt from him before gesturing for him to turn away. Sean rolled his eyes and turned away from the woman as she dressed, "You didn't answer my question."

"Oh... my name is Amanda. What's yours?" she replied. Her voice was muffled by chewing. Sean took this as a sign that he could turn back.

"My name is Sean... Sean Sirius," the man responded. The woman wasn't taken by the man's name as she quickly continued to eat the food he'd given her. 'She is cute when she is eating,' went his thoughts as he observed her, 'She takes on a keen resemblance to a cute chipmunk.'

The amber in her eyes identified that she wasn't all that strong, but something else got his attention. It was the fact that she didn't feel like anyone from either of the empires and hadn't yet shrunk in fear from the colour of his eyes, "Where are you from?"

The woman was stunned by the question. She didn't want to answer it and the appetite that had been driving her all this time was all but gone at the moment the man asked her about where she'd come from, "You don't have to answer that. I think I can make a guess about that. Don't worry about it though. I don't really mind."

"I don't want your pity," she stated bluntly.

Instead of the reaction she'd expected, Sean began laughing at her, "I'm the last person that would ever offer you something like that. Believe me when I say that... but, you're different. You're my mate and that changes the way I would treat you, doesn't it?"

"It doesn't have to. I'm a rogue and you're a... what are you... Wait," it was only then that the woman took note of the man's eyes. They were bright blue. A colour that she'd dreaded for a long time and been told at the breeding centre about its meaning and that those who possessed it were werewolves of untold power, "You're a royal. No, this has to be a mistake."

"Quite shocked that you're only noticing that now. You must have been really hungry. And here I thought my mate was going to be a normal alpha or delta from another pack... I would have never thought she would turn out to be a rogue. What are the odds!" In truth, the odds were next to none, "I know a lot about how other female werewolves would act around me if they ever found out I was their mate, but this is a whole new situation I hadn't prepared for."

The woman only moved further away from him, "I ran away... from the rogues. I don't know where I am and I definitely don't know who you are. Honestly, I was ready to die at this point. There is no point in my struggle anymore. I've escaped from them, but I don't know what else to do now. No one would simply take in a stray rogue. I don't know how the world beyond the rogues works. I cannot be of use to anyone. All I know is that I craved freedom from my former life and now that I have it, I can die knowing I found it."

The hidden meaning behind her words was clear. She was telling him that he didn't have to take in a stray like her. That it was okay if he left her out to die. She was ready to die for she had already accomplished her task: To escape her life of captivity and she'd succeeded. Something like that, however, took a special kind of strength. Anyone could train their bodies, but that didn't play a role in helping them escape the rogues. Someone would have to be cunning and extremely determined to pull off something so foolish. Sean smiled.

"Yeah, that's a... colourful plan. How about we go with this one instead? I could teach you what you need to know about the outside world and you can choose what you would like to do about it. I'll protect you and nurse you back to health because honestly, you're already far too malnourished to do anything on your own. I'll teach you to hunt. I'll teach you to cook and everything else you need to survive. This is the minimum I'll do for you... if you come with me that is," the man responded.

“What’s the maximum?” Amanda asked, suddenly curious to hear what the prince was hiding in that beautiful mind of his. She liked him already... He was peculiar and she couldn’t read him, but that’s what made him even more interesting.

All she could tell for now... was that her mate was kind. Too kind.

Chapter 348 Cruel Request

Sean was quiet for a bit, thinking it over before answering, “I’m still figuring that out as well. We can get to those details later on. Let’s just take it one step at a time, okay?”

“No... I cannot accept you...”

“Ah sorry, I forgot to tell you. You don’t get a choice in the matter, I’m afraid. There is no single way I can picture you walking away from me now. I, as well as my wolf, won’t let that happen... and even if you manage to do so, I’ll only follow you until you give up and accept my offer.

The hunters and royals know about the breeding camps the Rogue King keeps around, but they don’t know where they are since they also know nothing about no-man’s-land. And even I, who has toured no-man’s-land the most, have never found one. So when I find a rogue woman wandering in the middle of nowhere, I can’t just turn a blind eye.

You probably don’t even know where you are. Follow this river down and you’ll undoubtedly perish. Not much you’re going to find down there. Rumour has it that it’s where the famous Origin is supposed to be.” At this point, Sean was waving his arms about, wriggling his fingers in a motion to indicate spookiness. His tone, however, was as blunt as ever and defeated the purpose of his demonstration.

Nevertheless, the woman understood what he was saying with an intricate level of clarity. Sean sighed, having spoken so much and still made no progress in making his point. ‘Social interactions are really hard,’ he mentally complained before trying again. Amanda remained patient as he gathered his thoughts. Despite the front she was putting up, she wanted to stay in his presence as long as she could.

“You’re my mate... I would want you to know happiness and smile genuinely. I would like you to eat your fill and at least put on that weight. You don’t look so good, if you hadn’t noticed,” Amanda’s expression fell at the man’s words. She hugged herself and moved even further away from the prince.

“Perv...”

Sean’s jaw dropped, “No, I’m not. I was being honest here. Although, you can’t keep me from wondering what you would look like in perfect health,” It was Amanda’s turn to be mystified. Seeing an opening, Sean continued, “I would like you to know what it was to spend a day lazy in a home that you can call your own. To sleep without worrying about what will happen tomorrow or what happened today. To truly live...”

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The more he spoke, the more tears welled up in the woman’s eyes. Suddenly, her grasp on reality and fiction was starting to blur. The words coming from Sean’s mouth sounded like utter fiction. ‘Who on earth lives such a life? There is always someone out there whose job is to make your life hell, isn’t it?’

There was a lot she didn't know, a lot she hadn't experienced and a lot she couldn't verify, but her wolf asked her to trust him. Her consciousness couldn't keep up with the way her emotions were all over the place.

She wanted to run into his arms and yet she also knew to keep her distance from men as they were the ones that caused their suffering in the breeding camp. It was a dilemma that tore at her from the inside. The oblivious royal could not see this internal battle but was sure it wasn't going to be easy to drag the woman along with him on whatever adventures he had in his mind.

Alas, it was his ambition to discover what her life had been like and to find what his wolf wouldn't let go of. The creature seemed hellbent on bringing the worst headache upon him if he ignored the drive that was pushing him to take care of the woman before him.

Before Amanda could speak, the temperature dropped several degrees and the calm breeze slowed and almost went still. The woman rubbed her arms to gather some heat.

Sean's wolf pushed him to embrace the woman, but his logical side wouldn't let him proceed with such drastic action. However, his other senses told him the sudden change in their environment was not just the random decision of mother nature.

The warmth of the sun was gone from view. The man looked into the sky and was shocked to find the sun gone. In its place was the moon, glowing brighter than he'd ever seen it. A silhouette of a woman emanated from the moonlight that reached them.

Amanda followed his line of sight to the sky and was nearly petrified by the being he saw in the air. Floating down to them was the most beautiful woman she'd ever seen. The connection with her was so great that she felt she could stay looking at her for eternity and never get tired of it. She was everything the wolves dreamed of. The moon goddess looked down on them with a warm motherly smile on her face... there was also a hint of pride in her expression and entrance. Something that said, 'Bow down to your goddess, mortals. It is I, the divine and beautiful gracing you with my presence.' Of course, she would never say this.

"You certainly love your entrances," Sean interrupted the slow descent of the moon goddess.

Celeste was startled by his composure. He barely showed a fraction of being entranced by her, "You're an interesting one, Sean Sirius."

"You appear once every fifty years to a royal of your own choosing. Are you sure you chose the right royal this time? I think you would be better off choosing one of those in power at this moment?" the man responded, getting straight to the point.

"Oh no, I know I've chosen right. I have been watching you for a while now and I had foreseen your meeting with your mate. How do you like her?"

The man regarded the woman before him. She was small in frame, but her eyes shone with the most determination he'd ever been blessed to see. He already knew she had a will of fire that burned within her from the short interaction they'd just had.

Even in her weakened state, she looked far from backing down from anything that crossed her path, "She's special alright. She's got a warrior spirit that burns brighter than any I've seen," the man smiled.

“You couldn’t have described her any better,” the goddess replied with a warm smile. Amanda found herself tearing up once more. Where had she been hiding all these tears and why were they coming down right now?

No matter how much she tried to wipe them, they wouldn’t leave her alone. For once in her life, Amanda felt the tension leave her muscles completely. The tension in them that was held by the constant fear for her life was leaving her for the first time. At the moment, she was in the presence of her mate and the moon goddess... the two beings she knew would never hurt her.

While mates could sometimes hurt each other, it wasn’t the same with Sean. Amanda had already gleaned enough into his personality to know he wasn’t one to jump to violence so quickly. She had eaten his food without permission after all and now she was wearing his shirt and jacket.

They didn’t know what she’d been through, but somehow, their presence was enough to make her forget all of that. That’s why the next thing the goddess said struck a heavy chord of curiosity and one more emotion... terror... inescapable fear, “And I’m afraid that same warrior spirit has summoned me to the two of you to ask your help.” The goddess made a slight bow to them.

‘Why do I get the feeling I’m not going to like what she has to say?’ Sean had asked himself. Just like his mate, he had a very bad feeling brewing in the pit of his stomach.

Chapter 349 Rise of General Amanda

The Moon Goddess’s request was nothing short of cruel. After only letting the two werewolves get acquainted for less than an hour, she intervened to spring an unreasonable request on both of them. Her timing, however, was purposeful to keep them from rejecting her proposal. Any longer and there was no telling how willing they would be to cooperate.

Celeste asked that the female be sent right back into the rogues, to work against them from the inside... as a spy. The goddess did not give them full details as Sean asked her to give them time to think about it.

Sean led his mate away from the goddess and to one of the cabins he had littered in no-man’s-land. In this small home, they rest... or Amanda rested. Sean hunted for the first two days and nursed his mate back to health, spoiling her more than she ever thought possible.

For a while, Sean forgot the moon goddess’s request. When Amanda was ready, he took her hunting, swimming, running and everything else he could think of to do out in the wild. This far south, there was a shortage of rogues to run into, so there wasn’t much to worry about.

One evening, the couple lay on the soft grass. Amanda rested her head on the prince’s chest, groaning lowly, “I shouldn’t have eaten that much.”

Sean chuckled, “With your enhanced metabolism, you’ll be hungry in a few hours.”

“Hey, I’m getting out of that phase. It’s not like I’m still skinny,” the girl argued, only to sigh with exhaustion. The past month had been the best for the two werewolves. Sean was much more than she felt she deserved. He was kind and everything she’d ever wanted in a mate, which made the next words to come out of her even harder to say, “We can’t ignore her forever.”

Sean looked down at his mate, then made her turn to face him, “Yes, we can.”

“No, we can’t. I know you can’t. You wouldn’t even be able to live with yourself if you knew you abandoned werewolf kind...” she replied. Sean felt his heart fall. He wanted to argue with Amanda, but he knew she was right. She’d gotten to know him a lot during the time they’d spent together and he’d gotten to know her as well.

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If there was ever a werewolf that could pull off such a dangerous task, it was her. She was headstrong and determined to succeed in anything she set her mind to. The bones of the deer carcass they’d just eaten for supper were proof of that. It was her first successful hunt.

Considering she had no prior experience in combat or hunting, it had taken her a while to get the hang of it. Even then, however, she had been learning everything Sean taught her at remarkable speed. This was also how he’d come up with her nickname ‘Little Alexa’ to mean ‘Little Warrior.’

‘It’s not fair,’ he thought to himself, letting his head fall back on the grass and his gaze onto the blanket of stars in the night sky.

Having heard his thoughts, Amanda lay back on his chest, “The world is not fair, Sean. It’s never been...”

“Then you don’t have to go through with this,” his voice had lost its usual jovial tone and was now replaced by a humourless, broken one.

“You know where I’m from, Sean. I have a chance to bring it to the ground. You have a chance to help me do it. The Rogue King won’t always be as docile and cautious as he has been for the past decades. One of these days, he’ll lash out. This way...”

“You don’t have to explain it to me, little Alexa. I know I can’t do anything to change your mind. I’ll respect your decision. That doesn’t mean I have to like it,” Sean replied, staring hard at the crescent moon in the sky. All this was because of the goddess that resided there. She was the reason he was going to say goodbye to Amanda.

For a lone wolf that barely had anyone he cared about this much, this was a tad rougher than it should have been. That night, the royal marked his mate and so did she. The two of them were then plunged into a dream wherein they met the moon goddess a second time.

They’d decided to go along with her plan after all. Celeste began explaining the details to them. The royal was to pretend to be on the Rogue King’s side, which wouldn’t be hard for the Lone Wolf. Rumours were already spreading about his collaboration with the man.

While working with the Rogue King, Sean was to act as a spy for him, delivering next to accurate information that would allow him to secure the rogue king’s trust. It was a gamble, but the moon goddess seemed confident in seeing it work.

With the girl marked, she was to gain more power from her connection to the royal. The moon goddess offered her the power to conceal her mark as well as to change the colour of her eyes and allowed the dream to dissipate.

The following morning, Amanda returned to the rogues where she spent a while earning her stripes. With her strength constantly increasing, she could defend herself against the males. It was never easy at

first. Amanda often got into fights with the other males and, unsurprisingly, she would beat up any male that tried to lay their fingers on her.

Before long, she proved her worth by showing how much stronger she was than the average werewolf. Luck was on her side(or she'd planned it all out). The Rogue King had been watching when she almost got taken down by an alpha.

The man had taken an interest in her quickly. With her unpolished fighting skills, she could defeat others who had been undergoing training for much longer. 'A diamond in the rough...' he'd thought at the time.

The Rogue King made an exception just this once and trained her himself. She grew stronger much faster than most he'd taught before and she only continued to grow stronger. He couldn't believe how strong she was getting he got curious as to how strong she would be if he'd made her an alpha. It was not long before the rogue king bit her and granted her the power of an alpha. With that, she earned the rank of lieutenant within a year and aimed for general through continued training.

The rogues, including the generals, grew to respect her strength for it was clear that she was blindingly unique in comparison to the rest of them. She never took a joke lightly and was heard to even kill males that got too close to her for comfort, so the rest kept their distance and the rogue king didn't object to the way she acted.

Once she was lieutenant, she had a meeting with the rogue king where she spoke of something rare she'd encountered, a lone wolf, a royal that was the brother to the king. One who wanted to help him topple the two empires. The rogue king was cautious about the woman's idea at first, but eventually, he agreed to meet with this royal who had supposedly given the lieutenant a place they would meet.

After scouring the area for hostiles, it was confirmed that the royal was indeed alone and that was when the Rogue King first met Sean Sirius, the Lone Wolf. He preached his false ambitions of bringing down mankind... Of the cruelty of mankind that made him sick to his stomach. Being the lone wolf that he was, this was not difficult to fake. Merely claiming he was a lone wolf to stay from humans was enough for him to get through some of the rogue king's defences. As expected of the rogue king, words were not enough to convince him... so he asked for proof of his loyalty.

Sean exposed the king's most lethal secret to the rogue king, the tunnels that went under the palace. Tunnels that had only been known to the royal families' most trusted confidants. The rogue king had a party scour the palace grounds for said tunnels and the proof of their existence got Sean into the Rogue King's trusted circle immediately.

This revelation, however, would later cause the death of many within the Sirius palace and their complete concealment.

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Chapter 350 King's Orders

Bree sat glued to her seat, wide-eyed as the story came to an end. She'd long forgotten about the venison on her plate and got engrossed in the tale of the two lovers. Once Amanda said "The End" with

a sigh of relief, the girl remained frozen for a moment before blinking back to reality. She couldn't believe what she had just heard from the two of them.

"You said forty years, but..."

"It's a lot more than that, I know, but... I like to think of it as a shorter time. We've just spent so much time apart," the woman lamented, trying to hold back the tears in her eyes. Sean held her hand and gave it a squeeze.

"It's not over yet, you know," he said to her.

"I... I, of all people, know that. That murderer is still out there. Until he's been put down, our mission is not yet complete. This week we've had. I really needed it, you know," the woman sighed.

"You make it sound like you're leaving," Bree chuckled nervously. 'Could she be leaving though? I thought...'

The woman stood up to return her plate to the kitchen when she staggered for a moment, gripping the chair she'd been seated on so tight that her knuckles turned white. Her other hand let go of the plate she was holding and held her head, an expression of agony replacing her previously calm face, "Damn it..."

"What is it?"

"The rogue king... I've never heard him speak this loudly or furiously before either. Something has angered him so much. I don't know what it is though," the woman replied through gritted teeth. Sean rushed over to his mate and guided her back into the chair, making sure to avoid the broken shards of the ceramic utensil.

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"What has made him angry? What is he saying?" the prince's voice was laced with concern for his mate's wellbeing. Even after getting this far from the Rogue King, it seemed he could still assert some level of dominance over her.

The woman sat back in her chair and placed her head in her hands. Her face no longer showed signs of pain, but now she looked tired and there was a thin film of sweat glistening on her forehead. The communication was complete. That much was clear, but she didn't look any happier about it either. After gathering her thoughts, she attempted to speak, "He..." Amanda paused, swallowing hard, "He has asked me to break Aidan out of captivity."

"Who's Aidan?" Bree asked her. Sean, on the other hand, seemed to know exactly who she was talking about.

"Aidan... is one of his beta alphas," she responded with a hint of dread that sent chills through the little cottage in the woods.

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A man dressed in gentle casual clothes held the hand of a smiling jumpy boy who led him on through the market. With how fast the boy forced him to plod forward, it was getting harder to keep cautiously

tapping with his walking stick ahead of him. In a delicate balance, with the man somehow never falling or matching the boy's energy, they slowly made it through the supermarket, "Hey uncle, isn't this one of the things on your list?"

"What is that, dear boy?" the man asked.

"A gigantic grapefruit with the insides of an apple," the boy smirked.

"No, that's not one of the items," the man sighed disappointedly.

"What about this?"

"That is...?"

"Pickled peppers,"

"Also not one of them..."

"This?"

"That is...?"

"Pickled plums."

"Try to get serious, Benji," the man groaned, letting the boy's name slip. They'd been shopping for groceries and making painfully slow progress. Benji who was the perfect container of boundless energy didn't seem to be in a hurry to leave either.

He leapt from one thing to another, dragging the older man along with him. The list of groceries was a basic one and yet the boy was hellbent on making the trip hell for the man. Nonetheless, the blind man kept his cool throughout the entire trip. Once they were done shopping, they started their trip back to the small building they were renting. It wasn't so big but did hold a first floor and a ground floor.

Once inside, the man locked the door and allowed the walking stick to clutter to the ground. He took off the sunglasses that shielded his eyes and opened the striking bright red eyes that were hidden beneath them, "You were trying to piss me off on purpose, weren't you?" Samson chased after the boy in the house.

"Yes, I was. Come on... It was fun, admit it. You were going along with every little thing I was saying. It's not every day that I get to bother you that much. You usually have limits to how much you can tolerate," the boy dashed through the house, evading Samson's attempts to capture him with ease whilst giggling in delight.

On the other hand, Samson found himself tripping over many things in a feat to capture the boy. He hadn't thought of what he would do to the insufferable little imp when he finally caught him, but he couldn't think of that when catching the boy alone was among the hardest things in the world. It was a punishment none of the rogues would ever want to endure. Eventually, he gave up chasing the boy. It was impossible to catch the most agile general.

"Ugh, you're insufferable. Try not to do that again, okay? The next time, I don't think I will be able to keep our cover," Samson replied, straightening himself up and starting work on tidying up the home.

“Impossible. I will do it again. This is part of your training, remember? You’re the one who wanted to learn to be more patient,” Benji replied in a serious tone.

Before the man knew it, the boy was on his back. Thanks to his strength, the boy was light to him, but the speed with which Benji had gotten there still made him astounding. It was what made him one of the rogue king’s generals. His agility, along with his abnormal blood-lust...

“Get off me, Benji. Remember that I am one of the rogue king’s generals, as well, and your equal,” the man growled through gritted teeth.

“You’re one of them alright. I just don’t know why I got you for a babysitter. You barely know how to keep your blood-lust in check,” the boy sighed, leaping off the man’s back and heading up the stairs, “Try to keep your anger contain-”

Just then, the two of them staggered as the rogue king’s voice invaded their minds. They hadn’t heard from him in a while and the sudden invasion of his voice only brought exciting grins to their faces. His voice, regardless of how far it sounded, was brimming with more power than they’d ever heard it contain... it sent shivers down their spines.

The two rogues remained quiet, nearly bowing down in response to the imposing weight of power that filled their master’s voice.

When the rogue king’s message was done, Benji turned to the werewolf standing in the living room. Samson’s blood-lust had broken through and the look on his face could give anyone nightmares, “Understood, your majesty,” the man replied loudly, chuckling to himself, “Get ready, Benji. We’re going on a wolf hunt.”

The boy sighed, “You need to see a therapist, Samson.”