

Chosen 361

Chapter 361 Cruel World

Beatrice rushed through the little town in search of a way she could evade the figures she'd just spotted entering the inn she'd escaped. It was a miracle they hadn't noticed her escape. No doubt they had been tracking her scent as well. 'It doesn't matter, I need to keep going before they catch up to me,' she encouraged herself. It could be that the two of them had simply been in the area, but the woman wasn't taking that chance either.

After her time spent in torture, she knew the lunatics that were after her. She knew she was supposed to run as far as she could from them. Knowing the Rogue King, he'd probably sent them after her. 'He's trapped after all, but... if he really did command them, that's one hell of a range for his mind link to make,' she shuddered at her thoughts.

Beatrice noticed a bakery that had just opened and rushed in, desperate for someone who could help her, "Hey, you're not supposed to be in here unless you're going to buy something," the baker inside yelled at her, putting away his apron.

"Please, kind sir. I need to make it to the Sirius capital. It's very important. If you would only point me in the right direction, I'll be out of your hair," Beatrice tried hiding the panic in her voice. Faking calmness when being pursued by some of the most dangerous alphas on the planet was no easy feat... and she failed miserably.

"Oh, what are you running away from? Are you a criminal? Are you one of those that escaped in Lycaon? I heard that lot's full of scumbags of all sorts that would just love to swindle whoever they sink their teeth into," the man spat at her. Her appearance did not help her case and she couldn't blame him. Seeing no chance of getting through to the man, Beatrice turned to exit the bakery.

"Sorry for wasting your time, sir," she yelled back at the man and rushed out of the bakery, making yet another attempt in a restaurant she found a couple of blocks over. The same story played over with the waitress inside. This one threatened to call the pack warriors on her if she didn't leave the restaurant.

With panic written all over her face, there was no one willing to believe her. She wasn't normally frightened by her adversaries, but that notion had been shaken during her time in captivity. She'd endured more pain than she'd experienced in her whole life alone and she didn't want to go back to that.

When she realised asking for help would get her nowhere, she did the only other thing she knew that could get her as far as possible from Samson and that obnoxious little kid. She shifted and ran. She ran as fast as her paws could carry her which wasn't nearly as fast as an alpha was capable, but what else could she do... It's not like she could just look for the alpha of this peaceful pack and tell him that two generals of the Rogue King were after her.

Knowing those brutes, they would lay waste to the entire pack just to get to her. Beatrice didn't even know if they'd been ordered to recapture or kill her. The latter scared the wits out of her.

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Listening to the sound of the river, she ran upstream and went ever so close to the river bank. She made sure to keep the river in sight, but never once rushed out from the cover of the trees.

Even with the distance she kept between her and the two alphas, fear pulsed through her body with heart-throbbing intensity. She felt like everything she was doing was futile. The two wolves that were after her were vicious and, in every possible way, merciless.

After escaping the Rogue King, she was convinced their orders were absolute. She was to be killed on sight and so, she used the adrenaline rush to push herself even faster toward the capital. She had to make it to the Capital.

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“Would you like to elaborate on what she was looking for while she was here?” Samson asked the scared she-wolf before him. The woman was shaking so much that she had barely managed to get any information through her lips. It was a common reaction he came to know from people who were witnessing murder for the first time.

“Sh-she was looking for a way to leave the town,” the woman said to her.

“Oh, and where was she going?” the man asked. It was only now that Carla realised the woman being chased was probably important, for she was in a hurry to go to the capital.

Sensing her hesitation, Samson sighed, “Do you want me to kill another one before you’re ready to tell me everything without leaving out a single detail? And honey, don’t lie to me. I can tell when someone’s lying by simply listening to their heartbeat. Trust me, from how you’re shaking right now, you’re incapable of lying to me,” the man threatened. Carla didn’t need to know how dangerous this man was... The mere fact that he still sounded normal after snuffing out someone’s life told the whole story. Murder was only second nature to him.

The situation changed the moment everyone in the room realised how dangerous the two really were, “Benji, try learning a thing or two about being a gentleman.” The man flashed the boy behind Carla a disgusted look, “I think we’ve made our point.”

“Ugh, you’re no fun. One moment, you have your hand on another man’s heart, the other moment, you’re trying to protect a woman’s dignity. Honestly, make up your mind. You’re either a crook or not,” the kid responded, stomping back to the front of the counter.

“You forget that none of us is a crook in the slightest. Now would you butt out of my interrogation? She was just about to spill everything,” the man spat.

“Well, the woman said she was going to a pack to the east of the Sirius capital. I don’t know which exact...”

“Do you have a death wish, woman?” Samson asked the woman in a dangerous voice, “Speak the truth or one more of your customers dies. If I get too bored, I might just kill all of them.”

“No, please don’t. The woman was going to Sirius, but that’s all she told me. I swear. She didn’t say much, but she had to get there as soon as she could and it was urgent,” Carla explained.

“Well, did you tell her where to find transportation then?” the man asked.

“No, I didn’t. She wasn’t dressed like some of those rich nobles that can afford that kind of transportation,” the woman replied.

“So you sent her away without giving her direction, huh? Surprisingly, you’re not lying this time. So I will take your word for it. One more thing though... which way did she go when she left the inn?” the man asked Carla.

Carla pointed the man in the opposite direction she’d seen the woman going in an attempt to delay them at least, “And here I thought we were starting to become best friends.”

Carla watched in horror as the two brutes snapped the necks of two more of her customers like it was nothing before walking out of the store, “That’s for lying to me.” Tears streamed down Carla’s cheeks when she saw the horror that had unfolded before her. Her mind was on the verge of collapse. One moment, they were alive and well... and the next, their bodies were lifeless before her, never to move again and their lives staring off into nothingness.

The rest of the customers started to panic, keeping their distance from the dead bodies. Carla shakily walked out from behind the counter and approached the two that had been assaulted last, feeling for a pulse. Just as the man had said, their bodies had gone cold and there wasn’t a pulse to indicate life. ‘Rogues... and they are after that woman,’ Carla surmised, ‘But what can anyone do against those monsters?’

As Carla silently mourned her deceased friends, she sent a silent plea of forgiveness, for she couldn’t afford to lose anyone else. She wasn’t going to interfere with this manhunt. There simply wasn’t something she could imagine that could be done to save the innocent woman she’d selfishly sent away from her inn, ‘I’m sorry,’ she lamented, both to the three that had lost their lives and to the woman running for her life.

It was obvious to her... that the woman that was being hunted would be dead by sunset. After all, when the two mysterious men were leaving, she’d noticed a crimson glint from behind the sunglasses they wore. They were alphas... Generals of the Rogue King himself. A pair of arms wrapped around Carla and pulled the weeping receptionist into a firm embrace...

...The world can be a cruel place...

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Chapter 362 Between A Rock and a Hard Place(Blood-thirsty murderous wolf)...

“Hey, Samson, you said she was going to be in that inn. How come she wasn’t there? Aren’t you supposed to be the rogue general with the strongest sense of smell?” Benji whined, “Start explaining yourself.”

Despite the gravity of their mission, the boy was acting quite childish. There wasn’t the slightest hint of nerves in his voice. Samson was used to this by now. Out of all the Rogue King’s generals, Benji was probably the one who never showed any fear, ‘Must be his insane speed and agility that get to his head,’ the older man thought to himself.

“I don’t need to explain anything, Benji. We merely entered the store shortly after she had left. Now follow me while I try to pick up her trail once more. She couldn’t have gotten that far,” the two of them

walked along the streets until they reached a bakery where Samson found himself entering. It was the same situation. Her scent was strong in the bakery, however, he was certain she was not in the bakery.

“Are we seriously going to go through that entire interrogation thing again?” Benji groaned.

“Would you have it any other way? I’ve noticed you take pleasure in hurting people that appear stronger than you,” Samson smirked.

“Yeah, you’re right about that. Hey, Baker, there is been a woman running about. She obviously looks suspicious. If you could point us in the right direction, we would be happy to leave your fine establishment,” the boy rushed the words out his mouth, forgetting his appearance completely.

“Isn’t that a little too bossy for a child?” the baker narrowed his eyes at the boy. These two would have passed for ordinary people or at least, cops, if they hadn’t been wearing dumb sunglasses. Benji couldn’t help the twitch of anger that showed on his face.

“We don’t have time for...” Samson tried to intervene.

“No, Samson... it doesn’t really matter how long this takes. The woman will die,” Benji said through gritted teeth. As a general, getting resistance from those beneath him was not something they were all used to... Samson included. But that’s why it was good for them to work in pairs. That way, they could watch out for each other. When they both forgot to restrain the other... a scenario similar to what happened at the inn would most likely play out... Carnage...

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“You forget, Benji... that we actually have a time limit for which we can rampage like this,” the man reminded the boy. The boy cursed, stopping the fangs that had only started to elongate in his mouth. Simon turned to the baker, “Ignore him, good sir. We’ve already lost enough precious time as it is and we would like to find that woman before she or anyone else gets hurt.” Samson tried. They’d already shown a clear amount of their vicious nature to the bakery.

What they didn’t notice, however, was the blood on Samson’s sleeves. For wolves that were used to the sight of blood and playing it off as normal, this easily slipped their mind. The baker noticed this before he said something he would regret. These two were not to be messed with. These were monsters compared to the hysterical woman he’d thoughtlessly sent away.

Monsters he couldn’t defend her or himself against, ‘What did she get herself into? I... Wait, I know that scent... on his sleeves.’ He recognised the scents of the wolves that had fallen to these two almost instantly. Keeping a fluid act, the baker decided to play dumb. ‘I have a wife and child. Getting involved in this might end up leaving my mate a widow. The heartbreak would not be good for her or my son.’

With his mind made up, he replied, “I thought she was dangerous for sure. She went in that direction not long ago. If you hurry, you might be able to catch up to her,” the baker hurriedly pointed them in the direction he thought he saw her go.

This process was repeated when they reached a restaurant moments later. Samson made a point of lying about the woman’s capabilities this time to make it sound like she was a fugitive of the empire. The ruse worked like a charm and had them out of the restaurant faster than any of the other places they had been.

The wind that was blowing somewhat viciously made it clear to Samson why he couldn't tell if she'd just entered or left a store. The scent within the stores was stronger than that on the streets because of the blowing wind that scattered it. Without any way of discerning whether she was in the stores they entered or not, their progress was slow right until the moment they made it to the edge of the forest.

Benji smirked, "So she wasn't able to get the transport she was seeking after all."

"No, she wasn't able to. It looks like we're going hunting," the older general chuckled, letting his wolf come forward. Two large vicious wolves with bloodshot eyes were soon tearing through the forest at blinding speeds in pursuit of the woman's scent.

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Beatrice had been running for the better part of an hour by the time her ears caught the sound of the vicious rogues chasing after her. Her fears were confirmed... the two alphas were chasing after her. Their superior wolves were stronger than hers and she was sure they would catch up to her soon.

A loud howl reached her ears, pulling her out of her thoughts. They had closed the gap so fast that she could now hear the rapid ploughing of their paws and claws against the forest floor.

In an effort to get away from them, the female wolf rushed for the river abandoning the cover of the trees. A large crimson-eyed brown wolf tore out of the forest the moment she'd made it to the water. Stunned by the sudden flash of fur, Beatrice dived into the rushing tide.

The water was rougher than she could have imagined and immediately forced her under without an ounce of mercy. Beatrice's grey wolf struggled against the tide. The brown rogue wolf struck the ground in anger and started to follow the struggling wolf downstream. Striking aimlessly at the water, Beatrice fought to gain control of her dizzying ride.

She'd already swallowed a few gulps of water whilst trying to get some air, choking her as some of it escaped into her windpipe. Her head felt like it was on fire from the inconsistent supply of air. She tried to hold her breath when necessary and nearly failed to catch a breath when she was able to. The ever-increasing panic did not help make this any easier.

She'd long lost her grasp on the concept of up and down. All that mattered now was survival. Without noticing, she pushed herself closer to the bank the brown wolf was waiting from. The wolf made a sound akin to a smug chuckle.

With one swift swipe of his deadly paw, the brown wolf struck her head, knocking her ruthlessly against a rock. The grey wolf went limp, going unconscious and succumbing to the ruthless tide that carried her along even faster.

Before Samson could react, the water took the unconscious wolf away, speeding up even more than it had before. Another dirty-grey wolf rushed beside him, watching the female get washed away by the waves. They both watched the river widen and spread out into massive rapids with plenty of rocks jutting out all over. The grey wolf crashed into a few of them before drifting over to what seemed like the edge of the world.

'You don't think...'

'Yeah, it's a waterfall,' Samson confirmed through the mind link. The two of them watched her go over the edge. Rushing to the bottom of the waterfall didn't help them find her. The river muddled her scent and drowned it out.

They weren't going to be able to find the grey wolf even if they tried, 'I don't think she could survive that, Benji. We'll report what happened to the Rogue king. It's not like we can find her body either. The river chooses where to dump it and we don't have the luxury to...' Just then, the sound of a plane reached their ears. 'Damn it... that can only mean one thing.'

'Run, Samson. This is no time to think,' Benji's voice rang through the mind link. Looking to his side, the dirty-grey wolf had already vanished. The older alpha wasted no time in running as well, 'We have to make a ten-mile distance to escape their range of detection, so run like your life depends on it... dammit.'

'My life does depend on it. Do not lecture me,' the man bit back, his paws striking the ground as hard as he could to make the fastest getaway he could manage, which made him appear as a blur to the normal eye.

Chapter 363 When A Hunter is Late

Micah Chase commandeered the nearest plane he could find idle at the airport, leaving his family behind to track down the newest threat that had shown up on his radar. The pilot had said something about routine check-ups, but the hunter didn't listen to all those excuses. Something bad was about to happen and he could feel it deep inside the core of his Chase being.

The blood lust coming off the rogues that had caught his attention demanded immediate attention. The plane flew as fast as he could force the pilot to take it, but a feeling of dread filled him. Along with this feeling came deep regret... 'Will I make it?' he constantly asked himself. What was worse about this ability they all honed at such a young age was that they didn't know exactly what they were looking for. Micah was chasing a mere gut feeling... one that kept getting worse by the minute.

By the time he was sure of where he was supposed to jump off the plane, the blood lust he'd detected was starting to diminish. It made sense to him now that they were running, "Open the door," he ordered the pilot. The pilot was caught off guard, but one more yell from the hunter was enough to get him moving.

He flipped a switch without further complaint. Micah was out before the pilot could complain about this decision anyway, "Hunters are so daring these days, I guess. Either that or they just keep getting dumber," the man exclaimed, banking the plane to look for somewhere to land. 'I'm glad I checked the parachutes before flying the plane.'

Micah had leapt from the plane with a parachute, but even as he descended, he felt the culprits tearing away from reach at an alarming speed.

He cursed and closed his eyes with the aim of increasing his radius of detection, but the rogues only dashed faster than his parachute could descend.

Micah scanned the river below him and caught a hint of red and glided toward it. By the time his feet touched the ground, the world had gone quiet once more. The blood lust was gone and he felt what he always did when he showed up too late, 'regret.'

The hunter balled his fists in frustration, feeling the need to scream out in fury. He'd detected this blood lust from Lycaon. There wasn't enough time for him to make the trip, but he'd travelled anyway, not wasting a moment of time. Nevertheless, it hadn't helped. The rogues were gone... and he now felt he was going to miss something else that was just as important.

Brushing away his troubling thoughts, Micah started walking downstream, searching the river and soon enough, he found what he'd seen on his way down, blood on a rock. Two sets of tracks rushing downstream and the sign of a short struggle by the river. He ran upstream and noticed they were supposed to be three sets of tracks... 'One of them fell into the river.' Judging by the river's roaring sound, it would have been a stupid move.

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The scene played in his head as clearly as he could decipher from the tracks that were made in the soft soil of the river bank. 'They were hunting a wolf, but I can't tell any more than that. The one that jumped into the river must have been certain of death if they'd gotten caught. After all, the chances of surviving in this water are next to none... General?' he thought to himself before retrieving his phone from his pocket and dialling a number.

Waiting for a moment, the voice of the pilot came through, "What is it, sir?"

"Can you tell me if there is a town or any settlement close to the place I landed?" Micah asked.

"Not really, sir. Not far upstream would be the capital of Sirius where I am headed now to land the plane. Will I be seeing you soon, sir?" the pilot responded.

"No, that's not where these wolves were coming from," Micah mumbled, noting the absence of paw prints further upstream. Is there a town further downstream from where I am?" he asked the pilot.

"Well, there is one that I know of. A beautiful small town with wolves and humans alike. One of those towns that live in harmony with both races, but it's quite a distance from where you are," the man said to him.

"I see... In that case, I will go to the capital and get a car to take me to that town," Micah concluded.

"Very well, sir. Am I dismissed then?"

"Yes, you are. Thank you for your service," the Chase hunter replied, hanging up the phone and starting his walk upstream. 'Who would have wanted to go to the capital so badly and who would have wanted to keep them from making it there? I know there is something crucial I'm missing at the moment.'

The memory of the missing woman of the Golden moon pack flashed in his mind, but he shook his head in disbelief, "That pack is so far from here. She wouldn't be able to make that trip running through the woods. This is all so confusing."

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Micah reached the Sirius capital and made it to the Hunter's Agency where he requested a vehicle that would take him to the small pack that was apparently two hours away from the capital.

His reputation as one of the Chase hunters sped up the process and without resting too much, the man was on his way to the small town the pilot mentioned. This was all based on a hunch, but he wanted to leave no stone unturned before closing his investigation.

'We cannot save anyone, even with the abilities that we have, there will always be someone we'll never be able to get to in time, regardless of how early we get the sense that they are in danger,' a phrase that had been repeatedly drilled into his mind while growing up.

What made it even more painful and realistic though, was what he found at the town he'd gone to investigate. The whole town was in a state of panic and ambulances had just arrived, taking casualties... or was it, bodies away from an inn. Micah filtered through the people and searched for anyone that could have the information he was looking for.

That's how he found Carla, the receptionist of a small inn from which three of her customers had been killed. The woman was struggling to keep her sanity. The very concept of how she was still alive along with that of how the rogues had killed without second thought roared through her mind, sending her into a dazed state.

The only words that she was able to utter for Micah to make the most sense of were, "They had red eyes."

Everything else that came out of her was incoherent. He understood her situation though... Normally, those red eyes would have been the last thing anyone would see before getting killed. 'So they were in a hurry to leave. They must have known one of us would show up if they kept this up.'

Chapter 364 A Rare Sight of Two

Later that very day, not far from the waterfall where it had all taken place... where the Seeker had fallen down to her doom, a beautiful couple was taking a stroll along the river, oblivious to the struggle for life and death that had happened hours earlier.

The two lovebirds were in a world of their own making, drowning in the perks that came with being in love with each other. It was a bond that could make Cupid jealous. They spoke of everything and nothing whilst enjoying each other's company. Kisses here and there when they felt like it.

The picnic basket in the girl's hands started feeling heavy and the boy took it from her only moments later. They switched this role like this frequently before they finally found the right spot to sit and relax.

Walking through no-man's-land was impossible without an escort, however, the hunters had secured a few portions of no-man's-land for many purposes. Having scoured these areas for rogues, the hunters guaranteed safety. The land could then be used for a variety of activities. Occasionally, couples, like these two, after paying a certain amount of money, could get away with something like this.

The girl selected a neat spot with evenly short grass and a nice breeze and lay a scarlet blanket on the green grass by the tree line. The river's flow was slow at the point they'd chosen. Taking a seat on the blanket, she invited her boyfriend to join her. The boy winced as he took a seat beside his beautiful

girlfriend, a gesture that did not go unnoticed, "How does it feel?" the girl asked him with a look of concern.

Instinctively, she reached for the part of his stomach that had been stitched recently. It was a wonder he had all the energy that he showed. It was only that he hadn't shown any sign of tiring that she'd allowed him to walk as long as they had.

"It's getting better," he replied, laying his eyes on his girlfriend's face, "Besides... the pain vanishes every time you look at me that way, like a magic elixir."

"Keep saying things like that and you might bring yourself more pain instead," the girl chuckled, placing a kiss on the boy's lips, "Want to see what I prepared?"

"Yes, please... I'm famished," the boy replied with a smile. The girl got to unpacking the picnic basket immediately, humming to a tune as she lay the food on the blanket. It was a tune the boy had heard before coming from her. Whether it was meant to be a lullaby or one of the songs she'd found in a store, it worked wonders on the boy's moods, "It's a miracle we're here today, you know."

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"Are you letting your mind wander back to that night?" the girl asked, "We did something dumb... and we made it out alive. It won't happen again and I won't let you..."

"Yeah, you already gave me that speech, Lyla. I don't think I had ever seen you cry before," the boy sighed, cutting her off before she could finish. The insecurities of that night still crept back to the girl's mind. How she'd allowed her boyfriend along with some other werewolf friends to drag them into the forest in the middle of the night. The same night they witnessed Liam getting beaten repeatedly by the princess of Sirius.

"And I don't want to ever get a reason to cry ever again. Am I clear on that?" the girl glared at him.

"Cross my heart, darling. Now let's see what we have... You packed pizza! But... but, isn't it cold by now?"

"Not when you have a flask to keep it warm for you," the girl gestured to a small plastic container that held the scrumptious meal. He then noticed how abnormally thick it was and that steam was still coming off the toppings of the slices within it. 'Did she actually make it? Or did she order it? No, she said she brought homemade food?'

Beside the box was a vacuum flask, a few cups, fruits and a dish of scones, "This explains why the basket was heavy. How were you even able to carry all this, let alone prepare it all?"

"Hey, quit complaining. Is it not good enough?" the girl asked. Her disappointment was not lost on him.

"Oh, no... It's perfect. In fact, I was thinking you might have overdone it. You're all I need for this date to be perfect. Anything you would have brought would have been good enough for me," the boy replied, panic filling in his voice.

The girl blushed red, "You never used to say words that sweet before. Ever since you were let out of the hospital..."

“Hush, Lyla. I know what I was before then,” the boy placed his finger on her lips, gazing into his hazel brown eyes, “I won’t put you through all that again. Back then, I didn’t know how much you meant to me and I’m sorry it took nearly dying for me to realise that.”

“I’m glad you finally did. You should have heard Trevor that day. He was torn. He said he would have killed us if we... Peter...” the girl called her boyfriend when she realised he wasn’t paying attention to her. The boy was looking beyond her with a curious face that soon turned to fear...

Following his gaze, the girl set eyes on something bobbing up and down by the edge of the river. It took her a moment to recognize what she was looking at. The girl rushed out to the riverside and found a woman floating by the river’s edge, unconscious, naked and surrounded by a faint shade of red water... Blood... “Peter, call the hunters. She needs to be taken to a hospital. Bring the blanket so that I might cover her.”

Lyla’s raised voice snapped Peter into motion. He packed the items they brought hurriedly and called out to the man that had escorted him. He was meant to keep a distance between them so as to keep their conversations private, but if any of them called out to him, he was within earshot of a yell.

The boy picked up the blanket and rushed to his girlfriend, holding it out so he didn’t see the naked woman floating in the water. Lyla quickly wrapped her up and struggled to get her further away from the water.

“Here, let me help,” Peter offered when he realised the woman was wrapped.

“You’re injured. You’ll open up your injuries,” the girl argued. The hunter they had called soon broke out of the cover of the trees, walking casually... however, the thoughts that had been swarming about his mind vanished when he set eyes on the trio.

“What seems to be the... Oh Lord Prometheus,” he exclaimed, rushing to them. He started on giving the woman first aid to get the water that he could out of her system. The couple gave him space and watched as he went through standard procedures.

When they tried to discern her age, however, they couldn’t quite tell which was which. At first glance, this woman was well within her forties... probably late forties, but a more observant look would quickly wipe that illusion from the eyes.

She would start to look much younger the more you looked at her and snap back to her forties when you tore your gaze away from her. It was easy to ignore this, but a cause for curiosity.

It was not long before the woman coughed out multitudes of water. The moment she regained her breathing, her body went still once more, retaining the rhythmic expansion of her chest... “She’s alive,” the hunter sounded shocked by this, but this was all the more reason to move faster.

He ordered the couple to follow him as the trio rushed the woman to the hospital as fast as they could. Everything happened so fast... they were soon seated in the waiting room, waiting for the doctor’s report. Lyla turned to her boyfriend when the chaos seemed to have died down, “I’m sorry our date got interrupted.”

Surprised, “Huh, that wasn’t your fault, Lyla. Our date was perfect. I just hope that woman makes it. She seemed to be in terrible shape.”

“Yeah, I hope she makes a full recovery as well,” Lyla replied leaning her head on her boyfriend’s shoulder. The two embraced and it was not long before they’d fallen asleep. The hunter, watching the young couple, shook his head in disbelief. ‘Where does someone find a couple in love like these two? I’ve seen a few couples in this line of work, but none so much in sync with each other unless they were werewolves. It’s truly a rare sight.’

The man stood up from his seat and picked up his phone from his pocket, “I better report this incident to the agency and the king’s office while I’m waiting here.” It was standard procedure when someone was found. If these people happened to be werewolves, the empire would want to know exactly what happened to them.

Chapter 365 A Week’s End

“That’s a crazy plan. You could die... no... Correction, you will die. What are you thinking? Try thinking about your own safety for once,” a blonde blue-eyed female yelled again. This female was the only mix there was between royalty and the rogues... the one wolf on the planet that played both parts. With neither side knowing which side she was on.

And it had been intended that way. She’d also been trying to get her mate to come up with a different plan, but the man was even more stubborn than she remembered him. The last time they’d had a similar discussion, he’d been opposed to every idea she had, but hadn’t resisted. This time, however, he was playing along, but not in the way she expected.

“I’ve made my decision. I won’t die,” the man replied.

“What makes you think that? You broke the king’s trust. Do you really think he’ll take it easy on you? It doesn’t work like that, Sean. The world is cruel and executing someone is a simple thing,” the woman tried arguing.

“Execution might be a simple thing in the world you’ve grown up in. A world I wished I could have protected you from. I’ve not slept well since the day you left. If you didn’t go through with the orders the rogue king has given you, I’d feel even worse than I already did. This week has been... the best I’ve heard in decades. I slept soundly for the first time,” the prince’s smile was pained, but he forced it through.

For the time that they had lived together in this cabin in the middle of nowhere, Bree had gotten to see a side of the prince she never thought existed. As far as everyone knew, he was a cruel man that didn’t care for anything in the kingdom. He came and went as he pleased and never fulfilled his duties as a royal except when explicitly asked by the king. What she saw of him now made more sense than she could have ever imagined.

‘The royals are strong. Enduring all that time, not only without your mate by your side but also knowing that your mate is almost always in the presence of the most dangerous werewolf in the world. To know that she’s risking her life every day in his service and that there is nothing you can do about it,’ Bree’s thoughts wandered. It had to be an excruciating existence and for this, Bree had grown to respect Sean Sirius.

Bree watched the exchange in silence. When she compared the man before her to the one she’d come to know growing up, she was astonished by the difference. It now made sense why he was always bitter

and never smiled. The truth behind his bitter personality was nothing but endless pain... Pain that he endured. Sean had endured more than she thought possible for a single werewolf. It was a miracle he was still able to smile after all this time, "I'll defend him when we meet the king," the girl interrupted, "I'll tell the king it was all my fault and take the blame for everything."

"I also can't allow that. You made a mistake just like Ginger, but you don't have to..."

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"Ginger paid for it with her life. It won't be fair if I only get through this with a slap on the wrist. What a joke that would be!" the girl scoffed, a stray tear breaking loose from the dam she was holding... Yes, she was afraid of going back.

Afraid of going back to her friends. Afraid of facing Crysta again. Afraid of facing the fact that she'd made a heavy mistake. She was afraid of seeing the place Ginger had been laid to rest. She was afraid of setting eyes on Lina again. She didn't resent the princess anymore. She'd watched the suffering the royals go through first-hand. She was afraid of admitting it. But even after all her nonsensical actions, she had to stand there and hear Sean try to defend her from it all.

While he was trying to risk his life for someone whose name he hadn't even known before she broke him out. Bree was trapped in a sea of emotions... It wasn't fair. Why wouldn't she be punished? Bree couldn't live with that. She wanted to do something. What could an average wolf with amber eyes do in the face of royals and hunters... She didn't know... but that same wolf had captured royals... She wanted to do something.

Having gotten a glimpse of her resolve, the pair sighed, "Very well. Do what you see fit. The point of all this is to get you back into Sirius and help Amanda get through this without getting into any more trouble than she's already in."

"That's one tough mission you've been given," Bree grimaced, remembering the mission Amanda had been given... Breaking Aidan out of captivity. She was going to have to go up against hunters.

"Yeah... well, let's get going now, shall we?" Amanda had heard enough. These two were simply plain crazy. It felt worse when Bree didn't try to stop Sean from making such an obnoxious plan. She just went along with it.

'Is it like this for all of them? All who grew up within the empires...?' She bit back all the words she wanted to scream at Sean. Deep down, she knew he was doing it because he cared for her, but it didn't make it any easier. Trying to get him to go with her had failed almost immediately as she brought it up.

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The Hunter's Agency was soon in sight. A large facility filled with massive white buildings all engineered towards training and developing weapons and hunters that would protect the empire from the threat of rogues.

One of whom was headed right for it with two escorts from the Sirius capital. It was odd that the facility had been built far from the palace, but then again, it worked in their favour. They didn't have to worry about any of the wolves from the pack accidentally bumping into them in the woods.

The trio finally stopped under the cover of the trees. A few feet away from their hiding spot were the large gates of the Hunter's Agency. This was as far as they could go as a trio. It was time for them to split up.

Amanda hugged Bree first, "Hey, don't let me find you plotting again," the woman scolded. In a softer tone, "I might not be the one to find you the next time. Stay out of trouble. You have people that love you. Don't take that for granted."

Bree wanted to say something to the woman. To wish her good luck or something. Good luck with that though... Bringing the empire down along with the rogues or was it to wish her good luck in breaking out one of the most dangerous rogues on the planet? It was a difficult thing to do.

Amanda, however, wasn't looking for these words. She turned to her mate after placing a peck on silent Bree's forehead.

Sean and Amanda shared one last kiss and a heartfelt hug. The woman's eyes changed from sapphire blue to crimson red before she dashed off. Silence hung in the air as Sean took in what had just happened, "When is the next time you will be seeing her?" Bree asked him, trying to fathom what was happening. His reply... was even more worrying.

"That's not up to me, unfortunately. It could be from a few weeks to several years," Sean replied, sighing heavily, "Let's do our part." Nodding in agreement, Bree held out her hands together at the wrists and allowed the man to tie them with a rope they had come with. This partly reminded her of the time she'd tied Sean to a tree... 'Ah, dark times... Not like these aren't dark either...'

Sean then led her like a slave to the front gates of the Hunter's Agency. The sight of the two of them, as expected was cause for alarm. Sirens screamed off at the centre of the Hunter's Agency. The guards quickly drew their weapons, but they were too slow in their reaction to the new arrivals.

Having let go of Bree, Sean dashed forward and knocked them out, moving faster than they'd thought him capable. His element of surprise was gone almost instantly, but he'd already accomplished what he wanted to... creating a diversion.

Grabbing one of the weapons from the unconscious guards, he secured Bree and held her with the sharp edge of the knife by her throat. The hunters were confused by many things happening at the moment. The king's brother had shown up after being reported as an escaped prisoner in possession of an innocent girl. Showing up with that same innocent girl at the Hunter's Agency made no sense whatsoever.

"What brings you here, Prince Sean?" a voice tore through the chaos.

"I come here on orders from someone greater than I am. In exchange for this girl, you will hand over the alpha you hold prisoner," Sean threatened in the most commanding tone he could muster. Frank Silver was not impressed by the sudden display.

"What makes you think you can leave with the man unharmed? Even if we make the exchange, we won't let the two of you leave here. It's a futile plan you've come up with. Besides, you're already surrounded. Using the girl as a human shield won't get you anywhere," the Mighty Warrior was confident in the hunters he had.

“You underestimate the rogue king’s beta alpha. He will have no problem dispatching a few hunters such as these ones,” the man replied, as confident as his voice could go.

Silver narrowed his eyes at the man, “I’ve never known you to be someone who’d resort to such an underhanded technique. While I don’t know you at all, I can tell this is your first time doing this. Put the knife down and there won’t be arrows fired into your back and shoulders. You’re royalty, so I cannot kill you just yet. That doesn’t mean I can’t injure you though.

That being said, I think you can already smell it, can’t you? The wolfsbane in the air.”

Chapter 366 Things Don’t Always Go According to Plan

Sean looked around. He was surrounded by hunters spread around him in an even circle. They could easily fire an arrow from his blind spot. It was not like he could use the girl to defend himself, but then again, “You wouldn’t risk the life of this girl, now would you?”

Silver sighed. From his back, he retrieved his custom bow and let it unfurl to its full pink length. He pulled an arrow from his quiver and aimed the arrow at Sean, “No, I wouldn’t. Maybe one of these hunters would miss and hit the girl, but you know I wouldn’t.”

The king shuddered at the sight of the bow that was currently aimed at him. The fabled Cupid shooter was so good of a shot that it was not known for him to miss his mark even once. With Bree in front of him, it was just the same as her not being there either and with how fast the arrow whizzed through the air, it was unlikely he could threaten to injure her.

Seeing that he was indeed cornered, he raised his hands and let the girl go. The hunters quickly pulled the girl away from him. “Restrain the girl as well. She has a lot of questions to answer. Not after she injured all those people to break this criminal out of his cell.” Silver ordered, whilst walking to the prince calmly.

“You wanted me, didn’t you? The girl was merely following the orders of a royal,” Sean argued against the hold the hunters had on him.

“Oh no, dear. All you did was escape. Whether you influenced the girl or not doesn’t matter. After all, she was the one that used wolfsbane to poison the guards and make your escape. She’s just as much a criminal as you are. Although, I would say she’s not as bad as you. Seeing as you were the reason for the attack on the capital eighteen years ago,” Silver scowled.

“That was not me and you know it. The king knows it wasn’t me either,” Sean yelled through gritted teeth.

“Oh, I hope you have a good story to feed the king. After that stunt you pulled, he was livid. I would not be surprised if you were executed on the spot,” Silver spat. While these words were only mere words to the hunter, they meant a lot more to someone he hadn’t perceived yet.

“Nooo,” a feminine yell broke through their conversation. Silver turned just in time to catch glimpse of a woman with red eyes. The second thing he saw, however, was a muscular man dashing for the wall behind her. They had not been paying attention to anything else. The torn purple-stained clothes the man was wearing were all too familiar to Silver.

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He'd been looking at them for the better half of the week, thinking of new ways of getting the man to spill the Rogue King's secrets. His hand dashed to the arrows at his hip a second too late.

Aidan vaulted over the security perimeter like it was a minor pavement. He was out of the facility in a single leap. The woman, however, was more reluctant to escape. Her eyes were pinned to the man on the ground with tears rolling down her eyes, "What are you..." When three arrows lodged into her shoulders and thigh with enough force to send her flying backwards through the air, Sean stopped talking.

She barely had the time to react to what was happening, 'No...' Groaning against the hunters restraining him, Sean suddenly tossed them away with all the strength he could muster, which was more than he thought himself capable of, and made his way to the woman. His mind was clouded by raging emotions. The image of his mate being shot with so many arrows wouldn't leave his mind. It felt like that image had replaced the nothingness someone saw when they closed their eyes... It was always there.

Silver raised his hand to stop the hunters from approaching him, "Stop... let him move. I've seen that look somewhere before..." The hunters watched the man walk up to the fallen rogue and fall dejectedly to his knees beside her. Silver folded his bow neatly and gave his next orders swiftly and quietly, "Capture the three of them. Make sure the woman gets the treatment she requires before the wolfsbane makes her wounds incurable."

The hunters quickly got to work, securing Sean up once more and carrying the woman off to be treated. Sean didn't resist them as he had a while ago. His eyes were empty and zoned out. His mind had stopped processing logic the moment he saw the purple veins pulsating from the injuries the arrows had made in his mate's body, "This is a mess," Silver cursed to himself.

He knew the look on the prince's face all too well. It was only a look he'd seen on werewolves. The clouded look they got when they saw their mates in danger. The primal instinct that took over them to protect their mates.

Sean's face, however, fast-forwarded to part of despair. When they realised there was nothing they could do to protect his mate, his rage faded. While there were still signs of it in his quivering arms, there was only so much the prince could do against Frank Silver.

Bree stood frozen at the sight of the carnage that happened before her. 'This wasn't part of the plan... Why?' the girl's thoughts echoed into the silent void of her own mind. Sean hadn't planned to get his mate captured. Amanda wasn't supposed to get captured. This was not part of the plan indeed.

Knowing his mate's efficiency, Sean had decided to play decoy so her mission would go smoothly. There was a Mighty Warrior at the facility after all. If Amanda had come face-to-face with Silver, there was no telling what could have happened. The most likely scenario would be that she would get captured.

The hunter was a formidable opponent. The advantage they had over him, though, was that he wasn't from the Chase family. A Chase hunter would not have been fooled by this plan at all. They would have sensed something was amiss and stopped Amanda before she got the chance to free Aidan.

Why were they releasing Aidan in the first place? This was all too twisted. But every time, Bree asked herself this question, she remembered the answer she'd been given. Amanda had to keep her cover within the rogues... and that involved having to continuously prove her allegiance to the rogues...

This, unfortunately, involved releasing one of the most dangerous wolves on the planet...

That hadn't gone according to their plan though, had it? The sounds around her sounded distant. Her eyes were planted on the purplish tinge of wolfsbane-tainted blood coming from the arrow wounds in Amanda's body.

How does one come out of this? What will they tell the king? Will the king want to listen to any of them? Were they going to die? Were they going to treat Amanda? Different questions rang through the girl's mind as she remained still and silent, cut off from the world.

She couldn't even tell who was in wrong this time. Sean was the king's uncle, but she couldn't deny the fact that he'd aided in the release of one of the empire's enemies. No matter what way she tried to look at it, things had just taken a turn for the worst.

Chapter 367 Let Them Flow

The royals of the Sirius empire returned two days after Katie vanished and when the rain had finally calmed down in its downpour. As it so happened, Cole was trying his best to distract himself from what had happened. When they left Lycaon, the newly crowned king had resorted to having a screen in front of his face when he wasn't carrying out his duties, which was much more than he should have.

Jason and Caden were doing most of the work although no one was complaining. As it so happened, Kyle asked for a few days off. The king granted him his request and asked that Sandra keep an eye on him.

With entertainment as his closest companion, Cole would at least be able to keep the rain at bay for the royal jet to work for the day.

Crestfallen and drained of their contagious smiles, the family's mood didn't seem to be getting better during the flight back to the empire. Alpha Jackson awaited their arrival at the airport but was shocked by their moody air. It was not long after the plane had landed that the weather turned cloudy.

"Your majesties, did something happen?" the burly red-eyed man asked them.

"Yes, Jackson. A king was crowned," the king replied, tapping his fingers on the dashboard.

Jackson noticed the bitterness behind his tone and the generally sombre mood surrounding the royals. Even Drake was showing a mood gloomier than it usually was on days he was reminded of being mateless, was in one of his own... if remaining completely silent could be considered foul.

Lina sent him a silent greeting before averting her gaze. Queen Martha gave him a tight-lipped smile that didn't reach her eyes. Her usually jovial warm eyes only held one emotion... suppressed melancholy.

This wasn't the first time he'd seen King Davin or Queen Martha like this but still didn't know how to approach his king on the matter. 'This has nothing to do with the coronation,' curiosity was already working wonders, "Are you going to tell me what happened or not?"

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After everyone had taken their places in the car, the queen spoke from the backseat, "The moon goddess took Katie... To heal her from her injuries..."

The beta alpha was rendered speechless by this information. It hadn't even been three months since the girl had been returned to them and had already been taken away from them. The queen didn't expect a reply and the car fell into a sombre silence as Alpha Jackson drove for the capital. How long... How long was he going to sit back and watch the war rip families apart? It wasn't just the royal family, but other families as well within the capital.

Katie was one of the few werewolves that knew this all too well. One of the few that fought with so much vigour and ambition to put an end to it... and yet, she was the one that got taken out of it. She might have been gone, but something told Jackson that this was the beginning of something much bigger than they'd ever seen.

He found himself staring at one werewolf in particular through the driving mirror. Lina Sirius, who had taken a liking to the princess in the short time she was in Sirius. A shiver ran down Alpha Jackson's spine... A feeling that could only be interpreted by his wolf. To his alter-ego, the werewolf they were staring at was going through a metamorphosis.

While it was premature, it was clear as day that something wasn't the same in the innocent girl. Something was broken... if not, something had snapped into place, setting something else in motion. This observation was kept from the beta alpha and he was soon watching the road as he focused on getting the royal family back to the capital.

Lina stared at the passing trees, trying to deter her thoughts from the gloomy mood that plagued them, but to no success. Her emotions were an indecipherable storm that she couldn't shake... or even make sense of. There were no tears falling down her cheeks, oddly. But she didn't know how to let them through.

"Little Sister, you doing okay?" Drake's caring tone brought her to reality.

"Yeah, I'll be fine, Drake," Lina gave him a thin smile, "What about you?"

Unlike the girl that was trying to seem strong in front of her family, Drake had no trouble revealing what was going on within his mind... and it was no clearer than what was happening in Lina's, "Hmm, who knows?"

"That's not an answer," she chuckled.

"I know..." he paused, "Can you blame me though? We can just seek ways to cope with what's happened, but there is no right way to feel right now... or, no easy way to feel," Drake's voice went down a few decimals as he tried to process his own thoughts. The glazed expression on his face sent chills down Lina's spine. To her, she was witnessing an impossibility... Drake shouldn't have been capable of vulnerability. That's what she'd grown to know. What she witnessed now was proof that even he wasn't made of stone.

"The best way to get through this is as a family. Like we've always been," Queen Martha spoke up, "How about we have a meal to honour Katie today."

“She’s not dead,” Lina replied.

“Yes, I know that, but how would you explain the mood in this car? We would have done it anyway. On the day that she would be officially leaving Sirius to take her place at Cole’s side in the Lycaon empire. She was always going to leave eventually. We just didn’t think it would be this soon,” the queen explained, “So how about it? To honour the few moments we had with her and her monstrous appetite.”

The mention of Katie’s appetite brought memories of the girl rushing through Lina’s mind. It was like rubbing salt into a wound that was already bleeding profusely. “Let’s do it then,” Drake answered. The rest of the people in the car silently agreed as well.

The car soon reached the palace and let them out. There was a pause as the Royal family stepped out of the car. The king asked Jackson to disperse the crowd that was inevitably gathering around the car. While this happened, Lina remained silently planted in her seat. Drake sighed heavily and squeezed her hand before stepping out as well.

When she was ready, the princess stepped out as well. As soon as she was out of the car, the princess was abruptly embraced by a girl in a yellow sun dress, nearly tackling her. If it hadn’t been for how oddly light the girl was, the two of them would have fallen to the ground, “Hey Honour, I missed... you too.” The hug, being one from someone Lina loved had an unexpected effect... An effect that made speech hard... Before she knew it, she couldn’t form words without sobbing, so she remained quiet and held onto her best friend. Crysta joined in with the two of them.

“What’s wrong, Lina? I can feel your heart bleeding,” Crysta asked the girl.

“I’ll tell you all about it when we get to my room,” Lina replied, wiping the tears that threatened to escape from her. Breaking from their embrace, she moved to the trunk and retrieved her pack. Crysta immediately yanked it from the girl’s hands, narrowing her eyes at her.

“Princesses don’t carry heavy stuff,” the delta huffed.

“And then they wonder why I have almost no muscle on me,” Lina sighed, “Where is Madeline?”

“Right here,” another feminine voice replied, walking over to them and hugging Lina, “How was the coronation, Lina?”

“Oh, the coronation. I almost forgot about that,” the girl replied.

“How come? It must have been the highlight of the entire trip,” Madeline exclaimed.

“Yeah, it was meant to be, wasn’t it? Let’s head up, already. I’ll tell all of you about it. I also meant to tell you that the queen is holding a feast tonight... in memory of my darling older sister,” the girl said to them, rushing ahead in an effort to hide the grief on her face, “That damned hero...” she muttered as she walked away. Her clenching fists did not go unnoticed.

The three girls behind her looked at each other with looks of concern. They followed her to her room where she waited until the door was locked.

They were alone... just the four of them. Lina’s closest friends. Silence filled the room as they awaited the girl’s speech. Instead of speaking though, Lina crawled into her bed and forced her face into one of

the large soft pillows. The shivers that racked her body only moments later told the whole story, “Oh Lina...” Honour gasped rushing for her friend. The dam she’d been holding back had finally broken.

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Chapter 368 Troubling News

The king walked out of the car and stretched a bit before lazily against the closed door. The royals had the power to peer through the mind link even when others tried to block them out.

It was out of respect for everyone’s privacy that they didn’t use the mind link whenever they detected resistance through the mind link. King Davin eyed his daughter with sadness. Out of all of them, she was the one hurting the most. She put on a brave face in front of all of them, but she wasn’t fooling anyone among the royals, “Will she be okay?” Drake’s voice yanked at his attention as they watched Lina go up the stairs with her friends.

“Why would she be alright?” the question was rhetorical, “Not after what Katie did for her. I never would have thought the two of them would grow so close in the short time they were together,” the king sighed. Mixed with his sadness, was a hint of pride. Katie fitting into the royals had also been a worry of his... as it so happened, the girl hadn’t had trouble fitting in. In fact, royalty welcomed her more than he’d expected, “If I’m being honest though, we all need some space right now. The pack felt Katie’s presence even when she regardless of her carefree nature... They will feel her absence even more.”

“I couldn’t agree with you more,” Drake replied, right before someone else spoke up to their side.

Alpha Jackson’s usual confident tone failed him this once. “Your majesty...” The words wouldn’t come out easily. “Uh,” the alpha rubbed a hand through the back of his dark curly hair, his eyes darting about.

“Take your time, Jackson,” the king said warmly even though his emotions screamed an entirely different message. The beta alpha could detect the contradiction but chose to ignore it. He was already struggling to find a way to speak as it is. ‘One command from the king... that’s all he needs to have me say everything,’ the beta alpha mentally cursed.

King Davin had mastered the art of allowing his beta alphas free will, however, it wasn’t always a good thing. Sometimes Jackson wanted the king to order him to do something so he wouldn’t hesitate in getting it done. Now was one such time. Taking a deep breath, the beta alpha began, “While you were gone... Well... let’s just say things weren’t as quiet as you hoped they would be.”

“What could be so important that you couldn’t wait until after the feast tonight?” the king raised a brow at him, “Was there a rogue attack? I’m sure there isn’t something you couldn’t handle on your own.”

“Well, my lord... This wasn’t something I could handle. In fact, they insisted that you’re the only one that could handle it. It’s... your uncle. He’s been captured by the hunters. The hunters... they have... um... suggestions... suggestions on what you should do to him. They worry me,” slowly and with a grimace, the information came out of the beta alpha for the present royals to digest.

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The king rubbed his temples, “My family must be made of drama. Take me to him at once.” Martha chuckled at the comment, but couldn’t deny his words. It never did get boring in the family of royals.

“Want me to come with you?” Queen Martha asked him.

The king looked back and noticed Drake deep in thought. “Don’t worry about me, father. I’m going to the gym. I need some way to... distract myself.”

Drake had felt like meeting up with Honour, but after seeing Lina leave with her, the thought was shelved for later and he moved on to the next option. The king nodded and watched his son leave them, “Are you sure you want to meet Sean after all this?”

“He’s family. Of course, I want to meet him. Perhaps this time, we’ll get some better information out of him. He did break his promise after all. That’s the least he can offer us,” the queen responded with a tight smile.

“Very well,” King Davin accepted. Jackson had them get back into the car and drove off for the Hunter’s Agency. “Didn’t you take him to the dungeons once they’d found him?” the king asked, his curiosity starting to grow.

“Umm, we weren’t able to do that. They said he was caught on their premises. In a way, it gives them right over how long they get to hold him,” the man replied. The king sighed. Something was adding up, but with everything on his mind, King Davin could barely begin to decipher what was happening.

He simply wanted to get the meeting over with and probably have the man transferred back into the castle where they could keep a closer eye on him.

Reaching the gates to the facility, the king was shocked to find Frank Silver waiting for them in full uniform. His pink leather outfit and three quivers made him look like a man ready to slaughter an entire pack of rabid rogue wolves, which he was fully capable of doing, had he been given the order.

“It’s been a while, Frank,” the king greeted politely when they exited the car.

“A long time indeed. I heard you’d gone to attend a coronation. How did it go?” the man asked him.

“It was... unexpected and certainly furrrier than I remember it used to be. We’ll get into that later. Would you show me to my brother now?” the king asked.

“Odd, I could have sworn he mentioned he was your uncle instead. Well, I guess he doesn’t look old enough to be your uncle. That would be weird now, wouldn’t it?” Silver chuckled.

“Let’s just go meet him. I’m exhausted enough as it is,” the king replied, shrugging the minor details the pink leather-clad man had just tried to get out of him.

“Right this way... but before we go. Might there be some secrets the royal family is keeping from the hunters?” Silver asked with a dangerous tone in his voice. This tone usually got much thinking twice before answering him, but he wasn’t talking to just about anyone.

Silver was speaking to the king of the Sirius Empire who had just lost his daughter a second time. The king almost missed this silent threat, but when he did notice it, he didn’t have the nerve to take him seriously. Instead, he sighed, “Every family has its share of secrets. If you’re asking to know if they are intended to keep disputes between the hunters and werewolves from arising, it’s nothing of the sort. They are merely family matters we hold between us.”

“Let’s hope family matters is all they are, indeed,” the Mighty Warrior replied, starting the walk deeper into the facility, “Just so you know... the rogue king’s beta alpha escaped.” He said matter-of-factly, his hands balling into hard fists.

This... This got the King’s attention...

Chapter 369 Prisoner’s Demands

The king walked through the Hunter’s Agency with his hands sequentially curling to fists and uncurling. Queen Martha tried her best to soothe his anger, but there was only so much she could do. After hearing the tone Silver used when speaking to him, he couldn’t contain himself.

Queen Martha had been hoping the hunter would drop his threatening tone, but the other male also showed no signs of letting up. Whatever had happened while they were away had completely shattered the trust he held in the royals. This implication was not lost on the king... and in his passive mood, he would have been able to overlook this behaviour. If he’d stayed passive that is...

“After all that talk of seeking peace, I’m a little disappointed honestly,” the hunter leading them with Silver mumbled, making the situation even worse. Martha felt her mate’s hand grow tighter around her waist. While he wasn’t hurting her, she could tell just how much he was using her to keep himself sane. Disrespect did not yield good results in the presence of alphas... and their mates were the only thing that could keep them sane in such a situation. Martha was almost convinced the hunters had completely forgotten everything they were taught about werewolves.

“You will watch your tongue, Marco,” Silver snapped the man, smacking him across the back of the head in a disciplinary gesture, “We might not know what’s going on, but that doesn’t give you the right to jump to conclusions.”

“What’s with you? One moment you want to bust them for their secrets and the next, you’re on their side. Make up your mind,” Marco replied, rubbing the back of his head.

‘Well said, Marco,’ Martha thought to herself. The Mighty Warrior’s actions were very contradictory. It was like he was shifting between two extremes, trying to make a decision... a decision that he would not regret.

“I don’t want to make up my mind. If it turns out the royals are not what they claim to be, the world as we know it would be turned upside down in war and bloodshed. Death is not something I enjoy bringing on creatures other than rogues. I hope for a good explanation for all of this. Even so, that’s all I have... Hope. Things are not looking too good as it is,” these words were directed more to the royals walking behind him. Davin’s hold on his mate loosened as he got to peak into Silver’s thoughts.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right about that. Not to mention the hunters aren’t in their best shape after that attack on Lycaon,” Marco briefly glanced at the king and queen walking behind him and sighed. They soon reached a thick metal door and opened it to reveal a room much like a torture room that was normally used by the hunters during interrogations. Split in two, the entrance led them into a room full of controls with a glass pane attached to the control panel dividing this room from the other section containing the captive that was being interrogated.

“This is not how a royal is treated even as a captive,” King Davin snapped at the people in the room.

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“Relax, we haven’t done anything to him... yet,” Silver sighed. The King let go of his mate and walked up to the door that led to the torture chamber. He almost looked like he would rip the door off its hinges, but when he reached it, he glanced at the hunters working the controls, raising a brow at one in particular. The hunter panicked as he searched for the lever that would unlock the door, forgetting to seek permission from Silver. Queen Martha followed after him with a worried look.

On the other side of the glass pane was a man seated on the side of the bed inside, staring off into nothingness. The room was soundproofed and the glass could only let light through from the other side, so he wouldn’t have known if anyone was watching him or not. The abrupt clicking of the door alerted him of his new visitors.

Sean turned expecting to see Silver or one of his friends only to turn white with shock at the sight of the king and his wife. The two of them did not look happy with him one bit. His demeanour relaxed a moment later, “I-I wasn’t sure you would come.”

“And why exactly wouldn’t I come to my uncle’s aid? Honestly, I’m still trying to wrap my head around what you’re doing,” the king sighed, “Years, Sean. It’s been years. Far before I even became king, we’ve tolerated your disappearances. Do you have an explanation for me?”

Memories of the day Sean had escaped the dungeons came back to him, but the rage he’d had at that time was nowhere to be found. He couldn’t let him off the hook this time, though. This time was different... this time, there were werewolves that were injured by the wolfsbane that had been used to escape.

Now that Sean was looking at him once more, he searched the prince’s eyes for something. He was searching for the hint of malice... the malevolent intent toward the throne. It didn’t exist... both physically and through the mind link... Why then? What was the reason behind his actions? Could he have found a way to fool the mind link?

These thoughts were banished to the back of Davin’s mind as they yielded no result. The problem, however, was still in front of him. Sean was not going to magically disappear and he was going to have to deal with this one way or another.

The blue-eyed prince searched the king’s face, “I thought for sure all you would want would be my death.”

Davin stayed quiet, waiting for an answer to the question he’d asked. Sean tested his patience plenty of times he’d expected something other than the right answer. “Yes, I do have an explanation. The same one I gave your father before he chose to let me do whatever I felt like.”

The king’s frustrations left him all at once, returning his turmoiled mind to a serene silence, ‘What?’

He had suspected something, but hadn’t been sure of it, “So my father did know something he wasn’t telling me...”

“Yeah, he knew something. He would have been a terrible king otherwise. Although I’m not so sure if I’d call him the best either,” the man said to the king, “I would like to come clean, but only to you and Martha. That also applies to the female rogue I was captured with. Bree would be better off if she was

freed. Promise me nothing will happen to that girl. She's a little too innocent to be involved in any of this."

Davin scoffed... The man was making demands just already. There wasn't much he could do to deny him any of them considering none was extreme, but he was still acting like he was on top of everything. Even when the hunters were ready to stick needles of wolfsbane into his system to get information out of him. Was he really that confident?

The king and queen left the room without another word and met a pondering Frank, "He's asking for too much, you know."

"Why's that?" the king asked.

"He aided in freeing the rogue king's beta alpha. I'm afraid we can't let him go. If we are to let him go, the woman he's trying to take with him stays behind," the man responded, "She can't get anywhere in her condition anyway."

"What woman?" Davin finally asked, throwing his hands into the air helplessly. After having heard them talk of her so many times, he couldn't help but realise she played a key role in all this.

"Oh, his accomplice. The two of them planned it quite well. We've been questioning Bree, but the girl won't say anything except that we let Sean go free as well as the other woman and..." the man paused, "Perhaps you'd like to talk to Bree yourselves. Her words don't make the least bit of sense."

"What about the woman? Can we talk to her?"

"No, you won't be able to get anything out of her," the man replied indifferently, leading them to the exit.

"Why's that? Did something happen?" as Davin asked this, he noticed the mask of indifference the hunter replaced his countenance with. It was a technique he'd now come to recognise, "What did you do?" the king growled.

"She was escaping with the rogue king's beta alpha. I did what I had to do to keep her from escaping. Unfortunately, the beta alpha was gone before I could do anything," Frank replied, "At the moment, she's still unconscious."

Davin, for once, noticed how odd it was for Frank to let the man slip from his grasp. It hadn't been that the Rogue King's beta alpha overpowered him. There wasn't a scratch on the man. In fact, there wasn't a sign that he'd been injured at all. Instead, Cupid Shooter was beaming with frustration...

He'd been tricked.

Chapter 370 Brainwashed

It was now clear why Silver was frustrated. The Mighty Cupid Shooter had been tricked. It wasn't that he'd engaged the beta alpha in a fight and lost. He simply hadn't gotten the chance to engage the criminal. The beta alpha had slipped out from under his nose and escaped while he was the one in charge of keeping him in custody.

This did not look good for him. Davin was somewhat impressed by the man's capability of restraint. A failure like this would surely have him making irrational decisions in a feat to regain his reputation.

That was what sparked another curiosity though. Frank was able to contain himself... there must have been a reason for that. A reason why he'd paused everything and waited for the king himself to show up. Not even allowing alpha Jackson to deal with any of this.

"Alright then. Have Sean transferred into something that doesn't look like he's about to have his eyes gouged out," the king said dismissively to the other people in the room.

They nodded in acknowledgement of his order and began making preparations to have the man moved while they left, dosing him with sedatives to keep him from lashing out just in case.

"You're not taking this seriously, your majesty," Frank's impatience began to leak once again. He wanted answers, "Is there something you're not telling me?"

"You might want to exercise some patience. When dealing with matters like this, patience is a valuable asset. The story you're looking for. It's complicated... and stories like that don't just fall into your lap," the king replied, failing to meet his gaze. King Davin had his own reservations on the matter at hand. While Frank thought he was the only one being kept in the dark, the king was as well... And that much was clear to him now.

Frank decided against retaliation. He could tell the king spoke the truth, however, that did not make anything easier for him. He turned to lead them to what the Davin soon confirmed to be holding cells. Most of them were empty and a few were occupied by criminals dressed in purple.

The colour of wolfsbane when it got in contact with werewolf blood. Looking closer at the clothes, one could notice the stains that were intentionally hidden by this odd choice of colour. In each cell were a bed and a small table on which the prisoners would eat or do some reading if they ever got the chance, "You're holding a young girl in a place like this."

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"Believe it or not, we were able to tell that the young girl was part of the crime and had done it of her own free will. I don't know what kind of brainwashing or how powerful kind has to be used on a girl to make her accept to collaborate with rogues.

We've held onto the information that she is here with us. There is no doubt that her parents will storm these walls once they find out she was involved in the attack. At the moment, we don't even know what to make of the entire situation. After we figured out that she was an accomplice of the prince, she went mute. Hasn't said a thing since then. I'm hoping you can get the rest out of the girl. I was trained to interrogate rogues, but this one is completely out of my experience."

They finally reached a cell where the girl was. Seeing the girl now, the king was shocked to see that her clothes were clean and she was barely injured. In comparison to his uncle, this girl was basically untouched. Bree turned to see the king and queen. She smiled, but when they didn't smile back, her expression fell, "So they told you I was involved in the breakout."

"They told us what they have found from the investigations they've carried out. We want to hear your side of the story now," King Davin tried. The memory of the day when she asked for a form to visit the

prince flashed through his mind. At the time, Martha had got a feeling she was going to do something drastic. If only they'd acted more on that intuition... What could it have gotten them? The girl used gaseous wolfsbane to incapacitate all the guards. No one could have anticipated that.

"You wouldn't believe me even if I told you what was going on," Bree sighed, letting her gaze fall back to the floor. The cell she was in was much the same as all the others in this small section of the facility. The only difference was the book that had been set on her desk.

"You might be surprised by how open-minded I can be. Just try me," he asked.

"I never intended to break the rogue king's beta alpha out, but I did break out Sean from the dungeons of my own free will," the girl said to him.

"That's funny. I'm certain he told me you were very innocent," the king exclaimed.

The girl chuckled, a smile gracing her face before she let her head fall into her arms, "Of course, that's what he would say. That man's as dense as he is kind. It was only a week, but I feel like the version of him that I know is the complete opposite of the one you know."

Davin was shocked by the sudden praise she gave his uncle. 'Since when does my uncle get along with anyone?' Suddenly, the thought of brainwashing felt well within reason. "I only know what my father told me of him. The man trusted him blindly and never once questioned him," the king replied, "However, I've never been given a reason to believe that."

"Yeah, the former king is the only one who really knew him. This isn't how this was supposed to happen. What was he thinking when he came up with such a ridiculous plan?" the girl mumbled to herself.

"I see why Frank couldn't get anything out of her. She knows a lot more than she can tell all at once," the girl was shocked by the Queen's observation, but she wanted to correct them on a few things. Bree stood up and walked up to the bars.

"You're partly right, your majesty, but then again, I can tell you this with absolute certainty. Your uncle is the last person in the kingdom you should be putting behind bars. Not after what he's been through," the girl replied.

"We've all been through something, girl. How does that justify letting one of the most dangerous werewolves in the history of time?" Frank snapped at her.

Barely shaken by the outburst, the girl turned to face the hunter, "You don't know pain, Frank Silver. Your skin is flawless. Your muscles are well-toned without a single sign of you ever getting your butt kicked.

I won't deny that you worked hard to get to where you are today, but you've not known pain your entire life and definitely not the pain I speak of. Pain that never goes away. Pain that you have to live with... or not live at all."

The more Bree spoke, the harder it was to understand what she was saying. The girl

"You're so young. You've not even graduated yet. What would you know?" the man countered, "Do you even realise what you're defending? The rogue king has killed millions and one of his right-hand men has

been let out of captivity. Do you even know what will happen to the world just because of this? Do you have any idea how many could die because of such a careless action?"

The girl went silent and returned to the bed, laying down in it and staring at the ceiling without another word. She was done talking to Frank. 'Death of many... that's the only way they ever look at it, isn't it? That's why the actions of those two are almost impossible to justify... This is truly a mess,' the girl thought to herself.

The king's voice interrupted her thought, "What about the woman who helped the beta alpha escape? What is she?"

"Oh, you mean Amanda. Amanda is someone special to Prince Sean. You're gonna like this. She's his 'Queen Martha', to put it simply," the girl smirked. The king gasped while the queen froze and went white. Davin took a step back from the bars shielding him from the girl.

"B-but... Sean has no mate. None that I know of," the information took time to register in the king's mind, "Take me to her."

Silver sighed at the sudden request. Bree wasn't going to say much more than she already had. He'd learnt almost nothing about her motives or what she was hiding. All he knew was that there was the possibility of some reason behind their actions. Why they couldn't say, however, was still lost on him. Narrowing his eyes at the girl one last time, he turned away from the cell and started to walk away.

The king steeled his expression and allowed Cupid Shooter to lead them through the gigantic facility. He was going to meet the fabled 'mate' that belonged to his uncle. He couldn't believe it at all. 'Sean doesn't have a mate, does he?' went the king's thoughts.

Silver led them out of the large building and into another, sending shivers down the king's spine. The building they'd entered was filled with people dressed in lab coats and hunters moving in and out, each with some form of affliction ailing them. Some were merely coughing while others had injuries that were best left undescribed.

The smell of medicine assaulted the king's nose. This was the medical wing. Without slowing down, the Mighty warrior led them up two shifts of stairs and into a room barred by a large metallic door. Despite its outer appearance, the room was fully equipped with state-of-the-art medical equipment.

A beeping sound came from the machine hidden behind the curtains that surrounded a bed. This room had two doctors monitoring it and working on the patient obscured by the curtains... The mood suddenly dropped and a weak heartbeat made its way to the king's sensitive ears... escorted by the sound of slow laboured breathing.