

Chosen 451

Chapter 451 Wandering

The girls had been walking for a while, passing several closed stores and establishments in search of an open restaurant. At some point, their search started to feel futile, not to mention the dizzying corridors that seemed to weave together in an intricate maze.

“Do you think anyone runs the facilities on this floor? I thought it was only for the royals,” Bree asked her companions.

“I think the floor is simply being rented out by the Sirius pack. If it wasn’t for the Royal games, it would probably be free. I’m not sure what restaurant would be open in such conditions. It’s not like...” Honour stopped with her theory when a set of footsteps suddenly came from around the corner.

They had been walking the halls for a long time without a single sign of life and now they had found it. Madeline froze in fear wondering whether hiding from sight was a better option.

Honour felt like confrontation would be better but didn’t know what to do.

The girl strode forward with the confidence of a royal, her posture mirroring that of Lina Sirius... or at least, she tried before she got yanked back.

Madeline held onto the goddess’s wrist, “What do you think you’re doing?” the Seeker’s expressions were odd with her new disguised appearance.

‘I liked her normal face better.’

Used to her normally expressive face, the goddess could tell what Madeline’s normal face should have looked like. This mask and distracting red hair, albeit gorgeous, felt completely wrong.

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“I’m going to ask for directions,” Honour whispered back, rubbing her aching shoulder from the pain of the certain pull.

“You don’t know them and they probably don’t know you. What if we are intruders to them?”

Honour pinched the bridge of her nose. Why were they whispering when they were werewolves with a well-established pack link?

“No one can get to this floor without having permission from the king himself. There is no reason for anyone to doubt our credibility. Normally, Lina and Crysta are the obvious indicators that we are with the royals, but this place is different. Relax, Mady,” the goddess tried through the mind link.

“You taking this far too lightly, Honour. I admire your confidence, but that’s not...”

“Uh, hello... Are you three supposed to be on this floor?” a feminine voice interrupted their supposedly hushed discussion.

Bree was simply nodding her head in disappointment. “So this is how the two of you act when Lina is not around?” she noted.

“No, it’s not... This just isn’t like the Sirius pack. And for the record, it’s so many miles away,” Madeline argued, turning the panic her nerves gave her on the other girl.

“For someone that was already living so many miles away from home, you’re acting rather strange,” Bree replied.

“Come to think of it, she was like that when she had just arrived in Sirius, so I wouldn’t blame her,” Honour teased.

The three girls had nearly forgotten about the woman standing in front of them and missed the green glint in her eyes.

The woman crossed her arms over her chest and glared daggers at them, “Ahem, I know for a fact that I’m not invisible...” the woman paused, noticing the amber glow in the eyes of the three girls. They were all oddly calm around her and something about it ticked her off, “Three normal wolves talking to a delta without an ounce of respect. I have a mind to through you out of the Great Arena entirely.”

“See, Honour. I told you we would be in trouble if we weren’t moving with either Lina or Crysta,” Madeline exclaimed, covering her face.

“Hey, I think I’ve seen you somewhere,” a new male voice cut through the commotion.

Honour turned to face the person who had spoken. She would have recognised him immediately but something was completely wrong with his appearance. Instead of black hair, this man was blonde, “Jason?”

“Ah, yes, Honour. It’s you. Wow! So you came? I’m surprised,” the beta alpha exclaimed.

“I’m equally surprised. I thought the floor meant for the members of the Lycaon pack was above this one though,” the girl replied. Jason had not got that much time to interact with the odd werewolf and was surprised to find her easy to talk to.

“We were just taking a tour. The prince is taking his time to come here as well. We should be meeting with King Davin in a few moments,” the alpha responded.

While the two talked, Madeline noticed the delta that had stopped them and stepped back into the group of wolves they were walking with. Something about her seemed oddly familiar.

Madeline had seen her somewhere before. She was tall beautiful and well-built. She also carried herself much more confidently than normal deltas. And she’d felt this presence somewhere before.

It didn’t take much to realise that this was the same delta they’d met on their elevator ride to the 54th floor. This was Bella Thorn.

“Oh, that makes sense. Wait, did you guys already make it here? Don’t you have to go through the Trials first?” Honour asked.

By this time, the tension between the two groups was starting to simmer down.

Madeline was mentally jubilating for having chosen to walk with Honour. She turned out to be all they needed to get past this group of strangers. Bree was shocked the girl wouldn't flinch when facing one of the Lycaon pack's beta alphas.

This man was large and intimidating. Although much of this intimidating presence was diminished by his nervous ticks and odd calmness around the young goddess, Madeline and Bree were impressed.

'Wait, what did Honour just ask?' the two silent girls hurriedly backed up.

Jason noticed their intrigue and smirked, along with the girl and other wolves that were walking along with him. This group suddenly took on a whole different vibe.

While different from the strangeness of running into each other, this felt like they were prey staring into the cold eyes of a predator.

"Oh, Cole is already done with the Trials. I actually accompanied him. Couldn't have gone easier in my opinion. It was quite the breeze."

Chapter 452 [Bonus chapter] Oh, For Goddess's Sake!

"You're joking, right?" Honour replied after a long pause.

"Nope... We arrived yesterday evening. It was even easier this year than it was last year and not to mention the fact that we weren't attacked by a single wild animal.

Talk about a stroke of luck. It was almost too easy. Has Drake arrived yet? I'm sure that one will have no trouble making it to the Arena either," the beta alpha asked enthusiastically.

"No, he hasn't made it yet. I thought you already knew that!" Honour replied with a thin-lipped smile, "If you're done gloating, we would like to find a restaurant now."

"Oh, sorry. We passed by just a few stalls that way. They were setting up when we went by. Someone mentioned the rest of the Sirius pack would be arriving soon and they had to start up to make the most out of being among the first ones open," he replied, stepping aside.

The trio was almost passed by them when he asked, "I'm not sure I've seen her around though. I know Bree because of Crysta, but her..."

Madeline froze in the spot staring at the floor as though she was searching for some small crack in the marble floor to hide in. Unfortunately for her, the Great Arena was so well-maintained that finding something like that would be highly unlikely.

The red-haired girl slowly turned, giving the beta alpha a forced smile, "My name's Madeline. I'm new to the pack. Transferred in as an intern and have been living there for almost two years."

Jason, who barely noticed the girl's nerves held out his hand for the girl to shake, "Oh! Then it's nice to meet you, Madeline. Would that be your natural hair colour?" the girl had almost forgotten her hair was now red and not its usual black.

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"No, it's not. I was feeling like trying out something new," the girl replied nervously.

The beta alpha eyed her hair for a moment with a grin before letting go of her hand, "Great minds think alike. Same here," Jason pointed to his blonde mop of hair, "Red looks good on you."

With that said, he walked away, gesturing for the werewolves he was with to follow him. They were five in total with two females and three males, all deltas.

The females scoffed upon hearing the alpha's compliment while two of the males winked in her direction. Madeline's nerves were reinforced with a new reason to disappear.

Previously, she'd been afraid of being in the presence of such a high-ranking werewolf that she had no relation with but now she thought the deltas would eat her alive for getting too much of his attention.

Thankfully, the moment passed and they were three again. They walked for a few minutes before the girl finally let out a relieved breath and slumped her shoulders. 'How am I still alive? Have I been breathing?' she wondered.

"That was scary."

"You worry too much, Mady. You know, getting to know them is not as scary as it sounds. The stories make them out to be dangerous and deadly but that's really in the past.

Back when the beta alphas were the creatures known for killing more humans than the Royals themselves," Bree tried, but mentioning murder seemed to make the girl's situation worse.

"I just have trouble meeting new people is all. I find Alpha Jackson and Alpha Philip to be very kind men but even so, I wasn't always comfortable around them when I had just arrived," the Seeker responded.

They walked in silence for a bit, letting the topic drop. Words were hard to find at a time like this. Especially since they knew just how timid Madeline could be around new people.

'I really wonder how she does it when waiting on people at the restaurant,' Honour thought to herself.

These thoughts were drowned out when her nostrils picked up on something sweet. The scent of cinnamon and peppermint was in the air.

All thoughts of their encounter with the beta alpha of the Lycaon pack were wiped from their minds. Breakfast was all they could think of. After all, it was the whole reason they'd started walking in the first place.

It was only now that Honour started to feel her legs aching from so much walking. 'Just how long have we been walking?' the girl stared back for a moment and realised she didn't have the faintest clue how to get back to their rooms from here.

They entered the medium-sized establishment and took seats far from the entrance. A waitress came rushing to them, dressed in an apron and carrying a small notepad and pen.

Madeline's nostalgia came reeling back into her mind. The one place that gave her so much peace was one just like this... and watching people serve others in a manner she so much wanted to do so in her own way brought her warmth.

They ordered what they wanted from the menu and stayed silent as the waitress walked off, "I've never really understood what it is about running a restaurant that got you so hooked," Bree was the first to break the silence.

"Oh, that's an easy one. It's that look of happiness on a customer's face when they bite into the delicious food of a hardworking chef. It started with me having my first meal from a professional.

It was so good... and I wanted to be able to cook that kind of food. When I was helping him out one day, he asked that I take a plate to one of the tables. I was so nervous that I almost spilt the food all over his customer...

The man I was serving actually stood up from his seat and helped me set down the food before laughing at me. I was embarrassed and hid my face behind the tray I had been carrying but what happened after he took his first bite is what sealed my fate. His face was priceless...

It was like he'd gone to another world. From that day, I noticed he was a regular at the restaurant... along with many others. All those people there would go to the restaurant for their lunch breaks and sometimes they would even bring their families there.

On some rare occasions, I witnessed a few dates and birthdays there! It wouldn't be possible if it wasn't for the chef's skill and the hospitality of everyone else there.

The waiters were so experienced and everything ran so well there. After that first time, I just kept on going back again and again. I would space out watching the customers through the window every time they took their first bite of the food.

Watching the waiters work and the chef cook and..."

Madeline went on about the different experiences she'd had working in the kitchen at the restaurant. The people there were kind and there was a collaboration like no other.

The friendly gossip also seemed to catch her attention so many times and made her feel like a part of the women that worked there. There were fewer men but those that were there were professionals at their craft.

While some of the women were merely volunteering to help out in the kitchens. Especially when the alpha himself had asked for a meal to be prepared for him.

Before she knew it, she wanted to be nowhere else... In fact, she wanted to open a restaurant of her own and cook meals worthy of her customers' appreciation.

"Who could have known? Innocent Maddy wants to enslave the world through their taste buds," Bree joked, laughing melodically.

Their food eventually arrived and the three girls enjoyed a sumptuous filling breakfast. Especially since one of them(Madeline), was fond of eating to her fill no matter who was watching. Her casual tendencies were contagious.

Honour could remember the way Katie hated being picked on for her large appetite. Madeline, on the other hand, albeit not capable of matching Katie's monstrous appetite, was very open about how much she loved food. She also loved complimenting the chef on the food.

'What better way is there to show a chef that you like their cooking!' she'd said one time Honour asked.

"Honour, Maddy and Bree... could you make it to the Royal quarters? The living room. The King of Lycaon is here and I would very much appreciate it if you were all present to greet him," the king's voice echoed through the mind link.

"We'll be there," Honour replied. 'So he's actually here. We just need to find out way.'

The trio finished their breakfast and left the restaurant. Honour had to pull Madeline who felt it was inappropriate to leave without paying.

Convincing her that the tab was completely on the Royal family was even harder without a royal to help them out but it was eventually done when the waitress waved them goodbye and started cleaning up after them.

"How are we going to..."

"The mind link... We'll just have to locate the king and queen and hope to make it to the Royal Suite in time." Honour answered the obvious question.

A long walk in dizzying directions following their instinct through the maze of intersecting corridors that sometimes placed them at dead ends soon had the girls panting at the golden door that led into the Royal Suite.

The girls were still getting used to how gigantic this floor was. Honour's legs especially felt sore by the time they got to the Royal Suite.

At some point, they were sure they had gone around the entire outer ring of the Great Arena before making it back to where they started.

"Bree! I thought you've been here before," Honour asked, out of breath.

"They change the floor every time. Last time, this floor belonged to the Lycaon pack and the Sirius pack was above us. How was I supposed to know the inner workings of both floors? Not to mention I wasn't acquainted with Lina back then. She was the enemy, remember?" the girl huffed.

"Oh! These two floors can't be all that different," Honour tried, finally catching her breath and straightening up.

On the other side of the door, the power of the Royals pulsed with intense radiation, intimidating anyone that dared to open this golden door.

To Madeline and Bree, barging into this suite felt close to having a death wish but that wasn't the case with the Honour. She was now getting used to the quirks of her abilities.

The authority coming from the royals did not affect her in the same way as she witnessed it affecting everyone else around her.

The girl pushed open the doors and let herself, along with the three girls into the Royal suite.

Just like they had seen it the day before, the living room was looking pristine with various couches made of rich fluffy material. The level of luxury in this suite was unmatched. 'I thought we picked out nice rooms but this is just unfair,' Madeline's voice groaned privately in the minds of the three girls.

However, the girls didn't have all the time in the world to take in the view. The sun was rising and lit up the entire living room beautifully through the glass panes that worked as walls on one side.

Prince Cole turned to address them. He was standing next to Queen Martha and beside him was...
'Wait... I thought I'd seen...'

Despite the different Royals that were in the room, there was another intense presence in the room. One that Honour had only seen for seconds after entering the room.

Honour's thoughts darted through her mind as she searched for someone that had seemingly vanished from her sight. As it seemed, this was the case with everyone else in the room.

Jason and the other five wolves from earlier were in the living room as well.

Their eyes were now trained on a single person with mixed expressions of shock, worry and frustration. The goddess followed their gazes and was nearly frightened out of her skin by the large man standing beside her.

'How did he get there? He wasn't here a moment ago,' she shuddered. The power rolling off him was odd and not at all like what she was used to. He was different yet similar to a beta alpha.

Thankfully, his attention was not focused on her. Instead, he was holding a delicate hand in his large ones and staring into the eyes of another with a look Honour had only rarely seen, "Such beautiful grey eyes!" Kyle exclaimed.

The goddess's eyes dashed to those of the girls... and her fear only doubled. Madeline's eyes were still glowing bright amber.

'Oh, for Goddess's sake!'

Chapter 453 Beautiful Fantasy World

When the sun had finally announced its full glorified presence to the world, Lina started the walk to her friend's tent to wake her up.

On her way there, she stopped and turned to Wyatt's tent.

'A few more minutes won't hurt. I'll wake Wyatt up and have him help get breakfast ready. Crysta needs her rest after the night she had.'

The princess thought to herself before approaching the tent, trying to justify her reasons for torturing the weakened alpha.

He had turned out to be less helpful than they thought he would be. He was almost at the same level as Crysta in strength it was disappointing... perhaps he was even weaker.

The girls held off on mocking him for it since it would have made them just as bad as he was to Lina.

Lina paused when she reached the flap of his tent, blinking a few times in confusion.

It was open...

Rushing to check inside, she was greeted by the calm silence behind the tent flap.

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There was no one inside. Wyatt was not around.

The princess cursed under her breath and searched the mind link in hopes of picking up on his location but he wasn't nearby either.

Focusing harder, Lina searched for the prince's presence in her mind. He was not a royal which would make it easy for her to find him even if he blocked out the mind link.

Royals were able to penetrate the minds of any werewolves regardless of their rank. One of the perks of being part of the most powerful werewolves in the world.

Right when she was about to give up, a new presence suddenly made itself known at the edges of her consciousness...

It was Wyatt but judging by his mental state, he seemed tired, frightened... and barely able to walk. Lina looked up at the mountain lions still watching over them and gestured to the tent that had her sleeping friend.

She nearly slapped herself for trying to talk to the creature.

Of course, there was no way the lion was going to understand her and the fact that she was even comfortable with it spending the night there watching them was shocking on its own.

To her surprise, the lion leapt off the ledge it was sitting on and walked up to the delta's tent before laying down and getting comfortable with its head on its paws.

"Yeah, that works too." The princess said out loud but the lion wasn't paying any more attention.

With her friend in capable hands, the girl rushed away from their camp and started following the faint consciousness of her friend.

She rushed downstream, following the narrow path that was meant to lead her to Wyatt.

Further down the path, she found a white and black wolf laying on the ground. Wyatt's body was covered in scratches and a few blood stains on his fur and he looked like he was in bad shape.

"Wyatt, what happened?" the girl called out to his mind.

The wolf was panting for a while before speaking up, "I... I'm not sure. One moment, I'm hunting for a hare or at least a deer, and the next, I'm attacked by goddess-knows-what. I could barely see it. It attacked from the back... or the side... I don't know anymore.

Using such underhanded tactics to try and subdue me. I think it's dead but I barely got away with my life. I had already killed the hare by then and just thought I would bring it back to the camp, but the distance is large... I got winded...

Ambush... More than one..."

Lina frowned at the alpha's state. He looked worse than she thought he was capable, "You need some rest before you can start back up. Shift back into your human form and I will carry you."

"No, I won't be carried by the likes of you... and I don't mean to offend you," the man responded tiredly.

"Then what were you trying to imply?" Lina asked through gritted teeth, tugging at the wolf's paw. She wanted to get away from the forest now.

The beta alpha sighed, "Your wolf is not an energetic type. You're fast and there are things only you can do but heavy lifting is not one of them. Your wolf is more powerful than ours though. I'll admit that much but I've also noticed your increasing appetite.

You burn through more energy than we do. That is why I went out hunting. To be honest, from here on, I'll only be slowing you down more than you can afford. You royals are truly something else," the man responded.

"You can stop talking now. Shift into your human form and let's get you back to the camp. It's that simple really. I'll do the morning cooking. You won't have to do a thing. You can eat your fill and be lazy all you want but you will make it to the finish line with me," the girl responded firmly, holding his gaze.

The man shifted into his human form. Beside him was a large hare, dead with its eyes staring off into nothingness. Wyatt looked paler than he had when he went to sleep and Lina worried that the man was worse than he was letting on, "Hey, Wyatt, you don't look so good."

A feeling of danger took over the girl as she tried to help the man up. She looked off in the direction he'd come from, her ears tapering into long tips with white fur at the back. When she was sure there was nothing following him, she started the walk back to their camp, "Are you going to leave my kill behind?"

The girl froze in her gait. Fear had drowned all thoughts of the dead hare from her mind, "Oh, sorry... Slipped my mind," she responded. Setting Wyatt to lean against the steep mountain wall, she picked up the carcass and slung it over her shoulder.

Their progress was slow, but they managed to make it back to the camp within an hour.

Lina greeted the delta who was bringing down the tents so that they could get moving. She then helped Wyatt take a seat at the furthest wall away from the creek.

She put her fingers to his neck to check for his pulse only to have her hand slapped away by the stubborn alpha.

"I'm just tired. It's not like I've come down with some disease that's going to kill me," the man responded weakly. The fire in his eyes never wavered but his body betrayed that determination.

"I want to believe that, Wyatt, but..."

"Lina? What happened to him?" Crysta's voice cut the girl off. The tone in her voice made Wyatt scrunch his eyebrows.

“What is she talking about, Lina?”

The princess remained quiet, afraid to reveal what she was looking at. Crysta pushed past the girl and felt for the man’s pulse and temperature. “I’m just tired. Why are you...”

“You’re pale Wyatt. You look dead,” Crysta stated bluntly, “Lina, where did you find him?”

“He went out hunting early in the morning. I found him like this when I went looking for him,” the girl explained.

“Take his shirt off,” Crysta asked abruptly.

“What?!” Lina and Wyatt were dumbfounded.

“Ugh! It’s important. Not what you degenerates might have running through your minds,” the girl groaned, reaching for the hem of the alpha’s shirt.

Wyatt slapped her hand, “I can take it off myself, thank you... Who’s being the degenerate now?”

“You...”

The alpha proceeded to pull his shirt off his body. When he did, however, the girls gasped. The looks of shock on their faces confirmed the fears that had been running through Wyatt’s mind. He’d been sure something was wrong but these reactions were almost too much to bear.

The alpha followed their gazes until his eyes landed on a large bite mark on his side. The wound was fresh and still bleeding. However, the liquid that was oozing from the wound was not the normal crimson blood that a normal person had. It was black and smelt like completely wrong.

Crysta shook herself from her trance and ran for her bag. Within it, she retrieved a first aid kit and came rushing back to the alpha, “What happened to you, Wyatt?”

“I... I was attacked... but I fought them off. I did... Left them for dead in the woods and took my kill with me. The princess needs all the strength she can get to make it over the mountain and make a beeline straight for the finish line at the Great Arena,” the man said.

“That’s a risky gamble. The mountain is cold and even after Lina makes it over the mountain, there is still a long way to go before she can get to the Great Arena.”

“It’s better than us slowing her down any more than we already have. We’ve helped the princess make it this far. There is enough water for the three of us and now I’ve got the nourishment she needs to make the rest of the journey. Hunting in the mountains is next to impossible. I don’t see a way out without us ruining her chances of winning the Trials,” Wyatt tried reasoning.

“Wyatt...” Crysta was cut short by the man leaning against the mountain wall as he placed his fingers on her lips.

Wyatt was suggesting they crossed the mountains and allowed Lina to make the rest of the journey on her own, unrestricted by their slow pace. Wyatt was suggesting staying behind despite his state. It simply wasn’t like him.

Wyatt was sweating profusely, his condition worsening right before the delta’s eyes.

“No, Crysta... You’ve done enough in the scolding department. You’ve said enough...” Normally, Crysta chose a time like this to insult the alpha for his stupidity but Wyatt was not having it.

His silence now though... had a different meaning that it came with.

The night before, Wyatt and Lina had gotten into an argument and he’d succeeded in riling up the princess and Crysta had stepped between them.

At the time, she hadn’t thought that Wyatt had understood anything the princess tried to tell him. But now, after everything she’d witnessed. Wyatt had gone out hunting to help Lina and had returned injured.

Even in his injured state, he was fine with letting the princess push forward without him slowing her down. Aside from Liam, this could have been the first time Wyatt was acting selflessly for another.

His weak sickly eyes said it all. He’d finally let go of his hard-headed nature.

‘Did you have to make me wait two years?’ she said through the mind link.

‘She has a beautiful fantasy world.’

Chapter 454 Lina’s Decision

Crysta opened the white box and took out a cotton swab dipped in spirit before she started cleaning his wounds. The black ooze kept coming out of his wounds and seemed to stain the cotton much faster than normal blood did.

She focused on getting him cleaned up, making sure to slow down each time he grimaced in pain and clean the most sensitive areas with extra care.

“You seem experienced. When did this happen?” Wyatt asked.

“I only know a few basics. Nothing too complicated,” she responded, “Try to save your strength. You’ll need it if we are to make the rest of this journey.”

“I-I didn’t say everything I saw out there. Simply because I was scared out of my mind and didn’t look back,” the alpha spoke up.

Crysta’s hand stopped on its way to the man’s side, shaking at the tone in his voice. There wasn’t a lot that could scare Wyatt and not because he was powerful, but merely because he had too big of an ego to consider openly admitting it.

Up until this moment, the only thing he was afraid of was probably Katie Sirius...

Mentioning something else only meant there was trouble in the woods. The girl shook her head to clear her mind and started dabbing at the bite mark.

When he was a little cleaner, she then started working on the wounds themselves.

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The alpha’s fists clenched and he breathed sharply from the stinging pain of the sterilizing liquid, “It will only take a moment,” the delta said in a soothing tone.

His eyes flashed bright red with pain and he closed his eyes.

A tear involuntarily slid out his right eye even though the alpha did his best to remain silent.

Crysta continued working on him through the pain. The black liquid seemed to be coming from deep within the wounds. Even after she had cleaned him to the best of her abilities, there was still a tinge of black within the flesh...

And there was no sign that he was healing...

Beads of sweat glistened off the man's brow. His eyes flashed bright crimson, his wolf sharing in his agony but his condition did not improve, "He needs medical attention as soon as possible, Lina. I don't know how long he can stay like this. He already looks far too pale as it is."

When no response came, the delta turned around and found the princess was binding all their belongings together. The three bags were all bundled against each other in one tight bundle, "Then we shall leave as soon as possible. We need to get him to a hospital."

Crysta wanted to argue but the resolve in Lina's eyes was so bright she could have sworn it could split the mountain in half. The princess had that look in her eye that suggested she was beyond reasoning, "How are we going to do that? We are not..."

"We'll get there, Crysta. This time, though... You will have to put your trust in me completely," the princess was practically begging her friend.

Lina wasn't one to think very logically all the time. She was learning how to make rational decisions under the tutelage of her family and a few times, under Crysta's instruction.

However, Crysta was yet to see the decisions the girl was capable of taking when faced with something as grave as this.

Simply letting her take care of everything was not the easiest thing for her to do. There was the matter of what Wyatt had to tell them. It sounded very important but when she looked back at the man, she forgot all about it.

Wyatt's eyelids were already starting to droop and he was looking even paler than he had a moment before.

On instinct, the delta rubbed the cotton over his wound, wiping the black ooze that had started to get out of the wound. The man's eyes shot open and shone a bright crimson, "You did that on purpose," he yelled through gritted teeth.

"Thank the goddess. You can still shout. I was worried we were losing you," the girl replied with a hint of relief.

"You know it would take a lot more than a simple bite to take me down," the man yelled at her, "Are you done? We need to bid..." he stopped talking when his eyes landed on the royal. Lina had tied up their luggage in a format he was not familiar with. "What's going on?"

"Cover him up, Crysta. I'll carry the both of you," Lina stated bluntly.

“Where will you be taking us?” Wyatt asked.

“Where else? We are going to the Great Arena.”

The two wolves were frozen for a moment before Wyatt asked out loud.

“Have you lost your mind or something?” the man yelled at the princess.

“No, in fact, I’ve never been more serious about anything in my life,” Lina responded. Her determination shone in her eyes like a beacon.

The man was almost sure she could cut through him with her gaze alone. The royal was serious about carrying the two of them... and this was the first time that he was seeing her so serious about anything...

Well, anything equally ridiculous...

Crysta didn’t bother asking and retrieved the bandages within the first aid kit, then got to wrap him up. The man didn’t resist. The sterilised patch that was placed over his wound hurt like hell and cooperating was the only way he could keep from feeling as much of the pain... or at least, it helped very little.

When Crysta was done wrapping the wound around the man’s torso, she gave him back his shirt which he put on. Crysta helped him up to his feet and the two of them looked to the royal, “Okay, how do you plan to do that?”

“Well, that’s quite simple really,” the girl replied, “I’ll run.”

“Forgive me, your highness. I still don’t believe you can get us to the Great Arena. In fact, the only reason I’m not logically screaming you out of the idea is that you seem convinced you can somehow pull off this miracle. The Great Arena is miles away...

The journey itself would take us two days at our current speed and we’ve already burnt daylight talking like this. At least, have some...” Wyatt was about to gesture to the hare that he’d brought for the girl but instead what lay in its place was a pile of bones.

Lina grabbed onto a strap that she’d braided to hold the bags at the top and shifted into her slender wolf form. While the wolf was slimmer than a normal Royal, it was still larger than an alpha’s. It kept the stature of a royal wolf and yet didn’t bear the same bulk as it was supposed to.

In comparison to a horse, Lina was almost twice the size and very capable of carrying her friends. Wyatt was not convinced but his condition didn’t give him a lot of room to complain.

Lina got down and allowed her two companions to climb onto her back. She could feel the weight of the three bags within her, “Wait...”

The two of them stopped before climbing onto the white wolf and watched the girl shift into her human form and open the bags. She started dumping out things one by one. She threw out all the tents along with all the extra clothes they had come with, “We might...”

“No, we won’t be needing them anymore...” the girl shifted into her human form, “Now get on. We need to bid this mountain goodbye.”

Crysta wanted to fight the girl on this idea but the slight hint of frustration in the girl's voice kept her from speaking up. Soon enough, they were all saddled up and the girl stood up to her full height.

At first, it looked normal, but soon enough the ground was much further than Crysta had expected it to get... 'Has Lina always been this tall?' the delta asked herself.

"Crysta, hold on tight. It would help if the two of you were lying as flat as you can. I don't want the wind to push you back. Also, make sure Wyatt does not fall off," the royal commanded over the mind link. Her voice had never taken on a serious tone before.

Crysta felt her hairs stand on end. They both bent at the waist, with Crysta behind the weakened alpha. Lina then started the journey up the mountain.

She started running normally, bounding up the mountain with the ease of a graceful gazelle. The girl made it look like a walk in the park. She was climbing the mountain with an elegance that was not seen in the werewolf race.

Slowly and almost imperceptibly, she began to pick up the pace. The creek began to flow faster in reverse. Looking at it was dizzying and the delta soon decided against it.

She instead chose to take a look behind and was shocked by what she saw.

The delta nearly fell off the wolf from the shock. Their camping spot was already so far behind. It was already the size of a spec and was growing smaller even faster...

The girl looked back just in time to notice the change in their surroundings...

The temperature started dropping really fast, threatening the trio of travellers.

However, right before the cold could penetrate their clothes, something completely unexpected happened.

Something that placed Lina in a league entirely of her own...

Chapter 455 Blur

Over the course of the next few minutes, Crysta found it increasingly harder to hold onto Lina's silk white fur. The wind screamed louder and louder in her ears and batted at her face violently.

The delta struggled to lean and get down even closer to Lina's body.

The white wolf was darting across the snow at speeds unknown to living creatures.

Crysta stared ahead and back, now convinced that they were indeed running across the coldest parts of the mountain. And yet, she didn't feel cold at all.

She felt glued to the white wall by a wall of wind brushing over them. Crysta suddenly got curious and tried to lift her hand. As she'd suspected, the wind was much heavier. Lifting her hand was a lot harder than normal.

'We're so fast, the cold won't get through,' the delta chuckled, wondering whether Lina had expected that.

Knowing the girl, she'd probably done this solely on instinct.

The whole journey atop the mountain which should have taken at least a whole day took only mere short minutes. The white wolf was already bounding down the mountain, leaving the snowy peaks behind her without pausing to observe the scenery.

'Crysta!' Wyatt's voice resonated through the delta's mind. He sounded scared...

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'I know, Wyatt... I know...'

When they started the journey downhill, Lina seemed to get faster, taking them down the mountain, leaping over bushes and shrubs on the way without a moment's hesitation.

The princess didn't say a word to them as she dashed across the terrain. At this speed, the sting of the elements and the dangers of the wild was vastly diminished.

There wasn't a creature on the planet that could keep up with the girl at this speed. Except for a few hunters that had reached the pinnacle of their gifts.

'So this is Lina letting loose and reaching her limit,' Wyatt said to Crysta, 'It's insane.' He almost laughed out loud, delirious.

"Lina, are you..."

"I'm fine, Crysta," the girl's voice came through the mind link. Lina sounded calm and could have fooled anyone except for Crysta. The delta quickly noticed the slight hint of frustration behind the princess's tone.

The delta watched the white wolf dash faster, faster and faster still... Blurring their surroundings and tearing across the land at indescribable speed. She was almost sure she could hear the loud hum of their movement.

At this rate, the Great Arena could have as well been in their backyard the entire time.

But then, Crysta couldn't imagine how much energy the princess needed to pull off something like this. Was she even capable of reaching the Great Arena?

'The hare... Did she eat it raw?' Crysta thought to herself... 'Was there enough time for her to digest it?'

Resting her head against Wyatt's back, Crysta watched as the forest beyond the mountains passed by in a blur, along with the marshlands they had thought to be so hard to cross as well.

"I'm sorry I doubted you, Lina," the girl whispered through the mind link.

"It's okay. I would have doubted me too," the girl replied with a chuckle, "A little trust in return would be nice though. I'm not the same kid."

"Wouldn't you want me to start calling you an adult?" Crysta rolled her eyes.

"Uh, yeah, that would be nice," Lina was appalled by her friend's 'obnoxious' attitude.

“Well, maybe after your birthday party in two weeks’ time,” Crysta chuckled.

“Oh yeah... The party...” it wasn’t that the girl hadn’t yet turned eighteen, but instead, she had held out on having a party and postponed the celebration with the same day as her best friend, Honour’s true birthday so that they could celebrate it together.

While a kind gesture this was, it was also a party none of them were looking forward to. This remained unsaid among them.

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Madeline was stunned by the man’s forwardness more than most. For some reason, she overlooked the haste with which he’d approached her. The fact that he even thought of doing something like that in a room of royals astonished her more than his execution.

The man before her had bright crimson eyes, the colour of a rose in full bloom but they shone with a deeper intensity than she’d ever noticed with another alpha.

His face was completely unfamiliar to her and she didn’t know who she was talking to. His body was heavily built and when she paid a little more attention, she could tell he was not yet in peak form.

He oozed power... and yet he oozed kindness as well... and a tinge of arrogance. She felt calm around him and for the first time in her life, she was not scared of the powerful wolf before her.

‘Not afraid of a powerful werewolf!’ Now there was a thought Madeline never thought she’d be having in her lifetime or the next.

Something deep within her told her that this man was nothing like all the others she’d met and yet, she felt she should not be hasty with handling him.

Yes, she was certain.

This alpha was incapable of hurting her.

It completely slipped her mind that he had called her eyes grey instead of the bright amber that she was sure was shining through them.

Instead, her mind roamed about the different things she could spend doing with this powerful alpha. The most peculiar thing about him though was the fact that his power felt nothing like that of King Cole.

Instead of oozing the same power as alpha Jason did, this man was different. He wasn’t necessarily more powerful but then again, he wasn’t at his peak yet.

No matter how much she thought about it, she couldn’t put it into words. Something was not right about where he was drawing his power.

“Kyle, that girl’s eyes are amber... and you’re not supposed to invade people’s private space,” Cole grabbed the man’s hand and pulled him back.

Kyle reluctantly accepted, snapping out of the daze he’d been trapped in. It was like the entire world had come to a standstill when the two of them had spoken.

Madeline broke out of the spell as well.

Hearing the king's words brought everything flushing into her mind. Her eyes were still amber... right? "You're majesty, can I be excused for a moment," the girl said, turning to the queen with a hint of urgency.

"Do I at least get a name?" Kyle intervened before the queen answered.

The women in the room snapped at the former rogue, glaring daggers at the man. Hadn't he done enough already?

However, before they could tell him off, a sole feminine voice resonated through the room, spelling out the name of the girl he'd just posed the question, "Madeline... My name is Madeline."

The girl seemed entranced when she spoke but quickly broke free and turned to Honour. The goddess realised what her eyes were asking and led her away from the living room and through the halls. With a gesture from the queen, the two of them were gone with Bree following behind.

The amber-eyed girl wouldn't stop giving Kyle an odd look. Kyle was curious as to why Bree staring at him weirdly.

That was... until she left and he turned to the other people in the living room. Everyone was giving him the same look the girl had been giving him... Curiosity...

"What...? Did I say something?" the man asked them out loud, starting to shudder under their gaze.

"Yes, you did. You mentioned the wrong eye colour. Have you ever seen a werewolf with grey eyes, you doofus or do we have to teach you colours as well?" Jason argued.

The king and queen remained silent, however. And this caught Jason's attention. The man turned to the royals, "There is no werewolf with grey eyes, right?"

King Davin sunk into one of the couches in the large living room, looking out to the Great Arena. It had been prepared for the games and was ready for the contestants to fully arrive...

The king of Sirius cringed, "Well..."

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Madeline burst through the doors to the restroom as soon as she found it and rushed to the mirror, preening in it in search of the glitch in her eye colour, "Madeline, would you slow down for a moment?" Honour called after her.

"Honour, how did he see through my disguise? I change the literal colour of my eyes. Did I lose focus somehow... Maybe I lost focus when he patted my head," the girl was rambling...

Her eyes flashed between amber and silver so many times that Honour was sure she would get dizzy.

This was also intentional and done to prove her point of control.

She'd gotten so good at changing the colour of her eyes that she could make them flash between the two colours extremely fast, unlike before when she would do it every time she was frightened.

“Okay, stop that. Mady, you did not lose focus. We were all looking at you at that time and...” the girl froze, “Madeline, he did not pat your head.”

“What?” the Seeker asked, confused.

“I said...”

“I heard what you said... but I’m sure he... He patted my head and... and” when the girl couldn’t even remember when the man had touched her she started to hyperventilate.

Honour was next to her quickly, Bree following her lead. The two girls helped the girl settle down, leaning against the sinks, they tended to her like she was one of their own, “Hey, relax... Take a deep breath,” Bree cooed.

The girl leaned against her friend and allowed herself to relax in their embrace. When they were both sure she had calmed down, Bree asked, “Are you okay enough to tell us what happened back there?”

The girl was quiet for while. Her mouth opened repeatedly, but nothing came out, until eventually, she slumped back, “I don’t know... I don’t know what happened.”

Honour pulled the girl into a tighter hug, “It’s okay, Mady. You don’t have to worry about it. We can do anything else. We can keep you away from him if that’s what you want. Kyle is not the person you would like to get to know anyway.”

“What... Is that his name?” the girl asked, her eyes beaming.

Honour was almost instantly convinced of what she was seeing. ‘Oh dear... why did it have to be him? That goddess could have picked anyone else in the entire world... anyone but him...’

“Would he happen to be your mate?” Honour asked her.

It was a simple question that any wolf could answer. Knowing one’s mate was an instinct for all werewolves. They would get to know this simply by setting their eyes on their mates and allowing their wolves to be in close proximity to them. It was a matter of looking straight into their eyes.

This is why Honour was not expecting the answer she got from the girl, “I don’t know, Honour. Seekers cannot feel the mate pull.” The girl sank to the ground, covering her eyes... Madeline sobbed quietly.

She’d heard this from her grandmother many times, but never once had she thought she would find herself in this kind of situation.

Kyle had seen through her disguise... That had to count for something, didn’t it?

Chapter 456 Watching The Strong Crumble

Upon hearing King Davin’s hesitation, Cole turned to the king and queen and narrowed his eyes at them.

They both wouldn’t meet his gaze. Something was amiss.

“We don’t keep secrets between the kingdoms,” the man said to his fellow monarchs.

“Hmm,” Martha searched her husband’s face. When King Davin nodded, the queen spoke up, “Then we have quite a number of secrets to tell you,” Queen Martha sighed.

When everyone had just tuned in to listen, the queen went silent.

“Everyone except for my beta alphas. We’d like the room,” Cole announced and they waited in silence as the betas and delta walked out of the Royal Suite.

“We’ll start with the girl. She’s a Seeker and she’s under our protection at the moment...”

The king and his beta alphas were the only ones allowed to know this much about Madeline. This seemed to include Kyle as well.

The more they spoke of how much trouble the girl was in, the more he felt like he shouldn’t have let her out of his sight.

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His body and wolf reacted to the information of the attack on her home in a manner of ways he did not know possible. Every few minutes, the room had to go quiet when a low growl escaped him. He clenched his fists in an effort to control himself and his wolf.

However hard he tried to hide it, it proved impossible. So much so that he started hoping his face didn’t look too frustrated.

“And that’s when Lina found her in the woods. She passed out and they took her to Honour’s mother where she was treated. A series of coincidental events led that secret to being revealed to us and we ordered her to be kept in the palace just in case the rogues followed her.

Thankfully, that was not the case, or at least, that’s what we would like to believe. After the hunters’ flush-out plan failed to work, there is no telling what the rogues are up to,” the woman summarised, “So we keep her close.”

“Can’t anyone simply believe the rogues are completely gone now? There were a lot of them in the battle against the Lycaon empire. We could have wiped them all out,” Jason tried.

“No, they are still alive. They are simply smarter at hiding and keeping their presences hidden from the hunters,” Kyle intervened strongly.

Cole gave the beta alpha a glare that had him sitting back in his seat. “Forgive, Kyle. He’s a little more impulsive than normal.”

“It’s fine... His presence is actually refreshing. His power reminds me of Katie. It’s so similar,” Queen Martha chuckled, “I haven’t felt this close to her in a while. Just the fact that he’s breathing and not in pain is a constant reminder to me that she’s still alive and well.”

“Katie is fine and making a recovery. I can say that with complete certainty, your majesties,” Kyle replied before he could hold himself back.

“That’s good to hear... Now that we’ve got all that out of the way, we should get ready for...” the queen stopped talking, hearing a voice booming over the speakers that were raised far above the Great Arena.

“There is a bit of a sandstorm coming from the Sirius empire. After taking a look through a pair of powerful binoculars, we now know what is causing it.

We saw this dashing figure in the previous Royal games and came to call her names like Jeanie Sirius and the Blue. Lina Sirius is headed for the Great Arena as we speak... and I must say... she has definitely brought her A-game.”

The commentator caught the royals off-guard. The girls came bustling into the room at the sound of the announcer’s words. The queen beckoned for them to follow her to the exit.

Madeline rushed ahead of her friends making sure to avoid making eye contact with the beta alpha.

Kyle noticed how they kept a wall between him and her.

‘Did I do something?’ he asked himself but shook the shady thoughts off.

Something else was bothering him. A feeling deep inside him that something was wrong. It was strong enough to wipe his thoughts of Madeline from his mind but too weak to give him definitive information.

“Let’s hurry...” he suggested.

The royals rushed through the large establishment, making it to the elevator and down the Great Arena. Following the king, they made their way to a large tunnel that went through the Great Colosseum in the direction of the Sirius Empire. This tunnel was the one meant to allow the candidates for the Trials in when they arrived.

It was the final stretch they had to run to end the Trials.

And the Sirius family stood at the very end of it, staring into the heavy darkness of the tunnel in silence and anticipation.

“Do you think the commentator was exaggerating her speed?” Kyle asked Cole.

The alpha chuckled at the beta alpha’s nerves and only pointed beyond. Kyle followed his gesture and squinted his eyes in the distance. It took him longer than he would have liked, but eventually, he saw it... a dust cloud in the distance far beyond the tunnel.

At first glance, buildings from the town and the road was all one could see with the enhanced sight of a werewolf but after paying close attention to detail beyond these. Instead of finding the clear blue of the sky, there was a thick brown of dust covering the view of the sky in the distance.

What the beta alpha saw had his eyes opening wide in shock. There was a wolf in front of the dust cloud and it was closing in on them with alarming speed.

The smile on King Davin’s face quickly vanished, “Something is wrong.”

They took a closer look at the girl, straining to figure out how the king had come to this decision.

It was hard to discern anything at this distance, but in the next few seconds, they didn’t have to squint as the slender white wolf covered the distance with astonishing haste and skidded to a stop right in front of them.

The wolf was panting heavily and it quickly lowered itself to the ground.

It was only then that Honour began to think through what was happening. Lina was much faster than Drake which meant she didn't have to use this much speed to try and beat him.

She could have seen him close to finishing and chosen to run this fast but that wouldn't make sense since the goddess hadn't detected the presence of the prince yet. Something else had Lina rushing at such a pace. 'Where were Crysta and Wyatt?'

Seated atop the white wolf's back was a green-eyed girl holding onto a man. Except for the girl's messy hair, she was fine.

However, the man looked to be in much worse shape than the girl. The man was groaning in pain and had turned as pale as a ghost.

Lina's voice boomed over the mind link, connecting to both the wolves of the Lycaon pack and the Sirius pack at the same time...

It was a call for help.

"He needs to see a doctor now," the girl rushed her words, "He's wounded badly."

Honour was by Crysta's side first, helping her get the man off Lina's back.

Her instincts immediately traced his symptoms to his abdomen. The girl lifted his shirt without warning... The queen was about to ask what she was doing when they noticed a bandage beneath the man's shirt that was stained with a black oozing liquid.

The smell that came from it was akin to that of wolfsbane but with a twist that didn't make the werewolves cringe, "What happened to him?" Honour asked Crysta but the delta didn't look capable of replying.

They had been moving too fast that the sudden stop was enough to completely overwhelm her senses. Honour was able to get Crysta off the white wolf's back.

The voices of the Queens Martha and Margaret boomed over the mind link, summoning the health workers to attend to the man.

The medics were at the entrance in no time and carrying Wyatt away on a stretcher.

Lina shifted into her human form. The three bags she'd tied together dropped to the ground relieving her of their crushing weight. The princess groaned and stood up, trying to get rid of the aches that riddled her body.

In the end, she was only able to induce a wave of exhaustion that had been waiting for her... restrained only by pure adrenaline. When her legs were about to give out, Cole caught the princess and slung on arm over his shoulder.

"Will he be alright?" Lina asked the paramedics, but all they could reply was the routine.

'It's too early to confirm at the moment but we promise that we'll do everything in our power to get him back in shape.'

The only new thing the woman talking to her was, "Was he the one you intended to take part in the games with?"

The girl was silent for a moment before answering calmly, "No... no, he wasn't. But he helped me through the Trials. I want him to get better."

With that said, the woman rushed off to help her colleagues. Normally, there would be people to receive them when they had just finished the Trials. People took them to their lodgings where they could recuperate and get better in time for the games.

However, with the kings and queens there at the moment, these people chose against interfering.

"Lina, what happened out there?" King Davin was the first to speak up, approaching his daughter.

The woman wrapped her arms around her daughter and tried to calm her. While Lina didn't look to be in any danger, her mind was moving at a million miles per second.

So much so that Crysta seemed to be in better shape than her.

Lina's composure seemed to crumble in her mother's arms. Who knew how much she'd held inside during the Trials? Who knew how much energy she'd used to bring her companions to the Great Arena?

Whatever it was, Lina didn't have the energy to block it any longer and her friends felt it through the mind link. The clattering of thoughts, the collapse of her entire being as she descended into a frightened unstable state.

Crysta then took the time to notice this. 'Was she blocking me from her mind?' the delta thought to herself. She'd suspected it when the girl had stopped saying much back in the mountains, but... she hadn't thought...

Lina's calm exterior was slowly shattering. She embraced her mother but no words came out. In exchange for the tears that streamed down her face, the girl went mute... and no one asked her any further questions.

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Crysta stayed behind with Honour, Madeline and Bree as the queen took the princess away, accompanied by the other royals, "I guess family is another kind of bond, isn't it?" Madeline mentioned.

"Well, for some people, I guess," Crysta spat.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Madeline's question sounded genuine... and that's what made answering it even harder.

"We don't all get parents that dot on us every step of the way is all I was trying to say. Sometimes, you just luck out, you know. Not everyone is going to be as sweet and flawless as your mother," Crysta tried.

Madeline looked up in thought, trying to understand what the girl had just said, "I think you're wrong..."

That was the last straw, "WHAT!!!"

However, before anything could happen, there was another sound over the speakers... The commentator sounded alarmed, "Medics, now... Prince Drake is in dire need of medical attention..."

The rest of the man's words were drowned out by the chaos that took over the Great Arena.

Honour turned to the tunnel that led out the Great Arena, the colour draining from her face, 'Drake!'

It was one problem after the other...

Chapter 457 The Goddess and Her Prince

Crysta turned to the large tunnel she had just come through upon the slender white wolf's back. This tunnel was where the prince was supposed to come through, but if she had heard the commentator right, it wasn't going to be as simple for him as it had been for Lina.

"Follow me... We have to help him," the delta called on her friends.

Bree and Crysta were gone before Honour and Madeline had the chance to follow.

The Seeker and goddess weren't as athletic when compared to the other two females. Bree fell slightly behind Crysta but she was still impressive.

After all, the two of them were separated by rank.

"Come on, Mady," Honour sighed and the two started a jog that they could handle.

This way, they were behind, but not by a lot...

'Better late than never... right?' Madeline tried joking through the mind link.

However, her words landed on deaf ears. Honour's face was several shades paler than normal, "Hey... are you..." her question got caught in her throat.

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What was she saying? Of course, Honour wouldn't be fine. The person they were rushing to help was none other than Drake Sirius.

How had she allowed it to slip her mind that he was closer to Honour than most?

The Seeker berated herself for allowing that small fact to slip her mind. In her defence, Honour's despair didn't seem to be leaking into the mind link.

"Let's hurry up and catch up with them," Madeline urged her friend to pick up the pace.

The goddess very rarely lost her composure, but this was one of those rare times.

Madeline had to play the emotional anchor. Guiding the half-petrified goddess, the Seeker helped give her pace.

When they were exiting the tunnel, the sound of rushing paws came from behind them. Madeline turned in time to see a sandy brown wolf reaching them. The voice of the wolf was quickly projected into their minds, "Hey, get on. The royal family has sent me ahead while they make sure Lina is alright."

“Why haven’t they come at once?” Honour nearly screamed. Jason was taken aback by her tone but was compelled to answer either way.

“One problem at a time, Honour. If you didn’t notice, Lina was pretty shaken when she came here and one of her companions was pale and had lost a lot of blood. I’ve never seen that carefree girl that shaken before.

So they sent me ahead to assess the situation with the prince and get him treatment as soon as possible,” Jason yelled back into her mind.

Despite his efforts to compose himself, the beta alpha was shaken as well. The Royal Games were a time of happiness and jubilation. A ceremony where they celebrated the lasting peace between the humans and werewolves by holding these games... and yet...

Ignorant about the relationship between the prince of Sirius and the girl before him, Jason found himself offended by her sudden outburst. What caught him off guard the most though, was that he wanted to help the distraught girl with any problems she had.

“Climb on... I’ll get the two of you to him.”

Jason didn’t bother asking why they hadn’t shifted. It wasn’t unusual for average wolves and deltas to stay in their human forms even when they needed the speed boost of their werewolf sides.

It could even be simply because they didn’t want to ruin their clothes. The power difference also came with that disadvantage.

The girls got onto his large spacious sandy brown back and braced themselves. The beta alpha was tearing through the outer settlements towards the centre of the commotion that had already started to consume the crowds.

The rumours that had already milled through the crowds didn’t help any of them one bit. Some said that the prince looked like he was on the brink of death while others depicted him as an unmovable war hero.

Some said he was covered in the blood of his enemies and was merely carrying the head of one of the rogues that had dared to attack him through the Trials.

None of these rumours made Honour’s heart beat any less terribly in her chest. She was frightened out of her mind. She tried to reach out to the prince through the mind link they shared but when nothing went through, she only got more worried about the prince, ‘What has happened, Drake?’

She strained her memory for any signs of despair through the special link they shared but there was nothing that came to mind. She hadn’t felt him in danger at any one point.

In fact, she had only felt power drawn from her at some point during the Trials but there was nothing alarming that came through their mind link. Perhaps he hadn’t wanted to worry her and had simply drawn on the divine energy they shared.

Or maybe he’d done that by mistake. Either way, an answer didn’t manifest from her speculations. She could spend an eternity trying to figure it out and still not come to an answer. She wanted to see him.

She wanted to know how he was doing.

The siren from the paramedics' vehicle soon reached their ears. It was heading straight for them... Jason darted to the side and allowed the vehicle to go by, then followed it.

The alpha rushed through the outer settlement, dodging the people that crowded the streets and growling at those that wouldn't let him through.

One look at his crimson eyes was enough to frighten anyone that saw him. Honour looked around and noticed they were headed out of the settlements and towards the marshland the participants of the Trials were meant to emerge from.

'Were they really able to spot him from this far out?' thinking about how far Lina was by the time the announcer had mentioned her presence, she could confirm that they were able to see that far indeed. It was impressive, however, that level of detail was scary.

'Was the prince that injured that they could spot his injuries from that far off?' was the modification to her worrisome speculations.

Lina had been carrying an injured person as well, but they hadn't mentioned that... It was not until the princess had come to a stop at the other end of the tunnel that everyone witnessed the deathly pale body of an unconscious Wyatt.

Honour's questions, however, stopped flowing through her mind when she set her eyes on a large gathering. The crowd was almost impenetrable. The blinking red lights at the top of the ambulance stood out in the crowd like a shimmering crimson tower in a sea of people.

It was then that the scent of the prince hit her nostril, standing out in the sea of scents that normally assailed her senses. While her senses were weaker compared to other werewolves, this distance from the source was manageable for her.

Her thoughts became even harder to control at that point. She wanted to see Drake.

Jason allowed the girls to get off his back before he let out a loud howl. The two girls had to cover their ears as the sound tore through the crowd.

There was no need to interpret this sound... Everyone knew what the high-ranking wolves did when they didn't have the patience for those that obstructed them.

The crowd parted immediately, tearing a beeline straight for the man at the centre of the crowd.

Honour's breath hitched and her heart skipped a beat. Her speculations shattered within her mind, replaced by a dam of new worries based on all the information her eyes brought flooding into her brain.

The prince was kneeling down with his head dropped, looking exhausted and breathing badly. His clothes were wet and filthy with far more than the simple muddy waters of the marshlands.

The paramedics were already trying to take his vitals and help him into the ambulance but the prince swatted all their attempts.

When he finally snapped, he yelled at them and pointed to another body at the centre of the crowd, a metre or so away from him, "Take care of him first," he bellowed. His expression was stern... despite the paleness of his skin.

The man, who was advocating for someone else's safety, was not looking good himself. There was a large half-bite on his shoulder and a worrisome amount of blood that soaked his shirt around the shoulder.

Within the bite mark, black pus was oozing out, emitting a terrible odour identical to the one that was coming from Wyatt.

Honour staggered forward, afraid to take another step.

Her mind was arrested by the terrible state of the prince's body. It was as if each time she took the image of his body, she rejected it and took it in again, hoping he would somehow heal up and be restored to his former state.

She tried searching for more injuries on his body, but all signs of them were the torn holes in his shirt.

The girl forced another step forward, paying no attention to her surroundings, "Drake..." her voice was barely a whisper. Those in the crowd that saw and heard her gasped at the lack of respect in her voice.

However, one look at the sandy-brown wolf behind her was enough to keep anyone from approaching her.

As if summoned by some otherworldly force, the prince turned in response to the voice. His eyes easily fell on the girl's face.

The look of fear in her eyes tore at his heartstrings. The prince locked eyes with the girl, wondering how long she had been there. He had been hoping she wouldn't have to see him in this weakened state.

"Honour..." his words were cut short as a wave of weakness far more severe than the one he'd gotten earlier took over him. Just getting to the borders of the outer settlements had been an arduous ordeal in and of itself. The body he had carried with him had weighed him down a lot but he couldn't bring himself to leave the man behind.

The paramedics finally listened to him and attended to the man he'd come with. Royalty got far more priority over normal werewolves and they wouldn't have touched him unless he'd ordered it...

or they would have been too late to do so and left him for dead in the process.

Drake felt his head swaying, feeling lightheaded... Almost immediately, a pair of warm hands wrapped around him and pulled him into an embrace. The prince's head landed softly on the shoulder of the goddess. Her intoxicating scent assaulted his nostrils but he was too tired to compliment her and it hurt to use the mind link, a sensation that was unheard of.

As if reading his mind, Honour asked, "Why haven't you used the mind link?"

"It hurts... I don't know," the man's voice was strained but he would force himself to continue speaking, "I've been trying, but I feel cut off. The silence in my mind is excruciating. Everything hurts... I can't heal either." With Honour by his side, he seemed not to care about the rest of the world anymore.

He'd finished the Trials... or at least reached the outer settlements.

His sister had won and there was nothing more he needed to do. He could go to sleep. He could rest. He could spend time with his goddess. Her secret was another one of the things he'd kept between the two of them.

While he was feeling sleepy, a warm feeling came from his back. He knew the feeling all too well, "What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to..."

"Not here... Not for me... Not when there is so much at stake," the prince said to her.

"But you're..." before the girl could finish her statement, the royals arrived. King Cole and King Davin had come as fast as they could. However, the queens were not with them.

"Honour, how is he doing?" King Davin asked her.

The girl felt Drake go unconscious within her hands... and his heart was getting weaker. She wanted to heal him. Her hands were shaking with the intention of doing exactly that...

But Drake's words had arrested her will to proceed. She could only hold him... and let the rest of the world drown from her perception.

Chapter 458 A Message In The Wind

Honour was still holding Drake when Crysta placed her hand on her shoulder, "Hey... Honour," the girl spoke in a soothing voice, "He needs to get treatment."

"I could..."

"Not in that way... Not in front of so many. He wouldn't want that. None of us would. Just like Mady, you're to remain hidden," this part of the conversation happened through the mind link.

Crysta's words seemed to whisper some sense into the girl's mind. Honour reluctantly allowed the paramedics to take the prince away from her. However, she remained rooted to the spot.

Her hands were stained with the black bizarre liquid that had mixed with the blood on the prince's clothes. There were different scents mixed within the different fluids on the girl's hands.

And some of them didn't belong to the prince.

Cole walked up to the girls and greeted them. Crysta greeted him back... and so did Bree, but Honour remained silent. Madeline knelt down before her petrified friend, "Hey, Honour, we should get going. We could wait for him in the hospital while they work on getting him better."

"Hmm," was Honour's response. The Seeker was ready to take what she could get. With Bree's help, they helped the girl up and guided her back to the Great Arena. The journey was much longer without having any form of transportation but they were fine with it.

Honour needed the walk.

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The beeping sound coming from the machine that was monitoring the prince's vitals pained the young goddess's ears. The smell of medicine, the scent of blood and the alluring scent of his presence assailed her nostrils.

Reminding her constantly of his condition... and yet, there seemed to be nothing she could do about it.

The girls had only just been allowed to come to see him after the royal family was done, "How is he doing?" Honour asked no one in particular. She merely wanted an answer.

"The doctors say he has sustained a lot of damage and the strain his muscles have been through is tremendous, not to mention the amount of blood that he's already lost. There were signs of blood loss along with several other odd scars on his body. Some of them didn't make sense...

They looked fresh... and yet the bite mark on his shoulder were showing no signs of healing," the king explained as best he could.

Honour looked about the room. Lina was not yet present... "Where is Lina?"

"Lina is resting. When she was able to calm down and tell us what happened, she passed out almost immediately. It seems the girl was more exhausted than she was letting on," the queen frowned, "It seems my children have a knack for getting into trouble."

"Did she hear the announcement?"

"She did... but we convinced her not to worry about it. I didn't give her much of a choice," the queen replied. However, this time, she made her way to the girl, "How are you holding up, dear?"

Honour's chest felt numb. She didn't want to feel anything anymore. The beeping sound invaded her ears once more, reminding her of the state Drake was in.

What hurt, even more, was that she hadn't even noticed or sensed anything amiss. She couldn't help.

If she had been present when he was attacked, she probably would have caused him to worry about her and got him killed... or she could have miraculously accessed her powers and saved them both.

Those were her thoughts on the matter but she didn't want to believe them.

When she tried to think beyond Drake or Lina, her thoughts got far more jumbled and her emotions threatened to turn her into a bawling mess, so she resorted to focusing on the two people she was worried about.

"I'm fine, your majesty," Honour replied, failing in her attempt to smile.

The Queen frowned, "Drake will be fine. And Lina even more so..." the queen paused, took her hands off the girl's shoulders and wandered to the seat by her son's side, "It's not like this is far from the outcome Drake hoped for."

Honour tried to fend off the deluge of thoughts that threatened to break through her mind. The divine energy that normally swirled through her body began to swarm in waves, washing through her body and

empowering her in ways she was not used to. It seemed any new information only stirred an unnecessary reaction.

Given the chance to find who had done this to Drake, Honour wasn't sure how much she would be able to hold back. "What do you mean by that? Was he planning to have himself beat up?"

"No, he was planning to have Lina win the Trials so that he wouldn't participate in this year's games," the queen responded, oblivious to the girl that was about to break into a rage.

This rage, however, simmered down the moment the queen had clarified her words. It was replaced with painful curiosity, "Why would Drake do such a thing?" Crysta asked.

It was now that Honour was acknowledging the presence of those around her. After Drake had been taken from her arms, she'd tuned everything out, but the world was starting to get more and more perceptible to her.

"The Trials decide who is more suited to take the throne. So it would make sense if he intentionally lost to Lina, however, we still don't know why he decided to step down. He didn't say the reason why he did what he did.

We don't know anything that runs through his head these days. Drake was always the most transparent. Even more transparent than Katie, but now... it's the total opposite. He talks less and has lost the bit of him we had come to cherish so much. Something is bothering him," the king explained, staring hard at the prince sleeping in the bed.

The white sheets were already started to get stained with the black liquid oozing out of the bite mark on his shoulder. The queen made a gesture to one of the guards and a nurse was called to change his bandages.

While this happened, no one said a word. Honour, however, was getting deeper into her own mind. The version of Drake the king mentioned, was one she had not yet met. Drake was still the same to her. Sweet, helpful and always looking for an excuse to hang out with her. That was the person she had come to know in the past few years she had gotten to know him.

"When did he start acting like that?" she asked.

The king rubbed his temples. Something about the tone Honour used made him answer more and more of her questions and without any resistance from his wolf, "Is there..." his question got caught in his throat.

He wondered what a girl like her could do with this information for a bit and had even tried to ask her but in the next moment, his lips said something completely different, "I'm not sure when he changed exactly. He changed slowly over time and before we knew it... he wasn't the same person anymore."

Those in the room perceptive enough noticed the odd reaction from the king but remained silent. Honour's mood was absolute. She wasn't going to be explaining anything to them.

Unlike her somewhat cold exterior, she hadn't blocked herself from the mind link and for those that bothered to check, they all knew that the girl was hurting inside.

The number of things she could do were limitless... and yet limited at the same time. It was at moments like this that she remembered the one time she had tried to summon the powers of the moon goddess.

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That cold night like all other nights that week, Honour had been tired of everything that was happening around her. It was only days after Sandra's birthday.

A party that she had not attended in person but she had felt it when Katie's body was transported from the moon palace to earth. The feeling of that divine energy was all too familiar to her.

However, somewhere deep inside her, she knew this was something temporary and when the time had come, Katie had been transported back, albeit hastily. Lina grew more determined to grow strong... and so did Bree and Crysta. The kingdom was healing, but there was something else happening in the world.

The girl often walked through the woods listening to the rustling woods and the messages carried by the wind... and when Prince Drake was free, he came along with her and they talked about everything and nothing together. She was happy in his presence... and at peace.

The glimpses of her past life at the moment were just that... glimpses. She didn't know anything about herself when she was a goddess but she had so many emotions that didn't feel right.

Once, she had gotten a glimpse of a memory. A memory of a goddess dressed in tattered armour with her hands covered in blood.

The blood did not seem to be her own. After all, it didn't make sense for a goddess to have red blood. This also came as an instinct to the girl. She simply knew the gods didn't bleed the same stuff as mortals.

During one of her late evening walks with the prince, she heard something whistling in the wind. It was urgent... so urgent that she could have done anything to put an end to it. It was the day she came to learn what had driven Katie to such great lengths to stop the Rogue King escaped...

It was the Day the Wind whispered... About the Rogue King's Imprisonment... And Just how much Power he Wielded...

Chapter 459 Connecting the Dots

Honour was laying by the river shore that day, her head resting on the chest of a man that had insisted she got comfortable.

The prince had fallen fast asleep with the sound of rushing water and a cool breeze lulling him to sleep.

Honour, however, was not that quick to close her eyes. She loved the peaceful tranquillity of the forest and in the presence of the prince, she was almost complete.

She had come here so many times. Looking at the tree line, she noticed a rather unique flower growing in the shade. It had beautiful blue petals... petals that were meant to glow in the moonlight.

She hadn't even brought any of the flowers from the reserve with her but they grew all the same. She also knew that she was the cause of their abrupt appearance. Since her powers were starting to get more pronounced, she was starting to see the flowers more frequently.

They were beautiful and arrested her attention every time she saw them. Even now, she wanted to move over to the flower and feel the cool delicate petals between her fingers. To fan the flower's growth and watch it reach full bloom.

However, a masculine hand held her back from the flower. What was worse... or better were the sparks that rushed through her body each time they made skin contact. The feeling was impossible to get over.

She soon found out though... that the prince didn't get the same rush. He was only vaguely aware of this connection between the two of them.

These thoughts were banished from her mind a moment later by words whispered into her ear. The wind picked up, breaking the calmness of the forest.

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The leaves in the trees rustled louder, warning the girl of a great calamity.

It was impossible for anyone to hear anything over the loud chaotic howl of the wind. The river seemed to flow even faster, the white river thrashing in contest with the wind.

On the girl's face, a look of horror. Her blood ran cold and intense fear gripped her heart. The emotion was so intense that she stayed frozen on the spot.

If it wasn't for the warm embrace of the wolf holding her, she would have screamed in terror. Instead, she hugged the royal and buried her face into his chest.

The man was awake immediately wrapping his arms around her and rubbing circles through her back.

The wind whipped his face fiercely, screaming into his ear like a banshee. Surprisingly, he also heard the roaring of the Sirius river. The trees surrounding them shook heavily and sent rumbles through the ground, their stems groaning at the wind's might.

As for the direction of the wind, the prince was uncertain. It was as though they were stuck at the centre of a storm with the wind thrashing in random directions.

Everything about the scene he'd woken up to was bizarre. So bizarre that he was certain it wasn't natural.

He looked at the girl holding him and asked through the mind link, "What's going on?"

She didn't answer him. The wind was still howling loudly, blowing the trees and threatening to carry the couple away on their blanket. After a few minutes of cradling the girl, the chaos died down.

Honour wouldn't let go of him though.

In fact, she held onto him for dear life and her hands trembled against him. As someone who had come to know her well, he knew she was holding onto him with everything she had even though her grip was weak.

"Hey," he spoke up when the wind had died down.

The girl looked up at him and the sight stunned him.

Her eyes had shone an incandescent blue before shimmering down to their usual vibrant amber. Tears streamed down her face and her emotions through the mind link were overtaken by overwhelming dread.

Now he was worried... Drake was nothing like Honour and didn't bear the same powers she did. So he'd heard nothing in the wind.

He did, however, know of her odd powers and when it so happened that she'd used them. With how frequently he saw them in action, he was actually surprised she had not been discovered yet.

"What's the matter, Honour?"

The girl opened her mouth to say something but the words got caught in her throat. When she tried harder, no sound came out. Out of frustration, she struck her chest, as though trying to force the syllables out of herself.

Drake grabbed her hands and stopped her, "You don't have to say it now, Honour. You'll hurt yourself..."

The girl's mind screamed at the prince, cutting his words short.

However, the words that came through the mind link, while clearly words, sounded like they were being muffled by a pillow. Nothing went through the mind link.

She eventually gave up and leaned into his embrace, sobbing softly, 'You don't get it, Drake. We are in so much danger.'

The thoughts running through her head were equally muddled.

Drake settled to rubbing circles in her back and trying his best to calm her down.

Before long, Honour fell asleep in his arms, completely dishevelled and feeling even more useless than she had ever felt in her life.

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Her problems didn't seem to run away when she slept either. Immediately her consciousness drifted away, she was in a beautiful blue field of luminous blue lotuses.

The girl's hurting heart relaxed at the sight of the flowers. She brought one of the blooms to her nose and sniffed the flower. Its soothing scent worked like a charm in calming her frustration.

This field of flowers was familiar. She had seen it somewhere but couldn't quite put her finger on it. When she turned around, she immediately understood where she was.

Looming above her was the beautiful blue moon palace, crafted in white and grey stone. The place she now believed to have been her home at some point in the distant past, "You finally came to me." A voice interrupted her.

The girl turned around and finally spotted a beautiful woman kneeling on her knees before her. The woman's body was flawless and a white gown covered her delicate features, accentuating her beauty.

She was everything a werewolf male wanted in a mate... and everything that a female aspired to be. She was... perfect, but why did it hurt to look at her? Why did she feel so much distress when she stared at this woman?

"Where am I?"

The woman's face paled at the question. She was visibly hurt by the question.

Panicking, the girl changed the phrasing of her question, "I'm sorry. I meant to ask, why am I here?"

"So you know where you are?"

"Yes, I am at the moon palace. I know I don't remember anything, but a place like this..." the girl paused and in a fond tone, added, "It doesn't leave your memory that easily."

The woman smiled at her warmly, "I'm glad you remember. As to why you are here... I was hoping to talk to you."

"The moon goddess wants to talk to me...?" Honour reiterated, just to be sure.

Celeste cringed at the title Honour had called her by but proceeded without another word, "Yes, I wanted to talk to you. It's about what you were trying to do earlier."

"I'm sorry... what does that have to do with anything?" she got curious.

"Well, you almost revealed what the wind had told you," the woman told her bluntly. Honour remained looking at her with wide eyes, waiting for the moment when that was supposed to make sense.

When the moon goddess wouldn't continue, she asked, "Was I supposed to keep quiet after hearing something that could cause so many of my loved ones to get hurt... or worse, killed?" she asked.

"Hmm, how should I put this? You used your divine powers to discover that. The gods might be powerful but they are limited in how much they can interfere with the mortal world," the moon goddess answered, shedding light on the situation... If only a small amount of light. Honour was still trying to understand what she was saying.

Celeste waited for the girl to catch up. Slowly, everything started to fall into place. Honour had tried many times to use her powers but it hadn't worked for her. She thought she simply didn't know how to control her powers but something was wrong with this.

Something was very wrong. And what Celeste was saying at this moment seemed to connect all the missing pieces.

She thought back to the time in the reserve. She had used her powers to help protect the wolves of the Sirius pack but none of the vines she had wielded back then had made contact with the rogues while she controlled them.

She hadn't thought about it then, but she was simply trying to protect the wolves from harm, so she had sprouted plants on instinct. However, the more she thought about it, the more it made sense.

The rogues that had been ensnared in the vines were completely safe from harm as well. If she had wished that they would be wrung to death by the ensnaring vines... would the plantlife have heeded her instructions?

She thought back to the time she had tried to heal Crysta. Her powers had completely frozen up that time as well. And now that she thought about it more, she brought her hands to the same level as her face. The divine energy that flowed through her body...

It didn't empower her one bit. It never did help her in any way. She didn't get stronger when she wanted to. She couldn't help anyone at all when it counted... not unless.

Not unless she was helping to heal the injured using human means. It was only then that her powers helped her. She could tell every injury on someone's body and the extent of the injuries and know how to proceed with her first aid.

"I can't... use my powers directly," the girl's voice broke.

Celeste nodded solemnly, "You're a goddess. The rules work on you as well. We cannot intervene with the humans directly. We can only help them indirectly," the moon goddess confirmed her suspicions.

But then... a special memory resurfaced, "What about Drake? I healed him once before. What's different about him?"

Celeste stared at her blankly, "I think we both know the answer to that. He's not like the rest... and deep inside you, you know that too."

As she said this, the image of the beautiful garden began to fade away. She didn't want to go... but at the same time, she didn't have any more questions that came to mind.

No clear questions formed in her mind and yet she felt there was a lot she didn't know.

Chapter 460 Harrowing Future

Honour stared at the man lying in the hospital bed, her mind wandering through the memories they shared. It was impossible to think the royals were right about his changing behaviour.

It almost made her question who was telling the truth. Perhaps the prince was pretending when he was with her. If that was the case, then he would have to be really good at fooling the mind link and that seemed highly unlikely.

The second option would be that the prince was hiding something from the royals as well. That would make him act strange but then, it would be the same with Honour. As much as the goddess knew, he had no secret worth keeping from the royal family except for the fact that she had powers.

They had spent a lot of time together and Honour hadn't noticed anything wrong with him.

It had completely slipped under her radar and she hated herself for it. The queen cleared the air on his erratic behaviour, but now Honour was eager to know his explanation. She wanted to hear his side of the story... beginning with what possessed him to go into the Trials alone and nearly get himself killed by rogues.

Not to mention, the prince had brought one of the rogues with him.

'Why does everything have to be so complicated?' the girl wondered.

After a short conversation with the royals, they had left to go and check on Lina while the girls had stayed behind with Honour for a little longer. The goddess barely noticed her changing surroundings. It all seemed too distant to her... like her mind was occupied with far too much for her to focus on anything else.

"Honour, aren't you going to see Lina?" Madeline asked her.

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Honour continued staring at the man in the hospital bed, wondering how and when she had gotten so close to the royals in her life. Aside from her family, the two injured royals were the most precious thing to her and she couldn't choose between the two of them...

She wouldn't.

When Honour was just about to leave the room, the door swung open to reveal a girl dressed in a white tracksuit that was a few sizes too large for her... no doubt an order from the king.

The girl's face was much clearer and composed from the mess they'd seen earlier and she carried herself better. Honour also took the time to stare in amazement at her striking resemblance with her sister.

Lina walked into the room holding a bouquet of flowers. Her hair had been tied into a high ponytail, highlighting her flawless features. She looked even more like Katie when she tied her hair up...

The only thing she was missing was Katie's menacing aura when she tied her hair the same way.

It was a signature act that had garnered a reputation over the years, "How is he doing?" Lina's voice broke through the silence.

Contrary to what they had heard about the girl's condition, Lina looked to be at the top of her game.

"How long have we been here?" Honour couldn't help but ask.

"YOU... have been here for about seven hours," Crysta notified her. Honour's eyes widened in horror.

'When did I lose track of that much time?' the girl thought to herself.

"And in that time, I pulled myself together... unlike you who's here mopping all over yourself," the princess huffed. Her smug expression dropped almost immediately, a sad smile replacing it. When she spoke again, she wasn't so confident anymore, "Don't keep me in the dark, Honour. How is my brother doing?"

Honour turned to the sleeping royal and approached him, "I guess he's the same as he was earlier. The same... not changing."

"I don't understand why he would risk his life to save a traitor," Madeline yelled through gritted teeth. While her mini-tantrum was cute, Honour's curiosity was piqued and not in a friendly way.

"What's that supposed to mean?" she asked her.

“The man he brought here. It was Victor,” the girl replied.

Honour gasped...

‘So it wasn’t a mini-tantrum,’ the goddess corrected her thinking. She knew how much history the girl had with the treacherous wolf, but then again... It was just like Drake to be kind towards someone like that.

“I don’t think he would have let him die out there. Maybe he brought him here to answer to his crimes,” Honour replied, trying to make sense of the man’s actions, “The royals are all similar in that way... Just look at Kyle. He’s walking around like a free man...”

“Kyle? What about Kyle?” Madeline asked in a rush.

Honour drew a sharp breath, ‘Damn it...’

Turning around slowly, she spoke softly, “You might want to sit down for this one... Or... Or, we could visit Victor first.”

“No... Honour. No, all of you will tell me what you meant by that phrase. What’s wrong with alpha Kyle?” the girl was now yelling at the top of her voice.

Lina chuckled and regarded the girl momentarily, “Take a seat then.” Before starting the tale of Kyle, the girl walked up to her brother until she was standing at the side with his head.

“You’re a doofus, you know that, Drake,” the girl whispered to him. She then placed the flowers by his side and brought her lips to his forehead, placing a kiss on his temple.

The prince remained still... his chest rose and fell at a calm rhythmic pace...

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When Madeline was seated, they started the story they knew of the man she had come to know as Kyle. However, for her own sake, they tried to make it sound lighter than it actually was.

There wasn’t much they knew about Kyle, and the most they knew about him was how he’d betrayed Katie, his childhood friend but then fate had brought the two back together in rather questionable circumstances.

Madeline was quiet for a bit after they had told her the story of the wolf. She couldn’t believe what she was hearing. The jolly man she had met in the Royal suite only moments ago didn’t seem like a criminal that was capable of what they were saying.

“Now I know why you were being protective of me,” the girl replied.

Honour turned pale, “No no no, Mady. That’s because he was being way too comfortable around you. He’s harmless now and incapable of doing anything bad.”

“How do you know that? It’s not like you heard Katie commanding him to become a pacifist,” the girl replied shyly.

“I knew this was a bad idea. I should have warned you,” Bree sighed, leaning away from them.

“You are not helping, Bree,” Lina complained.

“If you want me to be of help, I’ll suggest officially introducing the two of them. It’s not like it could hurt to prove he’s harmless to Mady,” the girl said in a bored tone.

The other girls stared at her like she was crazy, “You’re forgetting the part where he looks straight through her disguise.”

It was Lina’s turn to be surprised, “I’m sorry, what?!?”

The girls had to explain their encounter with the beta alpha and the story of how he had seen straight through the girl’s disguise. Lina was stunned by the story. After spinning off topic this much, the girls arrived at a question that Lina had hoped to avoid a little bit longer.

“Lina... what happened to Wyatt?” they asked her. Considering the injury he had was similar to the one the prince had on his shoulder, they thought it could be connected. As it so happened, the girl was the only one present at one of the scenes that they could talk to.

Lina’s smile faded and was replaced by a gloomy expression. The girl sank into her seat and sighed, “I honestly don’t know. He didn’t say much about the one that attacked him. What he did say though... was that his attacker was frightening. I’m not sure how many things can scare Wyatt, but I can make a few guesses...”

Honour looked at her friend and made a move to speak, however, her body didn’t respond in the way she wanted it to. Her words got caught in her throat and her heart beat faster, trying to force the words out of her system.

She wanted to tell her friends so much but seemed completely helpless. Sighing, she remained quiet and listened to what Bree had to say.

No one seemed to have noticed Honour’s internal struggle, “What if it was the Rogue King that attacked him?” Bree asked.

“I don’t think Wyatt would have made it out alive if that was the case. I would only be coming here to announce the news of his death. He said he crushed the wolf against a tree and ran without looking back. Also that he heard a struggle as he ran but he was too focused on getting away,” Lina said.

“Come on... Wyatt has seen rogues before. What would frighten him about one that he hasn’t even seen with his own eyes?” Bree tried. Even with how well she tried to mask her fear, it leaked through her voice.

The room went deathly quiet as the four girls thought. Lina’s mind was... surprisingly calm. She had sorted out all of this before coming here to talk to her friends. Three people had been injured and all of them were significant to her.

Well, at least to the royals in some way. Drake had rescued the traitor Victor and both of them had been injured badly. Victor, however, was in a worse condition compared to the prince.

“Honour, you could stay here longer if you want. I know Drake would want nothing more than to have you by his side,” Lina spoke up suddenly.

Honour turned red, "What's that supposed to mean?"

"That we are not fools," Crysta intervened, wiggling her brows at the goddess.

"You will stop that right now, Crysta. Drake and I... are..."

"Ugh, you don't have to make excuses. What if the man is listening when you say something you'd regret? We are not judging you for it, you know..." Crysta stopped her. She paused for a moment, "But if you're going to continue on this path, you should at least tell him what he's going supposed to expect."

Crysta's words struck true. Honour turned to the man sleeping peacefully in the hospital bed. She had so many questions and had so much to tell him as well. She was also not sure just how much she was able to tell him.

She wanted to know what was going on in his head. She wanted to reveal to him what was going through hers... What she had been going through for the past two years and why being with her...

was probably the worst mistake either of them could ever make.

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