

Chosen 461

Chapter 461 Moon and Wolf

With Lina feeling better and having visited her brother in his emergency room, Honour felt no need to leave her place beside the prince. In fact, now that she was here, she felt even more glued to the chair beside the prince's bed.

Honour was left in the hospital seated beside the prince, just as she had been found. The goddess didn't notice when her friends turned back to ask her whether she wanted to get food.

The unconscious prince arrested her attention once again.

Lina told the others to let her be and ordered that a serving of food be brought for her in the room.

The doctors would only come in to change the prince's bandages and check on his condition.

Issuing more medication every now and then to make sure his vitals remained stable and his body was in the best shape to heal.

While all this happened, this girl remained blank and expressionless. Her mind wandered about the different possibilities of what could have happened to the prince. Without meaning to, she completely zoned out and dove into the depths of her imagination... or at least, that's what she had felt it was...

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White was the first colour to register... the second thing she noticed though, was a feeling. The feeling of bone-chilling cold. There was snow everywhere. A white canvas of snow covered the ground in all directions.

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Harsh torrents of wind whipped her white fur and threatened to carry her away. The girl looked down at her wolf's body and was shocked by what she saw.

She had large white paws that were aching from the chilling snow. She wanted to find shelter soon. Her thick coat of fur was barely effective against the harsh blizzard.

The wolf's usually sharp vision was now only limited to a couple of short metres in all directions. She didn't know where she was and didn't know where to go.

She soon noticed something else.

Even though she wanted to stand still and tell what direction she was walking in, it didn't work. Her body continued plodding forward against the thunderous blizzard.

Something was completely wrong with this. She tried to force her body to stop moving but it didn't listen. When she gave up, however, the wolf didn't jerk forward from the sudden lack of resistance.

The white wolf continued forging forward against the battering wind. The cold assailed her whole body, threatening to freeze her paws off. She was sure a human (and for lack of the experience of having a

powerful werewolf body, she assumed a werewolf as well) would instantly freeze to death in this type of cold but the wolf continued advancing.

Soon enough, she found this wolf oddly familiar.

Slowly, she craned her neck back to look at the wolf's back. Just like she had thought, there was a path of black fur on the large wolf's back. This was Drake's wolf... the wolf continued to move through the blizzard without an ounce of hesitation.

The girl tried to whisper into the wolf's ear but nothing would work. She felt like she was one with the wolf and completely separate from it at the same time. In fact, she could feel every single injury that assailed the wolf's body and yet she was not a part of it at all.

Honour's heart went into overdrive.

A deep hunger was eating away at the prince's wolf... the wolf was in pain and had no hope of reaching the end of the blizzard. He couldn't sleep and didn't have any shelter to wait out the blizzard. All he could do was keep walking. If he stopped doing that, he would certainly freeze to death.

'What was the difference really?'

Another thing the girl noticed was that the wolf was slowly oozing the blue mist that she had gotten used to manipulating. 'That's not right,' she thought to herself, bringing herself closer to the wolf's paws where the blue mist seemed to be coming from.

Each time the wolf's paw came out of the foot-deep snow carpet, the blue mist wrapped around it and weaved his muscles and frozen tendons back together, trying to preserve his paw right before it was plunged straight back into the snow.

Miraculously, the wolf was making progress through the blizzard at a steady pace regardless of the rising altitude that should have worked at making him tired.

The prince never once faltered and forged through the snow, drawing his energy purely from his will.

Something was wrong. However, the girl couldn't put her finger on it.

She knew the prince was not capable of using divine energy at all. This was something that was reserved for those members of the royal family that were blessed with a gift... and Drake wasn't one of them.

He was the most ordinary royal of his generation... and yet here he was, controlling divine energy with more mastery than any of the other royals in his generation.

Lina had a gift of enhanced speed that defied all reason while Katie and Cole had gifts as the Goddess's Chosen, however, Drake was normal. As far as normal could go with a royal.

But was he normal?

The goddess tried to think of a reason for this occurrence but nothing came to mind at first.

Well, there was the matter of him being her mate... but the prince had not yet learned of her true nature. Without having that knowledge, the connection was incomplete.

Could it be that he was acting erratic because he'd found out something about himself? The thoughts went through the girl's mind... prying through the void for answers that didn't exist.

This train of thought ended, however, when the wolf faltered in its progress. Something was wrong with the wolf... and not the kind that suggested Drake was an enigma.

The battle between the wolf and the blizzard had been a draw for a while, but now... one of them seemed to be winning.

...and it was the blizzard.

Drake's wolf lifted another paw to proceed but froze in the motion. Honour could feel the prince's emotions and all his physical pain. The pain that assaulted his paws had now crept up his legs and the rate at which the divine energy could heal him was dropping.

The cold was getting to him.

"Drake, get out of there," the girl couldn't help but scream.

The wolf, this time, looked up into the sky. Its gaze was undoubtedly staring up at the white canvas... its eyes seemed to pierce straight through.

Honour was not sure where the certainty came from but the wolf was staring right at the moon.

Even when it was concealed from sight by the heavy clouds in the sky. The blizzard picked up even more, threatening to bury the wolf in the snow. The snow was now covering all his legs.

The white wolf was half buried in the freezing cold sea of white, "Get out of there, Drake," she yelled yet again.

The white wolf's ears perked up as though understanding what she had just said and he forced his body forward.

The wolf gritted its teeth as it pushed forward, pushing through the snow with all its strength and might.

This same action brought about a different change in the wolf's body. More divine energy spilt out of him. The brilliant sapphire eyes of the wolf glowed brightly, leaking even more of the blue mist.

Was the wolf... growing larger? Before the girl knew it, a colossal wolf had taken over the place of an already large royal wolf. This transformation was similar to one that the girl had read of once before, however, this was different.

The large wolf didn't go on a rampage(or feral) as it was written in the books. This royal was in total control of himself. The transformation merely made it much bigger and impervious to the treacherous blizzard.

The prince continued rushing through the snow with renewed energy. Honour was not sure whether she was meant to be impressed or frightened by the wolf's sudden transformation.

Drake was going to be just fine if he kept this transformation up but something rubbed her the wrong way. The prince was not supposed to be capable of such a feat. It didn't make sense. The wolf, however, didn't seem to notice anything wrong with its body.

It kept rushing forward, increasing its speed slowly by slowly. Soon enough, the large wolf was racing across the snow, bounding up the mountain at an incredible speed... "That's it, Drake. You can make it," she urged the wolf.

The wolf grunted pushing forward even faster. Its paws were already starting to heal up and the effects of the cold snow were already forgotten.

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"Honour..." a male voice roughly yanked the girl's consciousness out of the dream.

Her eyes fluttered open and were met with the blue eyes of a dashing royal. Drake had woken up.

"Drake..." the girl replied, oblivious to the streams of tears that were flowing from her eyes. 'Drake is awake,' her mind screamed once more, trying to get a grip on reality.

For a lack of any other means to prove this was not a dream, Honour hugged the prince tightly, careful not to touch any of his injuries as she did, "I'm sorry I made you worry," Drake tried.

"Don't do that again," the girl replied, trying and failing to hide her sniffles.

"Honour... are you a... how should I put this... You'll probably think I'm crazy for even suggesting it. There are already so many wolves that have been granted gifts by the goddess before. I would never even think to mention something like this, but I just have to... you know..."

"Go ahead, Drake," the girl snapped him out of it and withdrew from the hug. Staring her in the eye, the prince froze for a moment, taking in the features of the girl before him. Before waking up from his sleep, he hadn't known if he would see her again. He'd been far too weak and had lost so much blood, but here she was.

Now that he could talk to her again after nearly dying through the Trials. He couldn't keep this question harboured, he just had to ask lest he loses any other chance he could ever get. They were alone too and that was the perfect opportunity for him to ask.

"Are you a goddess?"

Chapter 462 Drake's Burden

Honour stared at the prince in shock. Between the nightmare, she'd just witnessed and the question the man was asking, she couldn't form the right words.

For a while, she'd wrestled with finding ways to tell him about herself but something kept her from doing so. For a time, she thought she could get the prince to help her out. Since the goddess couldn't help her friends directly, then perhaps telling the prince would do the trick.

Drake was the one person her powers could work on without the divine restrictions getting in her way.

Was Drake mad? How long had he known? Was he mad at her?

Panic set in.

The prince, however, didn't look mad. Drake didn't look angry. If anything, he looked... lost, curious and desperately searching for answers.

Still, shaking the slight feeling of fear was harder than the girl thought it would be...

More than a year...

That's how long she had been spending time with the prince. She'd even become accustomed to using her powers around him without thinking twice about it.

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She could heal him, make flowers bloom and create small breezes that set a calm and peaceful mood. On some occasions, she'd parted the gloomy clouds on a cloudy day so that they could watch the sunset together.

And all that time, the prince had never once asked her why she could do all those things. Instead, when she did it, he would look around for onlookers, trying to make sure she hadn't used her powers in public.

When he was sure they were safe, he would then try to advise her on how she was being reckless.

However, that was only half the time. Other times, he lived with her in the moment. It's not every day he got to see someone part the clouds just for something as trivial as watching the sunset.

Lina learnt about it later on. And while Honour had been worried that her best friend would bother her with more questions of what was going on between her and the prince, none of that happened.

Lina had remained quiet.

The relationship growing between Honour and Drake wasn't a secret. While there were no clear labels on what it was, everyone steered clear of the two wolves. Even the female delta that used to talk to Drake rather often halted in their endeavours.

Honour only partially knew why they weren't bothered.

While she was not sure if her powers worked on Lina, she was sure the other wolves let them be... simply because she wished it.

Her powers as the goddess of the moon commanded this much from all wolves that happened to be in her presence.

The prince waved a hand in front of the girl, snapping her out of her trance. "Oh, sorry... You asked..." the girl sighed, "If I was..."

"It doesn't matter to me, just so you know. It changes nothing, honestly," the prince cut her off, as though reading her mind. Another part of him that she found impossible to ignore.

The prince was capable of reading her like a book. It was irritating sometimes but very comforting at the same time... and she wouldn't have it any other way.

“Y-Yes... Yes, I am,” Honour confirmed, setting her jaw with determination. There was no turning back now... and lying would only cause more problems and tear a rift between the two of them. Something Honour did not want at all.

“So... those dreams that don’t let you get a good night’s sleep?” the prince raised a brow.

“They are... memories,” the girl explained with a tight-lipped smile, “Memories of a past life... The life I had when I was the goddess of the moon.”

The prince stared at her for a moment and drew in a deep breath, “Was? Goddess of the moon?”

“Yeah.”

Honour could sense a myriad of questions swarming within the prince’s mind. His eyes sparkled with curiosity, “This is a lot to take in. I don’t even know where to begin.”

Honour was curious now though, “You could start by taking a deep breath. And while you’re at it, would you mind telling me how you came to that conclusion?”

The prince stared at a spot at the far side of the wall for a moment before speaking up, “Two years ago... on my last trip to find my mate. I purposefully visited the Golden Moon pack to find someone. I was looking for... the Seeker-” Honour’s eyes lit up at the mention of the Seeker.

“-I was tired of the fruitless search. It’s not normal for a royal to go through so many packs without finding their mate.

I was the crown prince and I hadn’t found her yet. I was getting desperate. Then I recalled an old rumour about this... werewolf that’s fabled to have the power to find another wolf’s mate for them. I was looking for a shortcut,” the prince sighed, rubbing his temples.

Honour’s breath hitched and her face turned a light shade of red, “W-What did the Seeker tell you?”

Noticing the rise in the pitch of her voice, the prince turned to the girl beside him and nearly burst out laughing.

“Hey, don’t laugh at me. You’re telling me you know who your mate is and here I was hanging around you. She must think so ill of me,” the girl cursed.

The prince soon stopped laughing and looked back at the girl, “You have nothing to worry about. The Seeker didn’t tell me who my mate was-is... whatever...”

This shocked Honour, who turned to Drake. The man had been searching for his mate for a long time before his visit to the Golden Moon pack.

Failing to get a name after that encounter with the one being guaranteed to help you find them must have been heartbreaking. Something was missing in his explanation, however...

“She told me that I was two years too early to find my mate. She also told me that my mate was in the capital and that she was someone... very special,” the prince’s voice took on a loving tone.

“I might be a goddess but there are still other werewolves in the capital that could fit that description,” the girl countered, “Quite a number to be honest.”

“I know that... but I’ve had almost two years to figure that out. Besides, the category of ‘special’ that fits the Seeker’s description really narrowed down the number of wolves I should have been looking through.

The first sign was that time that you made a flower bloom. With time, I realised there were more peculiar things happening around you that many hadn’t noticed... and for good reason too.

No wolf would defy you even though you weren’t commanding them.

You could speak to royals without lowering your gaze and staring into my eyes was never hard for you. You talk to me without flinching. You scold me when I’m slacking and you push me to finish my duties.

It’s rare, you know...

To find someone among the werewolves that would treat you normally regardless of your status. I quickly grew fond of you, but then... I knew my feelings weren’t so shallow.

There was something else my wolf was reacting to. Proving it was easy... but then came the other things that I started to notice. You could use your powers with me without any trouble. You healed my injuries before but I’ve never seen you heal anyone else.

Not to mention, your powers are much more suppressed when you’re in the presence of others. You can only do something... indirect and imperceptible.

It was becoming clear that I was some sort of exception.

I got more and more curious as time went on. Your powers when we were alone didn’t seem to have limits. Then there were those times when you would freeze up in the presence of a breeze that I’m sure you hadn’t caused.

I walked into the library one day... It was like fate when I found what I was looking for. Everything made sense then...”

“How... How did you realise so much? I can’t see it, Drake. I gave you no reason to think about...” the girl froze when Lina’s words echoed in her mind.

Drake had been getting distant from his family.

He wasn’t the same person they’d known two years ago. Drake was changing but she knew for a fact that he was the same person when he was with her. Could it be that he was growing distant because of her or was it simply because he had started playing detective and what he found out made him more distant?

“I got eager to find out... because of something else,” Drake mentioned almost passively, “I know you told me not to reveal your powers to anyone and I wouldn’t have but the part I didn’t understand is why I didn’t even think of exposing you one bit. It was almost like I was banned from thinking of it.

I had to scribble it down on a piece of paper once for me to remember that this was a possibility. And the day I tried to speak to Father about it, my voice betrayed me. I hadn’t intended to mention your name or who it was I was referring to.

I was trying to be completely hypothetical and yet nothing came through. It soon became clear to me... that everything mystical that I knew about you would never be revealed coming from me. It was scary...

I felt trapped...

But then... one day, I woke up to a howling wind... and a crying girl holding onto me for dear life. And when you tried to speak to me, nothing came out."

Honour's eyes widened in horror. Drake knew more than he'd let on...

It both astonished and shocked her. But she hadn't known he was being affected by her abilities. How long had he kept this to himself? And if that was the case, why hadn't he told her about it? How much did he know? What were they even talking about...

'Oh right, we were talking about his mate... Wait... huh!'

"How does any of that prove that I am your mate?" the girl asked shakily.

Drake looked at her with a sad smile, "That's quite simple. We're bound in ways deeper than mates could ever be. And unlike mates, rejection is not an option. It would technically spell my death, but don't focus on that," the man chuckled nervously.

'Oh, dear!'

The damage had already been done though. Honour's thoughts roared with a raging ferocity, "Am I the reason you're growing distant from your family? Have I been causing you..."

"Hey, stop right there. You've made me happier than any royal could ever hope to be. Did you miss the part where I said I was growing fond of you and that it's rare to find someone that can speak to me and not flinch at the fact that I'm a royal?" the man tried.

"I haven't forgotten that, Drake. How could I? It makes me happy to hear that... but I also heard Lina say you've not been the same," the girl spiralled. It was like trying to tame a storm.

Drake's expression fell... "That is because of something else I discovered about our relationship. It's got nothing to do with you... and everything to do with what keeps us from saying anything to our loved ones."

Honour stared at Drake, her heart threatening to burst out of her chest. He'd already said more than she wanted to hear about her celestial self... and the look of sadness that spread across his face only made it harder for her to take in what he was to say next.

Drawing in a sharp breath, the prince looked into her amber orbs and proceeded with his story.

Chapter 463 Swayed by Another

"The thing that's keeping us from saying anything to our loved ones sounds very familiar to the divine rules that bind the gods from helping humanity directly..." it all made sense to Honour and the prince could see it.

So much so that Drake stopped his words halfway, "But you already know that, don't you?"

The girl looked down from his staring eyes, "Yeah, I know. But I thought it only applied to me..." The girl paused as another thought rushed by her.

If the prince was the only one that she could heal and was indeed bound by the same restrictions that bound the gods... then, "How long?"

The prince strained his memory, but eventually, his shoulders slumped, "I don't know honestly. I just noticed one day... when nothing was the same anymore. It had been for a while.

I was finding it harder to get tired unless I was in the presence of other werewolves and trying to assist them with something. Almost like my strength wouldn't decide its limit. In the presence of others, I felt limits close in on me.

When I was alone or with you, it was different. With you by my side, I felt like I could take on the world and win. I couldn't tell where this limit of strength was. I just kept getting stronger with each passing day," the man reported his observations.

The girl thought back to the time she'd tried telling the prince about the whispers in the wind. She'd tried to tell him then that they were in danger and she'd intended to tell everyone else, but every time she did, her voice failed her and so did the mind link.

Giving up felt like the last thing she could do but taking action was completely out of her reach as well. As a result, she was stuck in the middle... thrashing in agony and frustration for a way... a solution...

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Unable to do anything to help her friends while at the same time trying to find a way to help them. It was an excruciating existence.

In the end, she advised her friends to be more careful in their day-to-day activities. While this was almost ineffective in helping her protect her friends, it was better than doing nothing.

"Can you tell me you heard that day in the wind?" the prince asked her.

Honour turned her eyes to the prince. What could he do about their situation? Telling him now would do nothing to help them. He was bound by the laws of the gods as well. Bound to them through her...

"You don't have to carry that burden anymore. I can help you," Drake tried.

The girl sighed, "I know that tone. Seems to run in your family."

Just like Lina and Katie, the Sirius royals were the same. Time and time again, the goddess had watched them get determined to accomplish feats too heavy to carry on their own.

"Then you know you have no way out. It might sound foolish but our determination is what propels us to even greater heights. Just watch Little Sister. This year's Royal games are going to be really interesting," the prince smirked.

Smiling at his enthusiasm, the girl let her mood drop once more and delved into the memories. A devious wolf negotiating with a law-bound goddess... A grey-eyed woman as their captive. And thundering plantlife that threatened to swallow up the trio of mortals.

The message she'd heard in the wind was much clearer than she'd interpreted it that day. And she knew what it meant... and she told it the way she knew it now, carefully elaborating on the dangers they currently faced.

Prince Drake diligently listened to her tale. The girl would pause when the nurses came to check on his wounds. Thankfully, it seemed as though the bleeding had slowed down. While there was no clear sign of healing, the prince didn't look like he was at death's door anymore and some colour had returned to his face.

He also didn't wince anymore when he tried to readjust his position in the bed. The tale of the rogue king regaining his powers was a frightening one...

The prince was quiet for a moment when the girl was finally done and quiet. Finally telling someone what she knew of the rogue king's condition made the weight on her shoulders much lighter.

"But that was a long time ago, how could anyone survive that long without food?"

The girl sighed, "It's that field of flowers. The Origin is rich with moon lotuses. That power can keep him alive for a long time... Unfortunately, it could also make him stronger."

"So you're telling me that his body would have been operating on the power of the gods for two years?"

"When you put it like that, you make it sound like we have to fight a god instead of a man," the girl chuckled nervously. While his wording was far-fetched, it was accurate and a clearer way of showing how much danger they were in.

"Well, obviously... It explains how he was able to body jump like that..."

"Body-jump! Body jump like what?"

Drake only realised then that he hadn't yet told the tale of how he got himself maimed, "Oh, you might want to lie down for this one." The prince made room on the hospital bed for the goddess to get cosy.

'I should be worried... right?' the now-giddy goddess tried grounding her emotions, but it was too late. She was in the presence of her mate... and he'd just invited her to sleep next to him.

The end of the world seemed more like a bedtime story now...

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When the girls left Honour tending to the prince, they walked in silence with Bree guiding them to the rooms they had chosen. However, when one of them began falling back, Lina turned her attention to the girl.

"We can see Kyle tomorrow, you know or now if you'd like..."

Lina paused when the girl didn't react to her joke, "Is something wrong?"

Madeline stopped walking and rubbed the goosebumps that had started forming on her upper arms, "Is it just me or is it getting colder?"

"It's usually this temperature, but if you'd like, I could have it changed for your..."

Once again, Lina paused.

That's not what was keeping the girl quiet. Madeline's face never once hid an emotion, not even after changing it drastically with the power of skilled make-up artists.

Mady was still Mady.

"Let's hear it," Crysta spoke up and oddly enough, the delta's voice was soothing.

If it hadn't been for Madeline's worrisome mood, Lina would have pointed out how out of character it was for Crysta to be comforting. She had her moments, but every time, they felt ridiculously out of place.

"I want to... Can we... I was thinking..."

"Ugh, come on, girl. You're killing me," Bree burst out, "Get on with it already."

"I want to visit... Victor," Madeline's eyes stayed pinned to the floor. She then sighed, "Forget it. We can do that tomorrow."

Bree, who had been leading them, turned and started walking in the opposite direction. When footsteps wouldn't follow her, "Come on. I know where he's being treated... or held."

The girl would have stayed transfixed to the spot if Lina hadn't wrapped an arm around her and pulled her to follow them.

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it," Bree replied, hiding the smile that crept onto her face.

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Laying down on a hospital bed similar to the one the prince had been in, the man Madeline had named earlier lay asleep.

A multitude of machines had been connected to him to sustain his life. Unlike the prince who only needed some stitches and to have his wounds continuously monitored for progress, this man was in a far worse condition.

As it had turned out, he had several cracked ribs and there was a horrifying wound through his side. The doctors described the injury as one he'd received while he was in his wolf form.

And the transformation into his human form had only worsened his injuries. He'd lost a lot of blood and his healing capabilities were not responding the way they were supposed to.

The black oozing from his body was less than what the prince had in his injuries. It turned out that the black substance that was covering him when the prince brought him had come from the prince's own injuries.

That was not all though. The nurse assigned to them explained the extent of his injuries in unnecessarily gory detail. Her tone was indifferent and she didn't even show any pity towards the 'traitor'.

It was understandable... if the nurse knew his crimes.

The girls didn't comment on her tone and when they'd gotten what they needed to learn from her, she was dismissed.

Silence filled the room, the beeping sound of the machine signifying his weakly beating her. Madeline found herself taking a step towards the man, slowly... one by one, until she was right above him.

Memories of the times they had back in the Golden Moon pack flashed through her mind. He was assigned to guard her and work at helping her improve in her ambitions... since it was that exact same thing that had gotten him stripped of his title.

Alpha Haelstrom thought it to be the best way he could prove to the prince of Sirius that he had learned the error of his ways.

At first, the man had been bitter towards the decision but enduring his rotten attitude was a challenge she was willing to take if she was to get better at her craft.

Madeline wouldn't let anything, not even the bitter attitude of the demoted delta, get in the way of her ambitions.

Serving customers was a craft that needed one to be able to keep a smile despite the attitude of those customers. If she could work regardless of his presence, then she was sure she could improve faster than she ever had.

Victor wasn't a fool.

The man soon caught up with this plan and was irritated by it. Her resilience though... that's what got to him. That's what made him cave. She wouldn't stop no matter what he said.

No matter how much he discouraged her, she was determined to see her goals through.

It didn't matter if she was laughed at. It didn't matter if she messed up. It didn't matter if anyone made fun of her. She was clumsy and way too much of a klutz, but...

She pushed on...

And her food... It was delicious.

Victor's hoarse breath hitched... his chest rose higher than it had been the past few minutes and his fingers... twitched.

The former delta was fighting to regain his consciousness... and the heart monitor began to beep faster and louder.

Chapter 464 Lina's Trust

The nurses came in quickly and began to monitor his vitals, "Hey, sir, relax. You're safe here," one of them went in a surprisingly soothing voice. It was the same nurse from before...

If it hadn't been for the fact that they'd seen her attitude towards Victor earlier, the Seeker would have been fooled.

'She's a pro,' Madeline was amused, watching her work. This skill was similar to the smile a professional waiter was supposed to wear. While she was impressed, this didn't change her growing detest for the nurse's true opinion of the former delta.

The storm of attendants worked to make sure Victor didn't go into shock. Part of the motivation to save this man was fear of the prince's rage if he died. Drake had spent a lot of energy and risked his life for this rogue.

If anything, there must have been a reason why he'd done that... So they worked... and worked...

And worked...

While the girls didn't know what they were doing, they could only stand back and let the experts do their jobs.

After what felt like an eternity with Madeline worrying about the man that was being attended to in the emergency room, he was announced stable. The nurses and doctors looked exhausted but all signs of worry were gone.

Madeline unconsciously took a step towards him but the nurse from before held her back, "I'm sorry... but your group is to keep away from him. He reacted to you. So, I'm guessing you know him. Until he's in a condition to receive visitors of your level of influence, I will ask that you stay out.

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Wolves are more active than humans in their unconscious states. Something as simple as your scent or touch can trigger reactions we are not ready to deal with."

"So, we can't see him, simply because he reacts to us," Lina spoke up. The woman, who'd been paying more attention to Madeline, flinched at the royal's tone.

"Umm, yes, your Highness. He's not in the best condition as you can see... If he tries to wake up or tries to move, he might make his condition worse. I ask that you stay away from this room for now. With some luck, his healing abilities will kick in and he will get better at a faster pace than this," the nurse explained in a more respective voice.

Lina frowned, shifting her attention to Madeline.

In this situation, she was the one to consult. The Seeker looked back at the sleeping werewolf and sighed, "It's alright, Lina. I'll come another time."

The royal pulled her friend into a hug, "He'll get better... You might have to see one of the royals or at least a beta alpha pommel him for answers, but he'll be fine..."

The girl flinched but Lina wouldn't let go of her, "Does he have to..."

"People died, Madeline. He's lucky," Lina sighed, finally freeing her from the tight hug.

Madeline took in a deep breath, sparing the sleeping werewolf one more glance before stepping out of the emergency room.

Some things were simply out of her power... there wasn't much she could do for the former delta.

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Bree finally led them to their rooms, Lina having been the only one who hadn't visited them yet.

On their way there, however, they had to pry the girl from the various displays, supermarkets and different establishments that had opened up for business.

The number of people that were in the Great Arena had grown exponentially and at some point during their movement, they would have to stop to let a large crowd of people pass.

Hunters, humans, werewolves from different packs, rich families, famous businessmen and women of influential status. The girls were astounded by the numerous people that had come to watch the games.

And it only got worse when these people recognised Lina. News of her winning the Trials had already spread like a wildfire and she was quickly becoming the talk of the masses.

'But if she went against her brother for who gets to play in the games, what is her brother going to do... and who is she going to play the games with? It's not like she had beta alphas...' they had heard someone say.

Werewolves of the Sirius empire, regardless of their pack of origin, were more bound to discover the princess in the great masses of the Gargantuan arena. This was simply because they bore a closer bond to the Sirius family's mind link.

Feeling the presence of the royal they served under was almost instinct for those that knew what it felt like.

Because of this, the girls had to block off the mind link and hold hands to keep themselves from getting separated. Getting through the Great Arena and back to their room was hard but not impossible.

An hour later, Crysta dropped onto a sofa in the living room that formed an intersection of the six rooms they were to rest in.

"Crysta, you haven't..."

"I'm tired, Lina. A few minutes please..." the delta groaned.

"I was going to tell you to take off your shoes but never mind," Lina walked up to the delta's feet and pulled the shoes off her feet herself.

Madeline paled at the sight, "Umm, is that even..."

"Don't bother, Mady. The rules don't apply to those two," Bree stopped the girl before she could point out how inappropriate the scene before her looked.

However, what happened next had her laughing. Crysta grabbed Lina, who had sat on her legs to take off the shoes with her back turned to delta and pulled her back into the chair. The two girls tumbled off the sofa and started...

wrestling...

Madeline burst out laughing, taking clear note of the mess they were making...

But they didn't care.

Whether Lina was a royal or Crysta a delta, it didn't matter.

"Ugh, Crysta, stop being impossible," Lina yelled from under the trained delta.

"Oh? Where are those skills you've been training all this time?" The delta cackled.

"I can't attack you. I need you for the games," Lina laughed. The princess was pinned but didn't look one bit worried... or even defeated.

Crysta, however, had gone quiet. When Lina noticed, she tapped her friend's hand as a sign of surrender. The delta let her friend free and let her sit up, "Are you sure you want me to help you in the games?"

Lina tilted her head in confusion, "You and Bree, of course... did I miss something?"

Crysta sighed, "You're going against Cole and his beta alphas. I think you should pick more qualified..."

Lina chuckled, "Oh no, I'm not picking anyone else. Honour and Madeline are weirdly weaker than the average werewolf. That leaves you and Bree. It wouldn't feel right to stand with anyone else in that Arena."

Crysta was not convinced. The events of the Trials were still fresh in her memory. She had held Lina back more than she could have possibly imagined. And even after reaching the Great Arena upon the princess's back, she was sure Lina had not utilised her powers fully.

Lina had carried Wyatt and her, along with all their bags at the same time, "But during the Trials, we held you back."

"Huh, no you didn't. I didn't know how far the Arena was. I don't think I could have gotten there if I'd run at full speed from the start..."

Not to mention, I have a terrible sense of direction. The path to the Great Arena was straight once we'd reached the mountains. Crysta, you helped me win the Trials, not the other way round."

"We only got here moments before the prince himself... and he was injured as well. We were far behind him. If we'd continued at that pace, we would have reached here after..."

"Hey, Crysta..." Lina cut her off, "We won, okay? And each and every one of us did something. Even Wyatt hunted that last meal that I needed to get here."

"You couldn't have digested that in a short time..." Crysta chuckled, but her chuckles died down and were replaced by a shocked expression when she remembered who she was talking to, "Could you?"

"Probably..." the princess shrugged, "Who knows? In any case, we won the Trials. It's not right to say we can't win the royal games when we haven't even tried yet."

"You're way too optimistic," Bree sighed, shivers running through her body.

“Not optimistic... Listen to me, you two. We haven’t come here for war,” the princess chuckled, “We’ve come here to have fun... and also to see if we really can kick some alphas. I was there when Drake faced Cole four years ago. That man is a monster but you don’t see me shivering.”

“Perhaps you hit your head,” Bree suggested, her face beaming in glee.

“I am fine,” Lina huffed.

Crysta pulled the girl’s head down and started the inspection, “It wouldn’t hurt to check.”

“What...”

“Check for any bumps, Crysta. She’s totally lost her mind,” Bree approached them. Surprisingly, the two girls restrained the princess.

“No, you two... I’m positive I am...” the princess burst into laughter when the two girls started tickling her instead.

Through the mind link, her voice boomed with laughter, “You’re both evil...”

Madeline grabbed a cushion and sat on the floor watching the three girls with a smile, ‘They totally forgot I’m in the room, didn’t they?’

Crysta and Bree soon stopped tickling the princess and allowed her laughing fit to finally tie down. Tears had been shed, energy had been spent... the princess was in no shape to get up, “You will help me win this though?” Lina asked turning her head to the delta, “I can’t think of anyone else I’d trust with something like this. Not to mention have fun doing with.”

The delta wiped a tear off the princess’s face, “You don’t have to ask us twice. We’d kill the Rogue king if that was your wish,” the delta replied.

Forcing herself up, Lina pulled Crysta into a hug, “Thank you,” the sudden show of affection caught Crysta off-guard.

The delta then hugged her friend in return.

“Don’t mention it,” she smiled warmly.

Two other pairs of hands wrapped around the two girls, “Don’t leave us out of this,” Madeline giggled.

Chapter 465 Talking to the Moon

Cole sat on a well-crafted mahogany chair at the top of the balcony joined to the Lycaon king’s chambers. Structures of this nature were difficult to build into the circular nature of the Great Arena but a few still stuck out... just like the one that he now had the luxury of using.

The king stared into the sky, his thoughts wandering aimlessly in his mind. Thoughts that were his and his alone. Blocked from the comforting mind link, free from any manner of eavesdropping.

Well, there was the wolf at the back of his mind that never once let him feel lonely... as well as the multitude of voices that swarmed within his mind oblivious to his all-listening royal abilities. Being able to keep his thoughts to himself while still paying attention to the general moods of his subjects.

Such was one of the many luxuries that came with being king.

The turnout for the royal games this year was more than he remembered it from four years ago. There were so many wolves and hunters from all over the world that had come to attend this year's games.

...probably seeking some sort of entertainment.

The past two years had been quieter than ever in the history of Lycaon. Well, in terms of trouble with the rogues but that's where the silence and peace stopped.

Everything else was one dizzying roller coaster.

From taking over the kingdom to losing his mate to watching Kyle grow into a powerful beta alpha. Between the kingdom and the three beta alphas, Cole had his hands full.

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Even then, however, he allowed himself time like this.

Time to look up at the moon... To the very vessel that held his mate, holding her captive in the one place he couldn't get to even if he wished to.

"I guess I see you every day, don't I?" the words escaped him. He didn't care when they did. In fact, this had become a habit, "Kyle met someone today. She's avoiding him, but..." the man paused, letting a smile spread across his face.

The wind blew through his hair, which he had allowed to grow longer than normal, "...I don't know. I think he might find a reason for living on that's not serving you."

Whether the wind washed over his face during these times because his mate was watching or otherwise remained a complete mystery to the king.

It was comforting to think she was listening though... and so he looked up to the moon and went on with his one-sided conversation with the glowing half-moon.

"Don't worry though. I don't think anyone can ever take your beta alpha from you but then again, you are in the Moon palace, far from me.

Kyle's far too loyal. Well, they are all like that, I suppose... beta alphas..." the man continued.

Cole didn't know if it was his imagination and didn't allow himself the time to question his sanity either.

He felt closer to his mate when he spoke to the moon like this and that's all he needed, "Lina has grown so much too. She's looking more and more like you. I almost mistook her for you, actually.

Not that I would ever be fooled. It just caught me off-guard. Could you have looked like her when you were a child? I'll have to take another look at those pictures of you when you were younger..."

The wind whistled louder, whipping his hair into his eyes abruptly. The king chuckled, "I control the elements, not you. There is nothing you can do to stop me."

The wind didn't react this time, however.

The king sighed and sank back into his chair, staring off at the half-moon in the sky, "I feared that we'd have to delay the games but the contestants are fine. So, tomorrow, we face off against your sister and her champions. Without Drake on her side, I'm not sure she stands a chance against us. It's not like we've done nothing this whole time... Should I go easy on her?"

The wind went completely still this time. The silence in the wind felt almost ominous but the king had learnt to ignore those nerves by now. There was no proof he had that his mate actually spoke to him through the wind... thinking of it that way gave him a form of comfort, nothing more...

He didn't allow himself the luxury of interpreting the messages in the wind... if there were any, to begin with.

"I'll keep my eyes peeled. She must have a plan. After all, she did defeat her brother during the Trials. I wonder what will become of the Sirius pack now that she has completed the sacred Trials," the man scowled, his mind launching deep into thought.

Just then, another consciousness crept closer to him through the mind link, "Hey, do you have any idea what's happening to the prince of Sirius?" Jason asked, curiosity thick in his voice, as long as a tone that suggested he was in the mood to gossip.

"I don't know what runs through that man's mind but if he has a reason for what he's doing, he'll reveal it when the time is right," the king replied with a heavy sigh, "Now get some rest, Jason. We'll need our strength for tomorrow."

"We've had one whole day of rest and the person we are going against doesn't necessarily scare me," Jason scoffed through the mind link.

"You will do well to respect the same girl that managed to defeat Drake during the Trials."

"Drake was attacked out there. You don't think..."

"I don't know what to think Jason. I had no idea the Sirius pack was having this much drama brewing. They don't even need the rogue incident to cause the commotion that could rattle a nation," Cole replied.

A part of him was worried about the Sirius family.

Unlike the Sirius family, the Lycaon pack had been quiet and healing since the attack on the capital two years ago. The damage caused by the rogues back then was starting to fade. The king did everything in his power to usher in a new age of peace within the Lycaon pack even though the Rogue King was still out there.

Training everyone including civilians so that they could be able to protect themselves and issuing a curfew in the capital. The hunters that protected the capital coordinated with the pack warriors to bolster their defences.

Cole had also visited a number of packs within his kingdom and implemented similar measures to try and raise awareness in Lycaon. This helped his people grow closer to him and trust him more. It was his way of doing everything he could to protect those under his care.

Running an empire was no easy feat. And it was even harder without a Luna.

It had also never happened before. A king was never allowed to take over the throne without having a Luna by his side. The ceremony to declare Cole's luna was what Katie was going to go through shortly after his coronation.

However, she hadn't made it that far.

By the time she vanished with the moon goddess, Cole had already been crowned king. That's how he ended up being one of the first kings of the two empires to take the throne without a mate... in a long time.

Even then, it had happened before.

Long ago, in a time long forgotten. Cole sighed, sleep finally weighing down on his eyes. His eyelids got heavy as he stared at the half-moon in the sky, "My time is up, it seems," he spoke into the wind. Turning away from the glorious moon in the sky, he said his last words, "Good night, dear Katie."

Little did he know that his words were carried by the wind.

They soared high aimed at the destination, soaring higher in pursuit of their intended target.

Messages that were carried through the wind were heard by few. A select few... among them, however, was the goddess watching over the world below in a magical pool.

In that same pool, a beautiful girl floated lightly, sending minuscule ripples through the clear water surface. With no sky to reflect, this water surface was clear as glass. All it showed on its clear surface was what the goddess wanted to see.

The goddess floated above the pool, staring at the retreating form of her other Chosen. She'd watched him grow in the past months, watching his steady progress, both physically and emotionally.

"He does this every day," the goddess muttered to herself, "I'm sure you can hear him."

The girl she was talking to, however, did not respond to her words. The male god standing on the other side of the pool sighed but continued with his work on the floating girl.

'Of course, she can hear him. She's abnormal that way,' the diligent god of medicine secretly thought to himself.

Chapter 466 Will power... and the Power of Love

The beeping sound of a machine and white empty lifeless walls. An overwhelming lack of disturbance that only cultivated a disturbing silence.

Nearly two years spent in the same place, recovering from an near-death injuries and trauma.

A neverending loop of pain and agony... a state which, for some reason, was better than death.

The memory of her last conscious night echoed through her mind with a furious reverberation that threatened to shatter her resolve to hold on to life.

The sound of rogue alphas pursuing her through the forest with menacing blood lust rolling off them in waves. It was all clear in the loud howls and feral growls that accompanied their demonic speed as they tore through the dark forest, relentlessly pursuing her through the woods.

The sound of the rushing river was still fresh and clear in her mind... and so was the need to run towards in hope of finding safety... or delaying her death sentence if even by a minute.

The harrowing memory was fresh. The clearest thing she could remember, was the crimson colour of the wolves' eyes that had been sent after her.

Murder was painted in their eyes. They wanted her dead... all because she had escaped him. With how weak her wolf was, even the mundane rogues would have proved too much for her to handle but somehow she was far more valuable for him to trust such an important job to weaklings.

His resolve in seeing her life snuffed out was that much stronger...

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This time, as the nightmare started over, the woman forced the dream away from her mind, trying to change the flow of events.

She knew what was going to happen... and yet it happened anyway. She didn't want it to happen that way again... and yet, she didn't seem to have a choice.

She struggled. She fought. She was tired of watching it over and over again. Tired of death's relentless taunting and of the experience of being rushed away by the current.

The sensation of nearly drowning under the merciless battering waves. She was tired of it all. She was afraid of going through it one more time. She'd relived that day countless times already... stuck in a loop that didn't seem to end. Each time she lost consciousness and awaited death's cruel hands, she was thrown right back to the start.

To the rushing vines and demented trees that freed her from the Rogue King's clutches and granted her the mission of delivering a message... then rushed to the ending scenes of her failed mission.

She'd lost hope of ever waking up from the painful loop and even lost herself to the throes of her suffering.

However, this time... this time was different.

She was tired... fed up, exhausted, frustrated, angry... and numb.

She didn't want to feel it again. Tears stained her eyes. She wanted it all to stop. She wanted to wake up from it all. She didn't want to die any more. She didn't want to relive this day again either. She wanted to live. That's all that mattered now.

Death had not come to her like she'd expected... but now... she was tired of what lay between life and death.

It was a fate that she was now perceived to be worse than death. If death wouldn't claim, then she might as well try living and not stay in the in-between.

After constantly reliving the memory of being hunted down, hitting her head on a rock and nearly drowning, she'd had enough.

With all the strength she could muster. With all the willpower left in her weakened body and mind... and most importantly, with all the love she held for her missing grand daughter, Beatrice forced her eyes open and took a very deep breath.

The nurse that had come to check on her that morning gasped in shock, stepping away from the bed as her patient miraculously pulled herself out of a deep comma. "Where is she? Madeline... Where is she?"

Drained and utterly exhausted, Beatrice didn't scream after that.

Instead, she finally fell into the first slumber since that day. Sleeping peacefully without a dream in her mind. Her mind was finally quiet. She was safe... she wasn't in the presence of the murderous rogues that had nearly claimed her life. She was safe...

Sleep had never felt better.

.....

Voices... several voices... no, a few of them. They were countable.

None of these voices were familiar to her though. Beatrice's peaceful slumber was constantly assaulted by the voices that crowded about her bed.

Slowly, she began to decipher what these voices were saying, "She's just resting now, but you can be assured now that she'll make a quick recovery. Her wounds are all but healed and now that she's out of the comma, she'll be fine for sure."

"Really, I'm so glad. We've been worried sick," a feminine voice trembled with delight. 'Who is she supposed to be?'

"Simmer down, Lyla. You've never even spoken to her before," a male voice tried to be to be her voice of reasoning, but that didn't seem to work.

"I know I've never met her before but I can tell she's someone important, you know," the girl replied gleefully.

"No, Lyla, I don't know. You might have been watching one of your shows again," the boy sighed.

"You enjoy them too. They are awesome... Ugh, Peter, this is different. I'm not talking about fate or anything like that. I genuinely mean what I'm saying. How many people her age have you ever heard of surviving the injuries she had?" this time, the girl made sense.

Beatrice chose that moment to wake up. Her silver eyes fluttered open just in time to meet the faces of the people that had watched over her for nearly the past two years.

Their voices died down as the nurse hushed them. They had noticed her stirring and turned her attention to her, "She finally woke... Her eyes," the girl staring at her suddenly backed away.

“Silver is an unusual human eye colour,” the nurse confirmed, unsurprised. The woman walked up to the sleeping woman and began to check her vitals, “Don’t worry ma’am. You’re safe here. Just relax and we can slowly get you back into the world.”

Beatrice opened her mouth to speak but closed it almost immediately when pain radiated from her throat. She’d already exerted enough force to send her into a coughing fit. Before anyone could react, the young man brought her a cup of water which she greedily drank.

The cool water was soothing to her throat. However, it also notified her of how long it had been since any food had entered her system. “You will have to take it easy for the first few weeks. Your body hasn’t moved in a long time, so you’ll have to be careful not to over-exert yourself.

Actions like walking, eating or even writing won’t come easily to you in the first weeks, but with some therapy, you can return your body to the way it...”

“Where’s Madeline?” the woman’s voice was hoarse and barely audible, but from the saddened look on her face, she wasn’t paying any more attention to the nurse talking to her.

Years of working with traumatized patients kicked in. Instead of getting frustrated, the nurse slowed down and changed her approach, “Who’s Madeline?”

“She’s my... grand-daughter. I told her to run to the capital but I don’t know if she made it. You said I’d been unconscious for a long time. How long have I been...” Beatrice couldn’t find her words.

She tried to lift herself from the hospital bed but her limbs failed her. She was far too weak. The kind of weakness that plagued her body was far too great to have been caused by a few weeks of sleep.

A deepset frown appeared on the nurse’s forehead, “I’m sorry to be the bearer of bad news, ma’am, but you’ve been unconscious for nearly two years.”

“T-two... two years... No. No. No,” Beatrice began to hyperventillate. Her memories came rushing back in a merciless torrential wave. She could remember it all...

The Rogue King talking to the moon goddess at the Origin. His eventual sealing that would have been a good thing to the rest of the world. However, somehow, he had been able to send his generals after her.

She remembered the recurring nightmare that had been her prison for a very long time. Now that she thought more about it, it made a lot of sense. Her nightmare had repeated so many times that it felt like an eternity.

Beatrice couldn’t tell how many times it was that she’d fallen into that river and started drowning under the heavy current that swept her away.

Now, however, everything had gone silent. She’d forced herself awake. She was fine and safe. Trying to move was hard, but she had to. The storm of memories that assailed her forced her to do so. There was no time for her to just lay back and relax, “I can’t stay here. I have to go. Where am I?”

The nurse frowned, thinking over her next choice of words. The woman was not in the right condition to walk out just yet, but holding her against her will would not be easy either, “You’re in the Sirius royal capital... and regarding discharging you, we can’t do that until we know you will be fine. Did you not hear the part where you’ve been like this for more than a year?”

"I heard that. I'm not deaf," Beatrice snapped at the nurse.

The Seeker sighed and lay her head back on the white pillow below her, "I know what happened to me... but it's that same reason that I cannot stay here. I either have to find my granddaughter Madeline or find the prince of Sirius. If I've been here as long as you say I've been, then I'm that much later to warn the king of the danger that's coming."

For someone who'd just woken up from a comma, her speech was remarkably coherent. This was what told the nurse that she wasn't disoriented but if that was the case, then the woman's waking memories were a cause for worry.

"What did you say your name was again?" the nurse asked.

Beatrice turned to the woman, just in time to catch the glint of understanding in her eyes. There was hope she could convince these people to help her. Better than that, they probably could help her get to where she needed to go, "My name is Beatrice. I'm a member of the Golden Moon pack."

Turning to the pair, she finally observed the man and woman that had also come to attend to her. These ones weren't dressed in any uniforms which meant they didn't work here at all. The nurse noticed her confusion and began an introduction, "This is Peter and the lovely lady with him is Lyla. They are the ones that found you and rushed you here over a year ago. They've been visiting you frequently since that day, making sure you were receiving treatment and making a steady recovery."

As the nurse wrote down a few things, she chuckled to herself, 'Grand-daughter, pfft... she doesn't even look old enough to have a teenage daughter.'

Chapter 467 Something about a Flower shop

After introducing the two people to Beatrice, the nurse looked at Peter. They seemed to have a silent conversation with their eyes before the nurse sighed, "I'll go start working on your release documents. You can talk with them and figure out what kind of arrangement you'll have.

I'll also be giving you prescription drugs and instructions on how you are to handle yourself for the first few weeks after being discharged. Make sure to take it easy. You're only human after all," the nurse replied.

Beatrice scrunched her eyebrows, "What makes you think I'm human?"

There was a periodic silence in the room before realisation settled on the wolf's mind, "Oh! My eye colour is peculiar. I'd forgotten about that. I guess that's what happens when you live for years in the Golden Moon pack."

"When you said you were from the Golden Moon pack, I was under the impression you lived there as a human. Now that I think of it, there are no humans there... but..." the nurse was still having trouble coming to terms with this new adjustment.

"I'm a werewolf. Forget the colour of my eyes," Beatrice's tone of finality ended the conversation.

The nurse asked the boy to accompany her and the two swept out of the emergency room to fill out the paperwork.

Beatrice had so many questions and paranoia and impatience denied her the opportunity to ignore them, "How exactly is he allowed to get me out of here?" she asked.

"Oh? We've been taking care of that during our visits. Peter offered his assistance for the day you woke up. It took a while for them to let him make that claim though. It's usually family that's allowed to do that. But as time kept ticking by, no one reported you missing. There was no sign of a family to speak of. We'd saved you from the river and he was better than nothing," the girl explained cheerfully, "I'm just glad you're okay. I didn't think you would make it."

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"You don't know me," Beatrice replied bluntly.

"No, I don't. It's just the way we found you that worried me the most. It's a miracle you're alive. At first, I thought it would be better if we let you be... But I couldn't bring myself to forget about you, so we visited.

Several times, I dragged Peter here with me and we would watch you for hours before leaving. Your condition didn't change for so long that we thought you were never going to wake up," the girl tried.

This only brought more confusion to the woman's sluggish waking mind.

After so long unconscious, she wasn't catching up to what any of this girl was trying to explain. The long string of words seemed to take its time getting interpreted in her mind.

Perhaps if the girl had used simpler vocabulary like 'drowning, rushing river, death, rogues et cetera et Cetera maybe then, she could have understood the girl faster.

Beatrice covered her face with her palms for a bit, "Start from the beginning, you're not making any sense..." she groaned.

Constantly berating the girl with questions of her choosing was also not yielding any results.

Lyla smiled at the woman and let go of a breath she didn't know she was holding. With the mood lighter, the girl began explaining everything that happened since they'd found Beatrice's body floating by the river bank in a pool of her own blood.

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The two of them had finally managed to pay a hefty sum for a date they never got to finish. Supervised and protected by a security detail of trained humans and a few hunters, they were taken to a spot along the Great Sirius river of their own choosing.

Lyla had prepared the food they took with them that day.

While the dating service they were using provided them with such options, Lyla had wanted this to be special. She also wanted Peter to give his opinion on her cooking. They never did make it to this part of their date because of a female that was washed onto the shore not long after they had started.

That's how they found Beatrice and brought her to the hospital. It was a miracle she was still alive and the doctors were able to stabilise her. However, her body had suffered serious trauma.

She'd lost a lot of blood and the doctors deduced that she was going to be unconscious for a while.

During the time that the woman had spent asleep, the two teenagers graduated and moved in together, owning an apartment that was a town away from the capital. Lyla was working on going to College soon while Peter was working in his father's dairy company, soon to take over as the CEO.

In Sirius, this was a highly profitable business simply because of how hard it was to maintain animals in a world where rogues were bound to attack at any time. Dairy farms were goldmines of nutrition to the savages and managing one as well as Peter's father had brought them good fortune.

It was these connections that had managed to get him the documents needed to gain the rights and permission to offer Beatrice a place to stay and help find her family. The Seeker listened quietly to the tale the girl told. She noticed how the girl's eyes lit up each time she mentioned Peter's name. She also noticed how much the girl drifted off topic in narration.

Beatrice had never expected to know about their daily lives or anything concerning their graduation and her going to College... And 'A dairy company, wow, that was a lot of money for someone his age. Animals are difficult to own alone in a world where every single acre that was protected by hunters was considered precious land. Not to mention the risk of losing everything to a single rogue attack.'

Nevertheless, it was this same easygoing cheery nature of the girl that forced Beatrice from getting any more questions to ask her. She found the girl answering more underlying questions before she ever got to ask them. Like how someone that young could afford the dating service they were using.

Hiring hunters was costly enough as it was. Hiring them for something as meaningless... I mean, trivial as a date was simply outrageous...

"And when you showed signs of waking up a few hours ago, we received a phone call from the hospital and now here we are."

Beatrice blinked a few times...

No no no, that's not what she'd wanted to know. How had some random couple suddenly started playing guardian to her? She was well beyond their years. If anything, she should have been the one returning them to whatever home they'd come from, slapping them by the wrist.

But then again, there was the case of her being in the royal capital. She didn't really know anyone in the capital... except...

Beatrice's eyes widened in delight as she finally remembered something useful. Lyla noticed this and gave all her attention...

Beatrice's eyebrows suddenly scrunched in confusion and the index finger she'd raised up lost its oomph, 'Oh dear... what was her name?' the woman started thinking. Wracking her brain for a name. 'This girl I once had the delight of meeting so many years ago... She might be able to help.'

"Hey, do you know where I can find Selene?" the woman asked... 'No, that's not the name.'

"Huh... I don't know anyone who goes by that name. And trust me, I would know. No one would simply parade one of the names of the goddess of the moon like that," Lyla scrunched her brows.

This woman was getting even more confusing. Wasn't she supposed to make more sense the longer she stayed awake?

"No... Of course, that's not the name she would use in public. And if I'm being honest, that name goes for the current holder of the goddess's spirit, so she might not even go by that title anymore. This is so complicated... Ah, yes... a flower shop. Do you know a florist in the capital?" Beatrice's eyes sparked with hope once more.

"A... florist? That's the first person you would like to call after waking up. Were you on..."

"Don't overthink it. I know someone in the city but I haven't seen them in a long time. Honestly, their name is lost to me... but if there is one thing I remember about that divine vessel, it's that she can never let go of her obsession with flowers.

Do you know of a flower shop in the capital...? It would help if the flowers of that shop were unusually beautiful and always healthy and well-looked after," Beatrice's voice had now gone up and the vigour with which she spoke almost made her appear recovered.

The beads of sweat on her brow told a different story. Lyla could tell she was trying so hard. 'Divine vessel!' her mind resounded. Beatrice was making even less and less sense the more she rambled but the coherency of her speech made it impossible to imagine she was still confused.

Lyla was about to deny having heard of a shop that good when she went silent. A slight hint of memory surfaced in her mind. There was a girl that was always called upon when it was someone who needed to make an order from the best-known flower shop in the city.

It was the same girl that liked helping in the kitchens during their school days and the same girl that had tended to her wounds when she was injured at the reserve. When she tried to put the thought of her away, a heavy fear gripped her.

A fear that she was letting go of something very important indeed. It was a fear so primal that she forgot everything else she had in mind.

"You two are getting close quite fast," a male voice came from the door cutting through the tense atmosphere of the emergency room. Peter walked into the emergency room pushing a wheelchair. "You might be able to walk, but we can't risk you collapsing when you've only just got out of a comma. Your muscles haven't worked for more than a year, so..."

"Peter, do you remember Honour?" Lyla snapped.

This name, unknown to Beatrice, sparked some interest. She didn't know why but her wolf reacted to the name. Maybe it was because of the aspect of her being a Seeker that she could detect the goddess or some other reason. Maybe she had heard it somewhere once before...

The feeling that gripped her was very similar to the one she got when she had tried searching for Prince Drake's mate. But that could also be a coincidence. Back then, the woman hadn't been blessed enough to receive a name she could offer the prince of Sirius in his time of loneliness.

'I hope she's found her. This is about the time he was meant to find her,' she sighed.

“Yeah, I remember Honour. She’s the girl you told me tended to my injuries over a year ago,” the young man tapped his chin thoughtfully, “Let’s see.

She works at a flower shop not far from the palace. I’ve gone there a few times myself to buy only the best bouquets. It’s a beautiful little shop they’ve got going. Every single flower seems to always be in full bloom and the colours are...”

“That’s where I want to go. Take me to the flower shop that belongs to this... Honour. She might be able to... No, she will be able to help me with what I need,” the woman announced, cutting Peter off.

To be honest, Beatrice wanted to go straight to the king and tell him everything but that felt like a request too heavy for these two humans. They had no real access to the palace... but perhaps this... ‘Honour’ could help her out.

Chapter 468 A h-healthy appetite?

After that short outburst of energy, Peter and Lyla didn’t need any further instructions.

To try and cope with the grey-eyed woman’s communication barrier, they assumed she could have been related to Honour. With that in mind, her value became significantly greater. If it had been any other pair of humans, perhaps they wouldn’t have helped her with this request.

But both of them had been saved by the young florist once before and they owed her greatly for it.

Peter helped Beatrice get into the wheelchair and wheeled her gently out of the hospital. The boy noticed how the woman gripped the handles of the wheelchair so tight that her knuckles turned white. It didn’t matter how much he tried to keep from bumping the wheeler, she still held on as though her life depended on it.

‘Something is not right,’ he thought to himself, trying to discern other reasons for this peculiar behaviour.

They proceeded through the hospital with next to no resistance in signing out. This was all possible because of the paperwork Peter had gone through while the woman was in a coma. If it hadn’t been for that, she would have been retained for a few weeks with the hope that she’d been claimed by family.

This was how the system normally worked. It would get increasingly difficult in case she’d lost her memory or didn’t have any family to speak of. From what Peter had already gleaned about the woman’s past, she was a ghost.

At first with next to no information and even after she’d woken up and spoken to the pack she was from. A quick phone call had him searching through his connections for a source of her existence in the Golden Moon pack.

Even then, there was no word of her existence.

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The phone call to the pack had yielded negative results, “Are you sure you’re from the Golden Moon pack though? The alpha acted like he didn’t know you.”

The woman sighed when she heard the question, her knuckles slightly relaxing. 'So he's that well-connected. Gotta hand it to a child with power.'

The wheelchair was now rolling over the gravel of the parking lot leading them to their car. Beatrice looked around in search of any stalkers. When she was sure they were alone, she replied, "That's all part of a protocol. If it was I who had spoken on the phone, it would have been a different matter.

I'm... not meant to leave the pack. You can already tell from my eye colour that I'm not an ordinary wolf... How I wish I'd kept practising how to hide my eye colour! Like my daughter and granddaughter did," the woman sighed heavily.

Eventually, they made it to a green hunchback parked not far from the parking lot exit. Lyla helped her into the car and got into the back seats with her. Patient and careful to make sure the woman didn't hurt herself. With only having woken up from her coma, Beatrice could feel how sluggish her limbs still were.

If it hadn't been for the fact that she was a werewolf, this meagre movement would have proved too much for her.

Thankfully, she wasn't human... and her recovery was visible and astonishing. Even as she sat in the backseat of the hunchback, she could feel the strength return to her bones little by little.

She could feel the blood flow more freely through her near-paralysed limbs, waking them from the near-two-year slumber.

Closing the door for the two ladies, Peter got into the car as well and started the engine, "Aren't you hungry? We should get you something to eat first."

"If you can get some takeout, that would be nice. I have to get to that flower shop as soon as I can," Beatrice quivered in her seat. The rushing sensation of water suddenly overwhelmed her, a visage of her past trauma haunting her even while she was awake...

The urgency of a mission that was never completed gripped her very core... "I have to warn them. I have to warn the Royals... the hunters... everyone's in trouble."

Peter's hand paused on the key before he could turn it. Turning back to the people in the back, he noticed the woman's eyes were glazed over.

Lyla was shaking her lightly... One sudden jerk brought Beatrice back to the present, "Huh... what happened? Did I fall asleep?"

Lyla frowned... "Now I'm worried."

"I know what you mean," Peter echoed, "I guess coming out of a coma is not the end of a struggle... Perhaps it was a bad idea to bring her out of the hospital so soon."

"No, no, please... It wasn't a mistake. It was the best possible thing you could have ever done for me. Look, I don't know you. You don't know me. I'm so happy anyone cared for me at all. You've done more than I could have ever asked of you, but this is really important," the woman tried... 'Why does this feel familiar?'

Beatrice's memories rushed back to the time she'd started this journey. The small town she'd tried to get help from. Everyone she'd spoken to at the time hadn't paid her any attention.

In the end, everything she said landed on deaf ears, 'No, please... I don't want that to happen again. I've already lost so much time already.'

Sensing the desperation in her voice, Peter changed his mind, "I'm going to choose to trust you on this. Just don't make me regret it. I also deserve an explanation once you feel up for it."

With that said, the young man turned the key and the car roared to life. They were cruising along the asphalt in no time...

Beatrice sighed in relief... she was moving. And she was moving forward at least. Was there still more time for her to warn everyone? Did she even know who to tell this to? Could telling them really help with anything?

So many questions and next to no answers. She'd spent so much time in the Golden Moon pack that she didn't even know the procedures to follow if she was to have anything addressed in the fastest way possible.

Were there even any procedures to follow when trying to warn everyone of the threat that could potentially end the world as they knew it? Beatrice was at a loss... The least she could do was hope she'd made the right decision.

The last time, she'd tried searching for anyone's help, she'd failed. Now she had the chance to ask for help from someone who might be willing to listen to her... someone who knew the reason for her odd eye colour.

There was a chance this 'Honour' would let her in without asking questions and heed her warning.

"So where are we going? The flower shop or the Sirius palace?" Peter asked, interrupting the woman's thoughts.

"Let's start with the flower shop. I'll need to speak to the owner. She'll be able to make my story sound less... far-fetched," the Seeker sighed.

Peter looked back through the driving mirror briefly before turning his gaze back to the road, "Is it far-fetched?"

"Well... I am a grey-eyed werewolf. There is already so much about me that's a myth..." she sighed and in a quieter tone, meant for her, "I just hope Madeline is alright."

The car suddenly swerved and the tyres screeched against the asphalt as Peter regained control of the car. The boy gripped the steering wheel so tight with both hands and made sure he was in control.

That one name had made all the difference, snapping so many anomalies into place. Peter wasn't shocked to see the female werewolf with grey eyes at all.

He'd actually vaguely remembered seeing something similar somewhere before. And now that she'd mentioned the missing piece to this puzzle, a lot seemed to make sense.

“You don’t mean, Madeline. Honour’s cousin, do you?”

“Cousin...?” the woman paused.

It wasn’t hard for her to imagine a story like that cropping up, but then again, what were the odds they were talking about the same Madeline she was missing dearly?

“Oh yeah! Madeline was the new girl that showed up in our final year of school. They had her do all this extra studying so that she could keep up with her grades and graduate on time. Then she was placed in the same class as Lina and the two of them graduated not long ago,” Lyla explained, “Looking at her always reminded me of a cute puppy. Such an innocent face...”

The more they spoke, the more Beatrice got convinced they were talking about her Mady, “What about her eyes? What colour were they?” she asked, excited.

Of course, it would be dangerous if the colour of her eyes turned out to be grey because then, it wouldn’t take long until their secrets would be revealed.

“They were... amber. She wasn’t that strong of a werewolf either but she didn’t need to be. Lina wouldn’t let anyone close enough to hurt her...” the girl paused, thinking back on something, “Funny story: Back then...”

There was this rumour that her eyes would flash silver when she was agitated. The rumour soon died down when there was no proof. Peter himself seemed convinced she could change the colour of her eyes.”

“I know what I saw, Lyla... and Beatrice’s presence now confirms that I wasn’t making anything up. Tell her, Beatrice...” Peter raised his voice but it was met with silence, “Beatrice...”

The woman beside Lyla had gone into a short trance of her own making, “Madeline would be my granddaughter. Is she in the capital? Do you know where she is?”

Lyla wasn’t sure what to make of this anymore, “How about we take it one step at a time?” The car was just getting into the driveway of a restaurant. Peter turned off the engine, “What do you guys want? I’ll go grab it and be right back in a blink.”

Lyla gave him their options and bid him farewell with a short kiss on the lips. A silence took over them for a bit. Beatrice wouldn’t meet the girl’s gaze after watching the short display of affection, “Do you have a...”

“No, he died...”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean...”

“Don’t apologize. It was a long time ago. My wolf and I somehow managed to survive the heartbreak. So, don’t underestimate me... or feel sorry for me,” the woman warned.

“I wouldn’t underestimate you. Not after the injuries you defeated during that time, you spent in a coma. You were really injured in that river. I thought you wouldn’t make it. Seems I was worried for nothing.”

“Exactly... and don’t you forget it...” after a short pause, “How long have you guys been together?”

Lyla suddenly smiled, swaying lightly as she soared through her memories, “It’s been two years but it feels like yesterday,” she swooned.

“Ah, I see. A couple as young as yours is completely rare to find,” the woman replied, “A human couple, for that matter. It would be understandable if you were mates. Everything is less complicated that way.”

“Not the first time I’ve heard that one. We’ll be fine, though,” Lyla replied.

As they were talking, the aromatic scent of food and spices wafted in through the half-open window. Peter opened the door to the driver’s seat and sat in, passing them a large paper bag containing hot disposable containers.

“I was able to get it all and added some drinks in there just in case you guys get thirsty. Maybe eating once we get to the shop would be a better...”

‘Grr...’ went Beatrice’s belly.

The older woman blushed red... “I’m sorry... I didn’t realise how... how...” the food had all her attention... ‘I don’t remember myself capable of being so hungry even when I went so long without food,’ the thought crossed her mind.

“Talk about two years’ worth of hunger. Don’t be shy... dig in. I’ll drive slowly so you don’t have to worry about spilling anything and even if you do, I can get that cleaned.

Don’t eat too fast, your digestive system has not been functional in a long time, so you might want to take it easy.”

“Yes, ‘father’,” Beatrice nodded as she pulled out one of the recyclable containers in the bag. The smell of meat... that’s all that was needed to completely arrest her attention.

“There is a fork and... uhh, never mind...” Beatrice wasn’t listening. Her hands could do the job.

Peter was shocked at first, but then a smile spread over his face. ‘I guess we can check a lack of appetite off the list of things to worry about.’

Chapter 469 A Hearing

After a relatively short car ride, the car pulled up in front of a petite flower shop with a simple white sign to identify it. The little shop was situated between two calm-looking stalls with fewer people walking down the street than they’d gotten used to in the city.

Aside from the dainty sign, the rest spoke for itself, roaring louder than the meagre label. For the flowers that lined the door shone with a radiant colour healthier than Beatrice had ever thought possible. They almost looked artificial just looking at them, but then again, the rich scent of nature was unmistakable.

Neither was the smell of divine energy humming lightly in the air.

‘This is the place,’ the woman thought to herself. ‘It feels just like it did when I pried into the prince’s connection with his future mate.’

Beatrice was positive she'd come to the right place... yet her nerves wouldn't let her relax.

How could someone be at the right place but feel so late at the same time?

Peter and Lyla didn't get the chance to stop the woman as she quickly fled the car and rushed for the door. Lyla quickly followed, emerging from her side of the car, "Slow down. Did you already forget what the doctors said about taking it easy?"

These words fell on deaf ears.

"How can she even walk?" Lyla exclaimed, exiting the car to catch up with the woman before something bad happened.

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Beatrice rushed into the flower shop and walked straight to the counter.

Standing on the other side of the counter, a woman was updating the flower shop's records. "Check through for something you might like," the woman said without looking up from the ledger.

"I'm not here for flowers, Guardian of Selene," the words rolled off Beatrice's mouth with a sigh of relief.

The flower shop was brimming with the same energy she was looking for. This was definitely the place. The people here were among the only ones that could believe the 'far-fetched' stories she had to tell.

The pen in the cashier's hand stopped gliding over the page and she looked up. Honour's mother narrowed her eyes at the lady before her. "Do I know you?"

Beatrice's jaw dropped, "Disrespectful... Perhaps you're looking for a month of chores?"

Honour's mother was appalled at the tone being used towards her.

The audacity... the nerve on the woman—girl standing before her. To walk into her shop acting like she owned the place... talking of... 'chores...'

When was the last time anyone had ever asked her to do chores?

"Chore...s... Oh dear, it can't be... Can it? No, it can't..." the woman looked away from Beatrice and started mumbling to herself, "She's supposed to be a lot older. You don't look a day over thirty."

Beatrice was shocked by this observation. She knew and had heard about the sudden change in her appearance, but that felt... extreme, "I don't have time, Whitney. You know rules forbid me from being here... and yet here I am."

Honour stared back at the woman before her, a hint of recognition reaching her eyes. The woman sighed heavily, "Of course, your sudden appearance only has to mean bad news. How can I help?"

Beatrice smiled, 'No questions asked. Now, this is what I've been looking for.'

"I know where the Rogue King is... More than that, I have terrible news to tell the king," the woman told the woman, "Urgent news..."

Whitney's face went white with shock. Thankfully, she forced the emotions down and tried her best to act cool... As though she'd not just been told of the potential location of the most dangerous werewolf in existence.

"I see... Well then, let's go to the palace and get you to talk to the king, now shall we?" the woman announced.

She closed the book she was writing in and announced the closing of the flower shop. There were a few grumbles from the few browsing customers but they complied with her orders.

"Who are they?" Whitney asked when she noticed a girl and boy standing in wait for the woman.

"Well... that's a long story. Maybe I could tell you on the way to the palace. The car's outside," Beatrice gave the short version with a tight-lipped smile at the end.

"Car?!"

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The explanations were rushed and Whitney was ferried into Peter's car which quickly started the journey to the palace. During the journey, Lyla and Beatrice took turns explaining the events that led the three of them into this situation.

As it turned out, there was a lot to be said that they were still talking even after Peter had parked the car in the palace parking lot.

Whitney touched the long-lost relative's forehead with the back of her palm, searching for any signs of a temperature and sighed when she found none, "There is a lot I want to know but I can tell you're in a hurry. So I won't ask many questions. Let's get you that audience with the king asap."

"I appreciate it," Beatrice hugged the woman tight before turning to open the doors.

Something urged her to move even faster. The sensation was fresh and dim, but after what she'd been through, Beatrice knew this feeling all too well.

The last time she'd felt like this, she'd ended up floating unconscious and bloodied in the current of a fast-moving river with next to no hope of seeing the sunrise ever again.

"Let's hurry," the woman urged her companions.

"What's the rush? We are at the palace," Peter tried, but Beatrice wasn't listening. Instead, the three had to keep up with the grey-eyed wolf instead.

Peter worried that the woman was pushing herself too much. Her muscles couldn't possibly have recovered that quickly.

But then again, if they hadn't, then she was pushing herself through the pain. Which meant whatever it was she was trying to do was that important.

"Do you think she'll be okay?" Lyla asked Peter as they rushed ahead.

"Hmm... We found her bloodied in the Sirius river. This must be nothing," Peter replied.

'Perhaps this pain she endured is nothing compared to the alternative,' the man thought to himself. It was the only way this made sense to him.

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Alpha Phillip had been seated at the king's desk for the better part of three hours. His neck hurt from having to look down all the time. The smell of paper and stale wood was starting to irritate him.

Gripping the pen in his hand, he held back his wolf's innate desire to run through the woods, unrestrained by the burdens of filling in for the king, "I need some form of a vacation. Alas, the games haven't even begun.

I'm going to be stuck here for a while. Why couldn't Jackson do all this—"

The beta alpha's eyebrows twitched when his eyes landed on a familiar request form, "—And why do I have to approve who and who does not go on an expedition for wood? It's not that hard to keep track of a simple logging crew," the man grumbled to himself.

His thoughts were soon interrupted by banging at the door. The beta alpha almost jumped from his seat. His eyes darted to the machine at the king's desk, 'Don't they know they have to ring the buzzer at the door?' he raised a brow at the silent device.

Not long after the first set of desperate knocks, the device at the king's desk beeped. The beta alpha coughed to clear his hoarse voice before pressing the answering button, "Who is it?"

"It's Honour's mother. I have something important to report to the king," a feminine voice came through. 'Honour's moth...! Oh, the princess's best friend. Odd seeing her here.'

"You can come in," the beta alpha replied, pressing another button on the device that unlocked the door.

The door swung open to admit not one, but four individuals, three of whom he'd never seen. The beta alpha was on his guard in an instant. "What's the meaning of this?" he asked, getting up to his feet in an instant, "Explain yourselves..."

"Alpha Phillip, relax. They mean you no harm. These two are normal humans," Whitney tried. The man looked them up and down for a moment before settling back into the king's seat.

Betraying his initial ferocity, the beta alpha's appearance degraded right before them. Alpha Phillip looked incredibly... tired, "Apologies, I'm... a little jumpy. I have a lot to deal with as it is..."

"No kidding. Is there no one that can help you out with all these..." Whitney approached the table and grabbed one of the papers at the desk... "Lumbering requests?!"

"Don't ask! There are so many things that go through this desk that make me feel like screaming with frustration," the man yawned.

"Well, why don't you have those redirected to the people in charge of them then?" Whitney suggested.

Phillip's eyes snapped open and turned towards the woman beside him, "I'm not sure I understood what you said just now."

"I was saying... what if these requests went to the people that actually had to worry about them. Like these Lumbering requests could go to the leader of the expedition and you could have him decide who could go along with them," the woman explained.

The beta alpha's exhaustion was gone all of a sudden. Why he hadn't thought of this was far beyond him but the suggestion made a lot of sense to him. Doing this would incredibly reduce his workload. It was a solution that bought him more time to work on other aspects of the kingdom.

A bright smile graced the man's face before he turned to Whitney, "Thank you for that lovely suggestion. Now, to what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

At this point, Beatrice stepped up, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Alpha Phillip. I am Beatrice of the Golden Moon pack. I bring urgent news for the king of Lycaon."

"Did you say... Golden Moon pack? That's the pack Madeline's from, isn't it?" the man thought to himself.

Beatrice went silent at the mention of her granddaughter's name. Abandoning her well-prepared speech, she lashed out, "Madeline... do you know where my granddaughter is?"

"Granddaughter?!" the alpha took one more sweep of the woman's appearance, "I would believe you if you said you were her mother, considering she tends to show the same grey eyes, but woman, you don't look a day over thirty... No offence."

"I will take that as a compliment, however, looks can be deceiving. I am indeed her grandmother. Have you seen her?" the woman asked once more, a burning spark of hope filling her eyes.

"Yes, I have. She's currently at the Great Arena with the royal family. Is that what you came here to know?" the beta alpha asked.

"No... I'm sorry. That's not it. I have a message for the king. Might I speak with him?" the woman asked.

"I'm acting in his place right now... so you'll have to make do with me, I'm afraid. Besides, what goes through me automatically reaches him... in case it is of that much importance. Please proceed..."

Beatrice wanted to argue... to tell this man that he was being stubborn and that her mission was of more importance than he could comprehend, but then... looking at him now, she could tell he was only trying to look out for the ruling monarch.

His words bore no malice towards her. The words rolled off his mouth with no emotion whatsoever... as though he'd been told to say these exact same words.

Acting out would only make it harder for her. For now, she would have to settle for the beta alpha, "I know where the Rogue King is..."

Chapter 470 Out of Range

Alpha Phillip froze for a moment, seemingly unable to digest what he'd just heard. He was the one supposed to take care of the Sirius empire in the absence of the king, was he not?

On top of all the work he had to do, a mysterious grey-eyed werewolf claiming to be the fabled and missing Seeker had come to him with the worst possible news any wolf would ever get the chance to hear...

His mind wrestled with accepting her words as true or simply downplaying them as delusions. He wanted to deny everything she'd just said. The empire had known peace for so long... and yet, here she was, talking about the world's greatest threat... The Rogue King.

And what's more, she claimed to know exactly where the man was. From the king's journey to the Golden Moon pack nearly two years ago, Phillip knew of this woman's existence and of her involvement with a mysterious attack back then.

Alpha Jackson had long shared his report on the matter. While there had never been blood or a body to speak of from the scene, the lady had, without a doubt, gone missing. Vanishing without a trace.

Except for just one.

Madeline, the girl who'd escaped from this ordeal, confirmed the presence of the Rogue King in that house that day. What was even more convincing were the memories she shared with the king through the mind link.

There was no denying it. She had the perfect image of the Rogue King in their living room that day.

If anyone knew the true details of what had happened that night, it would be this woman standing right in front of him. At the time, another source of insight allowed them to affirm that this really was a rogue incident.

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And that was the presence of a hunter named Micah Chase. The Cleanest Rogue Kidnapping... is what the incident had been named.

"I need to speak to the king. The royals need to know," Beatrice spoke up, snapping the man out of his convoluted thoughts.

Alpha Phillip sighed before reaching for the landline at the king's desk. As he dialed in the king's number, he asked, "Is the king in danger?"

"He shouldn't be... but... I've been hospitalised for almost two years. I don't know," the woman answered.

The man's fingers paused and hovered over the buttons of the dial-up phone, "Two years... What happened?"

"I escaped... but they chased me down. I barely got away with my life. I honestly don't know how I survived. I can remember drowning... over and over again," Beatrice shuddered at the images that constantly looped through her mind while she'd been in the hospital.

"I'm sorry," Phillip's voice softened before he hit the call button.

“Would you...” Peter opened his mouth to say something, but the words got caught in his throat when he looked into the crimson eyes of the person he was talking to.

Suddenly, it dawned on him that he was standing in the royal palace of Sirius... and that Alpha Phillip was the beta alpha of the Sirius pack...

The feeling of safety and familiarity he'd begun to develop during the casual conversation vanished the moment he tried to approach the large man.

Phillip, on the other hand, barely noticed. He took the man's sudden silence for respect and unwillingness to interrupt him during the phone call. Taking a casual guess about what the young man had intended to ask, he hit the 'speaker' button and placed the phone down before waiting patiently.

The phone buzzed for a short moment before the agent's voice came through...

“The number you are trying to dial is currently out of our network's range...”

Alpha Phillip held still as the message sounded three more times before the speaker went silent. The alpha scrunched his brows in confusion and tried the number again...

and again...

The fourth time, his hand was caught by Whitney's dainty hand, calming him down.

“Where is His Majesty supposed to be?” Beatrice asked.

“At the Royal Games with the rest of the royal family except for the ones going through the Trials. That's if the princess and prince haven't finished with the Trials yet... Usually, they are done with that around now,” Lyla answered thoughtfully before the alpha could.

Her sudden interruption allowed him to clear his mind and come up with another idea immediately. “I'll try another number,” he said to Whitney and began to dial someone else's number.

The man turned on the speaker and mumbled to himself, “Come on, Jackson. You wouldn't suddenly lose your phone now, would you?”

Despite the beta alpha's silent plea, the same agent's voice rang back through the speakers. The customer was out of their network's range. This message was only ever heard when the phone belonging to that person was somewhere with no cellphone coverage.

When they were just about to call another time, the landline sprung to life. The screen flashed blue signalling an incoming call from:

‘Office of Lycaon.’

The alpha answered the phone, “Alpha Phillip of Sirius.”

“Phillip? Oh, you're the one they left in charge of Sirius. I'm Alpha Caden of the Lycaon. I've been trying to call His Majesty but his number hasn't gone through and was hoping you could help me with your king's number. Queen Margaret, Alpha Jason and delta Bella won't pick up their phones either and I'm starting to worry.”

"I have just tried to call King Davin but his phone seems..."

"...Out of range?" Caden's voice interrupted.

"Yes."

"I'm getting so sick of hearing the same thing over and over again. They can't all possibly be out of range. I was about to call someone to get the landline checked when I called this number," Caden replied.

"A few years ago, my daughter got involved in an attack by the rogues and claimed they had brought down the cell towers to keep them from calling for help. Could this be the same thing?" Whitney spoke up.

"Oh... that makes sense now. I always wondered why the teachers didn't just call for backup," Peter mumbled to himself.

"Yeah, I remember that. But then, that complicates this entire situation. The Royal games are among the most heavily guarded events in the world right now. Attacking the Great Colosseum would be suicide. That's where most of the hunters have gone," Caden said thoughtfully, trying to find a reason for taking down the communications to the Great Colosseum.

"But that's the whole point, Caden. Everyone is so focused on the Royal Games right now that the Capitals and every other pack and village in between have their security drastically reduced. It's not to keep the Great Arena from calling for help..."

It's to keep help from coming out of it. Without any way for us to contact the hunters and Royals at the Great Colosseum, the world outside of the Royal Games remains in grave danger."

"But... that could be anywhere. The rogues could attack anywhere and we wouldn't even know about it..." Caden's voice began to waver.

"Yes. The best thing for us to do now is to remain calm and think rationally. From the sweeps that have been made through no-man's-land, there is barely a rogue to speak of, which means, their numbers were heavily reduced during the last battle and they've had no way of increasing them. Not to mention the loss of the royals' power to turn more people into werewolves," Alpha Phillip reasoned.

"The best thing for us to do now is to focus on protecting the lives of people everywhere outside of the Great Arena. Thanks to the hunters, the Bunker Project was completed in under a year. Should anything happen, having the World Bunkers ready by the time of an attack would increase our chances of avoiding the worst."

There was a period of silence before Caden spoke back, "Preparation for the worst... Shouldn't we be trying to contact the Royals first?"

"The Royals are probably the most protected people in the world at this point. Not to mention there are so many people at the Great Arena.

If anyone was to find out that the rogues were behind this sudden loss of communication, we would have a mass panic on our hands and that will alert the rogues of our knowledge. Who knows what

would happen then? You know what a rogue does when cornered," Alpha Phillip didn't have to say a lot after that.

Caden had witnessed rogue insanity firsthand back in Brigadia. The rogues had lost all their sense of self-preservation and gone rabid, "Anything to keep that from happening again," he sighed.

"Again? Just how many things have you seen?"

"Enough for a single lifetime," Caden replied, "I'll get on activating the bunkers and getting everything ready in case of an attack. I'll also notify all the alphas I can reach on this new course of action. Hopefully, your hunch is wrong and it's just the weather."

With that, the phone went silent with a final beep, "I wish we all shared that sense of optimism."