

Chosen 521

Chapter 521 Disheveled Guest

King Davin deeply inhaled the rich scent of high-quality coffee, lightly swooning in the process. Even for a king, this was a luxury he could appreciate. What was more, he had been given the best quality milk to add to the beverage, creating the perfect drink to start his day.

Since this was a day for the contestants to rest, his day was starting a bit later than normal. Without having to tend to his duties as the king, he was determined to relax as much as he could.

Sadly, he'd woken up to a cold bed with his mate nowhere in sight and this had thrown him into a somewhat sour mood. Coffee was his first attempt at relieving himself of the slight irritation that lingered.

Upon searching the mind link, he discovered his mate's location.

Queen Martha had just stepped out for a breath of fresh air, not knowing how long it would be before the king awoke. Davin was just glad she was safe and nothing had happened, but still...

sigh he went, his mood plummeting once more.

While this was clearly unfair and childish, his emotions didn't listen to reason and as a result, he sought other ways to ward off the negativity.

As he relished the scent of coffee, his mind was suddenly bombarded with waves of excitement and anticipation. The king flinched, a drop of coffee tumbling to the marble kitchen counter.

Paying the commotion more attention, it sounded like cheering. The king figured his bored pack members had found some way to entertain themselves on this boring and empty day.

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'Hmph! Good for them,' the king sighed.

As soon as he'd managed to block out the pack's excitement, a rich melodic female voice assaulted his sensitive ears, unconsciously demanding his attention and ripping his focus away from the fine brew of coffee, "Honey, have you heard what's going on in one of the sports centres?"

King Davin turned around to witness his beautiful wife dressed in a lacy gown that was a tad bit too revealing for his grumpy emotional state to stand.

For a moment, he was tongue-tied.

"Sports centre! No... N-Nothing about that. H-Have you always had that gown?" he asked, his voice rising up a few octaves.

"No, I found it among the clothes prepared for our stay here. What? Is it a bad look for me?" the queen quickly twirled around, checking herself to make sure she looked fine.

'Bad! No, that is the last thing on my mind right now,' the king cooed mentally, forgetting to actually answer the question.

Queen Martha turned back to her husband, noticing his gawking silence. The queen smirked, "Oh! So it's that kind of dress. Want me to keep it?"

"Ahem! Yes, please," the king coughed, snapping out of his daze.

"Understood! Now, focus, my love. Lina is playing a game of basketball against Cole in one of the sports centres. It's being broadcast everywhere," the queen approached her husband and pulled him away from his freshly prepared cup of coffee.

The king reached out for the cup but was too late to grab it.

'My coff—'

"Hurry up. Since when do you drag your feet?" the queen was especially pushy today, not that Davin was complaining.

A few moments later, they were seated on a lush sofa watching an unbelievable show of power between the two teams. "Lina's team is strong. Even though their skills are not well polished, their raw talent and abilities are enough to make up for the gap in skills.

Cole's team is relying on their experience and talent. Except for Kyle of course," the king observed as he watched.

"Has Lina always been that fast, dear?" Queen Martha asked all of a sudden.

From the very start of the game, Lina had demonstrated abilities beyond what they could have thought possible. From what they could tell, she didn't seem to be showing signs of getting tired either.

"You saw how she returned from the Trials," the king sighed. It seemed each one of his children was developing some form of odd power. Except for Drake, of course, who had managed to grow an attitude bigger than his head.

Halfway through the game, the chime of the doorbell interrupted their peaceful company. King Davin lazily turned to face the door. However, the ringing didn't stop there. Instead, the doorbell rang again and again... Becoming too frequent to ignore.

"I'll get it," King Davin sighed, walking up to the double doors. From the other side of the door, a dark-haired man came rushing in, his hair a mess and sweat glistening off his brow. His quiver was almost empty and there were a few cables dragging from his bow and attached to a shattered steel shaft of an arrow.

Davin only vaguely understood how the hunters used their bows and arrows to travel faster, especially through trees. It was a rare skill that only very skilled hunters were able to learn and utilise in the field.

"Micah?! What's wrong? What happened?" the king asked.

The hunter rushed in and began pacing about the living room, rubbing his hand through his hair in exasperation.

Queen Martha quickly covered herself with a sheet the king hadn't noticed and guided the hunter to the sofa after which she offered him a drink.

The hunter shook his head, rejecting the queen's offer, rubbing his hair and placing his face in his hands. His eyes flashed with a myriad of emotions but no words came out... at first.

Micah was disoriented and the first time he tried to speak, his words didn't make sense.

"Hey, take a moment to catch your breath," Queen Martha tried, staring at him with concern in her eyes.

"No... no, no time for that. Everyone's in danger... Rogues... Humans... Werewolves... Prometheus! I don't even know who the enemy is anymore," the hunter cursed, burying his head in his hands.

"What are you talking about?" the king asked, "It helps to take us through what happened to you."

"I went to check on the mast to see if I could... if I could fix it like Marie did a few years ago... but... but I found it trashed. Well, I figured it would be trashed... but..." Micah's tone was getting worse and he paused to catch his breath. When he'd managed to calm himself down, he spoke again, "I found one of the rogue generals there."

There was a short pause as the information sank in. "What?" the king asked.

"That's not the worst part. The rogues... they have done something terrible. I don't know how but they managed to turn someone into a werewolf. I don't even know why he let me go..."

No, actually, I know exactly why he let me go. He knew me warning everyone would do nothing to stop what's coming," the man covered his eyes, trying to discern a way to protect everyone but to no avail.

"You're not making sense. We don't have the power to turn humans into werewolves anymore," the king announced furiously, feeling somewhat insulted by this. For a long time, part of the fear that was directed towards the royals came from their cursed bite. Now that it wasn't the case, the king wasn't happy to hear about it again.

"I'm not saying you have that power. I'm not a werewolf professional so I don't even know how most of it works. But what I do know and trust are my senses.

Since the end of the battle in Lycaon, there hasn't been a trace of animosity except for a few odd times after that day...

And even then, we were always too late to discern what had happened. Back then, I feared that the rogues were coming up with some sort of scheme," Micah spoke fast, making sure each word was clear.

If there was any chance of saving everyone, then he would have to ask the royals for help. As a single hunter, there was only so much he could do... but if there was some way the royals could help, he was willing to take a chance.

These thoughts had run through his mind on his way to the Royal Suite. He knew the hunters would follow him the moment he said something but there was no telling what the hunters could do.

He knew the capabilities of the hunters well. This situation was not their field of expertise... but that wasn't the case with the werewolves.

That was the reason he'd run to the Royal Suite first before going anywhere else. They knew more about their kind than any of the hunters could claim to.

"Think about it, Your Majesty. Over the past few months, there have been increasing cases of people attacked within the woods but they were always ruled off as mere animal attacks and the victims treated.

Those victims... I never paid attention to them... but simply because of how many they were, I was forced to know about this. Rogues haven't been sighted in a long time and Samson shows up out of nowhere, cuts off communications and doesn't care to attack the Great Arena. You know the power of the rogue generals, Your Majesty."

King Davin took into account everything that the man was saying. It shouldn't have been possible for him to be telling the truth. But then again, there was the fact that he claimed to have seen someone that had been turned into a werewolf with his own two eyes.

Accepting this 'theory' meant too much for the people in the Great Arena.

Another knock came at the door, this one less urgent.

Queen Martha turned to her husband, searching for an answer to how they would proceed. Unfortunately for them, this was not a choice either of them could make.

A message came through the mind link immediately, bombarding the king's mind, "Your Majesty, you have a messenger from the Sirius capital. She has a form signed by Alpha Phillips. It bears your Royal Seal," a delta's voice echoed into the king's mind.

King Davin rushed to the door and opened it. Standing on the other side was a group of five people. Two of them were human, a young man and a lady who naturally appeared to be made for each other.

A woman with amber eyes that he'd come to know as Honour's mother, Whitney. This one he knew well and had grown fond of.

The delta that had brought them... and the last one.

A woman with grey eyes...

Grey eyes.

The king's eyes widened the moment he saw her. Despite her young appearance which was in contrast to Madeline's description of her, she bore a striking resemblance to the girl.

The connection between the two was undeniable. This was Madeline's 'grandmother.'

The look in her eye, however, was not a happy one... It was more a look of barely restrained urgency.

"Come in, please," the king offered with a tight-lipped smile.

For some reason, her presence felt even more ominous than that of a dishevelled Micah.

Chapter 522 A Delicate Balance... Broken

When the four were settled in, Queen Martha brought refreshments to the table, frowning when no one touched them.

'What a waste!' the woman sighed but didn't complain.

"You're Madeline's grandmother, aren't you? You don't look old enough to have a granddaughter," the king sighed.

"Yes, I am her grandmother. I only look younger because I was exposed to a lot of divine energy. Either that or it was the Moon Goddess's intention to grant me the strength to make it this far," the woman shrugged, at a loss for an explanation herself.

"Well then, Madeline is out with her friends right now. If you want to meet her, I can have..."

"Our reunion will have to wait a bit longer. There is something more important I need to tell you," the woman cut him off, "I know Mady. She's resilient, just like I am... perhaps even more so. But at the moment, what I have to tell you can't wait," the woman announced with an edge in her voice.

"Very well then. Tell me everything," the king settled into his seat, "Your tale must be an interesting one."

Meeting Beatrice meant a lot of things to the royal. Her presence here meant she'd survived her ordeal against the Rogue King. The details of how she managed such a feat were bound to be interesting.

Madeline would also finally be reunited with her grandmother. It was a miracle that she was here, to begin with.

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"You already know that I am the Seeker and probably found out from Madeline that the Rogue King paid us a visit nearly two years ago. On that day, the Rogue King took me captive," Beatrice began.

"I doubt the Rogue King has any interest in discovering who his mate is," the king chuckled, but no one laughed with him. 'I guess I'm not the only one suffocating under this tension,' he sighed, "Carry on."

"No, you're right. The Rogue King didn't want anything to do with finding his mate... even though I checked without his knowledge. I received two answers... and I've never known a man to have more than one mate but that was what I read from him.

Anyway, he wanted me to lead him to the Origin."

"No one's allowed to go there," Davin tensed.

"Yes, I know and I wasn't trying to take him there. He tricked me and used me to get there..." the grey-eyed woman narrated the events in detail, clearly describing everything concerning the Rogue King's current 'situation' and how he'd gotten himself trapped at the Origin.

This revelation confirmed Micah's own narration erasing the doubts about the ability that was sealed away by the Moon Goddess's Chosen. The frightening bit is that this woman's message was coming nearly two years too late.

Any number of things could have happened in that time. There was no telling what the rogue king could have achieved during that time that they didn't know of this.

Actually, there was...

Micah had explained it all to them. If he was right, then the Rogue King had not slowed down in his plans to turn the humans into werewolves, considering there was some way he'd found around his handicap of a prison.

And if that was the case, a large number of humans in the Great Arena were bound to be cursed by his bite.

Additionally, Beatrice had mentioned the Rogue King's orders to the rest of the rogues which explained why the Flush-out plan had never worked in the first place.

There were no rogues in no man's land. Most of them had already blended in with the general population, concealing their killing intent and malicious auras to blend in as genuine citizens... lying in wait. Hiding in plain sight.

Their numbers were impossible to discern... What they could guess though, was that the time to strike was close... too close.

Cutting off communications was only the beginning.

"We need to separate the humans from the werewolves. That way, we can..." as if sensing the king's tension, the lights went off.

Davin looked up at the chandelier that no longer illuminated the room. The only light that filled the Royal Suite was the light of the evening sun that filtered in through the glass panes on one side of the living room.

King Davin stood and walked to the glass pane, staring down at the forested battlegrounds that had been prepared for the second stage of the games. This was one of the best views of the competition.

"A power outage at this time. That's odd," Micah wondered, getting up from his seat.

The first sign of panic seeped through the mind link.

At once, Davin's mind soared through the mind link, invading the privacy of all the panicking pack members, picking information from their senses and filtering it into his mind to come up with the more or less perfect image of the situation.

Queen Martha noticed what her husband was doing at once and rushed over to him, "Honey, we shouldn't..."

Queen Martha stopped speaking when the king raised a hand to stop her.

"I'll break the rules if it means saving the lives of our people," the king replied, finally gathering enough information. The queen nodded and allowed her husband to continue gathering information from the pack. As soon as he'd caught on to what was happening, Davin tensed, "I don't believe it."

"What is it?" Martha asked, anxiety filling her tone.

“First shifts... Random humans are shifting. It doesn't make any sense and there is no order to it that I can find... but that's what is happening,” the king explained, his eyes snapping open with a flash of blue.

“What now?” Micah asked, leaning deeper into the sofa. Had he come too late to warn them? He'd followed his gut instincts, bringing this matter to the only person he judged to be best suited to handle a situation like this one.

Could the hunters have done a better job compared to the King? Or had he made the right choice in telling him? If he had made the right choice, just how many people would still die from the resulting carnage?

No, Micah was sure he'd made the right choice. In the short seconds that had followed the blackout, the king had been able to discern the situation happening all over the Great Arena and come up with an answer.

This feat alone would have taken every hunter working together as a disjointed whole to gather information... and there was a high chance many would have died by the time they realised what was happening around them.

What was more... they could have ended up adding to the chaos themselves.

‘First shifts, huh...’

King Davin's mind was rushing through a series of facts and possible courses of action, searching for a way out of this situation before the first human completed their First Shift.

Because the power was off, several parts of the Great Arena had been thrown into a veil of darkness regardless of the evening sun that still sent its golden rays through the windows.

As a result of the ensuing darkness, calming the shifting humans was next to impossible at this point. The screams let loose by those in pain didn't help the situation either. Medical personnel were at a loss in this situation and the wolves that could help were mostly frozen in fear by what was happening.

That meant the shifting humans would eventually complete the transformation and, considering their current chaotic environments, succumb to the primal violent urges of their newly manifested wolf counterparts.

Rogues had come to be known as the most dangerous creatures in the world. They were trained to kill and wouldn't let a civilian live the moment they saw them.

However, coming in second was something much closer to common society. A newly shifted werewolf whose human side had fallen unconscious during the painful transformation. The werewolf that resulted was a disoriented irrational creature that could tear through anyone and everything that walked and breathed near it.

That said, werewolves weren't allowed into society until the First Shift was complete and the werewolf had learnt to control their impulsive animal sides.

So far, this system had been working well and the world was at peace. For a long time, humans had even forgotten such a thing existed.

And it was because the system had been working so well that few people knew how to deal with werewolves that had just shifted.

King Davin had limited options.

“RANDOM HUMANS ARE GOING THROUGH THEIR FIRST SHIFTS. THERE IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN AS THE DETAILS ARE NOT CLEAR. WHAT IS CLEAR IS THE DANGER THEY POSE TO THE WHOLE OF THE GREAT ARENA.

WEREWOLVES ARE TO BE SEPARATED FROM HUMANS. SHIFTING HUMANS ARE TO BE LOCKED ON DESIGNATED FLOORS THAT WILL BE SMOKED WITH SLEEPING AGENTS. THESE ORDERS ARE TO BE CARRIED OUT IMMEDIATELY,” the king’s voice thundered over the mind link, stunning any and all werewolves that heard it.

Convincing them of this was not at all hard as nearly every werewolf in the colossal coliseum heard at least one scream before the king’s voice relayed these orders.

Along with his message came images of humans going through the painful First Shift.

There was a brief pause before the voice of another royal rang through the mind link, declaring these new orders law to everyone.

“YOU HEARD THE KING. LET’S GET TO WORK,” Cole’s voice was calmer than King Davin’s but it had both the effect of calming the panicking werewolves and strengthening Sirius King’s orders.

Davin tuned out of the mind link and staggered backwards into his wife’s arms. Exhaustion began taking a hold of his body as the backlash of a wide-range broadcast like that came rushing back to him.

His extremities were feeling numb as well, as though he’d only returned to his body and forgotten what it felt like.

This was the first time he was making a communication this wide and through the minds of all the werewolves in the vicinity. The King shook off his exhaustion and relayed his orders to Micah, cluing the hunters in as well.

There was no telling just how well his orders could or would be carried out. Any number of things could go wrong in the vast coliseum.

Were his orders the right course of action? Would they solve the current problem? Had he perhaps left out something absolutely vital? The King had no way of knowing the results of his actions but he knew the results of keeping quiet would be a widespread massacre.

The one thing he could control, however, was what he could do about it. King Davin, having given his orders, joined his people in trying to curb the chaos that took the Great Arena by storm.

In the next few minutes, the Great Arena was completely bathed in a terror of screams and growls as a convoluted mess of wolves, humans and werewolves crashed together in a struggle to create and destroy the delicate peace that was.

...and death followed.

Chapter 523 A Seeker's Turmoil

Madeline's reason for leaving the games was not as grand, noble or generous as visiting the former delta in the hospital room that he was in.

No, in fact, it was something much more selfish than that.

Because of everything her friends had told her the day before as they were trying to 'help', she'd come across a rather dangerous idea.

Madeline was indeed the Seeker who would succeed her grandmother and her abilities were very treasured so much they were hidden and turned into a myth. Thanks to numerous years of hiding and secrecy, they were all but a rumour now.

The Seeker was an old story that usually got the kids gossiping.

'Someone with the power to find your mate.'

It sounded like a dream come true.

But for Madeline, it was anything but. She had the power to find someone else's mate for them... but was robbed of the power to seek out hers.

Kyle was definitely an oddball.

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Madeline observed him, trying to figure out whether it was indeed true that he was the one... but how much could she know about the mate pull without actually experiencing it? What did Kyle have to gain from lying about it? He'd never met her before either...

It wasn't like the King of Lycaon had known of her existence either, so there was no way he could have known. There was the matter of him being able to see her eye colour no matter how much she masked it.

Kyle's emotions almost felt obvious...

And yet they weren't at the same time. Madeline's grandmother had already told her stories of how three males fought over her when she was still young, each claiming to be her mate.

And her inability to figure this out herself made it even worse. Fortunately, her grandmother's true mate was a patient and cunning man who never once backed down.

Eventually, he accepted a three-way duel where the wolves would fight for her hand... and nearly lost his life. Beatrice's mate wasn't as strong as the other two that fought for her hand... but what convinced Beatrice of his sincerity was his undying determination to save her.

It didn't matter if they'd broken a few of his limbs or worse, Madeline's grandfather never once surrendered to his two opponents...

'Your mate is your other half, Mady. Without them, you can never be complete. To him, losing me was a fate worse than death and that's why he wouldn't give up,' the memory of Madeline's grandmother echoed through her voice.

It was a cruel fate... Not being able to identify your mate yourself. It's not like Madeline could ask Kyle to jump off a cliff for her.

The thought did flash through her mind for a moment though...

'What was the goddess even thinking granting my family this power?' the girl cursed as she continued walking through the white halls of the medical floor.

There was a lot going through her mind at this point. Her convoluted thoughts were unrelenting, as though promising to shatter her young mind with never-ending confusion and indecision.

Among the only things that were clear to her, however, was the moment that Kyle had held her the night before.

Before Crysta's interruption.

The beta alpha might have been acting on his instincts but even then, he'd been far too gentle in contrast to the strength he could have asserted against her. She noticed how her words took root within him. How his eyes flashed with merriment when she saw him and how he obeyed her wishes, whilst still showing his discomfort.

A beta alpha she'd never met shouldn't have cared that much about her opinion, let alone had any interest in her. Compared to everyone else that Kyle could have picked to mess with, Madeline was not worth it.

Even Delta Bella was several leagues more stunning and impressive before mentioning her athletic build and easygoing attitude.

Kyle wasn't the best at expressing himself but Madeline found reading him so easy that it was like second nature.

'You can't feel it, can you? The mate-pull,' he'd asked that night as well.

'Of course not, you dolt. I'm the Seeker... but he doesn't know that.' Madeline covered her eyes and nearly screamed into her hands.

Why did everything have to be so complicated?

It was these complicated thoughts that had forced her out of the sporting centre in the first place.

'Grrrrr...' a rumbling growl filled the air, taking the worries that plagued her out of her mind and a sinking feeling of terror filled her. She felt her blood run cold all at once and goosebumps develop on her upper arms.

This wasn't just any growl... It was violently hostile.

And what was more was that the growl felt directed towards her. At least, that's what her senses told her. The girl opened her eyes, trying to discern her surroundings.

The first thing she noticed was that there was no one around.

Her eyes widened in shock when she noticed a door numbered 19 smashed up and laying on the other side of the corridor, opposite its threshold and torn off viciously at the hinges.

From the open door frame to room 19, a dirty grey paw stepped out, followed by the guttural growl she'd heard earlier. This time, however, it was much louder than she'd heard it.

A wolf stepped out, locking its amber eyes with her directly without looking around, almost like it knew exactly where she was.

'Oh, dear!'

Drool dripped down the wolf's maw as it bared its fangs at her.

The Seeker did the only thing she could. She turned around and ran.

The distance separating her from the wolf was still fairly long. About a hundred metres...

This distance should have been enough for the wolf to easily catch her but the girl wasn't going to make it that easy. Digging deep into her innate werewolf genes, she ran as fast as she could.

Her ears kept track of the chasing wolf. Growls turned to feral snarls as the wolf barreled towards her.

'The elevator!' she remembered.

Room 19 was not far from the elevator. Rounding a corner, the girl spotted the open door of the elevator. It was open...

Madeline felt her thighs scream at her in exhaustion after only running for a few seconds, 'Is that really all I can manage after all the effort I put into training?' she mentally yelled but never once slowed her pace.

As she ran, a voice suddenly clobbered her mind. The voice of the king... it was an announcement and along with it came a wave of terror and fear from the rest of the pack.

And they were in trouble. Images of humans going through the First Shift flooded her mind as well. The Great Arena had descended into chaos in a matter of minutes and here she was being chased by a rabid wolf.

She also noticed that the lights were off in the images she received but didn't have the time to think about that. She was currently running for her life.

'Wait... wasn't Victor supposed to be in Room 19?' the winded Seeker asked herself.

She knew Victor's wolf to be a beautiful light shade of grey and not the matted mess of dirty grey that was chasing her right now.

Rogue wolves always had one colour for their fur coat. It was rumoured that the beautiful colour of their natural hides would lose its former lustre and 'fall' from grace, no longer favoured by the Moon Goddess.

It was perfectly possible that the wolf chasing her was indeed Victor.

Madeline was running with everything she had towards the elevator. However, right when she was about to reach it. Ten metres away from the open door, a blur of dark grey darted past her and blocked her way.

The girl forced a painful break in her dash stopping a few metres short of the rogue and elevator, her heart beating wildly with fear.

The wolf had easily caught up with her and she'd sorely misjudged her chance at surviving.

There was a look of madness in its eyes as though it was contemplating the different ways it could tear her limb from limb.

Madeline felt, for the first time since running away from the Rogue King, that she was truly going to die. Terror gripped every fibre of her being... and just like before, she called out.

"Someone help!" Madeline yelled over the mind link.

"Madeline, are you alright?" Honour called out.

"I... I'm on the hospital floor. The East Wing. Oh dear!" a loud snarl brought her mind to the present. With the wolf stalking her, forming thoughts was getting increasingly difficult.

"Find a room... Higher Ground... A window... Anything that puts you further from it," a male voice invaded her consciousness.

With the male's voice came a surprising wave of calmness that helped her face the wolf once again. Suddenly, moving and breathing weren't so hard either. She was still in danger... but she wasn't frozen in fear.

The rogue wolf snarled, not liking the look on her face, and attacked.

Before, Madeline would have simply closed her eyes, frozen in fear. But now, her limbs moved, almost possessed...

And she stepped out of the way, rolling on the ground as the wolf crashed into the wall behind her, missing its target by a hair's breadth.

'Run...' her thoughts spurred her away from the rogue. A split-second glance at the elevator door confirmed it had long closed and was already on its way to a lower floor.

The girl followed the orders she'd received, running through the halls in search of a room. Fortunately for her, there was a room not far from the elevator. She slipped into the room and slammed the door shut. Then began searching for something to bar the door.

As soon as she'd placed a chair against the doorknob, the door jerked violently, the lock shattering the wood that held it shut. The chair, however, held and kept the door from opening.

The sound of vicious snarls coming from the other side of the door, kept her panting in fear. The door shuddered again and this time, cracks ran along the wooden chair's legs. It was only a matter of time before the rogue broke in.

Chapter 524 Saving One's Mate

The door groaned as the pounding of the vicious rogue got stronger, wilder and more feral, sending waves of terror through Madeline's spine.

It felt like the more the rogue struggled to get into the room, the more vicious it would be once it broke through. Stepping towards the door to add to the barricade was totally out of the question now.

Madeline might have miraculously found the courage to run away from it earlier but she wasn't about to take another step closer to that monster.

"He's going to break through!" she squealed over the mind link, desperately directing her thoughts through the chaotic mind link and towards the male that had given her instructions earlier.

The door shuddered once more, the chair groaning against the pressure as more cracks netted its surface.

Madeline wondered whether the voice would come again. In her fear, she hadn't been able to recognise who was behind it.

Now, she was stuck in a hospital room, trapped and clueless about what she was going to do next. She'd only delayed the inevitable... she was still in danger.

When she looked around, she noticed it wasn't just any hospital room. The room she was in took the form of a laboratory, with different kinds of equipment everywhere.

Everything had been abandoned though... and there wasn't any sign of life.

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"Now get to higher ground," the voice came again, calm as it had been before.

Madeline wasn't good at using the mind link to locate others but she could tell that the voice was coming from someone closer now. The girl scanned the room for some sort of leverage. Tables lined the walls, Petri-dishes, microscopes, centrifuges and several other machines she didn't know about.

'Higher ground... Higher ground,' she thought to herself, staring at her hands and forming fists.

With renewed determination, she came up with some sort of plan before getting to work. There was someone coming to rescue her. She was sure of it...

Her job was to make sure they didn't find her dead by the time they arrived.

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Kyle had long since shifted into his werewolf form. A large fearsome black wolf tore across the medical floor at an alarming speed. He didn't care for anyone he frightened on his way through the confusing halls.

And neither did his wolf. With the both of them this determined, it felt as though his top speed had doubled, propelling him faster through the halls, barely touching the ground as he blurred through the mess of death and destruction.

After hearing Madeline's voice over the mind link, he'd gained some sense of direction. He'd already surmised from their earlier interaction that the grey-eyed damsel-in-distress wasn't strong.

In fact, when he'd held her the day before, he'd sensed an abnormal level of weakness, even for a wolf.

Still, that didn't change his initial opinion of her. It wasn't like he'd always expected to be paired with a pack warrior that could go head-to-head with his alpha-level capabilities.

There was more to a mate than just strength to match his own. One's mate was meant to complement them in ways they could not imagine and Kyle was perfectly content with her the way she was.

Then again, that meant he had to protect her with his entire being. The Great Arena was in a state of chaos. The King's orders helped to put some order to that chaos but fear was a hard emotion to fight against.

"He's going to break through!" Madeline's frightened voice screamed directly into his mind.

'A private link?' he thought to himself.

She'd pinpointed his mind after hearing his voice only once. Since she didn't call him by his name, he could tell she had no idea who he was... not that it bothered him.

The important thing was that she'd managed to buy time... She wasn't in direct danger anymore. Not for long, but it was still something.

He still had time...

The wolf pushed himself even harder, rushing forward, barely decelerating at corners as he made his way closer to her location.

"Now get to higher ground," he replied.

Making a couple of more turns, he finally saw it.

A dirty grey wolf slammed into a door and ripped it right off its hinges with a deranged look in its eyes.

'A rogue?'

Kyle's eyes flashed red and he let out a loud growl, capturing the rogue's attention before it could enter the room.

The rogue's frightening demeanour crumbled at the sight of the menacing beta alpha barreling towards it. Lunging forward, the smaller wolf met the wrath of Kyle's mighty paw.

The large black wolf slammed the rogue into the wall, cracks running netting it before it went unconscious.

Kyle then shifted into his human form and rushed into the room, "Madeline, are you..."

"Up here..." a frightened voice called out to him.

Kyle's voice trailed off, '...alright?'

And his eyes followed Madeline's slowly going up until he locked eyes with a familiar pair of grey eyes. The owner of these eyes, however, was at the top of a high towering stack of tables and chairs...

"How...?"

'Damn... That's 'higher ground', alright,' the beta alpha chuckled, covering his mouth to hide his amusement.

.....

Madeline turned out to be only slightly shaken by the whole ordeal, thanks to the voice that had guided her through it.

Her heart was beating a great rhythm even long after she was out of trouble. Kyle, while exercising a lot of restraint to keep himself from laughing, helped the Seeker down from the fortress of tables and chairs that she'd miraculously put up.

"When I said higher ground..." he covered his mouth.

Now that he thought about it, he hadn't really given her many options to start with, "...you know what, never mind. You did well."

"Hey, stop laughing. I was really scared, you know! And how can you be laughing at a time like this?" Madeline squealed, hitting the alpha's shoulder.

Reminded of the trouble they were in, Kyle was ripped out of his tiny bubble of amusement, "Isn't that all the more reason to find a reason to smile though? If we can't smile at times like this, then what's left?"

The Seeker sighed, "You're right but I'd advise you to store the laughter and smiles for after the chaos has died down. Don't you hear them, Kyle? I can't do much but I know you can."

"You take first priority," the male responded, his voice stern.

"I'm fine now..."

"Stay by my side until I get you to safety," Kyle said—ordered.

"Okay," Madeline's eyes darted to the ground, her cheeks feeling a little hotter.

The beta alpha held her hand in his and led her out of the room and into the halls. The elevator was still closed, the lights on it showed how busy it was at the moment.

'Alpha Cole, I've got Madeline. I'm on the hospital floor. What's the situation?' Kyle transmitted his thoughts.

It took a while for the king to respond.

And while he waited, Kyle did his best to ignore the voices screaming in his head. A wave of restlessness took over him, begging him for help... begging him to act.

However, the alpha remained still for two reasons.

Most of the people that were calling out to him were too far for him to reach. Even if he were to reach them, he would not be in time to save them. The best he could hope for was that pack warriors closer to them would save them instead.

He had to trust that they would be able to save them in his stead. He could not be in so many places at once.

On the other hand, he could protect Madeline.

The second reason was that he couldn't launch himself into the fray without a decent plan. The orders from the king of Sirius had been issued and for a moment, there seemed to be some form of order but after Kyle had broken off to find Madeline, he'd lost track of that order.

Now he didn't know what was happening which was why he was contacting Cole for more details on what was happening.

'Kyle, werewolves are being moved to the upper floors while humans are being moved to the lower floors. Shifting humans are to be led to floors 19, 20 and 21 which will serve as some sort of middle ground and sealed.

Once the humans have been fully evacuated, the werewolves will follow. We'll figure out what to do with the shifting humans once everything has calmed down," Cole's voice rang out through the mind link, clarifying what he was meant to do.

'What about rogues?' Kyle asked.

'What do you mean?' Cole's voice was laced with a bit of tension and curiosity.

'I found a rogue chasing after Madeline. There are rogues in the Great Arena,' Kyle responded.

'WHAT?' thunder boomed across the sky, shaking the Great Arena.

Chapter 525 Kyle's Rage

Cole's voice boomed over the mind link, stunning many of the pack warriors that were unaware of this conversation. Thunder boomed as lightning crackled outside the Great Arena.

The evening sun was wiped from existence in an instant, replaced by the darkness of dark angry storm clouds.

'Yeahhh...' Kyle cringed, visibly shrinking back. Cole rarely lost control of his emotions, however, when he did...

...this happened.

'But you know, when you think about it, this sort of makes sense. Where else would the rogues hide if it wasn't in unoccupied no man's land? It only makes sense that they would hide in plain sight,' Kyle shrugged.

After a short moment of silence, the king sighed, 'You're right.

In any case, this is all the more reason to separate humans from werewolves. Let's proceed with the current plan. We'll deal with the rogues when all werewolves have been evacuated to the upper floors,' the king announced.

'Wait, what about our people?' Kyle hurriedly asked.

'Oh? You rarely contribute to such decisions,' Cole chuckled, 'The rogues have hidden for this long. I have a plan that'll help us separate the rogues from our people. They won't see it coming.'

.....

Kyle stayed silent for a bit, trying to figure out what the king could possibly be thinking but his mind came up blank. Mixing the rogues with their people was a bad idea. If the rogues chose to act then, the fallout would be incalculable and devastating.

'Very well, Alpha Cole. I trust you,' Kyle replied, turning his attention back to the girl he'd just rescued.

Now that his heart was racing a thousand miles per second, he could pay her more attention. It was only now that he was noticing something wrong with her face.

In addition to her grey eyes, he noticed her cheekbones weren't the same as he'd noticed the day before. Her red hair too...

"Make-up?" he asked.

"Yeah, it's a long story," she replied.

Kyle had heard of her situation from the king and queen of Sirius but still didn't understand much about it, "They said you're a... Seeker?"

Madeline would normally be frightened by anyone that asked her this question but Kyle sounded more confused than eager to get his hands on her, "Don't you know what a Seeker is?"

"Unfortunately, no. I don't. Perhaps you can tell me all about it when we get you out of trouble. This way," Kyle sighed.

Just when he felt he'd gotten closer to her, he was suddenly miles away. This whole 'Seeker' aspect of her forced her to change her appearance and even mask the colour of her eyes.

It felt special... The last time Kyle had been involved with someone whose secret was that great, it had been Katie who'd lived her whole life as a human hunter yet in truth, she was the daughter of one of the werewolf empires and one of the Moon Goddess's Chosen.

Kyle started walking but stopped when he remembered the rogue from earlier, "On second thought, we need to secure your pursuer first or he could cause more trouble."

"I was almost sure you would kill him," Madeline mused.

"Normally, that's what would happen. But for some reason, my master doesn't approve of that kind of violence anymore. Yet she used to be the greatest at putting down rogues," Kyle replied with a sigh.

“You’re not talking about Cole right now, are you?” Madeline asked with a slight groan. He had used the pronoun ‘she’ after all.

“No, I’m talking about Alpha Katie Sirius,” he responded.

Madeline took note of how he referred to the lost Luna as an alpha and not a Luna. It made sense since she’d been an alpha before being united with Cole... but it also showed just how much respect he had for her as an alpha rather than a Luna.

Tracing his steps to the last place of his fight with the rogue, he found the wolf-shaped crack in the wall that he’d slammed the rogue into.

To his surprise, a wolf was not what he found in the rogue’s place. Instead of a werewolf lying there crippled in its wolf form, they found him in his human form.

Madeline gasped at the sight of the man lying on the floor, “Victor!”

Kyle wanted to ask where she’d seen the man but at the mention of his name, his eyes flashed red, tinted with rage. The beta alpha put a hand ahead of the Seeker and pushed her behind him, hiding her from the rogue that had just tried to kill her.

“M—Madeline?” Victor asked, pushing his weakened hands against the ground in an effort to sit up. It seemed he’d broken a few bones. Kyle didn’t care to know which ones.

“So you have a history with the girl you were trying to kill? How interesting! Perhaps I really should kill you,” Kyle snarled.

Victor looked up and stared into the beta alpha’s eyes. Despite the hulking man’s intimidating appearance, Victor didn’t show a shred of fear.

“And you are?” Victor asked coldly.

“None of a rogue’s business,” Kyle retorted.

This man rubbed him the wrong way and he couldn’t help but feel like biting his head off, given the chance.

Victor chuckled, “She’s not your mate. Don’t you know the thing about Seekers? They can’t sense their mates. You might claim to be her mate when in truth, you’re not.”

“Seekers?” Kyle asked.

Victor’s eyes widened in shock before he laughed out loud, “You don’t know what Seekers even are. This is rich.”

Madeline stepped out from behind Kyle’s back, “You’ve said enough, Victor. Why did you become a rogue in the first place?”

“Isn’t it obvious, dear Mady? For power. It’s that simple. You don’t need to overthink it,” Victor replied coldly.

“But... our pack is a small one. Even the average pack warrior is given the respect they deserve,” Madeline argued.

“You don’t get it. Of course, you don’t... and you’ll never understand. You’ve always been weak. You’d never understand,” Victor shook his head.

“Then help me understand, Victor. You turned your back on all of us. Why? You don’t see me or anyone else chasing power with each passing day,” the girl argued.

“Oh, but you do. You’re an amazing chef, Mady. A darn good one. A clumsy waitress... but a darn good chef. And that’s where your power lies,” the rogue sighed, “Mine was always with the strength of my wolf.

Taking that away from me was the same as taking everything from me. What would you do if you had your cooking taken away from you?”

Madeline was tongue-tied when everything was taken into that perspective. Was power really worth all that much to the former delta? And if it was so, why wouldn’t he try to earn it back from the prince the right way?

To want power so much and be too damn proud and stubborn to admit his mistakes. It was a contradiction that put him in a deadlock.

Kyle walked up to the man, keeping eye contact with him until he was standing right in front of him, “Why then were you trying to kill Madeline if you know each other?”

“Hmm, for someone who considers her your mate, you’re quite blind when facing your competition. I’ll spell it out for you. I was trying to get rid of my last tie to that damned pack. Shouldn’t that be obvious by now,” the man growled letting his eyes flash a fierce amber.

Kyle remained silent for a bit balling his hands into hard fists.

The first punch landed clean on Victor’s jaw and threw him roughly against the wall.

Next was a kick to the gut, followed by another kick, which struck the former delta’s hands as they guarded his gut this time.

A punch to the face and a kick to the side. Kyle then slammed the helpless delta’s head into his knee and continued a heartless assault that would have killed the rogue if Madeline hadn’t screamed for him to stop.

Her voice crackled like an electric whip in his mind, freezing his bloodied fist in the air before he could bring it down on the former delta’s deformed face.

Kyle didn’t have much to fight for in this world.

Having come from a background where his parents weren’t even people he could cherish. He only knew pain, suffering and following orders.

Doing everything in his power to survive.

He couldn't explain why his wolf reacted to the Seeker so much or why he agreed with it. Maybe it was because of the way he'd seen Cole and Katie... or maybe what he'd seen from Jason and Sandra... perhaps Martha and Davin...

Kyle couldn't really tell when it was that he started caring about things like that. Katie had given him a second chance at life... But there was still much he didn't know. Much he had to learn.

His progress was slow and arduous. Before, all he had to do was manipulate everyone around him into doing what he wanted. He had to break all that down and build himself up.

So when his instincts told him to beat the selfish self-serving arrogant excuse of male before him, he found resisting this urge to be harder than trying to lift the weight of an elephant.

He wanted to see Victor dead.

And the sight of a tear streaming down his mate's face was his breaking point. At that moment, he'd lost himself completely.

Madeline's hand wrapped around Kyle's bloodied fist and tugged, pulling him away from the battered rogue.

"Why?" Kyle asked.

"Death is a form of escape. You of all people should know that," she replied calmly.

Chapter 526 Reunited within Unfathomable Chaos

The Great Arena was thrown into a drowning void of chaos like no other.

Screams echoed through the walls of the Great Coliseum, humans ran in all directions trying to get away from the rabid wolves that hunted them down. Panic fueled more panic and in turn tripled the commotion and chaos.

Dormant humans that were bound to shift much later were forcefully thrown into their first shifts. Unlike the situation in Lycaon which had been carefully handled by Alpha Caden, the Great Arena was in a much greater state of disarray.

The overlapping screams of terror seemed to rile the wolves up more.

The werewolf population that was incapable of defending themselves turned out to be great in number as well, quickly fleeing to try and get to the safety of the higher floors. Most of those that had joined the pack warriors for their morning drills even forgot what kind of training they'd been put through...

And quickly assumed the roles of civilians, adding to the fray.

Pack warriors were deployed at the top floors to clear them of humans and provide a safe place for werewolves to run to. As long as they made it to the top floors, they would be safe from the mindless murderous disoriented victims of the Rogue King.

Death and carnage reaped across the great concentric marvel of architecture. Blood was spilt and families were torn apart. Siblings separated, loved ones lost, wives widowed, children orphaned along with a great many encompassable tragedies.

Hunters were tasked with getting the humans to the lower floors and keeping the newly shifted wolves immobilised on the middle floors.

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This... was easier said than done.

All humans shifting on the lower floors were put down and dosed with reasonable amounts of diluted wolfsbane and sedatives while the ones on the upper floors were knocked out and carried to the middle floors.

The process was long and arduous but as time wore on and darkness fell, the lower and upper floors were cleared of shifting wolves and the largest living population of civilians was sorted to their respective floors.

A light grey wolf dashed across the hard floor with three children on her back, carefully leaping over debris as she made her way to the upper floors at breakneck speed.

"Hang on tight," the delta called out to the kids through the mind link, her green eyes flashing with determination and the resolve of completing her assigned mission.

Wincing, she felt the kids grab a hold of her fur a little too hard. The ashen wolf wanted to complain but chose against it. After all, they wouldn't fall off if they could hold on that hard.

A growl filled her ears coming from behind her and reminding her of the very reason she couldn't slow down... not even for a second.

"Hey, any of you know how to send mental images yet?" she asked the children on her back.

"I... I do," a girl replied with a shaky tone.

"What's your name, sweetie?" Crysta called in a soothing voice.

Her ears twitched at the top of her head, focusing on her surroundings and providing her wolf with the best version of information about her surroundings they could pick to create a rough mental image of their surroundings in her mind.

Crysta could tell the wolves were catching up to her and because of the weight of the kids, she couldn't do anything to retaliate without risking the children's lives.

"D—Delilah," the little girl stuttered.

"Well, then, Delilah. I want you to be brave for me and send me images of the baddies behind us. Are you okay with that?" Crysta cooed.

"Oh... Okay," the girl replied, without much protest.

'Brave kid...'

It wasn't long before images of the wolves chasing them flooded her mind. Many of them were exaggerated.

In the child's mind, the wolves were the size of beta alphas and they got even more warped the more fear seeped into her mind.

Fortunately, their positions were nearly accurate.

The images continued for a few seconds before coming to a stop, "They're coming. I can't look," Delilah shrieked, no doubt closing her eyes now. The grip on Crysta's fur grew even tighter.

"It's okay, Delilah. You did well, dear," Crysta replied with a hint of pride in her voice before abruptly lurching to the side. One of the wolves came crushing on her previous spot, snapping its jaws menacingly at her as it strained to keep the balance of its four paws.

It was clear the wolf wasn't yet used to moving around after only being around for a few hours in the world.

The delta quickly rammed her side into it and sent the wolf crashing into the wall before bounding up the stairs. Climbing upstairs was even more unnatural for wolves which gave Crysta an added advantage.

They quickly put some distance between them. The delta continued upwards, going up three floors before finally seeing three men stationed as guards at the lowest of the werewolf-designated upper floors.

The men at the top of the stairs parted and let her get past them. The light-grey wolf skidded to a halt after leaping the last three steps in one bound, her body shaking with exhaustion. It was clear from the disgruntled growls that were coming from the staircase, that the wolves were having trouble climbing up.

One of the pack warriors descended the stairs to deal with them promptly and make sure they didn't come closer to the werewolf safe haven.

Madeline came rushing to the delta and helped the kids down her back, checking each of them for injuries. A few helpers came along with her and tended to the children. Their first mission was to identify them.

Before they could take them away, the oldest girl broke away and crashed the ashen wolf with a bear hug, "Thank you," the girl cried.

"No, thank you for being brave, Delilah. Make sure you get some rest. You're safe now," Crysta responded, nuzzling the little girl with her snout.

Delilah wiped her tears and assumed a strong face before leaving with the women that had come to receive her.

"What's it like out there?" Madeline asked.

The delta shook her head, "It's hell. So much death."

A cold breeze of wind blew into the hall as a darting figure blew past them.

The girls turned to the source of the wind.

Standing a few metres from them, a slender white wolf was setting down a woman cradling a child in her arms, "Goddess have mercy on you, Princess. Thank you so much," the woman hugged the slender white wolf before bowing and leaving her to her duties.

This search-and-rescue had gone on for a while.

In a few moments, an amber-eyed wolf broke through the stairs skidding to a halt and panting loudly. The metal-grey wolf was covered in scratches and bruises all over, threatening to put her down.

Fortunately, her healing had kicked in and the wounds were already starting to close up. Bree did not look too good. Madeline held out a robe for Krysta to take.

Once the delta shifted and was clothed, Madeline left to retrieve one for Bree as well. Lina shifted back and approached her friends, "Bree, you're injured!"

"I'll be fine, Lina. These won't take too long to heal," the amber-eyed wolf winced, "It'll take more than that to put me down."

Once Bree was done shifting, Lina asked, "Are they done?"

Unlike the rest of them, Bree hadn't returned with a casualty. It was the first time any of them was returning empty-handed.

"I don't know. I've checked everywhere I could. I don't know if I can go back out there just yet. There is nothing over the mind link. It feels like everyone's here. Lina, what do you feel over the mind link?" Bree asked.

"I've tried but I can't find anyone as well. Can this really be everyone?" Lina's voice took on a worried tone. They had helped with the evacuation... but now that they looked at the numbers, doubt filled them to the core.

The number of wolves that had made it to the upper floors was still lacking several hundreds to a few thousands. The numbers weren't adding up.

Lina scanned through the crowds with a neutral expression, frustration boiling beneath her composed facade.

Without another word, she vanished right before them, disappearing once more to the lower floors in search of more of their people.

Bree was still panting lightly and yet she felt compelled to follow after her friend. "How much longer is she going to keep going like that?"

"I don't know," Crysta sighed, "Let's rest for a bit, Bree. Before we can even consider going back down there."

Exhaustion was already eating away at the two girls but they were determined to stand with their abnormally powerful friend till the end.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Madeline asked.

“You can stay as far away from the lower floors as possible. You could also help Honour and the nurses tend to the injured,” Crysta mentioned.

“I want to do more than...”

“Mady?” a feminine voice interrupted her.

Madeline knew this voice. She’d heard it her whole life. She’d grown up hearing it her whole life. It came accompanied by happy memories and sad ones that she quickly suppressed.

The Seeker rubbed a stray tear that had escaped her eye, “I must be hearing things...”

The young Seeker chuckled nervously but one look at her frozen friends told her otherwise. Crysta and Bree were staring at someone behind her. The girl turned slowly, locking eyes with a set of grey eyes she’d grown in the company of.

Beatrice, her grandmother, was standing in front of the king of Sirius, tears in her eyes as she took in the sight of her granddaughter. Even through the make-up which was now starting to come undone, the woman could tell who the young girl in front of her was.

Breaking out of the momentary trance, the two females rushed towards each other and embraced.

Madeline was easily reduced to a mess of tears, the pressure of the last few hours finally spilling over while she held onto a woman that resembled her with an uncanny level of detail.

Chapter 527 A Letter

Madeline’s reunion with her grandmother brought them so much joy and memories that the king had his beta alpha escort them after Crysta profusely convinced Madeline that it was okay, to a designated room in the Royal Suite so they could catch up.

And once the happy pair was finally out of earshot, the king turned to the two girls, Bree and Crysta, his happy expression quickly turning serious.

“Where is Lina?”

“She ran back down in search of more victims,” Crysta answered, seamlessly turning serious as well.

“There is one more person left,” the king rubbed his temples, “A boy... He’s on the medical floor close to the room with that disinherited alpha that helped Lina on her Trials. Well, his name is ‘Liam’ if I remember correctly.”

“Liam!” Crysta gasped, “What’s that idiot thinking? The hospital wing was the first one to be completely sealed off.”

“Yes, it was and all the doors were closed. So if that boy encounters something he can’t deal with, he’ll be in trouble,” King Davin sighed.

“Your Majesty, can I ask something?” Crysta asked suddenly.

“Sure, what is it?” the king beamed.

.....

“Well... I’ve noticed you’re not deploying the beta alphas anymore. Is there anyone else out there?” Crysta asked.

King Davin’s expression fell and his shoulders slumped, “I think you know the answer to that one... Cole was the last one of the alphas to return from the lower floors. Just a few seconds ago actually. Other than that boy, that’s all the werewolves down there.”

“What about Wyatt?” Bree interrupted.

“Hmm! I’ve been wondering that exact thing. Perhaps he was rushed out of the hospital. I haven’t been able to detect him at all. No matter what I try, I can’t seem to get a hold of his mind... which shouldn’t be possible unless he was rushed out of the Great Arena... which is also highly unlikely.”

“No! He can’t be... dead!” Crysta took a staggered step back.

“I wouldn’t go as far as saying he’s dead. I would have felt that pain too,” Now the king looked wistful like a heavy burden hung over his shoulders, “I’ve felt each of them breathe their last. So I’d know. Don’t let Liam be another victim on that list.”

“Leave that to us. We’ll get him up here as soon as possible,” Crysta declared before turning around with Bree close behind.

“Crysta... Bree...” the king called back, freezing the two girls in their tracks, “Be careful... and protect my daughter.”

The delta gave a slight bow in respect and darted away from them. The king was staring at the dark staircase in thought before turning away from it.

A lot had happened since the start of this chaos... and through it all, the king had fought to save as many of his people as he could. While alphas were the most powerful werewolves, they were also the most connected to the mind link.

Alphas were connected to all their subjects at a very fundamental level. The pain was transmitted easily. They could easily locate their pack mates compared to the rest without having to focus much.

That, however, also meant that they felt every death as though they’d lost a part of them. The members of the Sirius pack that had fallen in the fray were incalculable... and yet the king had felt them all.

A large part of the 54th floor and the three floors above it had been turned into camping grounds for the werewolves that were able to survive the carnage. Their numbers were nearly unfathomable.

Despite the great number of wolves that had been endangered, King Davin had felt each and every one of them. He’d felt their panic. He’d felt each werewolf that drew its last breath.

He’d directed his beta alpha and the others he could command to get to them, cushioning the lives that were lost to the onslaught but the undisputable fact that he was not omnipotent remained.

And for that, he suffered each death, like his arm was torn off at the socket every time a life was lost... and another... and another...

Returning to the Royal Suite, the king found Cole pacing about the room, his face drowned in thought. His hands were covered in dried blood. On the sofa lay a large bulky man in a similar state.

It was a marvel that the alpha still had the strength to pace around the way he did. Considering he was not only connected to one but two empires through Davin's daughter. Their marking linked the two empires through their bond and as such, he was connected to both of them.

Jason leaned against the counter in silence as well along with some other high-ranking werewolves. The queen was seated on a one-person sofa, rubbing the headache that plagued her mind.

"Did something happen?"

Kyle stretched his head to see the king of Sirius before flopping back into the couch, "There has been an... interesting development."

"What kind? More deaths? The rogues you were talking about? I thought we were very discrete in not raising any alarms," Davin panicked. At this point, losing one more person was tantamount to losing his sanity.

"No... not that. We were still debating how it was that we would deal with the rogues in our midst when Kyle zoned out and the bird that's always following him around flew off," Jason explained.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"That bird hasn't left Kyle's side in nearly two years. And for good reason too but today, it flew off," Jason replied.

King Davin stared at the beta alpha wondering what part of all this would make sense. Before he could ask, however, a commotion coming from outside caught their attention.

The high-ranking wolves turned to the door and waited in anticipation as the wave of commotion came closer. Murmurs came from the werewolves outside and a few angry shouts and barks.

'Get out of here, human.' 'This is no place for your kind,' and several variations of the same insults, sometimes getting abhorrently obscene and revolting.

Oddly enough, after all, that was said, no violence ever broke out.

Emotions of anger, vengeance and frustration invaded the kings' minds but none of the wolves acted on them.

Eventually, the guards at the door tensed and stood blocking the way. King Davin walked up to the door and peeked around the deltas to discern the situation.

Standing on the other side of the door was a hunter dressed in full black leather from head to toe. A sword sheath casually swung at her side and her hair was pulled back into a neat ponytail, her face was void of any scratches.

She appeared as though untouched by the catastrophe that just shook the Great Arena. "Hunters aren't allowed this far up."

“We tried to tell her that but she wouldn’t listen. And she dodged everyone that approached with incredible skill. She’s virtually untouchable,” the delta at the door reported.

“Untouchable, you say!” the king approached

“I bring a message for King Cole of Lycaon,” the woman firmly announced.

Cole approached the door and beckoned for the deltas to step aside. When she saw the king of Lycaon, she quickly lowered her stern gaze and her firm expression softened.

The hunter bowed in respect of the king and produced a letter and another item from her satchel.

Cole gasped, his blood running cold. The item she held in her hands was a glimmering sapphire necklace that seemed to catch the glow of the dim lanterns that lit the 54th floor of the Great Arena at just the right angle.

The object felt like an item from another world, holding memories and emotions that the king held most dear.

Written on the envelope were the words in familiar cursive letters:

To Alpha Cole,

From his Luna, Katie.

.....

The lights that lit the medical floor occasionally flickered on and off.

The whirl of the backup generator was noticeable to sensitive ears at this part of the floor.

Many lives were being sustained by the device, so Liam figured it still had a lot more time before it would shut down. All the emergency rooms on this floor were shut tight and sealed to keep the patients safe but Liam couldn’t find it within him to trust the system.

As a result, he’d sneaked away from the others when they weren’t looking and made his way to the medical floor, blocking out the mind link to mask his presence as he approached his friend’s room.

Little did he know that it was impossible to shield his mind from that of the royal he served.

The exact location of Wyatt’s room was ingrained in the back of his skull. Liam knew his way almost as much as he knew his name and didn’t need a map or any directions to find it, simply because he’d come here plenty of times before.

Plenty of times before, he’d found himself standing before Wyatt’s door, his hand floating gently above the doorknob but he’d not gained the courage to open the door and greet him.

Liam and Wyatt hadn’t spoken to each other in months.

Wyatt had tried for so long and Liam had shut him out... but during that time, he felt Wyatt’s presence and that was enough for him.

Perhaps he didn't know when it would be that he would forgive his friend, but it was comforting to know that his friend was there for him... albeit suffering.

When Wyatt gave up, however, everything changed.

Liam started seeking him out instead. But instead of approaching him when he found Wyatt, he lurked in the shadows.

...and watched.

Wyatt wasn't any happier than Liam's delusions imagined him to be. And for whatever selfish reason, Liam found this comforting... for a time.

The two of them were a wreck... and how long it would remain that way was impossible to tell. Did Liam want everything to go back to normal?

He didn't know... and the longer he took without talking to his fellow alpha, the harder it got to approach him.

All he knew was that he wasn't going to succeed his father like he'd always wanted.

Maybe Liam had just wanted someone to blame... and after being defeated by Lina in a fair duel, he couldn't bring himself to blame it all on her.

They'd bullied her for far too long... and she'd clearly surpassed them and risen to her rank like Crysta said she would.

Liam couldn't blame himself though...

In this regard, Wyatt was stronger.

The alpha wasn't seeking some way to release his frustrations at all. Instead, he was seeking a friend... a friend that wouldn't even look at him.

These thoughts raced across Liam's mind on repeat, stopping his hand just above the doorknob. Even after sneaking away from the rest of the pack to come and check on his friend, he'd lost all his resolve.

His hand hovered over the doorknob of the door. He knew it was locked... but that didn't stop him from coming. Perhaps with the right amount of strength, he could break the lock and get in.

Liam sighed and turned away from the door...

"Lia—Liam?" a hoarse weakened voice came from the other side of the door, freezing the alpha in his tracks.

Liam didn't make a sound.

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Chapter 528 The Price of Control

"It's you, isn't it? I know that scent. You've been coming here a lot, h—haven't you?" the voice came again. Wyatt's voice was weak, strained and hoarse like he was in constant pain.

“Hey, talk to me, Liam. I’ve not been able to use the mind link... My mind’s too quiet and I haven’t had many visitors in the past few hours. What’s happening outside? It sounds like a mess out there...” Wyatt called out, his voice loud and desperate this time.

Liam remained quiet, clenching his fists. ‘Can’t access the mind link? What was that supposed to mean?’

“I-I probably sound crazy... but it’s quite simple really. I was bitten by... by... Hmm... I’m not even sure myself. Believe it or not, I was too scared at the time. What I do know is that I’m not in the right pack anymore,” Wyatt grunted painfully.

Liam turned back to the door in curiosity.

He closed his eyes and tried sending a message to the wolf inside... again... and again... and again. Perhaps knowing where Wyatt was had kept him from reaching out with his mind... or to protect his own insecurities, he’d learnt to keep his mind locked away from Wyatt.

But now that he opened his mind up to his fellow alpha, there was nothing... Just silence. The familiar warmth of Wyatt’s mind didn’t greet him when he reached out with his own. There was nothing...

The person on the other side of that door could have been a human and he’d believe it.

Wyatt’s voice came lower this time, “I haven’t been able to speak to anyone through the mind link since I was bitten. And as much as I hate to admit it, the bite turned me into... into a rogue.”

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Wyatt chuckled humourlessly, “Just how much lower will I fall?”

“What happened?” Liam asked, sending the hall into a tense palpable silence. These were the first words he was saying to Wyatt directly in a long time. His first form of turning back to his friend in months.

The alpha on the other side of the door could barely believe the words had come out at all. It was the first time he was hearing his friend address him in a really long time.

Now that Liam had acknowledged his presence, however, his mind flooded with countless emotions.

Wyatt could choose to smite his best friend and remind him of how bitter he had been acting. But he what good would that get him?

Then again, what if he told Liam everything and the alpha just walked away? Liam had perfected the art of walking away from him recently without batting an eyelash.

Wyatt had always known himself capable of much more malice in comparison to Liam. Liam had, after all, be the more honourable devil of the two of them, simply following Wyatt in his schemes.

So, to some degree, Wyatt understood why it was so easy for the alpha to ignore a scumbag like him. It was no surprise at all.

However, in all of Wyatt’s malice and twisted mind, he never thought himself capable of turning a cold shoulder to his best friend. It just couldn’t register in his mind. He could direct all his cruelty to the rest of the world... but never towards Liam.

Liam was his best friend, plain and simple.

If there ever was anything he was sure of, it was this... and in this situation, when Liam had spoken to him, he easily let go of his spite and started speaking to him... Goddess knew how much time he had left.

"I got bitten, Liam. There was this... wolf with red eyes. At first, I wasn't sure what I'd seen... but with time, it became more and more obvious what had attacked me. If it wasn't for the Lost Luna's help, I probably would have died," Wyatt explained with a sigh.

Liam, on the other side of the door, suppressed the sudden urge to ask what the Lost Luna had to do in any of this.

A look of annoyance flashed across his face. Wyatt was trying to get him to say something.

The alpha walked up to the door and leaned against it, sliding down to the floor and pulling his legs up to his chest, resting his chin on his knees.

'You'll have to try harder than that, Wyatt,' he sighed.

Wyatt's smirk fell and he shook his head instead. The alpha inside the room was also seated against the door, albeit in a more weakened state. His clothes were tattered and he lazily leaned against the door, exhaustion screaming in every fibre of his being.

Self-inflicted nicks, cuts and bites covered his hands and feet, the result of the battle to keep his mind.

"After getting bitten and getting saved by a... a jaguar. I ran back to princess Lina. We still had to finish the Trials. I had accomplished my task to hunt for food anyway. I was exhausted and quickly losing strength.

It was soon clear that I was a liability that would slow them down even more and yet we still had a long way to go before finishing the Trials.

Lina had lost and it would be my fault.

Nothing could ever prepare me for what she did next though. She's special... Even more than Crysta tried to warn us about. She rushed the both of us to the Great Arena in under an hour. I still find it unbelievable.

We were so far behind... and just like that, it was over.

The first thing I noticed was how I couldn't access the mind link. No matter what I tried, I couldn't. It was impossible.

But after the Rogue King invaded my mind the first time, I confirmed what had happened to me. Royals can only invade the minds of people within their control.

So, I was slowly becoming a rogue. He's powerful, Liam. So powerful...

I didn't know how long I would last against him... and he kept coming back. I fought hard to stay myself.

And in the past few hours, he's grown even more violent. I don't know how much longer I can resist his control.

I'm grateful though... I was able to talk to you once more..."

Liam's heart quickened its pace. Yes, Wyatt was an apathetic liar... but when he was talking to Liam, he seldom did.

"Hey, don't talk like that..." Liam started, "You sound like you're on your deathbed."

"I could as well be. You know what the hunters do to rogues, especially the rabid ones. I can feel the rogue king's will. It's violent and simple... Kill, kill, kill everything," Wyatt responded.

"I've barely slept. His will to take control of my body keeps me awake. Just falling asleep might be enough to bring me under his control. I don't know how much longer I can hold on and..." Wyatt stopped talking when the door he was leaning against shuddered violently.

The alpha quickly pushed himself away from the door and watched it tremble once more from a violent force. The wall cracked at the hinges as the door shook again from the monstrous force that assailed it similar to that of a battering ram.

The next violent shake shattered the hinges and sent the door flying. Liam stood panting on the other side of the door. His dull crimson eyes quickly scanned the room until they fell on Wyatt's weakened form.

The emergency room was in shambles with scratches covering the walls, the sheets torn and in ribbons, the machines in pieces and the furniture broken and glasses littering the floor.

Wyatt was in no better condition either. Blood soaked his tattered hospital clothes. Scratches, wounds and cuts covered his arms and legs.

Liam's panting stopped when he spotted his friend's form. Wyatt was malnourished and in the worst condition he'd ever seen him before, "Wyatt..."

"Hey... Took me getting bitten and self-mutilated to finally get your attention. You're a jerk, Liam," the alpha chuckled dryly.

Liam ignored his friend's comment and started darting about the room in search of different items. Cotton swabs, alcohol or anything to clean his friend's wounds. Bandages. Wyatt's appearance was frightening even for a werewolf.

"Do you really have the time to treat me? You should be running away, you know," Wyatt said weakly, pulling himself up so he could rest his back against the wall.

"No, you need to get some rest and treatment," Liam answered sternly, "And I thought you were being taken care of here. Your condition has gotten even worse than it was before."

Wyatt sighed and resigned to watching his friend tend to his wounds, "This was all self-harm. I was being treated well."

Liam soon gathered the items he was looking for managing to pry a locked cabinet open and retrieving most of them.

He quickly dipped a cotton swab in alcohol and started cleaning the nastiest of the wounds first. Wyatt winced when the wet cloth touched a rather ugly gash on his leg, "Why aren't you healing?"

Wyatt didn't answer.

A look of annoyance crossed Liam's face and he turned to his friend, "I asked you a question, Wyatt."

"I don't know. And it's a good thing too," Wyatt replied.

Liam shook his head, getting back to cleaning his friend's injuries.

"Can I ask a favour from you, Liam?" Wyatt broke the silence.

"Break my leg," Wyatt asked. Liam's hand froze, dropping the cotton swab. The former irritation left his mind and was replaced with a slow fear that formed in the pit of his stomach.

Like he was on the verge of uncovering something dark.

Chapter 529 A Hard Conversation

Wyatt stared at his friend, his gaze and resolve unwavering. It felt like his last words still echoed through the trashed room.

There were dark circles around the man's eyes and it was evident that he was fighting sleep. He looked like he could pass out any moment and yet... he didn't, drawing on every ounce of energy he could to keep himself awake.

"Why would I do such a thing?" Liam hissed.

"Two reasons, Liam..." Wyatt shook his head, "To wake me up... I can't sleep... No, he'll take over if I do. The second one... To weaken me even more... if I happen to lose myself."

Liam stared at the man's leg and thought for a moment about actually doing it. It was harder said than done. Breaking someone's leg wasn't hard for any werewolf really.

Bones were strong and hard but without any resistance, it was only a matter of how strong the werewolf was. And Liam was strong enough to snap someone's bone albeit with a little bit of effort...

But breaking Wyatt's leg. That was a whole different issue all on its own.

"I... I can't."

"Would you rather watch the hunters put me down?" Wyatt tried to yell. His dull crimson eyes flashed at his friend for a brief moment, rage filling them before softening.

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Liam went back to tending to Wyatt's wounds and tried to put the odd request out of his mind.

Wyatt was weak but even worse, he wasn't healing... what's more, he was asking to get injured even further as though that would help him. Liam quickly came to the conclusion that all these injuries were self-inflicted.

Even though Wyatt had mentioned it earlier, believing it was hard. What wolf, in their right mind would mutilate themselves just to stay awake? Was his condition really that dire?

Liam had his doubts... Wyatt wasn't the type to go down without a fight... Then again, wasn't he already fighting?

And fast approaching his limit.

This was the first time he was in such a situation. "Hey, Liam. Why...? Why you've been avoiding me this whole time? We could have figured things out."

Liam froze at the question, "Why are you asking me that now of all times?"

"Because... Because I've realised that this might be the last time we talk to each other," Wyatt admitted, "Two years, Liam. Did I really betray you that badly? Just how weak was our friendship?"

"I'm right here, aren't I?" Liam snapped at the weakened alpha, his breath going up as it did. A pang of guilt ran through him...

Why had he been avoiding Wyatt? What kept him away all this time?

The questions were just as difficult as they were painful to think about.

Wyatt stayed silent and stared at his friend.

The two appeared like mirrors of each other in the sense of health.

In contrast to Wyatt's bruised, clawed, wounded and weakened state, Liam was clean and without a blemish on his skin.

What had Liam been doing all that time?

"What was your real reason for going with Lina on the Trials?" Liam asked Wyatt instead.

"Huh, isn't she the reason we both lost our rights to succeed our fathers? If I could get her through the Trials without a scratch on her, that could be a step in the right direction. We have to get Luna Katie's approval, don't we?" Wyatt replied.

"So you weren't going to stop there, were you?" Liam mumbled half to himself, still trying to wrap his head around his normally malicious friend's decisions.

"No, I wasn't. What are you getting at, Liam? I did what I had to do to get my power back," Wyatt replied, "You should also start working on it. I won't be around to help you with—"

A loud high-pitched noise echoed across the room.

Wyatt's cheek turned red instantly as a recollection of the past seconds flashed through his mind.

Suddenly, his cheek was burning and he was very much awake without an ounce of sleep in his eyes. He'd been slapped.

"Ouch, what was that for?" Wyatt yelled.

"Stop talking like you're about to die," Liam yelled back.

“Look at me, Liam. What do you see? The rogues have returned and I’m being summoned to join them. I’ve already weakened myself enough during my fight against that Rogue king’s mind. He’ll take over soon enough and when he does, I won’t have much strength left. I’ll die before too long and I suggest you run before he decides on hunting you for sport,” Wyatt yelled back.

Liam stood up and walked to the other side of the room before dropping to the ground with his back to the wall. The two males sat in silence for a few moments before Liam spoke up.

“It’s chaos out there. Humans shifting into werewolves all over the place and ripping the hell out of their fellow humans and werewolves alike.”

“What?!” Wyatt gasped.

Liam scoffed, “Yeah, it’s hell. I ran here as soon as I could to make sure you’re alright... and I find... this,” Liam pointed to the trashed hospital room, “Then I realise you have a death wish.”

“I’d rather die than kill my best friend with my own claws and fangs,” Wyatt sighed.

Liam stared at his friend, furrowing his brows into a curious expression, “Why don’t you... you know, ask for help?”

The idea sounded so... alien to the weakened, bruised and battered alpha’s mind. He’d never once thought of asking anyone to help him.

Him... Alpha Wyatt... asking for help. Wasn’t this supposed to be the other way around? The whole idea was an outrage.

Still...

“Perhaps it’s because I owe everyone around so much more than I could ever repay them. Felt like I should be giving back... or maybe it was just the little pride I have left as an alpha. How much lower must I fall?”

Liam couldn’t answer the last question. As an alpha, he knew how much their pride meant to them, “Well... Dying won’t help you repay them.”

“We can’t just talk about me. What about you? What have you been up to?” Wyatt asked.

“Meh! Nothing much really. I apologized to my father for everything. He wasn’t amused with what happened that day. He was... fuming.

He told me to stop hanging out with you. That you were... a bad influence on me.

I, on the other hand, was mad at you for my own reasons. I was even more of a coward not to confront you about them. Did you... quit smoking?” Liam asked.

“I’ve been trying to do that... not easy. My old man wouldn’t look at me after that incident. I wasn’t able to reconcile with him. I thought perhaps if I could fix the rift between us first, I could fix the one between me and my old man.

Well... you know how that has been going. ‘Should have been easier,’ I told myself,” Wyatt sighed.

Just as the alpha was about to say something more, he gritted his teeth and shut his eyes, clutching his head in pain, "Damn it!"

Liam was by his side in a flash, "Wyatt!"

Wyatt couldn't hear a word, though.

The alpha was in a whole other world of pain unknown to Liam. His mind crumbled and shuddered against an external pressure threatening to take control of his body.

Liam hurriedly looked around in search of something. A sedative... painkiller... something to cure his best friend of the suffering that ailed him.

He fumbled through the cabinet he'd found earlier, checking the labels of the different drugs that were inside, trying to find the right one.

His knowledge of drugs was limited... and their effects on werewolves were even less.

He continued his frantic search, inevitably growing unaware of the state of his friend. Standing behind him was a large black wolf, its pelt tainted with patches of dirty grey.

The wolf's crimson eyes told a conclusive story of a great mental battle as two consciousnesses fought to gain control of the creature's body.

"Just a little longer," Liam said through gritted teeth, more to himself. Somewhere along the way, he began to hope for a miracle. He knew next to nothing of the drugs he was checking through...

Just a few that the wolves had grown addicted to... Chloroform, paracetamol, ibuprofen... a plethora of medicinal drugs flooded his mind, neither of them coming with their uses...

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529 A Hard Conversation

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Chapter 530 Letter from a Lost Lover

Lina shot through the medical floor of the Great Arena at a frightening speed. In her wolf form, the speeds she could reach were much higher. Her limits, however, were still out of reach.

The princess felt a well of energy within her, just out of reach. However, the harder she focused on reaching her peak, the harder it got to control her velocity and make clean turns.

Naturally, her wolf's slender physique, fluffy tail and sharpened claws allowed her to make what should have been, impossible turns, keeping her agility as optimum as her speed.

But when she tried going faster, even this got harder and the risk of injuring herself became a more pressing matter.

Right after her friends had told her about Liam's reckless actions, she'd searched the mind link and with a bit of concentration, located the disinherited alpha. His mind was cut off from the mind link, which made him invisible to the rest of the pack.

However, with a bit of concentration, this mental protection was nothing to a royal, especially one from the bloodline a wolf served.

As soon as Lina linked with the wolf, tense erratic emotions spilt into her mind.

Fear, longing, frustration, terror...

The alpha's convoluted emotions did indicate one crucial thing that determined Lina's next actions... pain.

It didn't take much concentration for her to tell where the pain, fear and tension were coming from. Liam was engaged in furious combat with another werewolf and it wasn't looking good for him.

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When Lina scanned through the mind link for the wolf's location, however, she discovered a frustrating fact. The part of the concentric arena that Liam was currently in was on the other side of the ring...

Because of the sheer size of the Great Coliseum, this was easily a few kilometres. The princess cranked up her speed and agility, tearing through the halls in response to Liam's distress.

By the time Wyatt's room was in sight, a light grey wolf was flying out of the room and crashing into the wall on the other side. Liam's large light grey wolf stood on shaky limbs, blood dripping from several wounds, scratches and cuts that mottled its lustrous coat.

He bared his teeth at something inside the room.

A black wolf, tainted with a few hints of dark grey lunged out from the room aiming for the light grey wolf with claws and fangs extended.

Before the wolf could collide with its intended target, however, a slender white wolf crashed into it, viciously throwing it out of the way and wrestling it to the ground. The two wolves rolled in a mess of gnashing fangs and fierce menacing growls before they were truly separated.

Both wolves, equipped with mass and power, collided again in fierce battle giving themselves no time to catch their breath.

Crysta and Bree arrived moments later, crowding around Liam to protect him from the frightening duel. The white wolf was a little too agile and utilized her speed well.

Darting about the black wolf with lightning-fast speed and delivering devastating non-fatal blows to its side and slashing at its weak spots.

The black wolf, after numerous attempts to bite, slash and ram its slender white adversary, got agitated by this method of fighting and began thrashing about wildly.

At first, seeming random until one of its paws struck the white wolf's head with a devastating blow.

This momentary victory was short-lived as the white wolf blurred out of vision once again and continued its assault albeit more meticulously and with significantly more speed. Wyatt's black-tainted wolf was quickly overwhelmed.

The princess aimed at its tendons, both at the hind legs, heels and paws. Astonishingly, with each injury, the wolf healed instantly thrashing wildly to throw off the white wolf.

This tactic, however, could only work for as long as the wolf had the strength to keep it up. With time, the healing grew slow and eventually stopped.

Its tendons cut and energy spent, the black colossus of a wolf tumbled to the ground, unable to move.

Lina finally stopped dashing around it and turned to her friends. She shifted into her human half-shift form, keeping her ears trained more on the wolf than her friends, "Liam..."

"It's Wyatt!"

"What?"

"That's Wyatt!" Liam's voice tiredly rang through the mind link.

Lina turned to the wolf and back to Liam, "That doesn't make any sense."

"He was... bitten," Liam winced, his wounds from the fight slowly healing.

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Cole stared at the two items as though they were objects plucked from one of his dreams... Items from another world that couldn't possibly be real.

And yet... no matter how many times he blinked or shook his head, they didn't vanish. The sapphire orb of a necklace remained real as his power to summon storm clouds, glimmering right before his eyes.

The familiar cursive handwriting of his lover never once shimmered nor faded before his eyes.

The letter and necklace were real...

And so was the faint alluring scent that still lingered on them, confirming that she'd personally held them before handing them over to the messenger.

A profound sense of longing tugged at the Lycaon King, screaming at him to rush out and search for her. Katie was really back and the proof was right in front of him.

With a gentle nod from the King of Lycaon, the beta guards parted and let the woman enter the Royal Suite. She briskly walked in and handed these items over to the King before standing aside, assuming a position as still as a statue by the entrance.

Her face gave next to no expressions except for the moment that she witnessed Cole itself. For a brief moment, Cole noticed a shimmer of respect somewhere deep within her expressionless grey orbs.

The King turned his attention to the items in his hands, one arm wrapping tightly around the sapphire orb while the fingers of the other started opening the envelope.

"What's with all the commotion, dear?" Queen Martha finally came to check herself.

"Cole has received a letter," King Davin replied.

"Whoever is it from at such a dire time?"

"Katie."

The room went silent at the mention of the Lost Luna's name. Kyle rose from the sofa, despite claiming to be exhausted only moments prior to hearing this message.

“Well then, let’s hear it.”

Cole finished opening the letter and unfolded the missive within it. His eyes rapidly skimmed through the contents of the letter and his cheeks flushed a light shade of pink as he absorbed the words contained within.

...words that didn’t leave his lips.

This was before Jason swiped the letter from him, “That’s about all we can get from ‘Lover boy’ here. I’ll read it out loud.”

Cole palmed his face.

”

Hi Cole,

I’m hoping this letter reaches you in one piece.

As you can probably tell by now, I’m not at the Moon palace anymore. You’ve probably felt my presence by now.

For accuracy, I returned a day or two ago... depending on when this letter reaches you.

Keep Kyle with you and probably on a short leash. He’s bound to run off. I can’t have any of you running into one of the Rogue King’s generals.

The goddess’s power placed me where I left the last time... In Brigadia... which is in a pretty bad state right now but you probably know that by now.

The whole world is a mess right now. Death and destruction everywhere... and I mean everywhere.

In any case, I’m currently travelling from one pack to the other, dealing with the situation as best I can.

I can’t say everything’s going right. It’s terrible.

I’m not sure if you can feel it. The two of us are connected to both empires, so you’re bound to feel it. The pain and suffering everywhere... The deaths... The grief... The sorrow...

I need a hug.

Don’t worry too much about me. This mission might take me about a week after which I’ll travel to Sirius.

That’s one of the reasons I had to write this letter.

Travel to the Sirius capital and gather able hunters. The pack warriors and everyone who can fight considerably well.

I plan to end it, Cole

...all of it.

The world can't go on like this much longer... and frankly there has never been a better time to put the Rogue King down than he is now.

We'll discuss more on the matter in detail when I reach the capital.

Greet my parents, sister, brother, friends and everyone for me.

Love,

Your Luna,

Katie.

P.S. Summon Sandra... and stop talking to the moon ;)"

While Jason read the letter, Cole's mind lingered on one note at the very end of the missive... 'Stop talking to the moon.'

The number of times he'd wondered whether what he was saying ever reached or if at all it was not. The most logical answer was that she couldn't hear him... right?

The moon... was just so far. And Katie certainly couldn't speak to him through the mind link at night.

He'd said so much in their one-sided chats. Just how much of it did she remember? Was the wind that tussled his hair during that time just an illusion or an actual response?

Katie could hear him all those times!