

Chapter 27

My whole body froze as I turned slowly around. It took me a second but there was some movement about 50 yards away from me. As quietly as possible, I slipped behind a tree. My years of experience told me to relax my heart and control my breathing. Being scared wasn't a luxury I had but there was always a sense of doom when facing a rogue by yourself.

"MOMMA?" My neck cracked multiple times as it whipped to the side. A small boy, around the age of three was wondering around. Tears soaked his face and his clothes were torn. "MOMMA?"

The rogue heard him and growled low as it hunched down. Completely unaware of the danger, the little boy kept walking. Panic rose up in me as I watched the rogue slowly creep up on the little boy.

Nope. Not on my watch! Sprinting out from behind the tree, my legs moved precisely around the dense forest. Nothing was going to keep me from getting to the little kid. The rogue took off in a sprint towards the little boy. My legs were burning as I pushed as hard as I could.

The rogue jumped on a fallen log and shot towards the little boy. I was behind but when he jumped, I did too. My claws were out as I dug them into his thigh. As I rolled over, I took him with me. Tossing him to the side and against a tree. The smell of blood filled the air but all I could focus on was the cries of the little boy.

"OLF! OLF!" He shouted as he took off running in the different direction.



The rogue got up on his only useable good leg and started circling me. First rule of engagement, not attack first. Not allowing my back towards him, my body circled with him. Foam started forming at his mouth. It was only then I realized he was rabid, and his blood was all over me.

He faked to the left and then lunged right. I wasn't fully prepared for it and barely jumped out of the way. His claws ripped my shirt but didn't puncture my skin. He was quicker at recovering and managed to grab my leg and throw me against the tree. Sharp bark from the tree pierced my skin as I flattened against it. My bearings were so shaken that I didn't see him coming up to me and wrap his paws around my neck. He picked me up before slamming me into the ground. Something sharp scrapped along my head, spilling my blood this time.

It was a bear trap. The rogue's face was inches from mine as he growled in my face. My eyes connected with the soulless rogue. There wasn't a single ounce of humanity in them. Black dots formed in my vision.

I did the only thing that came to my mind. Poking him in the eyes, his grip loosened around my neck enough that I was able to shift my body. Grabbing the side of his head, I used all my strength to pull his head down and listen to the bear trap close around his neck. The sickening snap of his bones wasn't what satisfied me but the gushing of the blood that coated the forest floor.

"WHERE WAS IT BOY?" I heard a man yell out.

Shit! The boy got the village people! Strong arms wrapped around me,

yanking me up on my feet. My vision was still blurry and my body was sore, but it was the sparks that erupted all over me that told me I could trust him.

"Move!" Waylon whispered to me as he basically carried me away from the approaching village people.

More than once my feet tripped or my leg gave out but Waylon kept going for the both of us. After what seemed like forever, he finally placed me against a tree. My body fell to the floor as Waylon moved around, making sure we were out of harms way.

"Are you okay?" Waylon's face suddenly appeared before mine.

"Where did you come from?" I coughed out.

"I heard the fighting and I came to see what was going on. I found a tree that I was able to climb down. I tried to get to you in time."

"I'm fine. He was rabid."

I saw the shock in Waylon's eyes as they darted over to the cut I had along on head. The bleeding had already stopped. "Anything broken?"

"Just my pride. I guess my fighting is a little rusty." I tried to smile and laugh but it sounded pathetic.

"Yeah, we will be getting you back to training." Waylon stood up and looked around. "Why did you even go after the rogue?"

"There was a little boy. He was wandering the forest by himself and the rogue was going after him."

Waylon crouched back down and got face level with me. His hand cupped my face as his thumb stroked my cheek. "Spoken like a true queen."

My head rested in his hand on it's own. As soon as I realized mentally how we were staring into eachother's eye, I put a stop to it. Taking a deep breath, I shifted my body so I could stand up. Blood had returned to my head and I was able to function again.

"We should get going." Looking down, my shirt was ripped pretty good. Grabbing the ripped part, I just finished it off. Creating the worlds shortest crop top. At this point, I just took it off. I had on a sports bra. With my melons, cleavage was a forced acceptance.

Waylon cleared his throat. "Yeah."

We walked in silence as we made our way to the other side of the valley. We had moved much more west than intended however, this side was much more rocky than where we were. Climbing this should be easy.

Taking a deep breath, Waylon and I started to climb. A few rocks pulled right out of the hillside but it was much easier than I had anticipated. Waylon pointed northeast. Following that direction, we kept walking for a few more hours until Waylon stopped me.

"Let's get some sleep." He was pointing up at a massive tree. The branches were thick and full of coverage for us to get comfortable. I was too tired to respond so I just started climbing up. Waylon had to lift me up to reach the first branch but after that, it was smooth sailing. I was about to just straddle this massive branch but Waylon

tapped my foot and pointed up. There looked to be flatter spot so I kept going. He was right. It was like a little landing. I sat off to the side as much as possible so Waylon would have more room to sit. His shoulders were broad enough that he was so squished that he draped his arm around my shoulders to get comfortable. It was a forced cuddle but I wouldn't dare tell him how comfortable I actually was.

If I was suppose to take the first watch, I failed because my eyes were shut before he even stopped moving. I was only partially awake but I swear he kissed my forehead and said, "you're perfect." However, I'm not sure I didn't dream that either.

All too quickly, I was woken up by a bug crawling on my hand. Swatting it away, I was instantly awake and reminded of my current situation. Waylon's breaths were steady and even. His eyes were closed and his head was rested on the tree behind him. I wasn't sure how long I was asleep but I decided to stay awake.

Not sure why it took me so long to realize that Waylon could have easily went to a near by city and got on a plane to go home, or even had Axel come get him. He was honestly doing this trek because I had to stay hidden.

His pocket vibrated but he didn't stir. If that was Axel and he needed an update, I felt like I should answer him. Waylon needed to sleep so as quietly and slow as I could, I moved his phone up and out of his pocket. He stirred a little but otherwise kept on snoring. A box popped up on his screen that said,

Jasmine

One message

My finger hesitated but if he was still dragging her along, I wanted to know. My hands started shaking as the saying, curiosity killed the cat kept playing in my head. My finger much had gotten too close and the heat read it as click because in a second, it was opened. My breathing stopped, my stomach sank as I started reading the message.

Jasmine: Hey sexy! I haven't heard from you. I slept with your pillow again... naked. Just like you like me to do. Hurry home! XOXO

I felt like I was going to vomit. I wanted to feel anger at him. Maybe even annoyance but in reality, I felt acceptance. I was sick to my stomach that I even allowed him the chance to break down my wall. Part of me wanted to snoop more but the damage was done. No reason to add more fuel to the fire. Slowly, I slipped his phone back into his pocket. He was none the wiser as he dreamed.

"Hmm so tight." Waylon whispered in his sleep. Oh hell no! I was not going to listen to him sleep talk about fucking Jasmine! Maybe a little too hard but I pushed him against the ribs, waking him up. "What? What's wrong?"

"Nothing. We should keep going." I said as I started moving around. Yeah, go towards my own personal hell. Maybe the prison didn't sound too bad right now.

"What's wrong? Why are you upset?" Waylon grabbed my wrist to stop me from doing down.

"Look at my current situation and tell me why I don't have a reason to be upset?" I said it pretty bitchy and sarcastically. He didn't take the bait though. His eyes narrowed as he looked at me.

"Try again."

That pissed me off more. The fact that he was able to read me so easily! The nerve of this guy! After a second, I decided I didn't care what he thought. "Check your phone. You got a lovely text message from your chosen mate that you might want to reply to."

The shock on his face was clear but he let me go. I wasn't going to stick around and wait for him to read it. Instead, I moved as fast as I could to the ground. The sun was barely peaking out from between the leaves. Going down was much easier than going up. I was almost to the ground when Waylon started to come down. He was pissed. Not that I cared.

As soon as my feet touched the ground, I started walking. Northeast it was. We needed to keep moving as fast and with limited breaks as needed. The trouble was, I needed to piss so bad. Stopping, I looked around for the right place to pee.

"Charlotte." Waylon came up behind me.

"Don't. I need to pee." Walking away from him, I was able to move to the other side of the bush. Guys had it so easy to just whip it out and pee. No, we have to fully pull our pants down, squat and try not to see on them. Can't whip or anything. I was good at recognizing poison oak or poison ivy but I still wasn't taking that change. Instead, I just drip dried before standing up and walking back over in the



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general direction of Waylon. The wet spot on the tree told me he peed too.

"We should keep going. Limit stops and breaks. Less chance of anyone following us or finding us." I said as I walked passed him but out of his arm's reach.

He didn't try to stop me or even speak. I took that as confirmation that he was indeed sleeping with Jasmine. If she was naked in his bed, with his pillow, there was no need for me. That also confirms it was just a stupid dream that he kissed my forehead and called me perfect. A childish dream.

It was about a mile into our walk that I saw something out of the corner of my eye. "Hold up."

 Mrs. Smith 

"Thank you for reading!!!"

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