

## Two

(Xeraphina's POV)

I cannot stand being in crowds, do they not see that? I despise physical contact. My family knows this, they always seem to try though. Father is the best at keeping himself in line with physical contact. They always smother Xavier because of my lack of contact. Sometimes I feel guilty, but that feeling fades quickly.

I love to run, that's one thing that I don't think will ever get old. If they would allow me, all my time would be spent running, training, eating and studying. Mother says I need to socialize, I despise that word. What is the need for me to socialize? Even if Xavier and I run the Kingdom together he can speak to the pack, there is no need for me to as well.

I ran off through the forest. The wind blew my ponytail in every direction, as it whipped across my face. I felt free, exhilarated. My body and soul connect to the nature surrounding me. I felt... Complete out here. I picked up my speed, pushing my body further.

A faint cry echoed around me, my heels scraping up the dirt and grass beneath them as I came to a screeching stop. I glanced around my surroundings, trying to pinpoint the noise. Was that an animal? Maybe a little child?

A crying echoed around me again, my head snapped towards the right of me. There. I sprinted towards the noise, whatever it was, I could tell it was hurt. Blood invaded all my senses, causing a tingling to spike in my vampire.

Control, control, control. I chanted in my mind. I could not kill this creature, no matter if it was an animal or species. Control, Xeraphina, stay in control. As I approached the tiny bundle on the ground, I became concerned. What would possibly be wrapped up in blankets in the middle of the woods? How would it have become injured?

As I walked towards it, my curiosity was strumming inside of me. A baby? My eyes widened, before I placed my blink look back onto my face. The baby was wrapped in a thick blue blanket, trying to protect it from the cold wind whipping around us. There was blood pouring out of the little things arm and I wondered what had happened to the tiny little thing. Was it a wolf? Witch? Vampire? DRAGON? My eyes widened at that thought, I have read many books on the dragon shifters but never met one in person. When I questioned anyone who would listen, they brushed me off. Why would they not tell me?

I crouched down, as I placed my hands above the tiny creature. 'It will be okay little one. I will heal you.' I pushed the thought into the baby's mind. The creature's eyes widened before smiling at me. My hands glowed white as I focused on healing the creature. Within a few seconds, the wound closed up and the baby was back waving its arms around. I wonder if it's a boy, I mean it is in a blue blanket.

Before I could grab the creature, who was now cooing at me, I could hear light growling.

Rogues.

Five rogues surrounded me and the creature. They must have smelt his blood. "Supergreditur." I whispered in Latin. (Rise above) The rogues oated in the air. I raised my hands twisting them in a wriggling motion. The rogues struggled to breathe as I continued to wriggle my hand, cutting off their air supply. When the rogues stopped struggling, I knew they were dead.

"Occumbo (Drop)." I whispered, as the dead bodies collapsed to the ground. I tried to make it the cleanest I could. As soon as the bodies collapsed to the ground, debris ew around us. The child began to scream and cry. Maybe death wasn't the best option in front of him, well welcome to the real-world little guy.

I scooped the creature in my arms, slowly walking towards the beach area. Mother and father should still be there. My eyes never left the creature, praying it never touched me. Come on legs, move faster. I wanted to run to get this thing out of my arms as soon as possible but I knew I could hurt the thing if I did that. The creature smiled up at me and I groaned.

"Do not smile at me." I demanded, not showing any emotion on my face, even if I was irritated.

As I walked into the clearing, everyone became quiet. All the pack members were back, the party in full swing. A pang of hurt passed through me, disappearing faster than it came. Mother and father walked towards me, as I thrust the creature into Grandfather Ty's arms.

"Are you done... Oh." Grandfather Ty exclaimed; shock written all over his expression. "You carried this baby here? Where did you nd the child?"

"Xeraphina?" Mother asked, surprised I allowed this child to have contact with me.

I nodded my head towards grandfather, staring at them blankly. They knew I wouldn't answer them, I hate speaking unless it is warranted.

"Was the child in the woods?" Uncles Henery asked softly.

I nodded again, someone nally realized how to ask me questions. I'm bored. It's not as if this child is my responsibility. I could continue with my run instead of being stared at by all these people.

I turn around, ready to take off before father stops me with his words. "You smell like rogues." I know it was a statement, but I could hear the underlining question from his tone.

'The creature was hurt. I healed the boy. The blood attracted rogues. I killed them.' I pushed it into my father's mind. He looked shocked for a second before nodding at me. My cue to leave. That was the rst time I mind linked him, but it wasn't like I could say that out loud. I am sure none of them even knew I could mind link. See, you can't mind link until you have a wolf. Wolves normally get them at the age of thirteen, but royals and alphas can get their wolves at ten. Not me though, I was born hearing all my counterparts.

It's weird, I know, but I haven't disclosed this to anyone. No need for them to make a fuss over nothing.

I take off running, after nodding at Xavier. He smiled in acknowledgement. I ran for the next four hours, completing a hundred and twenty miles. I wanted to go eat but I wasn't ready to face everyone yet. I walked over to the gym, placing my punching gloves on. So, for the next hours I pounded through ve punching bags. As the fth one broke, sand ying everywhere, I sighed in frustration. Time to hang another one.

"Maybe you should take an easy recracker." Uncle Henry joked as he entered the gym. I glanced over at him, before hanging another bag in the broken one's place.

Uncle Henry stood in my way, blocking my punches as I threw them at him. If he was going to take the place of my punching bag, he would see how it felt. "You are a strong little one. I believe you have been at this enough Xeraphina. Your mother and father are worried, you have not eaten anything today."

I sighed in annoyance as I stopped throwing punches at my uncle. For the last fteen seconds he couldn't keep up with my throws and I kept getting him in the gut. He is lucky I never got him lower. I wiped my sweat off with a towel and took a large gulp from my water bottle. I looked at my uncle pointedly, knowing fully well he would understand my question.

"Fine, you should ask your parents, but it seems there was a note with the baby. Something about the child being unsafe in their territory and needing a safe haven. The baby will be staying in the nursery until your parents nd a stable couple to adopt him. He is perfectly healthy; I assume thanks to you knowing there was blood littering all over him."

I raised my eyebrow, waiting patiently for my next question to be answered.

Uncle Henry sighed, "No it does not say what territory the child is from. The baby is about two or three months old. Any more questions?"

I shook my head, before walking out of the gym. I heard Uncle Henry following close behind. As always, I ignored his presence. Anyone other than family would be snapped at by now.

"Where are you headed?" Uncle Henry asked, speed walking to keep up. You wouldn't think a short six-year-old would be faster than a grown Alpha. As I entered the kitchen, Uncle sighed out an "oh." under his breath. No one with no wolf would have heard him. I grabbed myself some leftover meatloaf and potatoes before heating the food up. I looked pointedly at Uncle, trying to gure out why he was still following me.

"Will you just talk to me? I want to know what is going on in that little mind of yours." Uncle Henry announced. I stared at him, trying to read his thoughts. He had his guard up though, if that's the case then I don't need to speak. I turned around, grabbing my warm delicious food out of the microwave. After sitting on the island, I ate my food in silence.

I took care of my empty plate, heading off to the nursery to check on the creature. Uncle Henry was slowly getting on my nerves, he followed me as if I needed his supervision. I swear I was ready to turn around, rip his throat out and watch as he choked on his own blood. I shook the thought from my mind, reminding myself he was family.

As I reached the nursery, I spun around, glaring at Uncle. I watched a shiver of fear run through his body. That's what I thought.

"What are you doing here?" Uncle asked, as I stared at him in a passive way. He doesn't seem to actually understand that I want to be left alone.

If he wants me to talk, I will talk. "LEAVE." I demanded, allowing my aura out. Uncle dropped to his knees choking on air as I watched him in satisfaction. My family rushed around us, stopping ten feet back so they weren't affected. I have a powerful aura; I just haven't learned how to extend it yet.

"Sweetie, what is wrong?" Father asked carefully, while crouching to my level. I snapped my eyes to him, a shudder shaking him right in front of me. I smirked slightly in satisfaction before masking my emotions again.

"LEAVE ME ALONE." I demanded one last time before I would make them.

"Let's go, Xeraphina wants to be alone, and you all need to respect that." Grandfather Ty announced before shooing everyone away. I reined my aura back in before entering the nursery. The creature was smiling, and I wondered why I was so fascinated with this little thing.