

Three

(Xeraphina's POV)

The rain was beating down on me, and the pain in my body pulsed through my veins. The burning in my lungs was becoming too much to bare, as my legs started to feel as if they were numb. I was surprised I was still standing at this point. I knew when I stopped, I would be feeling more pain than this.

I have ran three hundred and ve miles at this point, mother would be disappointed if I stopped right now. I have been working overtime, trying to prove how much I can handle. I need to know my limits and not give up beforehand.

My brother was injured playing a game. I believe they call it 'Football,' Though I could be wrong. I mean why would that be the name of a game that the ball is thrown around with your hands. Now to think of it the only time they kick the ball is for a eld goal or punting, not that I see that often.

Mother and Father made a fuss over his broken arm, like he's not a wolf. He was healed within an hour. Did they care when I didn't get my levitation chant right and soared off a cliff? I healed of course but because I broke most of my bones, I laid at the bottom of the cliff for ve hours. FIVE HOURS. What parent doesn't notice something like that? I honestly don't even think they noticed I was missing.

'Xeraphina? Where are you?' My grandfather asked in an exhausted voice. I am sure he has been running rampant for my mother. They have a weird bond, one I have never heard of, one that I do not have with my father.

'Grandfather, I have only gone for a run. Je suis désolé si je vous ai inquiété.' (I am sorry if I worried you.) I replied in the mind link, being respectful towards my elders. I was taught that we hold our Elders to the highest extent, that's if they don't disrespect us as well.

Grandfather once told me about Elder Walsh. How mother overthrew him for us, or more precisely, me. What he didn't know was I remembered that event clearly, though my brother did not recall the memory at all. It made no sense.

Memory

"Council, these are our pups. The future rulers of our Wolf Kingdom." Mother stated while she held my brother and I in both of her arms. Her face was emotionless as she communicated with them. I didn't understand at the time but I later on gured out why.

"They seem perfectly normal to me. I only sense werewolves in them. It is odd to have twins, but I see nothing wrong here. Seems the Goddess only blessed them with double the glory." The witch Elder stated. She smiled kindly at my mother, though all my mother did was nod in acknowledgement.

"This is absurdity. These children will threaten the lives of all creatures. Look at them, TWINS. No one has ever had twins before and for good reason. They can feed off each other, they have a special bond no one else can understand. We cannot and will not stand for this." Elder Walsh bellowed in frustration. Father and Grandfather Ty growled in warning for the threatening undertone he led with. They were protecting us, though once again mother made no emotion display.

"There is a prophecy held." The oracle announced. Her eyes were rolled back in her head, only showing a glowing white ball. Everyone stared at her and for the rst time during this whole argument mother gasped. "The twins shall defeat the evil that is stewing, they shall rule with an iron st and bleeding heart. If falter of separation, disaster will rise. Blood will spill the elds, till no breath resides."

"Do you hear that? These twins will cause disaster in our lands. Plaguing the death of all. We cannot stand for them to live." Elder Walsh chanted, that was when I didn't see the calm, emotionless mother anymore. I saw a killing machine. In a split second, brother was being held by father, as Ty was cradling me. His soothing words echoing in my head more than the gruesome grunts, bangs and slashes happening in front of me.

"I challenge your stance on the council, Elder Walsh." Mother said through gritted teeth, the icy tone freezing every ounce of blood around us. Everyone looked pale, deathly pale except me. I didn't feel the intensity they were feeling.

"Do not be silly child." Elder Walsh chuckled off, as if mother had been joking. She didn't sound like she was joking, though maybe he was nervous or fearful.

"ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE." Mother growled in warning. I could hear the elder gulp down every drop of silva still present in his mouth. I am shocked it hadn't dried up yet.

"I ace... accept your challenge, Luna Queen." Elder Walsh stuttered out, barely a whisper. He was scared and at this moment everyone else seemed to be holding their breath.

Within seconds of his words nishing, mother had him pinned against the wall. Everyone else backed away from them. Welsh tried prying mother's hands off his neck, as his face tinted red. Her hand around his neck glowed a bright blue, as Welch made a choking noise. Mother's loose hand turned into claws. As she dug the insides out of his body.

"I will make you suffer the way you planned to make my children suffer." Mother whispered in a deadly tone. The ght went on for hours, mother never letting up on him. Walsh didn't get one hit, or even a scratch on mother. While mother left the elder in a pile of unrecognizable rubbish. He was scraps.

It was gruesome.

End of Memory

'Pumpkin, you know I hate when you talk French with me. Leave that for your father. You have been gone for over eight hours. How have you been running this long? Come home and rest.' Grandfather linked me, pulling me out of the memories running through my mind.

'Wait, how far did you get?'

I got giddy, loving how much my grandfather pays attention to me. He knows what my record is, and I am sure he wants to see if I have been able to beat it. 'I have gone three hundred and sixty miles. About forty – ve miles in each hour.' I mind linked back, slowly distancing the mind link so I don't blow an ear drum from his squeal.

As I expected, grandfather squealed right before he started ranting from excitement, 'Look at my little pumpkin. That is amazing. No, you are amazing. You have surpassed your mother by ten miles every hour. Ha, I can't believe it. I mean, I can but, oh forget it. I am so happy for you my little sweet pea.'

'Yes, grandfather.' I linked back before cutting him off. I was tired and honestly just ready to stuff my face full of a couple burgers and then take a long hot bath. If I fell asleep in that bath, I wouldn't complain. See, I never had the same emotions as everyone else around me. Exhaustion, I wanted to be alone. Anger, excited me. Injuries, I enjoyed the pain but also barely felt it. Insults, I ignored. I didn't get upset like others. I knew I was different, but I didn't understand this part and I honestly didn't want to worry my mother about it.

As I walked through the pack house doors, ending my run at three hundred and seventy – ve miles in total I ran today. Not bad, but not the best I could do. I could feel my bones ached to go faster. My fear was something happening to me, and I would have been left outside, forgotten about, for the night. I did not want that. It is not that my parents didn't care, it was that I was a loner, I pushed them all away and they knew what happened when I felt bothered. I could set the world on re for just feeling suffocated.

Which has unfortunately happened before. I rolled my eyes at the beta, hiding behind the bookshelf as he tried to get into his mate's pants. Eww. Why does he always have to do this type of thing in public? Does he not have respect for his mate?

'Maybe you should teleport to your bedroom.' I mind linked Diane, annoyed with the indecency happening before me. Their own child could see them going at it like rabbits. It was a wonder they only had one.

'Sorry Xeraphina.' She whispered through the mind link, before I saw them shimmer off. Seriously, and these people are supposed to be adults. I act more responsibly than them and I am only seventeen.

"Xeraphina, come here for a minute." Grandfather said, the excitement he once spoke of still shining in his eyes. I walked towards him, allowing him to guide me into the dining hall. I am sure they could feel my annoyance at being interrupted from nding those burgers I have been waiting to devour. I have smelt the staff cooking for the last few hours.

"Sweetheart." Father greeted me, as he kissed both sides of my cheek. I greeted him back, with a slight nod, and a half bow for respect. I hated affection.

"I have some exciting news. Xeraphina just ran three hundred and sixty miles in eight hours" Grandfather stated, excitedly bouncing around like a child in a candy store. Well, that was until I cut him off.

"Three hundred and seventy – ve, actually." I said in a bored tone. Might as well get it right if he is going to gloat about my success. Why does he feel the need to tell everyone every little thing about me?

Mother has always said I am special. Well, my brother and I, that is. I could never understand why though. Everyone has always thought of me as a freak. My brother has been accepted since the day of our births, as the next in line for King of Werewolves. I never understood that, as I was born rst. Maybe it has to do with him being a full Werewolf and me being, well complicated. Mother assured me we would be ruling together but everyone seemed only focused on him in the pack. Did they sense I was different? They shouldn't be able to tell with this amulet on me.

Everyone thinks I am a wolf. Just like my father and brother are. Though even with that knowledge the pack seems to repel away from me. I seem to be cursed from interacting with the pack. The only friend I have is Gamma Ariel's daughter, not even Beta Diane's or the other two of Gamma Ariel's children will interact with me. Don't get me wrong, they show me respect, but they are not carefree with me as they are with my brother. That isn't entirely true that I am only a wolf, mother hides my other two sides. I am the rst ever tribrid and this is my story.

well, my brother and I's.