

## Chapter 22: Dog's poop

-Clara-

I dreamed of lanthe in her beautiful wolf form, sleeping at the pond in Blood Moon. Her light grey fur does not shine; she whimpers in her sleep. I caress her head softly without waking her up.

"I will take care of us," I told her. "Come back when you are ready."

I miss my wolf terribly, but she needs time to heal. Both of us in our own way and pace.

I woke up after a restless night.

Everything that has happened in my life and the lives of my friends was too much. Perhaps, I should consider them as my family. I have no idea how I would ever repay Angel and her parents.

Our plan was for the Simmons to gather evidence and witnesses to present a solid case before the King of Werewolves. Despite Simmons' concerns and doubts about the King, we agreed that the best line of action is to talk to him directly. FDL was working from the shadows inside high-rank packs, under the nose of Alphas and Lunas, everywhere in his kingdom. It had to be known!

I suspect FDL is preparing a coup; hence, the information would be of interest to the King, regardless of his position about omegas and the descendants of the Moonlight pack.

However, it is easier to say than do. Luna Michelle or Luna Margaret might help us contact the King, but we needed evidence rst. Besides, we were not sure about who to trust.

The Simmons believe that someone in the beta or gamma family in Blood Moon might be part of FDL. They also feared that even Silver Rain would be infected by that evil organization, but they do not have any proof.

They are doing something dangerous now. Angel's parents are travelling across the Kingdom, contacting their acquaintances and friends while Angel and I are hiding. It feels so wrong to be safe while they are not. Although it is necessary to save not only ourselves but also other descendants of Moonlight.

Nobody wants to give me any update about Luna Michelle. But I understand we must be careful and protect our plan.

I am still tired after sleepless nights or weird dreams of red eyes chasing me. I feel like such a coward by feeling like this. But I cannot help it.

The weather is good here. It is a sunny day, and I can hear and smell the sea, but I would happily trade it to be in the cold of Sunlight territory as long and stay with Angel. She is the new nanny for Louise as her cover; at least Angel will go to school there.

"Breakfast is ready, young one!" Blanche made breakfast today, and I fear to nd all our toasts burn again.

On my way to our small dining room s\*\*\*h kitchen, I look myself at a mirror hanging on a wall. Blanche has mirrors facing every door here. According to her, if someone with evil intentions enters, the mirror will react it back at that person. And if an entity tries to enter using the mirror, the door will suck them out. Witch's advice for a peaceful living! She uses a lot of tricks in the house for protection.

Nowadays, my hair is blond, and after breakfast, I must wear green eye contact lenses. Besides, here my name is Claire Bond, not so far from my real name to avoid mistakes...

"You did it again, don't you?" I asked an obvious question. lanthe might be dormant, but even as a human, I can smell the burned toasts.

"Well... at least I saved some for you! Hahaha... anyway, it is better to have fruits and orange juice for breakfast, don't you think?" That is Blanche. Relaxed and exible about everything, and very easy to get along with... most of the time.

We are in neutral territory, which means it is unclaimed by any species. Blanche has a beach house here; she loves everything about this town.

I thought this place would be dangerous because it is one hour away from Blue Ribbon werewolf territory two hours away from Lycan territory. And not far enough from the Magical Kingdom or a small city with humans.

"Hey, the secret of hiding is to be in the open because it will be the hardest to look at. The same tactic FDL uses. I am cleaver, okay!" Blanche told me when I asked why. I guess she is right. Regardless, if I am found, I would rather die than open my mouth. My friends will be safe.

"I am ne eating just fruits."

"Come one! Young one, I have allowed you to be all depressed with that sad, melancholic vibe because you have the right to process all that s\*\*L... but it is enough, stand up and were your ovaries!"

My what? I think I understand what she means, I must stop with my depressing attitude.

"I am sorry... I will try to do better."

"Why are you asking for forgiveness? Young one, you have the right to feel the way you do." Did she just not tell me...? She does not make sense to me at all sometimes, and that is starting to irritate me.

"Still, you need to nd a way to express those emotions... I do not want to see you wither and die!"

Oh! That is what she is talking about. I have not spoken much since I arrived here. I am not counting our rst argument about house arrangements...

I had to clean when we arrived because everything was chaotic and out of place from my perspective, and I was not going to sleep like that. However, Blanche had her own order of things. In the end, we arrived at a compromise about cleaning. I can clean the kitchen s\*\*\*h dining room and my room. The rest is her territory for her potions and her beloved art, her paints.

She says that arts are a channel of that inner magic we all have, but most of the time is neglected due to various reasons. I like signing... I guess I can do that to express myself somehow.

"You are right, Blanche... I am ready to walk around the beach, and I would like to nd a job to help with expenses." I guess it is safe.

"Sure, whatever makes you happy. But starting tomorrow, we need your training."

"Excuse me, what?" She is a witch, how is it that she is going to train me. I am a werewolf, not a witch.

"I imagine you are thinking... oh, I am werewolf; how can you train me? well... I was a teacher at the royal pack, and believe me, I was good at it." Did she read my mind? Do I sound so annoying?

Wait, when did that happen? There are no witches as teachers in the werewolf Kingdom... I should ask more about herself; she looks so young despite being more than eighty years old.

"Sorry about my expression... I just..."

"Again, apologizing! Young one, there is so much to learn for you." She made a clicking sound with her tongue.

"Why is it incorrect to apologize? You do not like me to say sorry at all... Why?"

"You just respond according to what you have learned at your pack. You might not submit your will and act like an automat when a high-rank werewolf commands you but you do submit to their costumes... their traditions, and prejudice. Stupid wolves thought you that you are weak, just for being different. It is appalling! So... no, you do not have to apologize for feeling whatever the hell you are feeling... assume it! Own it! Just tell me what is happening with you, I will understand... I do not read minds, and I will not be offended because it is not about me."

Blanche can give long speeches in the morning and before drinking her usual coffee.

"Alright..." I am embarrassed. She has a strong temper... I hope I can keep up with her. But I must admit I like how forward she is. I can trust someone this honest.

"I am sad, and I am scared... I cannot believe that part of my life was a lie. I am just trying to gure out what to do with myself here... It is hard to speak about these emotions because I guess I should not blame my mother or Luna Michelle, but... I lived a lie about who my father was, and I guess I am mad..." I feel like crying again, but my emotions are complicated now.

I am grateful to Luna Michelle, and I love my mother, I know they both wanted to protect me, but I am angry and upset. Then I am mad and sad about the rejection and the whole drama with Mason. I am not ready to face all those demons... I guess.

"Finally, we are going somewhere. I am here whenever you are f\*\*\*\*g ready to talk or not... but at least talk to yourself, okay?" I nodded at her, and I felt a little better now.

"What is that training you are asking me to take?"

"I am going to help you to control your wolf, to be one with her... lanthe is part of you, and she might be dormant but can lend you her magic. And you can lend her your human rationality, that way you can heal each other because young one. No one will love you more than yourself. That is why you need to be honest, at least with yourself."

The beach here is beautiful... white sand, blue water, and tall palm trees. The soft wind is a caress while the sun kisses my skin.

I can get a nice tan here or will burn deep red like a lobster. Luna Michelle took me to the beach once when I was twelve. Not fun.

Different species are walking around, taking sunbaths, swimming, no one minding each other. I told Blanche I will be out for a couple of hours; she is tracking me wherever I ago, so she does not have to worry much about me.

I found an ice cream stand on the way and decided to buy one of the chocolate. I enjoyed it sitting under a palm tree watching the sea.

I took deep breathes of the air, it is delicious, and I wish I can share the experience with lanthe. She would love to run over the shore and get her paws wet... No, I would like that, so I assume she might enjoy it too.

"Don't touch my sister, or I will kill you!" A little boy screamed to a taller one. The tall boy was holding the wrist of a little girl. Are they bullies?

The boy and girl were running away from a group of ve that looked older and taller than them. Unfortunately, the girl tripped on a pebble of the road. That is when the tall guy grabbed the little girl.

Do not look, Clara. Turn your head, stay hiding behind the palm tree. They did not see you!

"Run to the packhouse! Tell dad!" The girl yelled at the boy, struggling with who was holding her.

"I just want to see if the dogs can swim!" The tallest and probably the older of the group said.

I felt personally offended! We are not dogs! We love them, but we are not dogs!

That kid had an evil smirk on his face... it reminded me of my own bully at school.

Dear Moon Goddess, I know I should not intervene... But a couple of pups can get hurt! Maybe I can call for help. I looked around... No one! Such a bit of bad luck.

"No! I can take them down!" the boy raised his sts to face the bullies, ready to ght and protect his sister.

He is still so young, a ten or eleven-year-old pup maybe. The girl does not seem much older than him.

I cannot be a bystander and just see while they get hurt... one last look if there is someone close? No? Zero! I took a deep breath and made my mind. Yes, I am owning my shitty decisions. I can regret this later!

"Hey! Stop!" I used my adult voice. They all got startled since they did not notice I was close.

"Who are you?" questioned bully number one, the tallest. I name him like that while walking closer to where they were.

"That is not important. Let the girl go, now!" Bully two and bully three did not release her.

"Do you who am I?" Bully one asked. Of course, I have no idea... so I shrank my shoulders.

"No, should I care?" I used my sassiest tone. I am an adult, now. Bring it on, kid!

"I am the Mayor's son; I can do whatever I want!"

Oh, no! I stepped on poop, literally. I took a step forward, trying to look imposing before these kids! And yeah! Such bad luck today.

I do not care if Blanche says it is a good omen. It stinks...

"Look, they are werewolves, and you are human like your bully friends. And guess what werewolves live in packs and move in a group. These two are not alone, so better leave them alone before they come. Because guess what... Werewolves do not care about human titles." In reality, we do care. We respect territories, ranks, and titles, but these kids need to learn a lesson. I will deal with the consequences later.

Fortunately, the girl was released and run into the arms of the boy. I see the resemblance. They are siblings, probably twins?

"I got a picture of all of you! So, you better never bully them again! Or I will report you, and your father will be in serious trouble when this appears in the newspaper." It was a bluff, I did not take any pictures, I do not even have a phone anymore.

The kid looked annoyed but left with his friends. Ha! I have read about this kind of humans; it is better to outsmart them.

"Thank you, I am Celest," Said the girl cleaning her tears with her hands. They were shaking. It is horrible to go thru something like this, I know from experience.

"I was going to kick some ass!" Said the boy, and I wanted to laugh at his cuteness, but I do not want to hurt his feelings.

"Jonathan, say thank you!" Celest was a sweetie.

"Why are you pups here? Where are your parents? Is there any other pack member around? At your age, it is not wise to be out like this, your wolves are not awake, and distance makes it hard to mindlike." It can be dangerous, pups alone in another territory. If I have puppies, I will never leave them alone. I will be horribly clingy and...

"How do you know we are pups?" Jonathan asked. Oh no, I just blew off my cover. I am human, learning to become a witch. Think fast, Clara!"

"Well... I... I realized by the way they talked about you," I was partly guessing.

"But how do you know about packs? And that we do not have wolves yet? Most humans do not know... You smell like a human." lanthe is dormant, and my perfume yells human. Good news! I pass as human!

"Oh, I am learning to become a witch... My witch mother told me. She knows a lot." Am I explaining myself to pups?

"Jonathan! Celest! We have been looking everywhere for you! Why did you leave the group?" A werewolf! Probably a relative or a teacher...

"She saved us from some horrible humans Mrs. Keely," Celest said.

They came with another group of puppies from their school and got lost. I am glad they are alright with someone in charge, so I can leave.

"Thank you for help, Miss..."

"It is not important! Besides... here... young Jonathan was about to beat them up... I have to leave!"

"No, please! My Luna and Alpha would like to meet you!" Mrs. Keely said, what?

"Excuse me?"

"I am the Young Alpha of Blue-Ribbon pack, and Celest is my younger sister!" Why I did not sense it was an Alpha pup!

"Just for twenty-second. Jo! I am not weak... I am an Alpha's daughter!"

I ran into trouble. Blanche is going to kill me. She specifically asked me not to mess with the werewolves or lycans of the area.

"I mean no disrespect, but my mother witch is waiting for me, so... I better leave... no worries! All good! All ne! Live a happy life! Moon Goddess, bless you!" I said while taking one step back at a time until I turned around and ran as fast as I could. They stood there frozen.

I hid my scent and took a shortcut back to Blanche's house. High-rank werewolves are obsessed with debts of honor. They might feel that they own me something, me and my big foot... Damn! I have to clean my shoe. Running. I forgot. I want to kick myself.

Silly Clara! I can smack myself. They can follow the smell of the poop! Or not... It would be too much. Yeah... just wish a bit of luck, they will forget about me.

The lights were off.

Weird, Blanche did not tell me that she was going to leave. Anyway, I have a key, so I just opened the door. I took off my shoe at the entrance and when I turn the lights on...

"Clara!" Oh no! I closed my eyes immediately, but not on time.

I saw a butt! A male butt!!! And something else!!! Dear Moon Goddess bless my soul! My eyes are no longer pure!

"I am sorry! I am sorry! I am sorry," I chanted while running to my room, covering my eyes with a hand and limping. I am just wearing one because the other freaking shoe had poop on it! Damn! I do not even have more shoes!

"This time is okay to say I am sorry, right?!" I yelled from my room, before closing my door.