

Healing the Rogue Alpha by Anna Kendra Chapter 12

Flora's P.O.V

The forest was dark and gloomier than I had ever seen it. The stench of blood and dust heavy in the air along with another, heavier note...gunpowder probably?

I kept my pace slow and walked in a straight line, my bag clutched to my chest. There was nothing on me that I could defend myself with...no protection, no weapons. The only thing I had was faith.

Rogues were supposed to have lost all humanity, but not common sense. They were skilled at fighting and sneak attacks, so wouldn't it mean they could sense that I was a healer? Wouldn't they understand that I wanted to help? But it was too late to question my decision now. I was already here...although I had no idea where I was going.

Thunder roared at the horizon, followed by a blinding flash of lightning across the sky. I halted mid-step, covering my ears with my hands and pressing my lips together to stop myself from screaming. I didn't like lightning.

But the lightning gave me clarity of direction. I realized that I was in the same place I had been yesterday, where I had met the rogue Alpha. I got up from my crouch and looked around. There was no trace of any wolves or any other wild animals here, yet I felt like I was being followed.

The stench of gunpowder and blood was the strongest here. That meant Andre's men must have scared away the wolves. Since I had already lost my mind by coming here, I decided to hell with it and called out to the rogues.

"Hello? Is anyone here?" I called out loud enough for the sensitive ears of the wolves. "I'm here to help."

Was I really doing this? Was I really on a suicide mission just to find out about my past?

My life at Lindersay was what several people dreamed of. I had food, water, shelter and protection in abundance. I was loved and cherished and I was valued and respected. It was perfect. Perfect on the outside. On the inside, I felt so...empty. The first twenty one years of my life had been completely erased from my mind, leaving me with this hole in my heart that nothing could fill. Was that why I couldn't feel the mating bond either?

Suddenly, I spotted the one thing that I feared the most...red eyes. And they were all around me. In my distracted state of mind, I hadn't noticed when the rogues had surrounded me from all sides.

Lightning flashed once more, followed by a roar of thunder, and I found myself looking at about twenty rogues of varying colours.

My blood turned to frost as I felt myself rooted to the spot. What else had I been expecting?

But the rogues didn't pounce on me or try to intimidate me. Instead, they turned to face deeper into the forest and started walking forward. I stared after them confused as to what was going on, but when a few of them stopped and turned to face me, I understood that they wanted me to follow them.

My eyes had adjusted to the darkness properly by the time I left all rationality behind and started to follow them. They walked at a slow pace, allowing me to catch up...almost like they were guiding me. I didn't know where I was going. I had never been this deep inside the forest before. I don't think even the soldiers were allowed to patrol here. I tried to remember the tiny details all around me; that odd blue flower tree or certain scratch marks on the barks of forest giants. It would help me return home safely...if I survived the night.

A few minutes later, something came into view in the horizon...a house. No...the remains of what appeared to be a mansion.

What on earth was a mansion doing in the middle of the forest, that too so close to Lindersay? But the wolves kept walking in that direction, so I followed.

The place was in ruins. Broken walls covered in ivy, trees that had been uprooted or struck by lightning and a run-down, destroyed remains of a house that must have once been a beautiful mansion. Certain parts of the roof had caved in, the walls covered in unnamed creepers and the stench of rot and dust all around. It wasn't an ideal place for living...but these were rogues. They were used to surviving in the wild. This house had been giving them protection from the rain and lightning for God knows how long.

The wolves entered the house through an open door that had been ripped off its hinges. I followed them inside, finding it surprisingly cleaner than what I had been expecting. But the stench of blood was the strongest on the inside.

I came to a stop when the wolves stopped too and ahead, I saw many more wolves with red eyes, sitting in a semi-circle towards the back of the room. They parted as soon as they saw me, and a gasp left my lips when I saw the rogue Alpha at the centre, covered in a pool of his own blood.

"Oh, god!" I rushed over to his side and knelt down, trying my best to avoid the trail of blood. There was so much! How many times did he get shot?

I took out a piece of clean cloth from my bag and sterilize it with the liquid I brought and began clearing away as much blood as I could. The shootings happened hours ago! Shouldn't he have healed a lot by now?

I counted three shots, all on his legs and one shot that had grazed the back of his neck. They were all through and through, no bullets left behind. Since he had

already lost a lot of blood, I began working on him immediately, taking my time to heal each wound.

I don't know how much time it took, but by the time I was done, I could hear crows in the distance. I was exhausted, about to pass out any moment, but I had done my work. The wounds weren't completely healed but they had closed up and I could now rely on his natural healing to take over the rest.

The red wolf looked at me with big gold eyes, as if he had so much to say but couldn't. I wished I could speak to him too, but from what I had heard, rogues couldn't turn back to their human form. They lose their humanity when they go rogue due to some severe emotional trauma, and thus, lose the ability to turn back human. It's as if the wolf part of us knows that the human mind was no longer stable and the ferocity of the wolf took over.

Underneath our skin, we were all ferocious predators, capable of killing hundreds of innocents. That's why it was so important to be a part of a pack. Pack gave us our emotional support through our family. The Alpha bond gave us strength and the healers provided us empathy. Once the wolf takes over, all these bonds are severed and the only person that the rogue has, is themselves. I didn't know how everything worked, I think no one really did, except for the Moon Goddess herself; but this was what we had been taught and it made sense.

But as I stared into the red wolf's golden orbs, so many questions came to my mind. I wanted to ask him how he became rogue. Why didn't he harm me when we met and even now? But most importantly, I wanted to ask him how he got the pendant and what it meant for us...but how? He couldn't talk, couldn't tu-

Suddenly, a faint light started to take over his body before turning into a blinding flash within a couple seconds. Before my mind could register what was happening, I moved back from the light, covering my eyes until it subsided.

And when I looked back at the wolf...it was gone. And in its place stood a man, fully unclothed and covered in blood. He appeared to have dark brown hair, but the colour could be different since he was covered in dirt and blood. His body was just as dirty but he had a good shape. The shot wounds had healed but they had left behind some angry red marks that would take a while to vanish completely. But when I looked into his eyes...all my breath left my lungs.

A green so beautiful that it appeared to glow from within, just like a diamond in a partially dark room. Emerald. That was the only colour I could call it. Just like the precious gemstones, his eyes were absolutely gorgeous, so much so that I couldn't look away from his familiar yet unfamiliar gaze. Where had I-

It was him! The one who had given me the pendant. The one from my dreams! But how? How was I connected to him? I felt like I knew him! No...I did know him. The realization was etched into every beat of my heart; every breath I took.

Something trickled down the side of my neck and I momentarily broke eye contact with him to wipe at the liquid. I had thought it was sweat, but when I looked at my hands, I was shocked to see blood.

My hands shot up to trace the liquid and I found myself bleeding from my ears.
“What...?”

I didn't feel any headache that I normally did while trying to remember my past. But it seems like something was definitely wrong if I was bleeding through my ears. And even surprising was the fact that I didn't care about me or the blood at the moment...all I cared about was the rogue Alpha.

I was there! I could feel it in my gut. I was close to regaining my memories! I knew him! I had a history with him! It was a feeling so deep that it felt etched into my bones...into my soul. I knew! I knew!

And that was when I looked into his emerald green eyes and with my heart beating like a hummingbird...I spoke his name for the first time in two years.

“Clay...”

A vein popped in my eyes...and the floodgates of my memory burst open.