

Healing The Rogue Alpha Chapter 3

Alpha Malachi stood on the balcony of the southern tower of Lindersay that overlooked the shrine on one side and the vast forest that surrounded the castle on the other.

He was deep in thought as he watched the shadows move inside the jungle. He knew what they were...who, they were. Rogues. And yet, in his three centuries as Alpha of Lindersay, this was the first time he had seen them act bizarrely.

"An isolated attack or a warning?" Malachi mused to himself as he watched the shadows with narrowed eyes. He got the vague feeling that he was being watched, not by the woman who had come to a halt at the top of the stairs, but by someone inside the forest. But he couldn't pinpoint the direction. That was another first for him.

"Come, Ezra." He spoke softly as he heard the soft footfalls turn back. "I was about to leave myself."

"It's alright." Came her soft, melodic voice. "I thought I might be disturbing you."

Malachi turned to face the golden haired woman that had come to stand beside him, just as thunder cracked the night dark sky. Neither of them was startled, but they did turn to look at the sky as rain began to pour first in a slow drizzle and then heavily.

Ezra smiled at the sky as yet another thunder struck. "I've come to love the rain and thunder." She whispered, knowing that Malachi would hear her.

"I wish I could say the same." Malachi shook his head as he narrowed his eyes at the sky.

"Something troubles you," Ezra tilted her head to the side, looking at him with intense blue eyes. "What is it?"

The cold wind blew back Malachi's hair from his face. He had let it grow longer once again and now it reached past his shoulders. It was a blessing and a curse. He liked his hair longer, but it also reminded him of how soft female hands had once run their fingers through them...hands he could no longer touch.

"The rogues have become more organized, clever." He turned his eyes of pure blue to the woman beside him. "It's as if they are now following an Alpha."

Ezra's eyes widened in surprise. "A rogue Alpha? That's impossible!"

"Is it really?" Malachi gave her a rueful smile.

Ezra had almost forgotten how beautiful he looked when he smiled. How long has it been? When was the last time she had actually seen him smile genuinely? She couldn't remember, but it has been centuries.

"Do you think it's...?"

"It's possible, yes." Malachi looked at the sky as yet another thunder illuminated the night. "I guess there is no way to know until they come for us."

"Then it's a good thing the new recruits will be arriving tomorrow." Ezra watched the shadows move in the dark with a heavy heart.

"Yes." Malachi nodded in agreement. "Have the Lunar Maidens prepared for the welcoming ceremony?"

"Everything is as you requested...Alpha."

Flora's P.O.V

I watched the couple standing on the southern tower interact with each other. From afar and probably even from close up, they would seem like two individuals just having a good conversation. But something about them had always been...different.

Malachi and Ezra were much more than just acquaintances and anyone with a keen eye could tell.

When I had first opened my eyes at Lindersay, without my memory, without any recollection of who I was, I had thought that Malachi was a god in wolf form. A wolf god perhaps? I had even harbored a minor crush for him like most women in Lindersay did. But as the days had passed by, I had realized that my interest in Malachi was just that, a woman appreciating a man and nothing more.

Ezra had become the mother figure I had desperately needed and Emma and Daphne had become my best friends. These people were my family now and Lindersay, my home. There was so much I had to learn in

the past two years and so much left for me to know, so many mysteries yet to solve. However, there were two mysteries that always inhabited my mind.

First: what was the relationship between Ezra and Malachi?

And second: why did I get the feeling that someone was waiting for me in the woods beyond Lindersay?

Neither one of these seemed to be actual mysteries; just my imagination running wild at best. Malachi and Ezra were friends who had lived in Lindersay for a long time and the only thing waiting in the woods for me was death at the hands of the rogues.

However, I couldn't shake this gut feeling that whatever lay beyond the palace gates was my destiny and the truth behind Malachi and Ezra's relationship was the only way to unlock my lost memories.