

Daylight Moon

[Bellamy]

It had been two days of travel since I left Warrick's pack. The people helping me would take me in one direction, then another, switching cars and drivers. I had no idea where I was or where I was going. I only knew I was getting away from the witch and that was enough for me.

I was on the last leg of my journey. The woman driving me was an ex-pack rogue who was friendly with the pack we were heading to. It was strange, but I figured it hadn't been the one she was kicked out of, or she was from a pack that had been destroyed. Her name was Kate, and she was tall, willowy, and beautiful. She could be a model, if she wanted.

As we drove, she made a little small talk. I generally tried not to give too much information. Letting Ricky know why my parents had been exiled was the most I'd told anyone. Only King Fuller knew why they were kicked out. Well, him and the Alpha who'd banished them.

"So, you're rogue-born, right?" Kate asked, looking at me from the corner of her eye.

"Yes. I was born a year after my parents were exiled." I replied.

"I've only met a couple rogue-borns. They don't like ex-pack rogues much." She laughed a little.

"You had different experiences and you're used to a different structure and culture. They get thrown off." I said.

"You're probably the nicest one I've met. I think you'll like being a pack wolf." Kate smiled.

"It'll be good to have regular meals and a roof to sleep under. I just hope the parents they picked will be patient. It's hard going from one life to another." I told her quietly.

"They will be. I know they will. The Daylight Moon Pack is one of the top three packs in the region and they even help the rogues nearby if they need it."

"Cool." I nodded and stared out the window.

The city had faded into countryside with fields of animals and crops butting up along the highway. My nerves were growing. I knew pack wolves didn't know much about wolves who were born rogues. I'd thought about downplaying my differences, but, in the end, I needed to grow stronger if I was going to protect myself. One day, Kyle would come for me, and I might have to ght him off.

I remembered the ght we'd had when I was eight. He was ve years older than me and told me his father had given me to him. I was livid and told him I would deny him if I felt his wolf trying to inuence mine. Kyle smacked me and said I would accept him or else.

Maybe he thought being raised by two ex-pack wolves would make me weak, but my papa had been the next in line to be head warrior in his pack and had trained me since I could walk. In the previous two years, I'd been taken under the wing of bears, wolves, and vampires. All of them taught me about ghting, at my request. I beat him soundly and told him I'd only mate with a male who didn't lose to me.

It had been big talk for a little girl. Once he was down and crying, I knew I didn't have long before his father would come after me. King Fuller's punishments were well-known and terrible. I ran.

My papa always told me, "Sometimes running is the best way to win a ght. Only the cocky and arrogant try to take on more than they know they can handle. It's better to live and plan, than to ght and die."

"How do you deal with the idea of never having a mate?" Kate asked, pulling me out of my reverie.

"I don't understand."

"Rogue-born wolves aren't given a mate by the moon goddess. You get heightened senses and stuff, but no perfect match. It seems lonely." She replied softly.

For all that I looked like I was much younger, adults always ended up treating me as if I was much older after talking to me for a while. Probably the fact that I'd had to grow up faster. Though, it could just be my intelligence. Papa had been really smart. It was good because mama was really emotional and impulsive.

"It's another cultural difference. Being born a rogue is dangerous and we generally don't have long life spans. The gift the goddess gives us is in being able to nd a mate and create that bond ourselves. Our mate will either accept or deny the bond." I explained.

"If we reject a mate, we never get a second chance, our destined mate usually will, but we're mateless. Destined to nd our own happiness and hope we can pick a mate as good as she did." Kate told me.

I knew this already. It was part of the story mama would tell me. She'd refused the goddess' gift. Papa's mate died in a hunter attack on their pack the week after his seventeenth birthday. He would've had a second chance mate, but he was already in love with mama. When her mate ended up being the Alpha, they were upset.

"A denial isn't the same as a rejection. Pack wolves reject something given, rogues deny a connection offered."

She seemed to ponder this quietly. I liked educating others on rogue traits, especially ex-pack rogues. The more they understood about their community members, the easier it would be to be friends. More than anything, I wanted people to be friendly. Fighting, wars, deviousness, all made me mad.

The elds bled into forest and we started going up. I'd really been hoping for something like this. Playing in the trees was one of my favorite things about being alone. Running and hunting in the forest would be nice when I grew up. Things were looking pretty positive.

We talked about her mate search. She was an ex-pack child. One of her parents had been exiled and taken his family. Kate was pack born, but raised as a rogue. It was a tough situation.

She drove on for another thirty minutes, under two old pine trees which were slightly angled in an X over the road. I smiled. It was a border marker.

Soon, we slowed down and were met with a small gathering of people. There were several men who looked like warriors, three tall men standing in a half circle chatting, and a woman with four tall boys near a van. The woman had the same light brown hair as me. She was probably my new mom. Having the same coloring would be nice, it wouldn't be as obvious that I wasn't hers.

Kate stopped the car and turned it off before getting out and running around the car to open my door. I still had some healing to go, but I could manage a door. My nerves didn't exactly make me able to refuse when she told me she'd get it. I took her hand and exited the car.

We approached the group, who was now watching us closely, and I reached for my necklace, rubbing the little white wolf pendant. This was a terrible idea. I shouldn't have accepted. My stomach turned and tumbled.

Kate patted my hand when a whimper escaped. Way to look strong, Amy. I told myself.

"Hello, Alpha Moore." She smiled and called out.

One of the three tall men waved and started forward. He had blond hair and was thinly built with lithe muscles. Alpha Moore was only wearing shorts. As was one other man in the trio. The third was dressed in a gray polo and blue jeans. He had dark brown hair and was bulkier than the Alpha.

"Hey, Katie! Is this Bellamy?" The Alpha asked.

"Yep. Safe and sound, as promised." Kate chuckled.

"Toby, get Katie some money for gas and her time. We appreciate you helping out."

"Happy to do it. She's a good kid." Kate winked as the other man in shorts handed her a thick envelope.

She let go of my hand and patted my head before trotting back to her car. I could feel my heart in my throat as I heard her turn around and drive away. We were at least three miles inside their border. I could outrun most people at full strength, but I wasn't anywhere near there.

The Alpha knelt down to talk to me. I hated being short. I was short for a wolf my age, heck, I was short for a human my age.

"Hi, Bellamy. We were told you like being called Amy, is that right?" He asked gently.

I nodded. Now that he was closer, I could see his light brown eyes. They were nice. He didn't look like he was bad in any way. I worked to calm myself.

"I'm Kieran Moore. I'm the Alpha of the Daylight Moon Pack. On my left is Tobin Franks, he's my Gamma. On my right is Daniel Carrington, my Beta." He explained.

The man on the left was shorter than the others, but not by much. He was the one who'd handed Kate the envelope. Like the Alpha, he was also thinly built and decently muscled. He had black hair and light blue eyes.

"I know this is a little scary, but I wanted to meet you. Your new mom wants you sworn into the pack as soon as possible. She's a bit mean." He winked.

I smiled a little and they seemed to relax. For some reason, I was having trouble speaking. I'd never been afraid before. This was more like a disconnect between my brain and mouth. The man in jeans, Beta Daniel, knelt down.

"I'm your new dad. If you'll accept me. We want you to be safe. All we were told was your name and age, you were born a rogue, you're an orphan, and a witch was looking for you. Our pack is friendly with light witches who'll come tomorrow to get your aura cleaned of anything she could use to track you." Daniel informed me.

"Thank you." I whispered. Thank the goddess, I thought I was mute.

He grinned. "Would you like to meet my wife and sons? She's been chattering in my head ever since we got to you."

I giggled. "Yes, please."