

## Six

(Sky's POV)

Terried.

Petried.

That is the only words I can come up with to describe my self right now.

I had to keep running away from my Alpha. I mean, my Brother. I know he's trying to help bring me back to his Alpha friend by now. I can just feel it. I mean my Alpha Mate.

Cause not only did he cruelly Reject me, but he is also hunting me down. I hear the wolves and feel the vibration of them running. I can still smell his scent lingering around me. Like rejecting me wasn't enough for him, what else could he want?

Instead I stupidly didn't listen to Angel. I stopped to catch my breath and take in the scene. I got to curious for my own good. Now I am standing in front of a ve foot at least ten inch over muscular man, who has scars littered across every inch of skin that is exposed. I can smell he's a Werewolf, an Alpha one at that. Goddess, what did I get my self in to now?

Even though my mate tortured me with that rejection, shot nasty words at me and placed his hands on me, I knew he wouldn't let me go easily and that made me want to rip him limb by limb. The look in his eyes before I ran will forever haunt me. Why can he not just let me go? What have I done to him to make him continue to make my life horrible?

He said I was not capable of being his Luna. I am too weak and pathetic. His pack needs someone strong and not a freak. The mistake who killed the Alpha and Luna of her own pack.

I'm pathetic.

'I will give you a ten hour head start. Run, little mate.' Those were the last words I heard ringing out of Xander, my so called MATE, as I ran as fast as I could out of there.

No, maybe I should be referring to him as my ex-mate.

Goddess, I hate him so much.

No, I do not want to refer to him at all.

See here I am going to either be killed by this bear of a man or returned to Xander and all I can think about is my mate, ex mate. Ugh.

He made me a homeless rogue! Well actually my brother and him did. I knew my brother would stick behind him and I had no option to stay behind. The way Xander looked at me was deadly, if I stuck around I would probably be locked in the cells right now, or worse....killed. Though I think I would rather be killed then let them lock me in the silver cells and do what ever their hearts desired to me. I shiver in fear and disgust.

Hear I go again, worrying about douche one and douche two. I have decided that if he decides he will hand me back over I will just kill my self and save him the trouble.

"I asked you a question girl." The man speaks again, his deep voice vibrating in the air around me. He has stepped three feet off from his porch, slowly assessing me. I am sure he is trying to gure out if I am a threat or not.

"You do not smell like a pack, though you do not fully smell like a rogue either. How is that possible?" He asks in bewilderment, as his gray eyes scan me from head to toe. Taking in every little aspect of me. As if I would know. I rejected the pack and Alpha just like Angel told me to.

"I'm s.. sorry. I di.. didn't mean t.. to stop he.. here. Pl.. Please if I c.. could just le.. leave." I stutter out in a pleadingly low voice. Please just let me go. If this man doesn't decide to kill me, I am sure Angel will when she nds out I stopped and allowed another wolf to sneak up on me. Though I guess I must have trespassed because it seems as though he came out of that abandoned home.

"What pack did you belong to?" He asks in bewilderment and curiosity, as he steps two feet closer to me.

I fall to my knees in despair. My head hanging in shame for not defending my self better. He's going to send me back, he's going to let them torture and kill me. Why couldn't I just listen to my wolf? I feel the cold liquid sliding down my face before I realize I began to cry. When, I don't know. All I do know is how pathetic I must look.

I inch, as a hand is placed gently on my shoulder, causing my head to whip up in shock from the contact. My violet eyes meeting his dark gray ones. The look of pity and sympathy shinning inside of them. "How old are you?" He asks quietly as he kneels down, getting closer to my level. He wipes the tears streaming down my face as I stare at him in bewilderment. Why is he being nice? Is this a trick?

'You can trust him.' I hear Angel in a faint echo, almost as if she took every energy inside her to tell me that. I never have the courage enough to try to assess others like she can. I always believed my mate would be my life and light, I always believed my brother was good even if he didn't always show it. Though it seems so far I have been nothing but wrong.

"I am sixteen." I answer quietly, as I look down at the ground.

"The only person I have ever heard of having violet eyes is the myth daughter of late Alpha Harry and Luna Sandra. Some say she was a made up story for sympathy for the Luna and Alpha, others say she died with the Luna and Alpha during the rogue attack. Though that was a myth, so how are your eyes this color?" He asks as he stares in to my eyes. I can see the questions swirling in his eyes, he doesn't seem threatening though.

"So then you knew my parents, meaning you know my pack." I whisper, if he wasn't an Alpha wolf he wouldn't have even heard me.

"So it's true? Let's talk inside, I hear wolves." He says in concern as he gets up, grabbing my arm with him as he heads to his front door dragging me behind.

"Your not going to turn me over to them?" I ask as i soon as we enter his home. Wow. It may look like an abandoned home on the outside but the inside looks like a modern day house. It's memorizing.

As soon as he shuts the door he responds, "What are they after you for? This house is enchanted to look unlivd in and cover all scents."

"What is your name?" I ask in curiosity as I look deep in to his eyes.

He smirks, crossing his arms over his chest, making those bear like muscles ripple. "I believe I asked you that rst."

I giggle in amusement, "I'm sorry." I look down in shame, realizing I haven't answered really any thing. "Please don't turn me over to them. My name is Sky Royal Hollow, daughter of late Alpha Harry and Luna Sandra Hollow. The unwanted sister of Alpha Henry Hollow of the Hollow Blue Pack. He hasn't wanted me since our parents died Thirteen Years ago. I am running because my brothers best friend, Alpha Xander Lee Woodland is my mate and he rejected me. That was our last straw. We accepted his rejection, the rejected our pack and Alpha."

"Wow." He says as he plops down on his shiny black couch, looking up at his glass ceilings. "Well that's a lot of information. To nd out the myth isn't a myth after all. I won't hand you over to them. I am Alpha Ty, after an accident I allowed my son to take over the pack and became a master for the counsel. I now train any one willing to learn, mostly the ghost werewolves."

I cut him off in excitement, "Ghost Werewolves? They are real? The secret Werewolves who come in as quiet as a mouse and leave with out a trace to solve all problems? The ones who can wipe out a whole pack with out even blanking?"

He chuckles at my enthusiasm, " Yes. The one and only. That's why I smell of pack. How about I train you and your wolf while you continue school online because I am sure you have not graduated yet and I accept you in to my own little pack, that way you do not get the smell of a rogue."

Is he serious? That would be amazing. Though am I to pathetic to train? Maybe I am not strong enough and he will just waste his time and effort on me. I would feel so bad.

'Accept the training.' Angel barely whispers. I'm sorry Angel, I didn't realize I was bothering you, I will do as you say.

"That would be great, Thank you Alpha." I say with a bow to him.

"First lesson, do not bow to me. You are my equal, we are both Alpha's. Never bow my child." Ty says as he lifts my head up to meet his eyes. The care and hope shining in his eyes amazes me.

May be I can be some thing better than what I am.