

## Chapter 2. Terrible Escaped

POV: King Hades Pierce

"They were already making a step, my king," Arlan, the second-in-command, eagerly revealed the news to him.

King Hades' forehead creased while he raised his eyebrow and directly looked at him. He was in the throne room thinking about something nonsense when Arlan graced him with his presence, breaking the passive silence engulfing the entire room.

"And so?" Hades asked mercilessly. His voice was pitch dark — without any sign of any emotion — and just plain blank and void.

It was his typical reaction, though — having no reaction at all. He was trained to be at that without anyone else by his side. Bitterness crept on his tongue as it reached his stomach, which made him grit his teeth tightly. He didn't want to do anything with this kind of feeling anymore. He was already done with all of it.

"But Your Majesty—" Arlan stopped stating his reasons the moment he raised his hand and warningly stared at him.

Arlan swallowed hard as he was silently hoping that his shaking legs would also fade away like the lump in his throat. He didn't want to make him mad, but this wasn't the time for him to wear his well-made and tough mask.

"Your regina was in danger, my king," he restlessly proclaimed as he watched how the king clenched his fist on the armrest of his golden throne.

His eyes turned pitch black, and it narrowed directly at him, making Arlan's heart beat in an unusual manner — faster than normal — as his legs wobbled down and bullets of sweat gathered on his forehead due to fear and edginess.

"I don't have a 'regina,'" King Hades' jaw gnawed firmly as he loudly growled at him, making his canines bare.

Arlan trembled more in fear, but his face remained stoic. The king's aura turned authoritative and irrefutably held power as darkness covered his entire being.

He was the Alpha King of All Wolf Borne — as a matter of fact — that statement could already send chills down anyone's spine. And Arlan wasn't an exemption regardless of how long he's been serving as one of the loyal and obedient kingsmen.

He undeniably knew what he could do to anyone like he could kill him in a matter of seconds to where he was standing right now by using only his bare hands. But being one of his subordinates, he also needed to do his duties, even if it meant saving his own life.

"But—"

He curled up his lips upward — his notable devilish smirk appeared in his face — that could make anyone totter in terror.

"Choose now, Arlan. Do I need to cut your throat this instant, or do I have to care about your rubbish nonsensical words?" His menacing deep voice sent shivers down his spine, making him bite his tongue and swallow his unsaid words.

For Arlan knew the king's words — once sealed, and it could never be broken.

Arlan bowed his head as he clenched his fists to stop trembling, "I apologize for my despicable behavior, your Majesty."

With that, he knew he couldn't do anything right now.

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POV: Tamara Davis

Meanwhile, in the depths of the woods, Tamara was running so fast as she tried to escape someone.

Thick fog enveloped the lofty trees as the hooting of the night owl continued echoing to the depths of the forest, making her more distracted and paranoid. She didn't know where to go, nor she didn't know where the heck she was.

"Run!"

She could hear someone screaming as it resonated through the trees and mixed up with the hustling wind. Birds were ying, leaving their nests on the tall trees because of the unexpected sound that broke the deafening silence.

Her vision was spinning so as her mind was in deep haywire. She was gasping for air, but she didn't stop in her tracks and continuously ran without knowing where exactly to go — until she was outbalanced and painfully fell on the ground.

She felt the pain slowly crept into her palms and knees, but she didn't care. She tried to stand up, but her knees trembled and couldn't hold their strength. Miserable sobs escaped through her trembling lips as it clogged her throat.

Tamara felt so helpless and miserable — for the very first time in her life.

She was wretchedly lying on the ground and squeezed shut her eyes tightly.

She needed to gain strength — something was running after her. She needed to escape — and fast. A loud terrifying snarl reached her ears, making her shudder with intense fear.

She slowly opened her eyes, but her blurry vision blocked her sight to whoever was sneering down at her. The sound of the strange animal moved closer and closer to where she was lying.

She was glued to the ground where she was — she couldn't even move an inch. She gasped loudly as a blatant growl echoed at her feet.

A large wolf was ready to attack her, and she screamed as hard as she could!

"No!"

Tamara shrieked and forcefully got her body up to where she was.

She instantly looked at her feet and tried to look around — full of bewilderment.

Her temple throbbed as she sought to do that. Her sight was whirling for her hasty move. She held her aching temple with her soft palm as she tried to compose herself while her eyes were shut tightly.

"I'm okay, I'm okay," she whispered as a mantra to herself, while her other hand went up to her chest, soothing the tense crawling of her entire being.

Thank God!

It was just a dream.

"It was just a dream, Tamara. It was just a dream," she breathlessly whispered to herself repeatedly, trying to calm her raging nerves.

She heaved a deep sigh and opened her eyes once again. She placed down both her hands and shook her head moderately.

Though an abrupt realization washed her mind when her eyes met those blank cold eyes in the rear-view mirror.

"It's good that you're awake now," he plainly commented as he moved his eyes to the road and continued maneuvering the car.

Yes.

She was sitting in the back seat of a moving car that led to God knows where. She looked at the window — and all she could see was darkness. Tamara's forehead creased.

"W-where are we going? W-what are you going to do to m-me? W-what is happening?" She nervously stammered and felt a shiver down to her back.

She couldn't stop the questions that kept on popping up inside her mind. She was restless and she needed someone to answer her questions this instant!

At least just to answer her — regardless of whether it was the truth or not. It was her judgment to decide whether to believe it or not.

Benson let out a deep sigh as he took a quick glance at her.

"Just wait and your questions will soon be answered once we arrive at the Lunar Mansion," Benson replied, still void of any emotions.

Tamara cleared her throat as she inquired.

"L-Lunar Mansion?"

"Yes. That is what the Lunar Pack House was called," he simply responded as he took a swift look at her.

She was so confused but she couldn't hold her voice to ask more about what he was trying to tell her.

"W-where are my p-parents? W-who are r-running after us?" Her eyes began to water again as she slowly realized why she collapsed a while ago.

She had left her parents — she was an awful daughter for leaving them behind. She wanted to know more about what happened to them or to at least assure her that they were okay.

"They were already dead, Tamara. They were killed by rogues," Benson replied as a matter of fact.

Tamara's heartbeat hitched as she heard those words and unbelievably looked at him.

"Rogues? What rogues?" she unbelievably questioned.

Benson's forehead creased — the first time she saw a bit of emotion — but it immediately wiped away from his face and once again turned into a plain stoic one.

"Rogues are bad werewolves," he said it as simple as that as if it was just a common thing to him.

Tamara's eyes widened in shock and tried to calm her nerves.

"I-is that even possible?" she let out a nervous and low chuckle, trying to cover the sudden presentiment she felt.

She saw how Benson took a glimpse at her once again but didn't say a word. What the hell was he talking about?

Rogues?

Weren't they non-existent?

Maybe she was just trying to scare her, but she couldn't take away the fact that she was with this man. She didn't know whether he was the one her mother was talking about or not. So still, she couldn't trust anyone, and she needed to escape — and fast.

If she couldn't find answers from him, she would find it on her own.

A light bulb nimbled her mind as she contemplated her plan. Good thing, she was wearing a black moto knit jogger and a large purple shirt — her typical style when she was sleeping.

"Uhm, I-I need you to stop the car." She tried to grimace as she looked at him.

He looked at her plainly.

"I need to— uhm, nature calls," Tamara's face turned pale pink as she said those words.

Though she was just partially acting, she was still embarrassed to say those words to a skeptical stranger.

"Can't it wait? Some of the rogues can still catch us." Benson basically said to her, his forehead creased more.

Now, she just naturally see worry and irritation plastered on his face. Maybe, if they were in a different situation, she would tease him about it though.

"I can't hold it anymore," she dramatically stated and deceitfully contorted her face and aggressively clutched her stomach with her both hands. Her acting was worst, and she just knew it, but she was so desperate to escape at once.

Benson swerved the car so sharply at the side of the road that she almost hit her head on the car window. Tamara rolled her eyes because of her deep irritation.

"Don't go too far and make it fast. It's too dangerous," he warned her as he sighed and unlocked the car door.

She just nodded her head and immediately opened the car door. She was seriously wanting to pee, but she's more eager to escape from him.

She slowly walked away while he was looking at her like a hawk to his prey.

She instantly tied the lace of her pants as she looked around. She was approximately ten meters away from Benson. Tamara peeped through the tall tree where she hid. He was out of the car, and she saw him speedily walking towards her.

She instantly trembled in fear, and she ran fast — away from him.

"Tamara!"

She heard him call her name, but she didn't even bother to look back — then a loud roar and the sound of scraping claws resonated in the depths of the forest, making the birds instantly fly.

Her heartbeat speeding and she jolted to a sudden stop, then turned around to look at Benson.

Her heartbeat sped up and she just saw the most horrific scene of her entire life — Benson was surrounded by huge wolves that were deviously showing off their bared canines.

They all looked like they were ready to attack him in an instant.

She covered her open mouth with both of her hands to stifle her loud gasp. She was glued to her feet as she watched how Benson instantly twisted his body and shifted into a bulky wolf!

He was a werewolf!

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" she silently whispered over and over again to herself. She was trying to control her voice as low as possible, for she needed to let out her hyperventilating emotions.

His sleek grayish fur gleamed brightly in the middle of darkness. He let out a loud and lengthy growl thrice.

Tamara shakily and gently took a step behind her, and the sound of the snapping twigs made the enormous wolves turn their heads to where she was!

Her whole body started to tremble as she stared at those wicked eyes she had never seen in her life.