

Chapter 7

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Third Person

To say Kalea was dumbfounded was the understatement of the century. She was in utter shock seeing her teacher dressed in armor from head to toe and wielding a sword. His stance made it seem as if he was frozen in time, but only for a split second. Kalea realized that Mr. Scout was the one who had sliced the rogue's head from his body.

"Mr. Scout!?" Kalea exclaimed in surprise.

"Kalea..." he said as he stood straight up. She saw more rogues coming in their direction. "Get you're a*s up and run!" he roared with so much authority she didn't know a lone wolf could possess.

"What about you!?" she asked, even though she knew he could care for himself.

"Don't worry about me. I need you to stay alive. Run. Don't stop running. You're no longer safe here. NOW GO!" Mr. Scout roared as he impaled a rogue with his sword. He didn't have to repeat himself. Kalea jumped up and ran in the opposite direction. She could hear the rogues getting closer. She turned back and was astonished to see no one got past Mr. Scout. They barely got within three feet of him before he drove the blade of a sword through their chests or cut off their limbs from their bodies with such swift and effortless motions. Who the f*ck is this guy? Kalea thought to herself. Unfortunately, she didn't have the luxury of waiting to nd out.

Kalea needed to remain focused on running. Before she knew it, she had run three miles before she turned around to see that she wasn't being followed. It would appear that Mr. Scout attracted all of the rogues' attention, but she couldn't help but feel terrible. He risked his life to save hers, though she had no idea why. Kale was uncertain if the battle was still going on or how many people had died. She knew that Alpha Harding, Josh's father, was killed, which meant that Josh's mom, Luna Mandy, would slowly begin to deteriorate as well.

Kalea couldn't help but remember her parents. Adopted or not, they were her parents through and through. They loved her as their own and provided for her the best they could. Now, Kalea would never see their loving faces ever again. She would never get to enjoy the fantastic meals her mother cooked, she would never get to see her father proudly go to his warrior duties every morning, and she would never get to hear him call her the nickname she hated so much. Kalea's eyes burned with tears, knowing she was all alone. That was when she remembered the box.

"Oh no," she gasped and turned to face the direction she came from. She had been in such a hurry to escape she forgot about the keepsake box that contained her baby blanket and the letter from her birth father. "DAMMIT!" she cried, screamed, and stomped her feet. She had truly lost everything, all because of some rogue attack. It was too late now. She had to keep moving. She had no idea where she was going but knew she had to get as far away from Silver Moon as possible.

With Alpha Harding's death, she wondered what would happen to Josh. Although he was the Alpha, losing his father could mean many things. She wondered what would happen to Silver Moon if a two-timing hypocrite like Josh ran the pack of his own free will. Would Josh nally crown Cora as his Luna? It was no secret that Josh messed around with a lot of the females in the pack, but Cora was always his number-one go-to female. "Is that b*tch even alive?" Kalea asked aloud. Kalea shook the thoughts from her head. She didn't have time to worry about trivial matters that no longer involved her. She needed to keep moving.

After catching her breath, Kalea began running again, and after about another forty-ve minutes or so, she felt that she had gotten far enough away to start walking toward a main road. The area she ended up in was deserted, and she didn't see any signs of life—animal or human. She looked up the road in one direction and then in the other direction. One direction went West, eventually taking her through the Rocky Mountains toward the desert. The other would take her North up to Wyoming. Knowing that the vast majority of Wyoming was barren, given its relatively low population, she decided to go North.

Unfortunately, Kalea was caked in blood, mud, and other bodily uids. She needed to nd a rest stop if she even wanted to attempt to get remotely clean. She walked a few more miles and found a service station, which was closed. However, she saw the sign on the door that said their bathroom was located outside around the building. She became excited at the prospect of cleaning herself up.

She found the bathroom, and thankfully, the door was unlocked. She went in and was surprised to see that it was pretty clean. It wasn't spotless per se, but the walls weren't covered in sh*t and p*s. She thought she was home free but soon realized they had no hot water. She sighed and hung her head. There wasn't anything she could do at that point but suck it up and wash herself with cold water and soap. She grabbed a handful of paper towels, wet them, rang out the excess water, and started to wipe herself down. Even though it was summer and the weather was warm outside, the water was freezing. She lathered soap in her hands and scrubbed off the caked-on blood and grime. She repeated these steps three times before her face was clean. She felt rejuvenated.

She moved onto the rest of her body, and thankfully, all of the sweating from running prevented everything from sticking to her too much. Even though she could clean her body and hair, she could do nothing about her clothes. She sucked it up and went about her way when she was done cleaning herself. She cleaned up the bathroom the best she could before leaving. She opened the door, peeked out to ensure no one was around, and returned to the main road. As she turned, she noticed a bin on the other side of the service station. It looked like a large dumpster, but when she saw what it said on the side of the bin, she nearly screamed with delight. It was a donation bin.

"Sweet Moon Goddess, you do love me!" she exasperatedly said and ran to the bin. She felt bad taking clothes that were being donated, but she needed them. Donations were meant to be for the less fortunate, and at that moment, Kalea fell into that category. Kalea dug through the bags of clothing and found ones that were in good shape and t her. Kalea found shirts, pants, shoes, and even some undergarments. She felt slightly disgusted having to use used underwear and bras, but beggars couldn't be choosers. She also found that someone had donated a perfect backpack, which allowed her to take more clothing. She returned to the bathroom, changed into clean clothes, and threw away her soiled clothing.

When she came out of the bathroom this time, she saw a car at the service station pumping gas. She wanted to keep walking, but something in her mind told her to ask for help. She had nothing to lose at that point. So, Kalea walked over to them slowly and cautiously.

"Um, excuse me?"

"Yes?" the man replied and looked at her.

"I apologize for bothering you, but can you help me? I lost my wallet and need some money for the bus."

"Bus? There aren't any bus stops around for miles," the man replied.

"Oh. Do you know where the nearest bus stop is?"

"The last one I saw was about twenty miles due South."

"Oh, um, if it isn't too much trouble, can you spare a couple of dollars? I can walk there and get on the bus."

"What? You plan on walking twenty miles?" the man asked, looking at Kalea like she was insane.

"Honey, what's wrong?" Kalea heard a woman ask from inside the car.

"Nothin' darlin'. This young girl is asking for money for the bus."

"What? But that last bus station was twenty miles back," the woman said and exited the car.

"I know. She said she's going to walk," the man said.

"WHAT!?" The woman exclaimed and stared at Kalea. The woman appeared to be in her 40s. "Oh, you poor thing!" she cried when she saw Kalea. "How did you end up out here by yourself?" she asked, holding Kalea by the shoulders and looking her once over.

Kalea gulped as she looked around. The couple was human, so how was she supposed to tell them what happened without sounding like a crazy person?

"I, well, you see ..." Kalea stuttered.

"Sweetie, did something bad happen to you?" the woman asked. Kalea nodded her head because something terrible had indeed happened to her. "Where's your family?" Kalea stared at the woman, still not knowing how to answer.

"Um, we were, uh, camping, and wolves attacked us," Kalea managed to say. It wasn't necessarily a lie. "My parents tried to fend them off, but they couldn't. My dad took on the brunt of the attack while my mom tried to get me to safety. One of the wolves got her, though."

"Oh, my goodness, you poor dear! Honey, we can't let her walk twenty miles, especially not when it's about to get dark!"

"No, we certainly cannot. How about you ride with us? We will take you to the nearest bus station, young lady," the man offered.

"No, it's okay. I wouldn't want to impose," Kalea rejected his offer while waving her hands.

"Sweetheart, it's not an imposition. Not another word out of your pretty little mouth, sweet girl. We have a daughter about your age, and I would be damned if I let her do the thing you're about to do. Twenty miles isn't that bad of a drive. It's thirty to forty minutes tops. We're more than willing to make a small detour to make sure you're safe." Kalea smiled and was about to thank them for their generosity, but only her stomach beat her to it.

"Sweetie, when was the last time you ate?" the woman asked.

"Ummm ... Yesterday afternoon," Kalea answered.

"Oh, my!" the woman exclaimed. She returned to her side of the car and brought a plastic bag. "I am so glad that I decided to buy an extra. Eat this!" she said, shoving a burger in Kalea's direction. Kalea's mouth instantly salivated but rejected it.

"No, I'm okay, I just ..."

"Nonsense! You need to eat something before you collapse! Now eat!" the woman left no room for argument. Kalea nodded and thanked her before slowly eating the burger. The man put a bottle of water on top of the trunk in front of Kalea. Her eyes lled with tears as she ate the burger. She ate in silence until she was done.

After eating, Kalea got into the couple's car, and they drove her twenty miles to the bus station. She saw others waiting, which indicated that a bus was on route. Kalea opened the door once the car came to a stop. But before she could exit the car, the man stopped her.

"Here you go," he said, handing her a few hundred-dollar bills.

"Wait, no. I can't take this! I just need like ve dollars for the bus!" She cried and attempted to return the cash.

"Young lady, you even know where you're going?" he asked her. Kalea pursed her lips and shook her head. "What about food? Water? If you don't have enough cash for the bus, you certainly don't have enough to feed yourself." Kalea didn't reply because she knew he was right.

"Take the money, sweetie. It would make us feel better," the woman said. Kalea sighed and graciously took the money they offered.

"Thank you. You have no idea how much this means to me. I hope one day we can meet again, and I can repay you for your kindness," Kalea sincerely said.

"Nonsense. This is what good people do. If you want to repay us, pay it forward one day," the woman replied. Kalea nodded and thanked her, and got out of the car. She walked toward the bus stop, but the woman called out to her. "Sweetie!?" Kalea turned to face them. "You never told us your name?"

"Kalea."

"I'm Margaret. This is Leonard."

"Thank you, Margaret and Leonard. Please be safe while driving." Everyone waved goodbye to each other and went their separate ways. Kalea went to the ticket booth and bought a ticket going North through Wyoming. Kalea sat down with the three other waiting individuals, and thankfully, no one said a word. Kalea leaned back against the Plexiglass of the bus stop and pondered what she would do. Would she have to get a job? How could she, with no experience? She gured she could join another pack but realized that her running meant she was now a rogue. Could my life get any worse?

Mr. Scout

Once the battle was over, I walked around the grounds of the pack territory and saw nothing but death and destruction. Whatever prompted these rogues to attack, they brought enough to wipe out the entirety of Silver Moon. All of the surviving rogues ran away to save their hides; however, that didn't mean that Silver Moon won. Their former Alpha was dead. Their sorry excuse of an heir would have to lead on his own; the problem is that he rejected his father and lied about it for nearly three years. Kalea was gone, too. I would have to pick up her scent and track her, but rst, I would have to send a report to Her Majesty.

After looking over the wounded and getting a count of how many died, I was mortied. The pack of rogues killed over three-quarters of this pack. This means they went from about 300 pack members to less than 100. I walked around the tents set to treat the injured, and his frustration.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T FIND HER!?"

"She's nowhere to be found. People are saying she's the one who alerted everyone about the rogues. She was trying to warn us, but people didn't believe her. She had not alerted pack members and ran towards the packhouse when she did, we could have lost everyone." I peeked in to see that the young Beta was speaking with him. These two were joined at the hip ever since they were young.

"Then where the f**k is shel?"

"Why do you even care? You hate her as much as we do anyways!"

"Because she's my ma—" he cut himself off.

"She's your what?!" The young Alpha and Beta snapped their eyes toward me. I could see the turmoil in Josh's eyes. I knew the truth, and it seemed as if he was about to admit it himself. He gulped and seemed to be having an inner battle. "Young Alpha Harding, what were you about to say?" I asked again, asserting my royal authority.

"Kalea, she's my mate."