

## Chapter 9

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#### Third Person

Royal pureblood? Harper questioned in the back of his mind. He questioned if he had heard Mr. Scout correctly. The wolless orphan, Kalea, was a royal pureblood.

"Sir, you're joking, right?" Harper couldn't help but ask.

"No, Harper, I am not joking. Kalea is not an orphan, as you all were led to believe. Her adoptive parents, rest their souls, knew this as well," Mr. Scout answered seriously.

"But, if she's not an orphan, then where are her parents? There is no way the royals would just give up their child," Harper retorted, still unwilling to believe what he was being told.

"What do you know about the royals, Harper?"

"Honestly, not much, sir. Only that the Queen is a pureblooded Alpha and runs a pack in England of several thousand," Harper replied.

"More like over ten thousand." Harper's jaw dropped as he gaped at Mr. Scout.

"Ten ... Ten ... Ten thousand!?" Harper exclaimed in shock.

"Yes, and Kalea's father is next in line to inherit the pack."

"Wait, if her father is next to inherit the royal pack, then her father would be the Crowned Prince?" Mr. Scout nodded. "Hold up, if her father is the Crowned Prince, then that means Kalea is ..." Mr. Scout nods once more, "HOLY SH\*T! Are you telling me that Kalea is the ..."

"Yes, she is. Now you understand why I must not see her before she falls into the wrong hands. Kalea ran after her adoptive parents were killed. My understanding is that Kalea knows she's adopted, but she doesn't know that she's a royal pureblood. With her birthday only a few months away, we have to see her before she has her first shift. If the wrong people discover what she is, they will not hesitate to take her."

"I don't get it. Why would they want her?" Harper asked.

"If the prophecy holds true, then her wolf will be white, just like the Queen's, and she will have red eyes. This is a dead giveaway to her lineage. If she falls into the wrong hands, her life will be in great peril." Harper shook his head in astonishment at everything he was learning. It was utterly insane to think that the girl everyone despised and tormented was not only supposed to be the rightful Luna, but she was also a royal pureblood.

"Hold on, how do you know so much about her?" Harper inquired.

"I guess it's only fair that I formally introduce myself to you now that you know the truth about the Princess. My name is Benjamin Scout, but I go by Benny. I am a Royal Guard sent here by the Queen and Crowned Prince to keep an eye on the Princess."

"Roy ... Royal Guard!? Is that why you're dressed like that?" Mr. Scout nodded.

"I have served his and her majesties for over two decades. Not only am I one of their top guards, but we are also very close friends. I have known King Stephen since we were young pups. The Queen and I met after she came to the Royal Pack to fulfill her destiny," Mr. Scout explained.

"Two decades?! How old are you exactly?"

"Unlike normal werewolves, where time and genetic mutation have ravaged the DNA of our kind, purebloods are just that. Pureblooded. Our genetic makeup has not been tainted with crossbreeding, so we do not age as quickly as you do. Once we turn at the age of twenty-one, our aging almost completely ceases. Like that of a vampire, we age one year every one hundred, give or take a few years."

"What!?" Harper exclaimed in shock.

"I'm 65, but I look and move as if I am still 21. The Queen's father, General Delko, is over 1000 years old but doesn't look a day over 30." Harper's eyes popped out of his head when he heard this.

"So, what, you're immortal?"

"No, we are not immortal. We can still die just like any other werewolf. We just don't age. But silver and wolfsbane are still deadly to us. It just takes higher dosages to render us incapacitated." Harper blinked several times and let out a few exasperated sighs. There was so much information thrown at him all at once that he didn't know how he was even able to comprehend it all.

"Damn, Josh royally f\*cked up, didn't he?" Harper nally asked. Benny nodded.

"Now that you're all caught up to speed, we must go see the Princess. We need to leave now." Harper nodded. With his entire family dead after the attack and him having denounced himself from the pack, Harper had no other option than to go with Benny to see Kalea.

"Sh\*t," Harper huffed and smacked his forehead.

"What is it?"

"I have a lot to atone for with Kalea, don't I?" Harper asked, as he was filled with guilt and remorse for all that he did against Kalea growing up.

"You think?" Benny sneered. Harper could feel the bile rising in his throat.

Kalea

After being on the bus for several hours, I nally saw a sign that said Welcome to Dubois, Wyoming. I guess it was time that I got off. I waited until we got to one of the major bus stops outside of town.

When I stepped off the bus, it was more like a ghost town. I looked around and noticed the population sign and was weirded out at the fact that it had less than one thousand people. I didn't realize that human towns were this small. I furrowed my brows and looked around some more when, all of a sudden, my stomach growled. It was at that moment I realized I hadn't eaten since that human couple gave me the burger.

I figured that a small town like this would at least have a place to eat. I walked around and found someone inside a building, and I saw a star on the window. I read between the lines and realized that it was a sheriff's office. I figured that would be the best place to get information on where I could get something to eat.

"Hello?" I called out as I opened the door, and the bell above it rang.

"Good morning, young lady. What can I do for you?" An older gentleman with a pot belly asked as he stood up from the desk behind the counter.

"Hi, I was just passing through and was wondering if there was somewhere I can get a quick bite to eat?" I asked while adjusting the backpack on my shoulder.

"Sure is. There's a local diner called The Moose Outpost. I'm actually getting ready to head there myself. I can give you a ride if you like?" He offered as he put on his hat.

"That would be great. Thank you, sir."

"Not a problem, little lady. Come on now." He led me over to his car, which was really beat up looking and smelled awful. I wasn't going to say anything of that sort, though. That would be rude. He started it up, and I was surprised at how well the car actually ran even though, from the outside, it looked like it would fall apart. "I know you might be surprised with the car. It looks run down, but we have one of the best mechanics in this small town of ours. He can fix just about anything," the sheriff said as he patted the steering wheel proudly. I gave him a curt smile and nodded my head.

About ten minutes later, we arrived at the diner, and it also looked really run down. Actually, now that I looked around, the entire place looked run down. How did people live in a place like this? I adjusted my backpack again and followed the sheriff inside.

"Order whatever you like, little lady. My treat."

"Oh no, sir, I couldn't possibly ..."

"Nonsense. You're a guest in our small town, and we treat guests with hospitality here. Besides, you look like you could use a good juicy burger with some fries and a shake." I nodded my head to the side and nodded in agreement. Though I had a burger last night, it was just a plain burger with a bottle of water. Fries and a shake sounded very tempting.

"Well, if you insist, Sheriff," I replied hesitantly.

"I insist," he said abrasively and smiled wide. I smiled back and nodded my head, grateful for his kindness. I guess humans really weren't that bad after all. Everyone I've met so far has been really friendly.

The sheriff and I ordered our food, and my shake came out first. As I was sipping on my shake, waiting for my burger and fries, the door to the diner opened, and in walked four humongous guys. They were bigger than the male wolves at Silver Moon. I could instantly tell that these guys weren't human. They were too big and dangerous-looking to be human. They looked around and smirked at everyone and then made their way to a booth in the corner.

They passed by me and the sheriff, and I noticed right away that one of them had a mark on his neck. A wolf's mark. I quickly returned my gaze in front of me and furrowed my brows. How could there be werewolves in a small town like this? I asked myself. Given that I had run away from Silver Moon during an attack, I myself would be considered a rogue. The problem was that I had no idea if I smelled human or like a werewolf at the moment. Without a wolf counterpart, I never knew if my scent would be different or not. I never asked anyone because, well, I had no reason to. But now, I felt like kicking myself for never asking.

I was secretly praying to the Moon Goddess that the smell of the diner and all of the food and grease would be able to mask my own scent. Hopefully, I could eat quickly and be out of here before those four guys noticed anything about me. I was about to say forget the food, but as luck would have it, my food came out. I bit my bottom lip and decided to scarf my food. As I was eating, it suddenly dawned on me that any one of these people could be a werewolf, and I wouldn't be able to tell. Without my own wolf counterpart, I wouldn't have the sense of smell to differentiate between supernatural and non-supernatural. The sheriff could be a werewolf for all I knew, and I wouldn't be able to tell.

I looked over at the sheriff and saw the amount of food on his plate. It wasn't as much as I thought it would be, but it also wasn't a little. I took another look at the guys at the booth and then back at the sheriff. The more I looked, the more I realized that the sheriff couldn't be one of us. He was too old and fat. Werewolves had insatiable appetites but also ridiculous metabolisms. The amount of food that the four burly guys ordered was almost three times as much as what the sheriff ordered. I concluded that the sheriff was just a pig.

I decided that I would have to skedaddle to be safe, and I scarfed my food as fast as I could without drawing attention to myself. Unfortunately, my nerves got to me, and I ended up choking on my food.

"My goodness, you alright there, little lady!?" The sheriff exclaimed and started to pat my back to help me get the food lodged in my esophagus to go down. The waitress at the counter brought me some water.

"Thank you," I choked out and drank the water as fast as I could. After coughing up a storm and feeling the food nally go down, I was able to clear my throat and take a deep breath.

"Good heavens, child, you're eating as if you hadn't eaten in a week. Are you alright?" The waitress asked me and relled my water. I nodded my head and took another gulp before I could nally take another deep breath and calm down.

"Yes, I'm alright. It just got caught in my throat. I'm fine. Thank you," I said and took a few more deep breaths, so much for not drawing attention to myself. I looked over at the booth where the four wolves were, and sure enough, they were looking straight at me with their brows furrowed. Their stares were anything but friendly. "Sheriff, thank you for lunch. I appreciate your kindness, but I do need to get going. I'm still in the middle of traveling, and I don't want to miss the bus out. Have a great day. Thank you again," I said as quickly as possible. I grabbed my backpack and ran out of there like a bat out of hell.

I had hoped that those guys would be too busy eating to follow me, but again, no such luck. As I turned the corner from the diner, I was immediately grabbed by the arm, and a hand covered my mouth to keep me from screaming. I felt my back being slammed against the brick wall, and the four werewolves that were in the diner were now in front of me.

"Look what we have here, boys, a rogue passing through," the one holding me against the wall said. He was the same one who was marked.

"Doesn't smell like a rogue," one of the others said as he took a whiff of me. "She is pretty, though," he added and crossed his giant arms across his burly chest, which only made him look even more intimidating. And here I thought that Josh and Alpha Harding were big. They don't compare to these four. What did these guys eat?"

"What are you doing here, rogue?" Another asked while walking up to me. I mumbled because the one who was marked was still holding his hand over my mouth. "Hanson, let her speak," he said with an authoritative tone.

"I smell like a wolf to you?" I asked as soon as the guy named Hanson removed his hand from my mouth.

"What?" They all asked me and looked at me like I was crazy.

"Do I smell like a werewolf to you?" I asked again.

"What else would you smell like?" The authoritative one asked.

"Human?" I answered more like a question. They all quirked a brow at me. That gesture alone made them look less intimidating.

"Why are you here?" The bossy one asked again.

"I'm just passing through, like Hanson right there pointed out," I replied while nodding my head to Hanson, who still had me pinned against the wall. The bossy one was going to say something, but the fourth guy, who had been silent this whole time, grabbed my backpack and sniffed it.

"This is why she doesn't smell like a rogue. This backpack is covered in human stench. She's masking her scent with this!" He accused.

"What!?" No, I'm not. I found that in a donation bin and grabbed what I could! I'm not trying to ask anything! I promise I'm just passing through!"

"Who sent you, rogue!?" Hanson snarled as he slammed me against the wall, making me cry out in the pain. I felt something wet trickle down my neck, and I realized that I was bleeding.

"I told you, I'm not a rogue! I promise I'm just passing through! I don't mean any harm!" I cried as tears ooded my eyes. I was going to be killed. These guys didn't believe me. I grabbed onto Hanson's wrist to try and pry him off of me, but it was no use. He was too strong. "Please! Please!" I begged. But it was no use. Hanson slammed me against the wall again, and I felt even more blood trickling down.

"Why isn't she healing??" The second guy who had smelled me earlier asked. "She's bleeding pretty bad," he said with what sounded almost like a concern in his tone.

"Why aren't you healing!?" The bossy one said as he took me from Hanson and slammed me against the wall even harder.

"Gamma, don't!" The fourth guy with my backpack called out. So, the bossy guy was the Gamma. It was at that point I knew that I was f\*\*\*\*d.

"Shift!" The Gamma commanded. Unfortunately, without a wolf, I couldn't do what he wanted. "I said SHIFT!" He snarled in my face, his eyes turning into black obsidian.

"I can't!" I cried out.

"You will do as I say, rogue! Shift!"

"I told you, I can't!" I cried out. He moved one of his hands to my throat and started to squeeze the life out of me.

"It seems that you have a death wish, you mutt," he spat at me. I could feel my airways constricting, and the more I struggled, the more pressure he put on me. I guess surviving the rogue attack was completely in vain.

"Gamma! I don't think she's lying!" I heard someone shout but could no longer comprehend who. "What if she's telling the truth, and she's just passing through? The Beta would kill us if we killed an innocent!" I felt my breath hitch as my eyesight started to turn black. This was it. This was how I was going to die. I could hear more voices but could no longer decipher the words being said. Before I knew it, my vision turned completely black.