# Chapter 7

Brandon

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I woke up in the middle of the night feeling like a freight train had run me over. I had never experienced such raw power like that. I vaguely remember leaving the bar, then Sierra taking off my pants, then my wolf taking over in my drunken/high state of mind. And, of course, being blasted across the room like a f*****g rag doll.

It took me all of 5 seconds to figure out that Sierra was locked in my office. I could hear her snoring. I had to hope she didn't look through my desk. I needed to contact my Alpha immediately. Yesterday at the bar I paid off a couple of people to keep Sienna distracted long enough for me to run home and call my Alpha. Shifting at 12? Daughter of an Alpha? Something didn't sit right. He said he would have someone look into it.

But last night? Sienna, little miss daughter of an alpha gone rouge/gone slave, was a hybrid?! This was quite the news. I never met a hybrid who could hide it for as long as she seems to have. But I had to be sure first. If I were wrong, it would be my head. Though the bump on my head should speak for itself. Since I was too far away to link with him, I sent him a text to avoid being heard on the phone.

Slave girl just got interesting. I think she is a hybrid. I will verify it today.

I hit send, a moment later his response came in.

How surprising. You know what to do. I'll have an extraction team following you on standby.

That I did.

Yes Sir.

I deleted the messages and began putting my plan into motion. I needed as much information as I could get. That in mind, I got dressed and made my way over to the pack house.

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"Gifted?" Alpha Carl let out a long yawn. "I have no idea what you are talking about, Sie- Heather isn't gifted." He corrected himself.

"I see. Well, if you remember anything else, you know where to find me." I stood to leave the Alphas office.

"Maybe next time not at 3am?" He yawned again.

I rolled my eyes and left his office, only to be greeted by a pair of hooded eyes.

"Your new." The she-wolf spoke seductively.

"I'm here to train some warriors, and you are?" I questioned the blond-haired she wolf.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" She took a step closer to me. She had the same face as her mother and the hair of her father. This must be the real Heather. Maybe she knew something.

"What I really want to know is everything you know about my new mate, Heather". I chose my words carefully. "She is a bit...peculiar...and I would like to know more." I took a step closer to her, matching her heated gaze.

"What's in it for me?" Her eyes narrowed.

I tilted her chin up towards me, keeping my eyes locked on her lips. "What would you like?"

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"Ahh! Yes! Yes! Yes! Right there!" Heather screamed as I pounded into her from behind. I grabbed her by the throat, pulling her back to my front.

"What do you know" I whispered in her ear.

"Huh? You wanna do this now?" She panted.

"Talk woman." I slowed my pace and bit her neck, causing another moan to escape her.

"She's a freak." She began.

"And?" I implored, grabbing one of her breasts with one hand while the other found her clit.

"Goddess...."

"Focus". I stopped all of my movements. She let out a wine in protest.

"I cant explain it but weird things happen around her."

I picked up my pace and resumed teasing her perky n*****s.

"Like last week, she came into the kitchen wanting to make breakfast while I was sitting on the counter and somehow the sink turned on and sprayed me with water. Or the time before that when I yelled at her and the door slammed in my face." She began grinding down on me, trying to get more friction.

"What else?" I rewarded her with a hard slap to her left butt cheek, making her clench up on me.

"My dad found her when she was 12. She said she shifted but has never been able to do it since then. She is a complete enigma." Heather stilled, undoubtedly realizing what secret she had just given away.

"Your secret is safe with me. We'll keep this between us," I said before I pinned her to the bed and pounded into her with everything I had.

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An hour later, I creeped into the house. It was just before 6am. Show time.

"Sierra?" I called.

After a few good lies and some coaxing, I managed to get her out of my office and convinced her to go out for breakfast. Let the fun begin.

"We're eating here?" She huffed in annoyance.

I needed to get a rise out of her, from what Heather told me, whenever she was angry something would happen, so what better way than to take her back to where yesterday's fiasco started?

"Yes, I've been told they make great pancakes." I lied.

"Fine. Whatever." She led the way into the bar where a very perky waitress was quick to seat us in a booth in the back.

"What can I get for ya this morning?" The waitress asked.

"Coffee please....Lottie" I spotted her nametag.

"Just water." Said a very annoyed Sierra.

"I'll give you both a few minutes to decide." She handed us menus and went on her way to grab our drinks.

After receiving our drinks and placing our orders, I began to poke the bear.

"So what was it like, being a slave?" I blurted out.

Sierra's face looked confused for a moment before she recovered. "It was awful, I told you this."

"How about being an orphan?" I retorted.

"Better than being a slave", she said with a confused tone in her voice. She was making this more difficult than I anticipated.

"Did you watch your family die or did you just run without looking back?" I sipped my coffee.

"Excuse me?" Her eyes narrowed. Bingo.

"You said you were an Alpha's daughter, and from what you implied, they are no longer, so did you watch helplessly from the sidelines or did you run like a coward?" I looked at her.

"You're a real piece of s**t, you know that." A single tear fell. "I was a child, I was helpless. They were monsters. Our pack didn't do anything to deserve what they did." Her voice got louder and her eyes started to change....were they turning purple?

"Are you sure about that? You were only 12, maybe your father barked up the wrong tree. I cant imagine he told you everything."

"Don't talk about my family that way!" Her eyes began to glow, her hands slamming on the table, making my coffee splash out of the cup. Let's bring it home.

"What family? They are all dead, you said so yourself."

"ENOUGH!" She yelled, her eyes now glowing red. The glasses at the bar all burst like confetti. So that is what Heather meant. Here comes the icing.

"I wonder what your parents would have to say about your life right now. You're a coward, a push over, you're weak, naive. Your only redeeming factor is that you at least taste good." I gave a devious smile.

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Sierra

I had enough of this asshole! It was one thing to talk s**t about me, but to bring my family into it? To slander their names?!

"I wonder what your parents would have to say about your life right now. You're a coward, a push over, you're weak, naive. Your only redeeming factor is that you at least taste good." He smirked at me.

He remembered? He remembered!! I tried to hold back as much as I could but I felt myself snap. Before I knew it, there was a Brandon sized hole going through the side of the bar. s**t.

"NOW!" I heard an unfamiliar voice yell.

Dozens of armed men came flooding into the bar, surrounding me. This was bad.

"Sienna, what do I do?!"

"Let me take over!"

"What?"

I felt a surge of power run through my veins, and then a burst of raw energy left my body, blasting outwards, leveling my adversaries and the building. Oopse.

"My turn" Sienna said as what was left of the bar began tumbling down.

My bones began to shift and crack. It hurt like hell. I let out a yelp of pain, shook out my fur and let Sienna take the wheel. She grabbed our pile of shredded clothes and ran like the devil himself was chasing her.

"You can run but you can't hide Sienna!" I heard someone yell from behind me. "We won't stop until you're dead! Just like your pack! Hahaha!"

"Where are we going?"

"Away from here" Her paws thrummed against the forest floor, heading north.

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Sienna took us far away from the pack, running for at least half a day nonstop, full speed. She changed directions a few times, and anytime she hit a water source she used that to cover our trail. It was night time when she finally stopped running, confident she had lost anyone who dared to try to follow us, and shifted us back. I made a futile attempt to piece my clothes back together, settling on a makeshift bikini of a sort. I thankfully still had the map I took from Brandon's office, that might come in handy.

Sienna took us to a mountainous region, loaded with a variety of trees and boulders and caves. I didn't have time to appreciate the beautiful terrain since it was already past dusk and I was past exhaustion. I was able to make a small shelter from an old dead tree that had fallen over. I used broken branches to make a wall and mud and fallen leaves to fill in the cracks. Finally, I found a piece of flint and was able to start a small fire. Tomorrow we would need to figure out what was next, but for tonight we were safe enough.

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"Hey missy, are you alright?" A calm voice spoke.

"Huh?" I quickly snapped out of my sleepy state and sat up, immediately regretting my fast motion. My body ached from the shift, the long run, and sleeping on the forest floor in the cold, unforgiving October night.

"Woah, hang on there" The older looking werewolf spoke. "You look like you've been through hell." He offered me a shaky hand.

"Yeah I kinda had a rough night." I brushed myself off and took his hand to stand.

"My wife Gloria and I have a cabin down past those trees" he pointed. "You are welcome to come and have a shower and get some clean dry clothes. I'm Tom, by the way."

"Oh I don't want to impose...." I declined.

"Please, I insist, my Gloria wouldn't let me live it down if she knew a young wolf such as yourself was out here by herself."

"I'm kinda in some trouble and I'd hate to bring it your way." I admitted sheepishley.

"You are not the first and won't be the last. Come, let's get you a hot meal." He began walking down the side of the mountain.

I only felt good intentions emitting from him. Sienna also agreed that we should take him up on his offer, but we wouldn't be long-term guests. Tom looked like a sweet older man. He had blue eyes and gray hair as well as a slight hunch. He must be an older werewolf. Typically, we werewolves will live to 150 years old, some even more if they maintain good health. If I had to guess, he was somewhere in his late 130s.

A leisurely twenty minute walk later, a picturesque log cottage came into view. There was a stepping stone path that led its way past the wild flower garden acting as a fence of sorts, under a white archway, and up to the front door. There was a stone chimney that went up the right side of the house, white clouds of smoke billowing softly from the top. The roof had some moss growing around the gutters, and the windows with some vines growing overtop. Overall, it felt like a cozy home. Tom led the way into his cabin, immediately taking his shoes and coat off.

"Make yourself comfortable, I'm going to go find Gloria." He smiled, walking further into the house. "Gloria! We have a guest joining us for dinner". Tom called out to his wife.

"Oh? Someone we know dear? Or someone new?" the she wolf came shuffling out of what I presumed to be the kitchen. She also had blue eyes and gray hair. She wore a yellow apron with daisies printed on it and a set of readers that hung on the tip of her nose, tethered to her neck by a gold-colored chain. "Well, aren't you gorgeous!" She exclaimed.

"Hi, it's nice to meet you. Thank you for welcoming me into your home. My name is Sierra." I smiled at her and Tom, who appeared to be linking something to each other.

"Sierra, what a beautiful name for a beautiful girl. Come with me, let's see what clothes we can find for you." She smiled.

She led me down the hallway to a spare bedroom. It had a pink frilly comforter on the twin bed and pink walls with a brown carpet. It reminded me of my grandmother's house.

"Help yourself to anything in the closet, the bathroom is on the other side of the hallway. I'll have dinner ready shortly. I hope you like lasagna." She shuffled out of the room and a few moments later I could hear her yelling at Tom for eating a piece of garlic bread before dinner. 'You'll spoil your appetite' were her exact words.

I laughed to myself and then began sifting through the closet. There were mostly girls' clothes, with the occasional men's clothing also. I picked out a pair of black jeans, a thick brown sweater, a navy t-shirt, and a pair of black boots that were slightly too big for my feet but, with thick enough socks, would fit just fine, which I found in a bag on the closet floor. I also lucked out and found a bra, though it was a cup size too small, better than nothing, and a pair of underwear with the tags still on them. Thank Goddess for these people.

Scurrying across the hallway, I stripped down and turned the shower on. I noticed they had metal bars in various places in the bathroom. One by the toilet and two in the shower, they must be older and more frail than I thought. Steam began to fill the bathroom, the hot water ready to warm my cold, achy body. I took my time, savoring what might be my last hot shower for a while. The hot water helped sooth me, I started to feel normal again. Not like some run away who was more than likely being hunted down by some very dangerous people. I dismissed the thought, trying to focus on the good that was happening today and save my worries for tomorrow. I dressed quickly, the clothes mostly fitting me. If anything, they were bigger than what I needed. Not the worst problem to have. I left the bathroom, the savory aroma of cheese and sauce guiding me back to the kitchen.

"Anything I can help with Gloria?" I asked.

"Unless you can get Tom to stop stealing all the garlic bread before dinner, I don't think so!" She laughed. "Actually, why don't you bring the bread to the table over there and then go pour yourself a drink. We have a few things in the refrigerator you can choose from."

"Yes ma'am." I smiled and took the bread to the dining room table that was just off the kitchen.

Knick nacks cluttered the room, miniature figurines and porcelain dolls mostly. They sat within and on top of the wooden china cabinet as well as on the windowsill. There was a rocking chair in the corner of the room that had a spool of yellow yarn attached to its half-finished project sitting on the seat. I admired it for a moment before heading to the kitchen to pick a mismatched glass from the cupboard Gloria had pointed me to, then to the refrigerator to pick out a beverage. I decided on a tall glass of milk.

"Dinner is ready!" Gloria called out to Tom. I could hear him shuffling back. We all sat down at the dining room table and Tom said a quick prayer. Gloria dished out the lasagna and garlic bread and we all dug in.

"Goddess, this is the best meal I have had in years!" I practically moaned to my food.

"I'm glad you like it, it's my specialty." Gloria smiled.

"So, Sierra, how did such a pretty she wolf like yourself end up way out here?" Tom asked.

My smile fell for a moment, I didn't want to burden these nice people with my terrible life story.

"Dear, there isn't anything you could tell us that we haven't heard before." Gloria said in between bites of food, eyeing me up through her glasses.

"Okay well...it all started when..." I began to practically word vomit my entire life to these complete strangers. They sat and patiently listened to my montage, eating their lasagna like what I was telling them was the most normal day to day thing on the planet. When I finished, I actually felt much lighter, like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders. They were the first people who seemed to really care about what I had to say.

Tom took a gulp of his drink. "Well, that's a new one." He chuckled.

"We've never had a hybrid stay with us before. In fact, you might be the first one we've ever met!" Gloria said excitedly.

"Oh..."

"Its nothing to be ashamed of dear, you are special. The moon goddess has a plan for you. Eventually, the bigger picture will reveal itself. Your picture is just a bit more colorful than most. Whatever it may be, I truly believe you are destined for greatness."

"Yes, it's an honor and a privilege to have you in our home," Tom agreed.

Hot tears fell down my face at their sweet, caring words. "Thank you both, you have shown me such kindness. I can't thank you enough." I cried.

"We are just doing what any decent were-person should do, no need to thank us." Gloria said as she collected our dinner plates.

"I really do appreciate it." I stood to leave. "I should be on my way.."

"Nonsense! It'll be dark soon. You can stay the night, you can stay in the spare bedroom you were in earlier."

"But I'm being chased after, it isn't safe for me to be here, if they find me they might try to hurt you for helping me." I protested.

"Don't worry about us missy, we have dealt with far worse in our day. We've seen war and famine, we've lost loved ones, we've lost children. You staying one night won't do any harm," Tom reassured me.

"Oh...I'm very sorry to hear that."

"Don't be, its all part of the bigger picture dear. We have lived a long, wonderful life, in spite of the hardships." Gloria held my hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. "Now go wash up and get ready for bed."