Chapter 6 HELLO

ATHENA'S POV

I woke feeling like I got hit by a truck and then stampeded on by a herd of buffalo. Memories of Scarlet stabbing me and then throwing me into the river flooded my mind. I drew my palm toward my stomach to investigate my wound. I flinched. Instead of finding a gaping, bleeding hole, my fingers met with bandages and my nose with a foul aroma. I lifted my hand and took a whiff. The ointment was strong and repugnant. "Holy Moon Goddess, my head hurts," I whined.

Shuffling noises met my ears, then the dragging of curtains on a rod. Sunlight streamed in as

"Ah, I see you are up, child," said a cracking voice from the room's darkness.

an elderly woman parted the old, dusty drapes. She padded around barefoot in a tattered grey dress with an overused dishrag thrown over her left shoulder. Two more hung from the string of the dress tied around her waist. Her tired, yet striking, brown eyes watched me with concern, with the crow's feet at their edges enhanced. Her thin pink lips turned up in a small smile. She looked friendly. Still, I had to be cautious. "Wh-who are you?" I asked, my voice

sounding hoarse and foreign. I sat up in the bed I found myself in, fearing I might be in danger. Or maybe I was being ridiculous? She saved me, after all. "Don't worry, child. I won't hurt you." She chortled. "My name is Maggie. And you?"

I hesitated. But she did patch me up. There was probably no need to lie. If she had wanted me dead, she would have let me bleed out. "I'm Athena," I answered. "What happened?"

"Well, I went down to the river to check my fish net when I saw you passed out near the bank. You appeared to be hurt pretty bad, so I took you here and nursed your wound," she

explained. "I didn't think you'd make it, but after twelve hours your fever broke, and your breathing evened out." "Twelve hours? I've been asleep for twelve freaking hours?" "No, child. You've been out a little over forty-eight," she corrected. "Now, I made you some

soup. You need to eat."

As soon as she mentioned food, my tummy started rumbling like a storm at sea. The woman glanced at my belly and chortled. "Give me a second. I'll be right back." A

minute later, she returned with a bowl of soup and proceeded to shove spoonfuls into my mouth.

I accepted every one. "This is delicious," I praised. "It's my famous fishbowl soup." She crammed some carrots into my mouth. "Now eat," she

"Thanks, Miss Maggie," I said, wiping the sides of my lips with the paper towel she gave

commanded.

me.

"Please, child, just Maggie. Miss Maggie makes me seem like a grandma." She chuckled.

"Okay." I burped so loud the cabin seemed to shake. "Excuse me." I flushed, and she smiled.

"It's okay. You were hungry. Do you need me to get you anything else?" "No, thank you. I'm full for now." I nodded in appreciation.

"Well, praise the Moon Goddess, you're all right," she sighed, and I froze.

"Uh, don't worry about it. It's just something I always say." She blew it off with a wave.

Maggie's head spun to meet my gaze, her eyes black as midnight. Her pale skin got a little flush while her hand ran over her waist-length white dreadlocks. "So you are a human who

"You're a werewolf," I barely whispered.

"Praise the who?" I asked in shock.

knows about our kind?" She shook her head. "That would explain the smell." "Smell?" I had no werewolf scent. How could she smell me?

"Are you dating a werewolf? Did he cover you in his feces as a part of some sick sexual fantasy? You kids nowadays don't —"

pendant, but it wasn't there. "My necklace. Where is it?"

"Ugh. No. It's nothing like that." Goddess knew I didn't want to hear another word. This woman's mind just went to a dark place. But something about her made me think about my parents. Maybe it was her protective and caring nature. My fingers clutched my neck for my

"Calm down, child. It's on the table right next to you." I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw it. "Now, tell me what happened to you."

I didn't know if it was a good idea to trust her, but I needed to talk to someone. So I spilled everything; my parents' murders, my cheating boyfriend, and best friend. However, I

excluded the part about Scarlet trying to murder me, making it sound like a man had done it.

knew each other?

I nodded.

"The Midnight Pack."

"Then Xavier, the werewolf who found me, said he'd be back for me, but Scarlet probably told him I ran away." I finished. "And you say this Scarlet lives up the mountain where the river begins?"

Though their cabins were miles apart, but still the only two I've seen out here. What if they

"And the man who did this to you?" She inquired. "I don't know. He probably is gone by now. He probably thinks I drowned when he threw me

Instead, she said, "Okay. Get some rest now. I'll be taking you to my pack tomorrow. My alpha can help you."

in the river." I didn't think she bought my lie, but she asked no further questions.

stealing my grandfather's mate. "But I hear the alpha there is a demon and a wicked brute." I swallowed hard, remembering

"Really? Thank you so much," I beamed. "What pack are you from?"

a story I'd heard about how he used his bare hands to rip a guy's spinal cord from his body for trespassing on his land. "He can be aggressive, but isn't that true of all alphas?" She shook her head. "Alpha

I gulped. My father told me long ago that our pack and the Midnight pack did not mix. Not

that we were enemies, but we weren't friends either. Something about a previous Alpha

"Thank you." I yawned.

"Alright, you can rest over there," Maggie pointed at a cozy looking cave to the far side with

a triangular-shaped door. "That looks like a temple that no one uses anymore," she told me.

***** Maggie and I were closing in closer to the Midnight Pack.

"You're welcome. Now rest."

"Okay. When do we leave?"

"You can wait in there. You will be safe, and I will go fetch the Alpha and be right back." "Ok," I nodded as I watched the old she-wolf sprint off in wolf form, while I slid down to the floor I just needed to rest my legs.

XAVIER'S POV

had been three days since I'd seen her, and my inner beast was agitated. My beta, Cameron, asked, "Why didn't Scarlet mind-link you as soon as she realized the girl was missing?"

Good question. I'd asked her the same thing. "She told me she tried searching for the girl

Cameron rolled his eyes. "I bet she was crying and putting on a show."

"Something about the Lunar Eclipse or some shit." Cameron snickered.

wolf did nothing but lead me around in circles. Eventually, I returned to the pack house.

"Where is she?" I howled, sending my fist into the wall of my office for the tenth time. It

"In thirteen days."

she was all right. Since I couldn't, I went to the Wolf's Den to blow off some steam. I spent some time enjoying my she-wolves and was inside one of them about to explode

when the doors to the den opened. Big silver eyes belonging to the beauty that had been plaguing my mind since we met raked the scene. My dick went limp, and I pulled out of the she-wolf quickly. But I didn't know what to do or say. So I just stood there like a clown—a

"Okay," I sighed, my mind still on that girl, still pissed I couldn't find her. I needed to know

Pureblood is not that bad."

I watched as the mature she-wolf scuttled to exit the tiny bedroom. "Maggie?"

"Yes, child?" she answered, turning to me with a warm smile.

"At first light. Now get some sleep." She tapped my leg. "You need it."

"Slow down, please," I begged. My muscles ached, and my throat was parched.

After I secured my borders, I went back to Scarlet's cabin to fetch the young girl, but Scarlet said the girl had run away. I tried tracking her, but it was no use. She had no scent, so my

herself because she didn't want to disappoint me."

I sighed. "You never liked her."

"Why so long?"

"No offence Alpha. I know she's your ex-mate and all, but she's a total bitch." I scoffed, and thankfully Cameron didn't press the conversation any further. "So when's the meeting with the new Alpha of the Moon Stone Pack?"

naked clown. I waved my hand at her awkwardly and said, "Hello."