

The Lightning Wolf Chronicles Novel

Souls Bound By Promise — Timothy Nelson 7

Chapter 7: Something's Wrong

Evelyn's POV

Friday math class dragged like always. I sat by the window, sunlight streaming across my textbook, but my thoughts kept drifting to tonight's dinner. The Alpha's house, formal dining, all those expectations – my stomach twisted just thinking about it.

Nadia was focused on taking notes beside me. Her concentration made me feel guilty for spacing out, but I couldn't shake the anxiety.

What if I mess up? What if I say something wrong?

Several figures suddenly sprinted past the window, interrupting my spiraling thoughts. Upperclassmen, their faces tight with worry. Then more people running in the same direction.

"What's going on?" someone whispered.

More footsteps echoed in the hallway. I caught fragments of panicked voices:

"...the cubs area..."

"...lost control..."

"...need help..."

My heart jumped. Cubs?

The teacher moved toward the door just as an upperclassman burst in, breathing hard. "Something's wrong at the cub training area! The kids are all... they're completely out of control!"

The classroom erupted in whispers.

"Out of control? What does that mean?"

“How could cubs lose control?”

“Where are the leaders?”

“The Alpha and other leaders are at the warrior field across campus,” the student gasped. “They can’t get there in time. It’s chaos – we need help!”

I shot to my feet. Those cubs were just little kids, five to ten years old. If something was wrong...

“Evie?” Nadia stood too. “Where are you going?”

“I have to see what’s happening.”

“All students stay in your seats!” the teacher called, but half the class was already moving toward the door.

I ignored the order and headed for the hallway. Nadia followed close behind.

The corridors buzzed with nervous energy. Students poured out of classrooms, everyone talking at once.

“I heard the training field got destroyed...”

“How’s that possible? They’re just kids...”

My worry deepened. I picked up my pace, almost jogging.

“Wait up!” Nadia called from behind.

We rushed through the academic building, across the playground. Before we even reached the training area, I could hear the chaos – children crying, things crashing, adults shouting instructions that weren’t being heard.

This is bad, my wolf said nervously.

When we finally got to the entrance, the scene made me stop dead.

The training field looked like a disaster zone. Equipment lay scattered and broken everywhere. The ground was covered in debris, like a tornado had torn through.

But the kids were what really scared me.

More than thirty cubs ran around wild, their eyes filled with panic and confusion. Some were crying, others screaming. A few were destroying whatever they could get their hands on.

Several upperclassmen tried to control the situation but were clearly in over their heads. Every time they got close to a child, the kid would either run away or get more aggressive.

“Be careful!” someone yelled.

A seven-year-old boy swung a wooden stick, smashing training equipment with way more force than any normal kid should have.

“Holy shit,” Nadia breathed beside me. “What’s happening to them?”

“Power awakening gone wrong,” I said, scanning the chaos. “They can’t control it.”

More students gathered at the entrance, but most just stood there watching. Nobody knew what to do. The cubs had supernatural strength now, but their minds were still children’s – they couldn’t handle what was happening to them.

Then I spotted something that made my blood freeze. Several kids lay motionless in the corner of the field.

My heart dropped. Were they hurt? Or worse?

I took a deep breath, preparing to move.

“Evie, don’t!” Nadia grabbed my arm. “It’s too dangerous!”

“Someone has to help them.” I gently pulled free. “Those kids need us.”

Looking at those terrified children, something fierce awakened in my chest. They were scared and confused, and nobody was helping them.

Ready? my wolf asked.

Ready.

I rushed into the chaos.

The moment I entered the field, a little girl almost crashed into me. She was sobbing, her hands waving frantically, creating gusts of wind with each movement.

“Hey Amy, it’s okay,” I said, recognizing the usually sweet six-year-old.

But she couldn’t hear me. Her eyes were vacant, lost in whatever terror was consuming her mind.

Around us, the other children weren’t any better. They ran around like they were being chased by invisible monsters. Some tore apart equipment, others rolled on the ground screaming, a few shoved each other with dangerous force.

An upperclassman was trying to catch an eight-year-old boy. “Stop running! Just listen to me!”

The kid fought harder, then kicked the older student’s shin. The force was so strong it dropped the guy to his knees.

“Damn, how are these little kids so strong?” he groaned.

On the other side, a girl was trying to approach some children huddled together. “It’s okay, don’t be scared...”

But they just clung to each other, trembling. Any movement toward them made them scream louder.

I quickly assessed the situation. Normal approaches weren’t working – these kids were trapped in pure panic. Their minds had shut down, leaving only fear.

First things first, my wolf reminded me. Those kids who are down.

Right. I had to make sure they were safe.

I took a deep breath and started weaving through the mayhem, using every bit of agility I’d learned over the years. Dodge, roll, quick turns – every movement had to be perfect to avoid the out-of-control children while reaching the unconscious ones.

A boy charged from my left. I backflipped out of his path, landing just as another kid swung wildly at me. I sidestepped and rolled forward, staying low.

Finally, I reached the fallen children. A quick check showed they were breathing – just unconscious, no obvious injuries. But I couldn’t leave them lying in this dangerous mess.

I scooped up the smallest girl.

“Nadia!” I shouted over the noise. “Catch!”

She understood immediately, opening her arms at the sideline. I carefully passed the child to her. “Get her somewhere safe, check if she’s okay!”

“Got it!” She took the girl and quickly moved back from the field.

I went back for the others. One by one, I carried four unconscious children to safety, Nadia and some other girls helping to check them over.

“How are they?” I asked, breathing hard.

“Just passed out,” Nadia said, relief clear in her voice. “All their vitals look normal, but they’re running a fever.”

I nodded and turned back to the remaining chaos. The other kids were still trapped in their panic, and I had to figure out how to calm them down.

But how do you reason with children who can't even hear you?