

Chapter 3 of Hunted Hybrid - Aegis War Saga 1 |

Elowen POV

The fries were divine. The burger? A spiritual experience. Taya had ketchup on her chin and zero shame about it.

"Okay but imagine," she said with her mouth full, "what if River the supply guy actually liked dogs but had trauma from being bitten as a kid, and now we're out here villainizing a traumatized hot man.."

"I'm not apologizing for your impossible high standards," I replied, reaching for another fry. "You want a man who's six foot four, smells like cedarwood, and volunteers at a shelter. Pick two."

"Fine," she groaned. "I'll settle for 'breathes and owns a tongue.'"

I laughed, full and real for the first time in what felt like weeks. Until the door opened. And hell walked in wearing designer boots.

Vaela and Soria Stormclaw, the alpha princesses from hell, flanked by their two minions, Lana and Brielle, clones with matching sneers and fake nails. They looked like they'd just stepped out of a pack social magazine. Long, sleek blonde hair, crop tops that defied physics, and the kind of glossed lips that only spoke in venom.

The room shifted. Tension thickened like fog rolling off a corpse.

And of course, they glided right over to the table beside Daxon and his buddies. He didn't look up, but I could feel his attention shift. Like a predator noticing a stronger scent on the wind. Soria shamelessly threw herself at Rylen, batting her eyes prettily.

Daxon rolled his eyes as his sister Vaela tried to get Jace's attention.

Taya rolled her eyes. "Here we fucking go." I ignored them. Shoved another fry in my mouth. Smiled at my milkshake like it was a lifeline.

That was my first mistake. Pfft. Something wet smacked me right between the eyes. My vision blurred.

It was a damn spitball. A goddamn, chewed up paper missile, direct from Vaela's smirking lips.

Time froze. Lyssira didn't. Silver fire roared through my veins as she snapped forward in my mind. Before I could even blink, I was standing.

No, leaping. Over the booth. Over the next table. Snarling. The scream didn't even register until I had Vaela Stormclaw on the floor, pinned by the throat, my nails pressing into her carotid, my lips peeled back over my teeth.

My eyes weren't mine anymore. They glowed silver.

"YOU WANNA FUCK AROUND" Lyssi roared through me, "LET'S FUCKING FIND OUT!"

People were shouting. Chairs scraped. The smell of panic was everywhere. And then two strong arms wrapped around my waist and yanked me back hard.

I twisted, snarling, my teeth snapping inches from Daxon's face. He didn't flinch. Neither did I.

For a second, we just stood there, two predators caught in a dance older than gods. His storm grey eyes met my silver-lit ones, and something dark flickered in them. Not fear.

Recognition? No. Can't be. I shoved back. Hard. My breath was ragged. Lyssi fought me, clawing to stay in control, but I gritted my teeth and ripped her down.

"Mine..." she whispered, low and confused.

"I SAID STOP," I snarled at her internally. "What the actual hell, Lyssi?!"

I turned on my heel, grabbed Taya by the wrist...who had wisely stayed back with wide eyes and a half finished milkshake, and bolted.

We screeched into my driveway ten minutes later, gravel flying as Taya's bug skidded into place.

"Oh my gods," she gasped, "You feral queen, what was that?! I mean, holy shit I've dreamed of doing that to Vaela."

"I pinned her to the ground," I choked out, pacing, my heart racing. "In a public place. In front of the future pack alpha. I snarled at him, Taya. I snapped at him. I'm going to die."

"Okay but like..she deserved it. And also? You looked hot."

"That's not the point!"

"It's part of the point."

I sat down on the front porch step and covered my face. My fingers trembled. Lyssi was silent. Still sulking. Still stunned. That wasn't normal. Not for her.

And that scared me more than the Alpha King possibly summoning me for attempted princess homicide.

My phone buzzed. I looked down.

@VaelaAlphaBitch had posted a photo on WolfNet, a blurred shot of me mid snarl, silver eyes glowing, with the caption: "Guess someone forgot how to behave like a pack wolf. Bet Daddy's rolling in his grave.

#rogueblood #crazybitchenergy #AlphaProblems"

I didn't cry. I didn't scream. I just sat there. Because suddenly, I wasn't afraid. I wasn't shaking.

I was angry. And deep down..beneath the shame,

some part of me was waking up. My whole body burned with leftover adrenaline. Lyssira paced in my chest like a caged animal, silent but seething.

I didn't even say goodbye to Taya.

I slammed the door behind me and stomped straight to my room, throwing my shopping bags to the side and yanking my shirt over my head and tossing it somewhere near the dresser. My jeans hit the floor next. I grabbed my training gear, sports bra, compression leggings, torn up old sneakers, and yanked them on with trembling fingers.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. Silver still flickered faintly in my eyes. My breathing hitched.

What the fuck is happening to me?

"Elowen?" Maria's voice floated up the stairs. Calm and controlled. Like she wasn't watching her foster daughter come unhinged online.

"Elowen," Eron's voice followed. That firm, clipped tone he always used when I was "on the verge of disappointing the Alpha King."

I ignored them both.

"Just... give her space," Maria said, barely a whisper behind my door. "Let her work it out like she always does."

Translation: let the broken girl break herself in peace.

Tears blurred my vision, hot and angry and useless. I yanked my hair into a tight braid, tied it off with a band from my wrist, and stormed down the stairs.

I didn't even look at them. I threw open the front door, my feet pounding on the wooden steps as I launched myself into the trees.

The training grounds weren't far, just across a small creek and up the slope of Moon's Hollow Ridge. Wolves trained there every day. Sparring circles. Target lines. Strength stations. I didn't care if anyone was there. I needed to hit something. Now.

The clearing was quiet. Good.

I stomped across the grass, grabbed one of the heavy punch bags strapped to an oak post, and started swinging. Hard. Over and over. My knuckles burned, even through the wraps.

I didn't stop. I hit until my arms ached, until my ribs hurt from breathing, until my braid stuck to my sweat soaked back and I was half sobbing, half snarling.

"How dare she," I gasped, slamming my fist into the bag. "How dare he touch me. Like I'm something to be controlled. Like I'm not.."

Not what? What am I? "You're more," Lyssira finally whispered.

And for once, I believed her. Because something inside me was cracking open. Something old. Something deep.

And it was hungry.