

# Healing The Rogue Alpha Chapter 7

"Ricky's body was found near the patrol parameter half an hour ago." Malachi looked down at the woods as he spoke; the world covered in a veil of darkness. "He's dead. It looks like the Alpha got rid of the newbie."

"A Rogue Alpha?" Ezra looked puzzled and worried as she stood behind Malachi.

It was unheard of, just as unheard of as the fact that rogues could now turn other wolves with a bite. Rogue killing rogues however, wasn't a new phenomenon.

But how did these rogues turn it into a disease? Or was the soldier already on the verge of becoming a rogue? There were too many questions and very little answers.

"I had heard legends of them as a child." Malachi said now as he turned to Ezra. "They were a myth no one wanted to believe in, especially the Moon Goddess. She always thought turning her back on the wolves who worshipped her would be the ultimate punishment, leading them to become rogue. It did have the desired effect but rumors began to stir that a powerful rogue was now able to form a pack and defy her punishment."

"What happened afterwards? Did they find the Rogue Alpha?" Ezra was fascinated yet terrified to find out. It went against everything they knew and yet, there was this tiny glimmer of a feeling inside her that she couldn't shake. A strange kind of hope born of age old resentment.

"No." Malachi shook his head, making his white blonde hair float around his head. "Mother herself set out to find the truth but came back empty-handed."

Neither Malachi nor Ezra needed any further explanation. It was an obvious truth that was never to be discussed, an open secret that everyone had figured out but no one commented on. Even if there had been a Rogue Alpha, then the Goddess had gotten rid of him, herself.

"How is Flora?" Malachi asked to change the taboo subject.

“Poor girl is traumatized.” Ezra sighed, rubbing a hand over her heart. “She was shaking like a leaf while healing Samuel but she just wouldn’t stop. Mercy and Daniel tried to take her away but she healed until she passed out. Fortunately, Flora is asleep and Samuel is doing better now. A few days at the infirmary and he will be back to his life with only a scar.”

“She feels responsible.” Malachi rubbed at the back of his neck in agitation. “Flora has a dedicated determination that sets her apart from most healers, but it can also be her downfall one day.”

“But what should we do about Samuel?” Ezra asked just to make sure. “Ricky had injured three other soldiers before he escaped the palace. They are at the infirmary too at the moment but I’ve told the healers to keep an eye on everyone.”

“Tell them to keep an eye out and don’t let them get discharged until the third day.” Malachi warned. “If the calculation was correct then the chances of them turning would be within the next two days. I think the fever was their indication that they were turning, so let the healers know too.”

“And what happens if they do develop a fever?”

“Sever their heads and burn the bodies.”

Ezra had known the answer but still she had asked. She knew the reason for such harshness but she was still a woman with a heart, while Malachi seemed to have lost his.

Rogues were unpredictable; it was a truth ingrained into their hearts from the minute they were born. And a rogue Alpha was a threat unknown that no one wanted to take chances with. But Lindersay was supposed to be a sanctuary, a place of worship and a place for learning. Ezra’s heart went out for those they had lost; she was old enough that they were like children to her. And a loss of a child would always be the most painful experience for her. That was why she couldn’t understand how the Moon Goddess could be so blind to the pain of her children.

Yes, the Goddess was capable of love and caring, but as the days passed, her love seemed focused on only one person, her beloved Endymion; the man cursed with eternal sleep.

Was that why she punished those that broke the mating bond? Because they had the one thing that she was denied? Or was she overthinking the Goddesses decisions and out-stepping her bounds?

But the Goddesses love life was the least of their problems at the moment. A rogue Alpha was on the rise and they had to find a way to stop him before more wolves died fighting each other.

“Do you think she’ll remember? Now that she has seen him?” It was a question Ezra wanted to ask Flora herself, but she couldn’t bring herself to in light of the recent events.

“Sometimes, I keep hoping against hope that she would be the person to give us the answers we’ve been searching for centuries.” Malachi surprised her as he spoke with such longing that she hadn’t heard in decades. “But what good can a healer do who herself is a broken shell of the person she used to be?”

Ezra instantly shook her head in denial. “Flora might be scarred but she is far from broken. I’ve seen the spark of life in her, felt her determination. You yourself just told me how dedicated her determination is. Then have faith that she can give us the answers we have been looking for. Have faith that she can heal the rogue Alpha.”