

The Silver Hope

Chapter 6 The Rogue Lord

· Up in the mountains of Montana, hidden from view, is a menacing castle which looks as if it had grown out of the mountain in a twisted most sinister way. The towers look like claws. The doors and windows were dripping with slime. The stone walls, dark and damp. The smell was a putrid smell of decay. It was a cursed place. All who dwell were outcasts, criminals and murderers.

The sun and the moon never touched this place. It was hell perched on a mountain.

In the center of the castle was a lone giant throne. The throne of the vicious Rogue Lord.

The Rogue Lord was a law-abiding, dutiful wolf in his previous life until he lost his mate in childbirth. As he looked down at his son in his arms, he concluded he was the reason for her death. He then took his newborn son out into the forest, raised him to the Moon and yelled, "This pup is not a blessing, but a curse. He is the reason for the death of my mate. Because of this, I sentence him to DEATH!" He shifted into his wolf form, picked up his son with his teeth and bit through him, cutting the pup in half. 3)

The Moon Goddess seeing this cursed him, "On this day, you will no longer be man or wolf, but half of each. The blood of your pup will stain you until your dying breath. Destruction and decay will follow you. Only a child born of a Priestess and an Alpha will release you from the curse from which you will endure for eternity." A flash of light enveloped him and exploded showing him his new form. A menacing lycan.

He was casted out from his pack and he was forced to join the rogues who also showed their disdain for him. He fought to get to where he is now, to sit on this throne as the lord of the rogues.

At first, they would pillage and destroy towns and villages. Taking their food and their women to rape sometimes some men and children to be their slaves. Unfortunately, the Clan of Wolves which comprised of all the packs all over the country joined forces with the humans and decided to put an end to their pillaging and destruction. At the start, the rogue army was a big pack of 2000 wolves, but after the retaliation of the Clan of Wolves allied with humankind, their numbers dwindled. The Rogue Army retreated to the mountains of Montana to increase their numbers while biding their time for war.

While all thought the rogues were gone, Priestesses of the various packs who aided in the retaliation against the Rogue Army, went missing or were murdered. The last was the murder of Priestess Adella. However, unlike the previous Priestesses, the rogues went on and killed off her entire pack. Crescent Moon Pack is no more. The lands where Crescent Moon toiled were now barren with thorns along its borders.

“Sire, we have tracked the scent of the sister of Priestess Adella. Seems she is in Canada.”

“Any word if she is with the daughter?”

“Sire, only 2 scents can be traced. Her’s and her mate’s.”

“Find them and bring them to me. Alive.”

Today is the Summer Solstice, the supposed birth day of the daughter of Adella and her mother’s death anniversary.

No one knows what happened to the daughter of Adella. For 18 long years, I have searched high and low for the only wolf who has been destined to kill me. Curse you Moon Goddess!

Many of my men believe the pup went down with the floods when the storm raged above the territory of the Crescent Moon Pack. When my men returned to the territory after the storm, a tall wall of thorns stood between them and the land, daring them to cross. They waited until first light to catch a glimpse of the remnants of Crescent Moon, but only saw dark black land. The structures that once stood on the territory were all gone. Believed to have either washed away by the flood water or swallowed by the earth itself.

Some believe Adella had a stillbirth. No one, not even I, had seen or heard the pup that fated night.

Amidst the proof there was no daughter of Adella, I believed someone had hid the daughter of Adella from me.

· And when the time is right, they will use her to kill me. So, for 18 years I have searched for her, increased my army in whatever way I could and had placed spies in places I knew I could find information. I knew the Moon Goddess was laughing at me knowing I could not rest, not knowing if the daughter of Adella was alive or not.

“Sire, your Beta requests an audience with my Lord.” says my butler.

“Let him in.” The doors of my fortress open and my Beta walks in and bows.

“My Lord, we have received information the daughter of Adella is alive.”

Gasps could be heard from all around, echoing what I have believed to be true all these years.

“Where is she?” I growled.

“In a small town known as Chelan in Washington State, my Lord.” My Beta’s voice trembles as he related the information.

“Which pack has given her refuge?”

“If I understood correctly, my Lord, none.”

“What do you mean by NONE?”

“None of the packs within the state provided refuge nor did any pack within the Clan of Wolves. The informant says she was raised by humans. How she came to be raised by humans, we do not know. Her human father is believed to have been a general during the war, my Lord.”

“HUMANS?” I howled with laughter. The wolves around me started to laugh as well. The daughter of Adella will be easy to kill just like her pitiful mother. “Ready the army, we go to Chelan tonight.” I ordered my Beta.

“I beg your pardon, my Lord. The daughter of Adella will no longer be in Chelan tonight, my Lord.”

“And where will the daughter of Adella hide this time?” I asked amused.

“Alpha Alexander Ulrich of The Dark Moon Pack has taken the daughter of Adella as his mate, my Lord. As of this moment, they are to be wed as human tradition dictates. Tonight, under the full moon, will be their mating ceremony on Dark Moon Territory.”

“Dark Moon.” I knew of Dark Moon. They are a rich and ruthless pack.

“Ready a small group of warriors. I will be gate-crashing their ceremony tonight.”