

Prologue

“Okay, pass the key around, hurry!” Mackenzie spoke to the room.

Today was transport day and the only time that they would be able to escape.

Mackenzie stood near the bars of her cell, peering down the long dark corridor.

The hallway was lled with cells upon cells.

The bars were coated with silver and lled with female shifters from various packs.

Mackenzie stepped back into the darkness of her cell, crouched down, and placed her back against the cold concrete wall behind her.

She listened to the dripping water in the distance and smelled the damp air.

A lot was riding on her plan. If they couldn’t escape...they would be sold to Goddess knows who.

She hoped all the girls could get their cuffs off quickly.

She had decided she would be last to free herself, giving the rest of the girls as much of a head start as she could.

She was after all, a very skilled warrior.

The time felt like it was going in slow motion.

Mackenzie was getting a little bit nervous, trying to track which cell the key was already at.

As the key was approaching her, leaving all the other girls cuff-free, she heard the footsteps of the approaching guards. She started to think back to the last six months.

She couldn’t believe her life had come to this.

She thought back to the moment when it had all gone wrong.

Six months ago, she was enjoying her last semester of college, dreaming of becoming an agent for the shifter council.

She thought back to her friends and her carefree life as a student in Europe.

As she was struggling to get the silver cuff off her wrist, she heard the main cell door opening at the end of the hall.

“Click” she successfully heard her cuff click open, quickly sliding it off and tossed the burning nuisance on the bed in the corner.

She heard the footsteps of the guards getting closer, hoping her plan would work. All the girls were told to keep their hands behind their backs, as if they were still cuffed.

As all the cell doors opened, she and all the other girls, wolves and felines alike, got out of their cells, standing in the large hallway.

“Okay girls, you know the drill, up against the bars, eyes on the oor, get ready for transport.” The voice of the head guard boomed loudly.

“Who are you?” She heard the head guard’s voice asking one of the girls, going through his usual routine.

“No one,” she whispered, keeping her eyes on the oor.

“Good girl.” He praised, petting her cheek. He kept repeating the question to each girl in turn, getting the same answer.

Come on, just a little closer, Mackenzie thought nervously.

Suddenly, he was in front of her.

“Who are you?” he asked her in a menacing tone.

Mackenzie stayed silent for a moment.

“Who. Are. You?” he asked her again, with more force.

“Hi, I’m Mackenzie Harper, and you are?” she said in a cheerful tone, extending her hand, and looking up at him deantly.

His gaze darkened, his smile turning to a scowl.

“Now!” she commanded.

Suddenly, all the women around her shifted into their beasts and started pouncing on the guards.

The guards, belatedly realizing what was happening, shifted to their wolves, trying to regain the upper hand.

The head guard looked around, shock evident on his face.

Mackenzie didn’t hesitate, shifting into her wolf, she pounced on him and ripped his throat out.