



Chapter 1

Alessia's POV

I should have known from the moment I walked in that something was off. The atmosphere had a smell that I couldn't shake off.

But I take a step further into the house, my fingers clutching onto my phone as a sort of anchor.

I don't know what I expected to find when I walked past the front door, but it wasn't this. It wasn't to find my Mother lying on the floor with a gaping hole in her chest where her heart was meant to be.

Bile rises to my throat and before I can stop it, I'm emptying both my breakfast and lunch onto the floor.

My knees buckle, too weak to hold me up and I fall to the carpeted floor on my knees and hands.

With a silent sob, I crawl to my Mom's body. Grasping her cold, lifeless fingers between my hands, I press them against my cheek. The warmth that had once been present in them was now gone.

What happened between the few hours of my leaving the house to go to the woods for a quick run?



A creak from upstairs on the wooden floor takes my attention to the curved staircases leading upstairs.

Another noise has me dropping my mother's hand beside her body and lifting from the floor. The noise sounded like shuffling. Like someone was ransacking through things.

"Where the fuck is she?" A hoarse thundering voice asked and then the crashing of things onto the ground comes next.

I flinch and a whimper escapes me.

"Our informant said this was the house where she lives in," another equally scary voice replies.

"Then where is she?" Another crash of something. This time it sounds like a chair has been knocked over.

Are they looking for...me? At the prospect of that being true, my feet start moving backward before my brain even registers the movement.

It seems only right that I choose this moment to forget about the vase that my mother insisted be placed beside the entrance.

I bump into it.

The painted vase with flowery designs goes crashing to the ground. Not even my fast reflex stops it from shattering into



a million pieces.

The only thing that I can do is hold my breath as the voices upstairs hush.

Then the thundering footsteps have me reaching for the door handle and nearly ripping the door off its hinges.

I fly out the door just as the footsteps start coming down the staircase.

'LET ME OUT!' Zuri, my wolf, screams at me as she tries to claw her way out of me. But I couldn't shift. At least, not until I was such that I was hidden out of view.

I can't shift and let them see me in wolf form. I have no idea of who or what they are but they will know what I am if I shift. I couldn't let them have that advantage over me.

"There she is," A voice hollers from behind me, sounding closer than I would have expected.

I don't look back to see just how close, scared that I might trip over my foot if I do so.

I just keep on running. And running, and running.

I ran away from the house where I had spent all my childhood. I run away from the lonely street that I know so well like it's the back of my palm.



My Mom and I lived a secluded life, away from civilization or towns. I had always loved it and had never found a fault in it, but right now, I wish we had a neighbor that I could run to for help.

'Keep going!' Zuri urges.

I can hear their footsteps right behind me. They are so close and it doesn't look like they're going to be letting up on me.

I can't keep running like this. Sooner or later, I'm going to get tired and they're going to catch up on me. I shudder to think about what will happen to me if that happens.

I dive deeper into the woods, deeper than I've ever gotten. Fear gripped my chest at the thought of getting lost and not being able to find my way back. But at the moment those thoughts are chased away as I hear them gain on me.

They're getting closer. I have to do something. I have to-

My train of thoughts stop and I barely keep myself from screaming as I fall. And keep falling.

THUD!

I land in such a way that tells me that I certainly have some broken bones. Trying to stand up lets me know that the observation is very true.





Fuck! I think I broke a bone or at least fractured it. It will take at least an hour for it to heal up.

With no hope of getting out of here any time soon, I decided to take in my prison. Grazing up, I'm left with nothing but a clear blue sky that is now taking on an orange hue.

I'm in a hole. A very deep hole that someone dug up on purpose from the looks of it. It had been covered with some dry leaves like it was meant to be a trap.

"Did you see where she went?"

At the sound of their voices, I shrink into the hole, praying that they won't look down and see me.

With my broken leg, I'll be an easy kill for them.

"She was right in front of us," the other one answers, and their footsteps inch closer.

I tremble and pray lowly under my breath. In all my nineteen years of living, I don't think I've ever prayed. Yet, here I sat, with my head bowed and praying to a being that I didn't even believe to be real. How fucked up was that?

"I think we should go." Even from down here, I can hear the slight tremble in his voice. "This is Alpha Caden's territory and we best leave before he gets a whiff of us."



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"But what will we tell him?" A pause. "He will have our heads if he finds out that we didn't kill her."

"She's in Alpha Caden's territory. She's as good as dead."

A shiver goes down my spine at his words.

Who is this Alpha Caden and why is he so feared?



SEND GIFT



COMMENT

6/6

