

Orchestrated

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Violet POV

Next morning, the bed was empty and cold when I woke up. No doubt Dane had gone to be with Emily. The thought left me wounded and depressed. A heavy weight rested on my shoulders that he would never accept me fully.

I saw a little note on the bedside table. It was from Dane and read:

“I will be back by night. Eat food. Don’t think of leaving.

— Dane.”

I dragged myself out of the bed and went to the bathroom. When I looked in the mirror, it reflected back a very despondent girl. My eyes were puffy with crying and my lips were swollen. There were strains of tears on my face. Everything hurt, but my heart hurt the most.

The whole day went like a whirlwind as I charted my escape. I had lost my appetite, but I still ate. I found a satchel in the lodge and started stashing important things in it like a pair of clothes, food and a torch. I was going to escape during the night.

Dane had sent more warriors to guard the lodge as a warning that I could never run away from him.

I looked around the whole lodge and counted the number of guards patrolling it. I studied their movement. I found my window to freedom soon.

Zena was frustrated that I wasn’t eating properly. When I went to the kitchen for coffee, I found her sitting at the island table. She was surprised to see me. Pouring myself black coffee, I asked, “Is Emily a very famous model?”

“Yes, she is very popular and soon she might be seen in movies as well.”

As I sipped coffee, Zena’s gaze bore into me. “Are you well?” she asked, her voice sounding full of doubts.

“Yes,” I breathed. No, I wasn’t. I felt like a road roller had gone over me. I felt wrung out.

“Do you want to eat more?” She got up and brought some grilled cheese. She started serving it to me.

“No, I am fine,” I resisted, but she still served me.

“You must eat well,” she said with a mysterious smile. “It is important. You need a lot of energy.”

“Why do you say that?” I asked, not particularly interested in her fussing over me. She was a sweet woman, but I wasn’t used to such care. I was used to abuse and... betrayal.

As she opened the fridge to take out strawberry yogurt, she said, “Because you look pale.” She peeled the aluminum foil from the cup and brought it to me. “It seems like you have vomited. Have this.” She handed me the yogurt. “This will soothe your gut.”

I frowned, but I took the yogurt from her. The minute it went inside my stomach, I moaned. It actually soothed me. Probably she was just concerned about me.

Zena left for home after dinner. It was 8 PM. Dane hadn’t returned, which was good. I had to hurry. I went upstairs and picked up my satchel when my gaze went to Dane’s wallet. He must have left it in a hurry. I took a deep breath as I opened it. I wasn’t surprised to see a large amount of cash in it.

With shaky hands, I took out a few thousand dollars because right now I had to think with my brain. There was no time for my heart to take over. It had been trampled over and over again, and I refused to listen to it anymore.

Opal was restless inside me. ‘Don’t do this,’ she whined, as the anticipation of leaving her mate gnawed at her.

‘I have to,’ I replied.’ Else I will go insane.’ I tucked them in my pocket. Opal whined again and then became quiet. Deathly quiet. I sat down and wrote a note to him.

“Taking some cash from you. Consider this as a loan. Will return when I can.

Hope you have a happy married life.

— Violet.”

While all the time I was planning on escaping, when the time came, I was crestfallen. Leaving Dane was like going against earth’s gravitational pull, but I had to take this leap.

With a lump the size of a pea in my throat, reluctantly, I climbed down the window of the backyard. There was no guard. I took off. I loped through the forest. It was dark and dense and all I wished was that I didn’t find any other rogue. Honestly, after staying like a rogue for most of my life, I wasn’t afraid of the darkness that shrouded the forest at this time of the night.

It did not surprise me when I didn’t encounter a single rogue. Obviously, no rogue dared to come near the White Fur pack territory for the fear of Alpha Dane. I focused ahead, shoving those thoughts away. I relied on my instincts to reach the main road. I turned to the east and thankfully hit the highway.

I was panting and sweating, but I whooped in joy. I didn’t know which direction I should take, but I chose to go south because one thing I knew from my life as a nomad, there were many packs in the north.

As soon as I spun on my heels, my head became dizzy. I clung to the air to stop myself from falling. “What was that?” I said aloud as I stumbled backward.

Sitting on a fallen log, I took the water bottle out of the satchel and drank some, allowing it to cool me. I felt like sitting down and relaxing, but I was afraid that Dane’s wolves would come and catch me. I didn’t know what I was going to do next. Everything was uncertain, but I was sure that nothing could be worse than the life I was leaving behind. I was a werewolf, and I knew I could handle myself well in the human world because that was where I was going.

I continued to walk on the highway, hoping to come across at least one vehicle that would drop me to the nearest town. I thanked the Moon Goddess when a small truck pulled over. I tensed, ready to attack. The windows lowered and a burly, kind looking woman peeped out. “What is a girl like you doing on a highway alone? You want to bum a ride?” she asked with a smile.

Relieved, I nodded with a smile. “Can you drop me to the nearest town?” Why was she looking and smelling so familiar?

“Sure. Hop in at the back. But girl—” She grinned. “We are going far south. We won’t stop until morning. It’s 11 PM already!”

“Suits me!” I threw my satchel on the truck’s floor before hopping in. The truck sped away. I looked at the forest that I was leaving behind for a new life. I curled in the corner and pulled my hoodie up. For a long time, I watched the forest that passed like a dark blur and then closed my eyes. Dreams of wolves with green eyes that gleamed golden with fury made me shiver.

I must have slept long, because I woke up with a start when the truck pulled over in a parking area. The woman came over and smiled. “We are in Georgia. A long way from Idaho. You are on your own here now.”

I licked my dry lips. “Thanks for the ride,” I said, picking up my satchel and getting down.

“You are welcome!” she said. “But be careful when you ask for rides next time. Who knows, you would encounter rapists?” She pointed towards a small motel. “There’s an inn over there. You may want to rest.”

My lips curled up at her concern. “I feel like I have seen you,” I said, forcing my brain to remember where I had seen her.

She chuckled. She sat back behind the wheels and revved up the engine. Her face turned hard. She warned, “I am Irene, Dane’s aunt! Don’t come back, else Ilene, Dane’s mother, will bury you alive!” Saying that, she pressed the accelerator and sped away, leaving me gaping at her.

I saw the truck disappearing on the horizon, as my thoughts were full of unanswered questions. Did Dane’s mother, Ilene, keep a watch on me all the time?

A shiver rippled through my body. Ilene orchestrated my escape. Biting my bottom lip, I walked towards the small inn, into the unknown.