

Mommy 25

Chapter 25

Ona knew it would take a lot of work to match up with the speed, strength, and stamina of those she had teamed up with, but she

did her best to keep up with them. The glow on her fur served as a strength preserver for her, and despite running for hours on

end trying to keep up, she didn't feel tired. She didn't match their speed; that was like comparing a jet to a helicopter, but she had

her strength

intact.

They had wandered further away from the Lycan king's estate, and they were probably almost out of his territory, and she didn't

feel right about that.

She spoke up about her scepticism about crossing territories, and Vivian told her that the entire werewolf world was the Lycan

king's to rule over and have dominion over, and that was true. Yet, the same Lycan king spoke about the need to maintain

territories and not be bullies.

If only the members of his pack followed his instructions, things would be so much better.

"I would like to go no further." Ona said, "Enough running for the sake of building strength."

The others grumbled at her decision, but Vivian agreed with her, which came as a surprise to her. "You are right; we cannot build

the strength you have lost, but we still have a few more hours until dawn. I suggest we do other things."

"How about we hunt?" Ed, Ted's wolf, suggested.

Ona had never hunted on a full moon before. Others who took pleasure in her suffering were always on the hunt for her. Otis

taught her a few things about hunting, both in human form and in her Lycan form, but she never used those trainings. She didn't

want to hunt. Not until she had done it on her own and knew

to go about it while putting what Otis taught her into practice.

the way

“What do you say about it, Sky?” Vivian asked, staring at her.

“Why are you asking for her say in it? This is our usual full moon routine, and we already gave racing up.” Ed’s wolf growled from

behind her.

She shivered a little in fear. “Sure, then, we can hunt.”

They followed Vivian’s direction, and though they didn’t go further, they ventured to another path for their hunt. When they arrived

at the spot where Vivian and her team always hunted, she let Ed take the lead to instruct them on how the hunting

was done.

He told them the hunting game on the full moon was simple: whoever returned with the biggest kill would claim all the others.

The first two set out to hunt and returned with their kill, and Sussan’s wolf, Susy, had a better kill than Caroline’s wolf, Roli. So,

Sussy devoured both kills.

Then it was time for Ed and Fuss to head out. They dashed into the woods to hunt, and after half an hour, Fuss and Ed returned

with their kill. Surprisingly, Fuss had a better kill than Ed, and so he claimed the two kills. Ed didn’t like that very much, and he

grunted around like someone who wanted to fight for the sake of it.

“It’s our turn,” Vivian told her, and her stomach coiled in a weird way. She didn’t want to do it again.

“Don’t tell us you’re about to change your mind,” Roli snarled at her from behind.

She saw the eyes of the other, and they looked like they would harm her if she changed her mind now. She remembered what

Jose had told her about Ted. He was dangerous; everyone on this team was, and in their wolf form, they would do worse. She

knew that if she didn’t do what they wanted here and now, they might

kill her.

She swallowed and shook her head.

“No,” she answered.

Vivian smiled, and she saw through her smile that there was nothing good that would come from this. She muttered a silent

prayer to the moon goddess to protect her even as she set out.

They both went their separate ways to hunt for their prey, and she didn't find anything at first. She didn't even want to hunt, just

as she didn't want to be on Vivian's team to begin with, but somehow, she found herself here.

She knew this would be her last time on Vivian's team, and she would do anything to never be back here, even if it meant

yanking her own arm out of its socket.

After endlessly searching, she came across an antelope, and she waited to study it. She needed to be sure she could match up

with its speed and also have enough strength to kill it. After examining it for a while, she realised she didn't have the strength.

She then waited for another to come walk by.

She waited for a few more minutes, but a squirrel came walking by on the same.

path. She knew she could hunt and kill it with ease, so she chased it and caught it after a few seconds.

She had a kill, and she headed back to meet the rest. It didn't matter the size because she cared less about the competition; she

just needed something so she would not get on their bad side.

Arriving at the spot where the rest of the team were when she headed out to hunt, she found no one there. Their scents lingered

there, but they were so faint that it told her they left a long time ago, perhaps immediately after she stepped out.

Where did they go, then? She wondered.

"There it is!" she heard an unfamiliar voice say from far away. Her heart skipped, and she turned away, trying to hide, but she

heard another voice speak from behind her.

"She is trying to escape!" These words made her heart skip, and not in a good way.

She heard footsteps on the ground, and she knew they were not less than a dozen people heading her way. From what she had

heard already, they didn't sound happy with her.

What was happening? Who were those coming?

Before her brain could even process the action to take next, she felt a hand grab her, and the grip was so strong she couldn't

break out of it.

She glanced up and saw a big black wolf, bigger than Ted and Rufus when they had shifted earlier. She instantly knew he was

an alpha wolf because his eyes glowed.

red.

"What do you think you are doing, crossing into territory that isn't yours and hunting and killing its wildlife?" The angry, red-eyed

wolf snarled at her.

This was another's territory!

Vivian and her team lured her here; they had crossed over territories to hunt, knowing fully well that this was no longer the Lycan

king's. The witch had planned this out so well, and she was stupid as always and fell into it. The Lycan king gave commands

even before the shift began, and they drew her out and made her violate those commands. They abandoned her here to suffer in

the hands of the alpha of this territory, knowing well that the Lycan king would not come for her.

Her breath cut in her throat, and she shook her head immediately.

"Do you deny it?" He growled, "You have a squirrel caught between your fangs!" He grabbed hold of the squirrel and yanked it

out from between her fangs. She almost lost a fang at the force used.

"She's a freak! Look at her fur!" an angry wolf growled at her.

All their eyes moved to her silvery, shiny fur, and they analysed it with hatred and anger while murmuring amongst themselves.

The silver fur had been her pride since she shifted hours ago, but now she felt ashamed of it. She wished to hide it away.

"Crossing territories is a serious crime, and those who do it will be punished, but not only did you cross territories, you also

killed."

"I am sorry," she apologised weakly, feeling remorseful to have been a part of the violation. She didn't come here on her own

accord, but she knew these people didn't care and wanted to harm her.

"Your apology will do nothing here." He told her, wrapping his claws around her neck. "Who do you belong to? Tell us so we can

know where to send your corpse." He asked in a terrifying voice.

She was going to die; she didn't want to, not yet. Her eyes grew blurry, and Fiona could feel Ona withdrawing from the surface.

"Answer me. Who do you belong to?" The wolf roared at her. He demanded, tightening his claws around her neck, and she

choked.

"She belongs to me." She heard a voice say it from behind the angry mob, and it sent chills through her. She knew that voice; it

belonged to the Lycan king.