

## On The Run 115

### Chapter 115

Alpha On The Hunt Chapter 40

I know he blames himself for not preventing what happened to my mother and Petra. It also sucks because he would soon lose

Sondra again.

She is an old woman, and despite that, he still loves her even though he could pass as her grandson. It is quite heartbreaking to think about loving someone, then losing them to your brother only to get them back and having to prepare to lose them all over again.

I push those thoughts aside, knowing Marco does not want my pity. It makes me realize what I could have lost from my own actions.

“So, is there any news on who is working with Osiris?” I ask him, and he exhales loudly.

Marco glances at me, then returns his eyes back to the road, looking grateful for the conversation moving away from his dying love life. He slows down as we approach the intersection leading onto the highway. Marco turns the blinker on and stops, waiting for the traffic to pass before he shakes his head.

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“No clue, but I will find out. However, if the council questions you, allowed you to leave the city on compassionate grounds after learning your family was attacked by another pack. And the fight at the border between you and Osiris was because he was trying to stop you when you had permission to leave,” he tells me, and I nod my head, then return my gaze to the window in contemplation.

There is hardly anything visible from the car up ahead, only the brake lights of the cars as they slow and try to follow the lines on the road. We are halfway to the city when Marco’s Bluetooth starts ringing loudly through the speakers, and a name comes across the screen in the dash: Officer Flint.

“Great. What does he want?” Marco growls, glaring at the name as

to rip out

“Not friends?” I laugh.

I can’t stand his whiny ass. He’s a brown

mutter something under his breath and presses a button on the steering wheel to answer

low and irritated while the cars in front of him jam on theirs. He curses, shaking his head at the traffic and blasting the horn. “Stupid humans and their crappy eyesight!” He snarls in a hushed

his irritation and behavior. Even I, with way better senses than any human, can barely see anything ahead of us. That fact

snaps at the Officer, but all

static, and some

voice crackles, but we can't understand what he is saying. No matter how enhanced one's

hearing the sounds of static, the phone cuts out. Marco grows visibly more annoyed and curses

Flint asks in a muffled voice. He's still hard to

in front of us, but weather be damned, I can't tell how many, but it looks like a considerable line. I'm startled by another growl from Marco and the vicious blaring of the horn as he holds

you there?" Officer Flint asks, and I

louder. It looks like no matter what the Officer says or does, even if it's not

now," The Officer says finally, and I roll my eyes. At this point, I get Marco's frustration because I'm growing just

lost contact with the transport officers that picked up

the side to look

he does have a point. Reception is

We checked the car's tracker, and they parked it in a town nearby. It hasn't moved for an hour either: I sent officers out to check if they've broken down, but we can't