

On The Run 118

Chapter 118

“You fucking idiot, that is not Osiris! Or Officer Tuck! That is the fucking Strigoi, and you let him slip right past you!” Marco shouts right as his fist collides with the desk.

The officer looks at the screen. His face pales, and his eyes widen as he shakes his head in what even he knows is denial. “No, that is Osiris! I saw him with my own two eyes.” Flint says, and I almost facepalm myself.

Marco turns in his chair to look at the Officer. “Are you really that stupid? Do you honestly think Osiris came all the way to the police station to take a shit just to leave right afterward? Have you not remembered anything about Strigoi? We only just went over this last week after the last attack! Or are you truly that much of an imbecile?” Marco snarls at him. If he were human, I’m sure his face would burn bright red in the display of rage.

Marco rewinds the footage, only this time, we follow Officer Tuck, who goes down and speaks to Alpha Derrick about being transferred to the council chambers in the city. He then talks to the two officers guarding him and finds out the route and time the council enforcers are arriving. There would be no need for anyone working here to need to know the route or the time they were leaving.

“How is that possible?” Flint asks, staring at the screen in shock.

“Because Strigoi can shapeshift, you bloody twit! You couldn’t even recognize the change in your own damn Alpha! How did you even get this job if you can’t tell the difference by his aura alone, idiot?” The tension in the office rises, and Marco’s clearly at the end of his rope. I can’t blame him, and I don’t think I would attempt to save the fool if Marco decided to eat him.

“How was I supposed to know? I have never met a damn Strigoi before!” Flint argues.

“You just did; in fact, you had a good ole fucking laugh with one! You know your damn Alpha. You should have realized by his mannerisms, even his damn signature!” Marco points at the writing in the logbook.

an excuse, but it is clear that it isn’t Alpha Osiris; they don’t even walk the same, but it leaves the question

told up close that they have a very cloying scent of decaying flesh. This makes sense since, to become Strigoi, a vampire has to feed off the dead. It is why feeding off

me stories when vampires and werewolves were at war with each other, that some vampires purposefully became Strigoi to gain

abilities make it so much harder to identify a Strigoi and kill them. They are faster than a typical vampire and stronger. They can even compel/glamor other vampires and even werewolves. Marco only has the ability to compel me

the human governments had to work with the supernatural council to eradicate them; it’s also when the alliance started with humans. and the

too. Which I thought was a little odd, but he looks exactly like Osiris. How the heck was I to know?" his brows pinch, and

was in a very good mood, which is odd, especially after everything that happened early in frustration. "Get out!

Flint jumps, glances at me, then he rushes from the room, snarls. He

back in

out who it is; for all we know, it could be that

he smells alive," I tell him with a laugh.

Derrick; that would be one less headache to deal with!" Marco states, and I chew my lip,