

Chapter 18

All of us stood around each other, the fire sparked with big flames and with winds picked up behind us, blowing into the room from the glass doors that remained open.

It bothered me to see the doors open like that, it was like they were goading us- leaving the doors open as if to say 'you're free to go' but nobody moved. Were we all so docile that they felt safe enough to take this risk with us? Or were they just so certain of the Alphas abilities to chase us down if we ever tried?

As I looked around I could see that I was probably alone in those thoughts. Everyone else seemed oddly content with being- how did Lady Hale put it? - Prey.

Darian was standing to close for my comfort, his arm nearly brushed up against mine- perhaps he actually was afraid that I would run.

The unmarked girls were gone, taken into the first room we entered when we arrived where they would surely be blind folded, their hands tied behind their backs and they would return to the pack in the same manner that they were taken.

The rustic metal hinges around the walls and the dark oak that surrounded us was screaming security. The leather couches and gold vase on top of the mantel seemed to be the Alpha's taste.

This Hunt, this game, had always been in their favor- it had never been about us girls but rather what we could contribute with our bodies, our beauty and our ability to bare heirs.

God if my sister never had to experience this then I would have done something right in my life.

But how could I wipe out a centuries old tradition? There had to be a way to make it extinct and I did have a few years before it became an issue.

That is, if I survived that long.

I looked at Darian who was guarded next to me. He was impossible to read and too big to challenge.

He was more than an Alpha, he was our King, he was the one we learned about before we learned about our Alpha's.

King Darian was a name on many peoples lips always, he was royalty-held more power than anyone else in this land but he also had more reputations than anyone else.

The King was always spoken of with respect because nobody would dare anything else.

He was solely responsible for ridding our lands of the last humans three years ago. They were forced away years before that, forced across a border that was meant to keep us safe from them after a gathering of hunters rose and killed hundreds of our kind.

Many packs took it upon themselves to hunt them out and force them across the border but they kept returning in groups thinking they could take back the land they once had.

Werewolves tried not to harm them, they tried to send harmless warnings but it wasn't until Darian intervened that a true shift happened.

Three groups of six had crossed the border and Darian slaughtered every last one of them- he crossed the border and tossed their bodies around different towns while sending a message; that if they ever crossed the border again, a slaughter would begin 'but next time I will start on this side of the border.'

The door to the back opened up, a thick metal that I'm not sure a normal werewolf could bust through.

I saw the four men that entered, dressed in black uniforms with a leather

strap across their chest and each had a knife hanging on their hip.

Every Alpha in the room took a step back, pulling their girls with them.

The men who walked in perfect sync stepped up to Darian and I fought against rolling my eyes.

Of course they were the Kings guard.

"Is everything prepared?" Darian asked.

"Yes my king. Everything is ready." One of the men answered.

Darian nodded to his men.

"Bring her." He said and gestured to me.

Seriously?

Bring her?

What am I a suitcase?

One of the men grabbed my arm and I instinctively growled in a warning.

Darian stopped, in the middle of the room, his feet cemented onto the floor.



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