



## Chapter 29

After a run that felt like it had lasted for a week, I looked back to see how far away from the palace we had gotten but my heart sank when I could spot the tower sticking up behind the trees. How in the world was I supposed to disappear in this place?

But we didn't slow down and I forced my steps one at a time. The alternative to running was much more terrifying.

"This way," he rounded a few trees and we came out on the other side of the small forest.

I knew there was a forest around here with miles and miles of tight-grown trees and grass that tickled your feet for those who wanted a proper run with their wolf but I didn't know where it was located. It would've been a good place to disappear until I found a way out.

We ran without stopping over a bridge overlooking a beautiful stream and down the cobblestone path that led through a smaller shopping street.

We ran until I couldn't feel my feet.

We ran even though I wanted to stop but he wouldn't let me slow down as he dragged my weight behind him.

Just as we turned the corner around the clocktower I stumbled on my feet and fell against the wall.

"We can't stop. Come on, let's go!" He said and pulled my arm but I couldn't find it in me to take another step.

"Please," I said and grabbed the handle off his knife. It was my last



resort, I was done, I couldn't run and I sure as hell couldn't go back. I looked up at him, "please kill me before they come," I begged.

I tasted metal, I grazed my tongue over the wound on my lip and felt the blood fall in a line down the side of my face.

The wounds were opening up, having not healed at all, and I knew it was only a matter of time before somebody caught my scent and came after us.

How they hadn't already was beyond me. It all was starting to feel like a game of cat and mouse but I didn't want to believe that anyone would be so cruel and the warrior was helping me. He was going against his king to get me out. I saw the fear in his eyes when I couldn't move and after hearing my request he grabbed my hand and moved it from his knife.

"I'm not going to kill you," he shook his head.

"I can't run," I said and heaved a breath.

"We'll wait a moment and then continue. I'm not leaving you here to be tortured by him," his eyes looked haunted as a memory flashed in his mind.

"Why?"

He looked up, his blue eyes sparkled under the light and his lip twitched in a sorrowful smile.

"The last time I turned my back she ended up dead. I'm not making that mistake again."

I leaned up in a hurry and my eyes doubled in size.



"The king's wife?" I asked but he didn't answer. He bit down on his tongue and his eyes flickered around the street.

"We have to hurry," he said and grabbed my hand.

He turned to run when I heard a choked breath and felt his fingers release my hand.

A knife was plunged into his gut, blood pooled under his feet and a large hand held a tight grip around his throat.

I saw the guard who was slowly squeezing the life out of the guy who had tried to help me.

I only saw his back but I thought about his kind eyes and how right now they were being drained of life.

The light hit the metal on the knife hanging on his hip and I decided not to think on it for a second longer. I reached out, pulled it from its holster, and raised it in the air with the tip of the blade pointing in.

Tears rolled down my cheeks and left a soothing cold trace over my swollen face – the traces of which would be the last thing I felt,

I pulled my hands down and prepared for pain but gasped when the blade stopped right before it was lunged into my stomach.

He grabbed my wrists and spun me around. Staring into those green eyes I realized my mistake...I should've grabbed the knife first before I ever tried to run.

Something told me that I was about to experience a fate worse than death.

He cupped my cheek and forced my head back.

"I don't think so, puppet. I'm not through with you yet," Darian ripped the knife from my hands and flung it at the guy's back. The blade lodged in his shoulder and he fell limp to the ground when the warrior let go of his throat.

"No, please!" I watched the guy who had tried to save me lay still in a pool of his blood and begged the gods to make his chest rise in a breath.

Please, please breath.

Darian's breath fanned my ear. The silence around us was choking the air in my lungs and forced me to hold my breath.

Darian's grave voice broke the silence and I released my breath "Look at what you've done," he said coldly.

Before I could see the warrior take a breath and prove to myself that he wasn't dead, I felt something blunt against the back of my head and everything went dark with something wet dripping down my back.

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