

Chapter 3. Alone with Death

POV: Rania Vikesh

"Did Benson alreadynd her?" The woman asked the muscular man who was standing and staring at the huge window glass from their huge mansion.

She was sitting on a single deep forest green sofa while sipping her favorite lemon and mint tea. She was wearing a white sundress thatwed freely, reaching her knees, which was paired with nude at shoes.

Her burgundy hair was neatly done into a messy bun. The woman had an aristocrat aura that was purely intimidating, added to by her narrowed eyes looking at the man.

She was in her late forties and undeniably still younger to look at.

He didn't answer her question and just continued pu his stale tobacco while looking at the moon in its state — the new moon at its darkest form.

"Lorenzo," the woman called him — pure irritation was heard in her voice which was directly at him, for not answering her question.

The man called Lorenzo let out a loud snarl and faced her — she shuddered but she composed herself and raised her brow as she placed back the teacup down to its saucer.

"Just stop it, Rania. You know, we couldn't have her here." Lorenzo emphasized every word and tried to make her understand his point, but his face said otherwise because it re ected his

hopelessness and pure concern.

Rania let out a defeated sigh and roughly cleared her throat. Her desperation was getting out of her, and she couldn't do anything to stop it.

Her husband, Lorenzo, turned his back at her and faced the huge glass window once again. He was wearing a black simple shirt and dark blue denim pants thtaperfectly in his entire body.

He had this abnormal muscular size — one that radiated authority and an intimidating aura. It was already given because he was no other than the Alpha of the Lunar Pack.

"But the plan was now ruined, Lorenzo, and you know that. We only have one last draw left and we needed her to execute it." Rania reminded him as she clenchedstetightly, turning her

knuckles into paperwhite.

Lorenzo let out a deep sigh as he shook his head gently and remained silent, still thinking thoroughly about how to move on with their plan.

"What if—"

She was about to say something when she was cut o by the huge wooden door which suddenly banged open.

"Mom, we have a problem," their daughter, Shahara, told them with a hint of urgency in her voice.

Rania turned pale while her gaze darted towards Shahara. Lorenzo, on the other hand, without a hurry put down his tobacco on the ashtray that was lying on the table lamp and looked

directly at her daughter's worried face. He might be wearing his normal reaction but deep inside him was full of unadulterated concern.

Their hearts beat speedily as they both looked at her — and based on their daughter's face who was nodding disappointedly at them, something terrible might have happened.

POV: Tamara Davis

At that very same time, Tamara was running as fast as she could to God knows where, ignoring every sharp branch and vine that brought painful scratches and bruises all over her entire

body.

After she witnessed how Benson turned into a freaking large wolf, as well as those wicked and fearful rogue's eyes — her own re exes told her to instantly run, and she immediately did. She

fought her wobbling legs and gathered all her strength, for all she wanted was to escape.

To escape from everything that was insanely happening towards her that she almost couldn't comprehend why and how. Her mind was spinning as her forehead was full of bullets of sweat

that were gradually owing down her face.

She was gasping for air and looked behind as she wiped that trail of sweat in her forehead that streamed down to her cheeks — her extensive fear turned into a raging fuel that made her

move expeditiously.

Thank God!

No one followed her.

She stopped her tracks for a second and took a deep breath as she placed her both hands on her knees, hunching her back.

Tamara consciously looked around as she was embraced with a deafening silence and the night's darkness. The hooting of the night owl stopped and only the sound of the crickets

resounded the place — wherever it was.

The gushing cold wind aided in easing down her maddening hyperventilation a while ago.

She let out another deep breathy sigh before she continued walking in her unknown tracks when in a split second an enormous murky wolf appeared before her!

His large and bared canines were evident as it maddeningly snarled at her — ready to attack.

Tamara instantly inched as she suppressed her breath — her heart beat sped up intensely while looking at those vicious eyes.

She could still remember this one huge wolf that surrounded Benson a while ago. He had a mix of dark brown and dirty white fur. He was the largest among those other four wolves, making it

hard for her to forget. Her deadly eyes looked at her, making her breath stop for a matter of seconds and raging chills sent down her spine.

He took a very slow-paced step towards her, leaving a deep paw mark towards the muddy ground as she took one slow step behind. Her legs began to crumble, but she never looked

away from the massive beast's eyes. Tamara braced herself with her both arms, soothing herself and praying for someone to save her.

Her dark brown eyes were now blurred with unshed tears. She wanted to run, but how? She might just face her dreadful death that instant if she instantaneously did so.

The huge wolf was about to attack her, and she covered her face with her arms, bracing the sudden impact that it might've caused her. But then, another large wolf with an auburn fur

instantly jumped at his side and did a counterattack for her.

It let out a loud snarl, giving a perilous warning towards the massive wolf. Its long sharp and bared canines were obviously seen.

Tamara cringed with shock but also amazed at the same time.

The auburn furred wolf looked at her and slowly nodded her head, as if telling her to go while the rogue growled loudly.

Her eyes watered and mouthed 'thank you' and 'sorry' before turning and running away.

Guilt crept within her entire system while she was running madly fast. She couldn't stay there — she just couldn't.

Her fresh tears owed freely as she continued running to nowhere. She couldn't even protect herself nor had the strength toght but that wolf with an auburn hair could. It could protect

itself from whatever that bad wolf was.

She needed to run — and fast. She needed to live and out what happened to her parents.

She needed to because that was what she promised. She neededt out why someone would run after her. What do they need from her?

She needed to save her own life — not just for herself butto out the truth and give justice for her parents — whatever happened to them.

She wiped away her tears through her arms as heristj sobs lled the cold wind that was brushing her skin. She was silently praying to survive — the only thing that keeps her going

now.

After hours of continuous running, the darkness slowly dazed by the golden rays of the sun. A mix of a little black, mauve, orangish, gray, and cerulean colded the horizon.

If she wasn't in her forlorn state right now, she might have loved the tantalizing hues painted in the sky — like she always did.

Tamara roamed around and could now slightly see the place she's in.

She was still in the middle of the su ocating woods, but shemally saw a glistening river. She plopped down on her knees on the riverside and drank the running water as if it wassthe

time she had it.

She was so thirsty and her raging stomach growl, but having this clear and fresh water to drink was enough for her to gain her strength, at least.

She washed her face unconsciously, feeling the freshness and coldness of the running water to ease herself. Then, she suddenly stopped when her eyes met her mirrored self.

It re ected her messy wavy crimson red hair that tied knot to one after the other because she didn't even have time to comb or tie it. Her dark brown almond-shaped eyes were bloodshot

red as her pointed nose. There was a large black bag under her eyes. Her lips were quivering and whitish while her cheeks were full of tear stained. Her fair skin with a touch of rosiness was

now paperwhite — like a ghost in a scary movie.

All in all, she was certainly a total mess.

Her eyes started to water again for her unending tears, but she wiped it away just before it owed down to her cheeks. She was really weak, and she already knew it. Yet her strong will to

nd answers to her questions kept her alive — she needed to, and she's determined to continue it in doing so.

Tamara took a deep sigh as she tried to compose herself while she stared blankly at the space in front of her. She was trying to think about what she should do next.

'What now, Tamara?' She thought as her reverent, and she was still sitting on the muddy ground at the riverside. She didn't even mind whether she was now getting wet with the

running water.

Tamara let out a deep sign as she abruptly jumped a bit and dragged her in reality by a sudden loud and nasty growl — her senses heightened, and her body started to tremble again because

of anxiety and fear.

Another growl followed that echoed within the woods — this time, it was a little low and weak with a hint of pain in its tone.

A devious laugh trailed after that mixed with a couple of panting and snarling.

The hair at the back of her neck stood up as she shivered just by hearing those sounds resonating the entire depths of the forest.

Tamara wanted to just stay away from whatever it was, but her feet moved closer to where the sounds were coming from — uncontrollable and as if they had their own minds. She wanted to

stop, but she couldn't, as if something was telling her to go and she hated it.

She slowly walked towards the large trees covered with vines. Tamara could hear her own heart beat hammering inside her chest, making it ache a bit.

She swallowed roughly and found herself standing in the two tall thick trees that twisted their trunks together. It was a secluded area and the other trees overlapped each other creating a

fence-like trees around the shed. She immediately hid in the great bushes and wild grass.

She saw a small open lounge barn which was made of bamboo and hay. At the barn, three tall men were standing, and one was lying on the ground.

The three men were totally bulky, and they were all wearing black shirts and pants. While the man lying on the ground had nothing in to cover him.

"I already told you to never dare cross us, you coward jerk," one of the bulky men clearly stated, his voice laced with anger and annoyance.

One of them — the tallest — grabbed the neck of the man lying on the ground and spit at him.

Then, he let him go forcefully and kicked his stomach. The man grunted miserably and coughed with blood.

She jumped in terror and covered her mouth to stop her gasping in hopes of being quiet and never heard by any of them. She inaudibly turned around and hid herself more, embracing her

body using her trembling arms.

Tamara saw how hideous the scene was.

Would she witness someone's death?

Here?

In the middle of nowhere while she was all alone?

The rustling sound of the lofty trees enveloped the entire place as the hair at the back of her neck stood making her shiver.