

Chapter 20: CAMP

I sat in the carriage alone while it was drawn by horses and the other men in the pack.

I could hear the horses outside, and the men were discussing and laughing.

They seemed so normal. I had never for once witnessed an attack on our pack and seen that these men, who had beheaded all the high-ranking male wolves in our pack, yet laughed and discussed sat uncomfortably with me.

I nestled my head against the seat, quietly wondering how my life was going to be in the new pack.

I didn't know much about the Crescent Pack except that my father had taken over before I was even born.

It was just a random story in the pack, but who would have ever thought that it would have come to haunt us?

Haunt me.

I had nothing to do with it.

He had made it clear that I would not live a life of enjoyment in the pack as 'I had' back home.

I wondered if Jessica would have survived this entire ordeal as I had.

Jessica had never known a hard life the way I had. It would have been completely foreign to her.

And that was why he was punishing me.

Because he believed I, Jessica, would not be able to handle.

If only he knew who I truly was.

It was getting dark again, and then the men stopped.

I heard them come down from their horses.

I peered out to see what was happening.

Were we making camp?

We have been on the road for over a week now.

No one bothered to tell me anything.

I watched as the men made a fire, laid out sleeping sacks, laughed, and drank.

"Why the hell don't any of you know how to cook?!" One of the men standing in front of the fire, holding a rabbit, asked.

"Give, Robert," he said.

"Robert?!" The first man's eyes widened. "He totally burned the last deer."

"At least I did better than any of you." The one that Robert usually said.

"I wish Olaf wasn't sick." The first man complained. "He is the one who knows how to cook."

They were all quiet and seemed to be very hungry as they ate dried meat and cheese.

I watched as the first man set aside the large wild pig that had been killed and sat down dejectedly.

The door of my carriage was swinging open, and I jumped from where I had been peeping.

It was Xaden, and he was not smiling as usual.