## **Chapter 21: WHAT USE ARE YOU DEAD?**

He eyed me suspiciously.

Then he looked at her window, which I had just been peeping from, and down to me on the seat with his eyes boring holes into me.

My mouth dropped uneasily. "No, I was just looking out to see what had happened and why we had stopped.

He eyes me, seemingly irritated at my presence.

"Or are you trying to spy on me?" He asked, his brows furrowed together.

I swallowed.

"No. I'm not." I lied again.

It was technically a lie.

I had been trained to spy on them when I got into the pack, not now.

"Don't worry." He promised me. "We would make you unable to spy."

My mouth dropped. "What do you mean?"

"You're a wolf. You can contact your bloodline through your wolf." He said.

I looked down at my hands.

"I can't do that." I said. "I'm a latent wolf. I've never shifted before."

He just stared at me. Then he said, "You will take the test when you get to my pack."

Test? What test was he talking about?

If he found I was a spy he would kill them back home, before killing me.

That's if he killed me.

I couldn't let their death be on my hands.

Then he ung a blanket at me and a small bag.

I looked down at the bag and rummaged through its contents.

It was some dried meat and cheese.

"Thank you," I told him.

"I'm not doing any of this to help you." He warned me. "Elena said you would die if you didn't eat or stay away from the cold. And what good use are you to me if you're dead?"

And then he slammed the door of the carriage so hard that my insides jumped.

I wrapped the blanket around my body and bit through the food he had given me.

It was plain, but for the for the food, I was grateful nonetheless.

Then I tucked in to sleep.

I looked back up through the window of the carriage. The men were asleep, and the wild pig that had been killed just lay down uncooked.

I knew just what to do.

Early the next morning, I would cook it for them.