

Chapter 25: AMBUSH

After the meal, the journey continued, and I remained in the carriage.

They had completely eaten it all up and seemed to like it—more than six of them she had seen licking their fingers.

Some of them had even argued over the food and its share.

Xaden had not eaten it.

Eyes turned to the window of the carriage, and she saw Erik by the side on his horse.

He had saved her life.

If not for him, what would Xaden have done to her again?

This time worse, in front of his men.

Her body shivered, and she pushed the thought away.

She took some of her medicine and then rested for a bit.

"Halt," Xaden said.

She froze all the horses, and the carriage itself stopped.

There was silence.

The silence went on for a few minutes, and then I heard someone come down from a horse and then footsteps.

There was a slicing sound as if something had been caught, and then something fell down with a loud thud.

"It's a trap." Xaden's voice said. "Rogue packs."

Then, as if on cue, there was a large howling from multiple wolves.

Wolves that I instantly knew didn't belong in Xaden's pack.

Then shouting followed.

I looked out of my window and saw wolves headed right our way.

Immediately, they clashed with us, and I saw blood spill.

The men started fighting.

Xaden was giving orders so loudly that I could hear.

Then Xaden's face came over the window in the carriage, and I jumped back.

"Stay inside!" He warned. "Don't come out."

I nodded hastily, and he moved away.

I quickly moved back away from the window and shook in fear.

It was an open ambush in broad daylight.

Xaden had only come because, just as he had said, what use was I to him alive?

I remained inside, trembling in fear as I heard the screams of the men slashing.

I could literally hear body parts being pulled out of the bodies.

I hugged myself and kept quiet through the true noise.

Then the door to my carriage was quietly opened.

A stranger with crooked teeth and a very scary face came in.

I gasped and was about to scream, but he pointed a dagger at me.

"If you make a single noise, I'll slit your throat." He warned me.

