



Chapter 616

Runa POV

It's always a lonely walk back home, those dark thoughts always trying to creep in when I only have the noises of nature to keep me company.

The self loathing...the doubt...the humanity my wolf so desperately grips on to. She was the one that refused to give up, refused to accept that this was our fate for the rest of our lives.

She wanted more, she prayed for more.

Me, I'm not as romantic as my wolf, I'm practical minded. I made the deal to pay off the debt, a debt that will take the rest of my life to square.

A debt that isn't even mine.

I could be walking through thick sticky mud for the way my legs lift heavily with every step, but I'm not...the path is clear.

The sun now shining down beautifully this morning, instantly warming my body that was on the side of cold from having walked through the dark night.

I don't care for walking in the dark, I'm the scary one within the shadows.

If a male dared to attack me, he would find out just what I am made of.

I was highly trained in the skill of defence and attack. I had yet to meet a female, even a male,

that could beat me. I've been close on a few occasions, the scars on my back a reminder of the

near deaths encounters I have had.

I reach the pack gates of the Silver River pack, the place I have called



home since the death of my parents.

I refuse to move like the rest, refuse to follow him to other packs as he spreads his hatred out into the land like a deathly disease, turning packs against one another.

He needs me, I know he does...I am the best at what I do. That is the only reason I was granted to

call this place home, to keep my siblings in one location.

But I'm not naive to think he can't change his mind one day.

We remain due to his clemency, something he reminds me of at every report in.

"Runa." The guard at the gate nods out to me, his eyes widening as I don't wait for the gate to open, I climb over it.

I don't think they know what I do, they think I am just somebody who comes and goes as I please, surely they were a little tuned into Alpha Darnell than that.

Aware of how he gains the lands...

I don't go to his office, he can wait. He didn't give me an exact timeframe, just to report back to him.

He can wait.

I head back to the small pack house that he appointed to myself and my siblings, the little place on the edge of the pack grounds.

He offered me a grander place closer to the alpha house but I don't want to get involved with his political games, I was very mindful that he hired me to kill...I didn't need to dress up daily for the "inner circle" and play their game.



That was more deathly than being an assassin.

Excitement mixed with trepidation hits me as I reach my hand out to open the front door.

The day our parents died I became a parent overnight, a motherly figure to a one year old boy. Alma, my sister was only twelve at the time, myself fourteen. I don't know how we survived those first few weeks.

Alma knows now, I remember her heartbreak like it was yesterday when she realised the price for the Alpha's clemency.

At first she thought he helped us because he cared, that he left food baskets just in time for when I returned home again.

No...it was a thanks.

There is no monetary exchange between Alpha Darnell and me, he made it very clear of the debt...the baskets were what I class a tip for a job well done.

Each time I walk through this door Alma is waiting for me, her large innocent eyes holding un-cried tears for me, fear that I may not return... that she'll have to take on the debt until Felix is of age.

She doesn't mean to, but her eyes send a jolt of uncontainable guilt shooting through me, I had blood on my hands...I know it, she knows it... someday Felix will know it.

I push open the front door, bracing myself as I always do to block out the guilt.

I walk through the hallway quietly knowing Felix was still asleep to find Alma preparing his breakfast in the kitchen.

A large fruit basket with pastries on the kitchen table.

I feel sick to my core at the deliciously fresh smelling croissants.



"You were longer this time." Alma turns to me, a sigh escaping her as she moves to take my jacket from me.



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