



Chapter 618

~ Runa ~

3 months later

When Alpha Darnell promised me a clean slate, that if I manage to kill this new target then all my father's debts are paid, that I could retire from his game....how could I refuse such an offer.

I had a chance to get my life back, to wipe that slate clean. To put my past behind me, to leave the Silver River pack and start again with Alma and Felix, to give them a life they deserved.

Not one where the dark shadows of my crimes threaten to cast upon their futures.

At first I thought it was like any other kill, but I soon realised why Darnell had offered to wipe the debt. This wasn't going to be as easy as I had thought.

I say that as I am tied up on top of a mountain having been captured by a rogue camp. I would say it was part of the plan, but it really wasn't, I had heard rumours of a female entering the camp that had a vendetta against the Varon family...a lead I needed to check out.

However, the bitch Medea wasn't as welcoming as I had thought.

Somehow she had single handedly gained control of the rogue camp, imprisoning me for almost three months.

I haven't been home; my wolf grows more paranoid by the day of not having any contact with Alma or Felix. Not even being able to check in with Alpha Darnell.

For all he knows, I am dead.



I've never taken this long, days...never weeks or months. I was beyond desperate to report back in, even without confirmation of the kill...I just needed him to know I was alive.

It was eating away at me, the dread...the guilt of not knowing if they were safe.

Alpha Darnell had always given me his personal promise that he would look after them whilst I was on a mission, or in the event of my death.

But I know that he would soon grow tired of them being "free loaders", as he would say, then forcing Alma to take on my word.

He was a snake to the core, luring you in with false promises, until you were close enough to bite...and he did so with venom.

I had the good sense to drop my phone in the mountains range, around a mile away from the camp, the rumours of the rogues didn't disappoint. They were vicious, the first thing they did was strip me of my clothes, checking me for weapons, for anything that gave them a good enough reason to kill me.

Not that I thought rogues abided by shifter rules.

I hid my dagger along with my phone. If they had found me with a weapon, my throat would have

been sliced open immediately.

I was beaten regularly for not revealing what pack I was from, the woman Medea grew impatient with me holding back information.

I wasn't a rogue, like them, so why was I here...what purpose did I have in a rogue camp. She didn't believe my answer of being lost, of losing my family and running.

"Wake up!" One of the males growls at me, my eyes forcing open from



blackening out yet again. I had become their own personal punching bag.

I didn't fall asleep at night, I was knocked out every night.

They didn't want me attacking them as they slept, I probably would have done the same thing.

These were savvy rogues, perhaps ex warriors casted out of their packs for crimes.

One in particular seemed to take it upon himself every night to knock me out, the abusive type. Getting his kicks for free, because I was fair game right now.

"Get up!" He growls again at me, hatred clear in his tone as he kicks my legs when I do not move after his command.

He fails to remember I haven't stood for days, that I have no feelings in my legs.

"I can't." I snarl back out at him, pulling yet again on the tight rope around my wrist and ankles. The skin was red raw from where the rope digs in.

My own blood stains are splattered across the material, across the disgusting pathetic torn clothes they dressed me in.

Most of the time my underwear is on show, something I am very aware of with these male eyes.

"We are moving, get up!" Medea walks in her, her voice barking orders at me before she moves and lifts me up herself.

"Hold her." She growls at the male, who reluctantly grips at my arm his eyes rolling at being ordered by a female that wasn't his alpha.

She was impressive and if my life wasn't in her hands, I would be in awe of her.



How the hell has she managed to command a rogue camp, to get them under her control. There were a few children and women in the group, but overall these were large burly men, not the easiest to physically over throw.

"We need to move, eyes are on us." For once I hear panic in her voice, something I hadn't heard in the three months I have been here.

Little does she know that eyes have been on her for the past three months anyway, I just haven't been able to communicate with them to give orders.

But my females remain close by, they always do.

"Eyes?"

"They've fucking turned on me, the first chance they got. The Amber Knights, already following the orders of the new alpha, after killing my own son. That pack is mine."

"But there is no where to go." The male questions her. Idiot.

"You don't ask the questions, I tell you what to do." She roars back at him.

"I've had a lead on the White Moon pack, they will take us in, especially when I tell them what I know." She actually rubs her hands together, greedy in her pursuit for this mysterious pack that I have never heard of, and I've heard my share of pack names, heard my share of alpha stories.

