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A cold sweat broke out my skin and I turned to run, but strong fingers held me by my hair, pulling me roughly to the ground. His growls reverberated through the forest, his pants getting soaked with blood from the wound I'd inflicted on him with my knife that was still buried in his thighs.

I felt the power from his growl. The kind of power I knew no one in Silver Moon possessed. Not even alpha Thane. The hair at the nape of my neck stood up straight. My lips trembled. My hands trembled. My teeth chattered. My heart skipped many beats, and my body shook with fear. I couldn't look up at either of them, so I buried my face behind my shaky palms.

These men were in no way connected to Silver Moon pack. They'd not been the ones chasing me an hour ago. I'd attacked and tried to kill the wrong people in my desperation to escape. I was doomed.

The uninjured man picked me up by my collar, shaking me angrily "Who sent you?" he barked in my face. I heard the other man grunt as he pulled out the knife from his thigh.

"I-I-" I'd learned not to beg for mercy when I was being punished in Silver Moon because it annoyed the punisher, so I stopped myself from saying anything that will make my situation worse.

"Stupid Omega. Are you trying to kill me?" The man I'd injured hissed, his deep voice sending goosebumps over my skin. His companion still held me by my collar with my back to him. I summoned the courage to look at the man I stabbed. He was large. Definitely the tallest man I ever saw. Very muscular with brown hair falling slightly on his shoulders, bristle eyebrows and well-defined cheekbones.

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His eyes glowed red with anger, definitely an alpha. What sort of trouble did I just get myself into?

"Speak," the uninjured man who still held me by the collar shook me again. "What are you doing here by this time of the night?"

It was pointless explaining to them that I was running from Silver Moon pack, because then they'd take me back and report me to my Alpha for trying to kill another pack Alpha. Goddess knows the type of punishment I'll receive, coupled with the fact that I escaped from their dungeons. I was a fugitive.

"I'm traveling," I lied. The two exchanged glances and my eyes darted to the injury on the man's right thigh. The knife made a tear on the fabric, large enough for me to see the cut. The bleeding had stopped and the injury was healing very rapidly. I watched in awe as the cut gradually closed up, my mouth dropping open of their own volition.

Werewolves heal fast, and for alpha wolves, the healing process is even faster. But in all my years alive, I have never seen any wolf, alpha or not, heal so fast. Within minutes, the wound had completely healed leaving only a redness and the trace of blood on his trousers.

"From where to where?" His voice pulled my eyes back to his face. My wolf whimpered in fear. I never felt so much power from a werewolf before. He had to be a very powerful alpha! And I'd stabbed him! Luck was never on my side. I never do anything right. If I'd taken a minute to observe this man, then I'd have known that there's no way they could have been from Silver Moon pack.

I'm not exactly a short person standing at five feet and six inches, but amidst these men, I felt like a dwarf. The shorter one who still held me by the collar should be at least six feet and six inches, and the alpha who I

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managed to stab with my knife could be six feet eight inches or taller.

He stalked towards me, and if his companion didn't have me by my neck, I'd have taken to my heels. He would have given chase of course and an Omega like me could never outrun a man so powerful, but maybe it would have given me time to conjure another lie.

"Just- let - me- go." I stuttered.

He pushed my face up with his index finger. The part of my skin where he touched burned as more anger rolled off him. His eyes retracted to it's original color, a beautiful marine blue, they had the same startling clarity as a mountain stream. If I ever had to describe what a god looked like, then he'd fit the perfect description.

"Certainly, you don't think I'll let you walk away after you made an attempt on my life, do you?" He quirked his brows dangerously, and I would have swooned if I wasn't so scared of what they'd do to me.

He was devilishly handsome, his hard features and intent glare making my knees buckle beneath me. It's a good thing the other man was still holding me. He carried an unusual power, his voice holding a threat that made me shudder visibly. Why was I doing a physical appraisal and admiring this stranger that looked like he was ready to breathe down fire on me? I should fall on my knees and cry for his mercy, lick his feet and wipe his shoes clean with my tongue like Alpha Thane had demanded many times, but I didn't see myself doing that. If he is going to punish me, then he'd better started doing so now.

"If you are not going to let me go, then punish me," I murmured, but loud enough for him to hear.

"Who is your alpha?" He asked, his gaze still studying me intently.

"I don't have one," Another lie. Well, not exactly a lie because I denounced Silver Moon as my pack the minute I managed to escape from its four walls. "I left my pack, I'm traveling in search of another one,"

He continued to study me, "How old are you?" He asked.

I knew why he was asking, and I considered lying. I was too young to leave my pack without a parent or guardian supervision, but then I am an adult by all means. I may not be up to twenty-one, but I'm above eighteen, and I don't think anyone will believe me if I claimed I were older.

"Nineteen," I admitted. His features darkened, and his fingers gripped my jaw tightly.

"So you left your pack, without you Alpha's consent, and I'm pretty sure your parents aren't aware either, and then you try to kill me? Where is the sense in that?" He growled.

My eyes fell "I have no parents or family," my eyes watered, but I fought the tears from falling.

He didn't loosen his grip, he didn't draw back, and he certainly didn't believe I was alone in this world.

"I'll make you a scape goat. Teach you a lesson you will live to tell your generations to come. And if I find out you lied to me about any of the things I asked you, then I'll make you regret the day you were born," he thundered.

"I regret the day I was born," I responded with more courage than I possessed at that time. It was the truth. Every day in the last ten years, I have cursed the day my mother brought me into this world. I regret being born, and I regret not dying with my parents. Who will live the kind of life I have lived and not regret their existence?

If he heard what I said, he didn't show it. His gaze still fixed sternly on me, radiating so much energy I had to

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commend myself for being able to withstand that much power coming from him.

"Vaddir, take her to the vehicle. She is coming along with us," he commanded his companion who hadn't said much in the last minute. Vaddir nodded, pushing me forward to a black SUV I only just noticed.

"Where are you taking me?" I panicked, not able to hold it in any longer. The tears I'd been holding dropped to my cheeks, and my hands started to shake violently.

Vaddir pushed me roughly into the back seat of the car, slamming the door loudly and settled at the driver seat while the other man took the passenger seat.


"You think we should take her to the palace? Can she be trusted?" Vaddir turned to his companion.

Palace? What are they talking about?

"C'mon, maybe we should let her go Draven, she is just a little girl. I'm sure she regrets her mistakes already, I mean look at her?" Vaddir coerced, glancing at me through the rear view mirror.

The color drained from my face and I felt like the earth stopped its rotation. Did he just say Draven? Like Prince Draven? There's only one Draven in the history of werewolves. The first Lycan prince. It can't be.

"There's no such thing as forgiveness in my dictionary," he says coldly. "She's coming with us to the palace,"

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