

## Chapter 4. Treat and Run

POV: Someone

A loud crashing of an antique vase broken on the floor echoed throughout the whole receiving room. Three tall and bulky men started to tremble as their eyes were laced with undeniable fear. Their heads bow down and their legs shake, for they knew that with one mistake their loving life was at stake — or worse, they had to say goodbye to it.

“What the hell did you say?” A woman in her late forties was holding three sharp and long daggers in her hands, asked violently as she narrowed her eyes and looked at them with pure irritation and ferocity.

The woman was sitting on the single black sofa wearing a silky delicate red maxi dress that flowed down and reached the floor, emphasizing her fair skin. It was paired with red three-inch pumps.

Her straight light ash blonde hair flowed freely at her back. Her narrowed eyes were decorated with dark black mascara and black eyeliner that contoured and defined her gray eyes. Her pouty lips are covered with deep red lipstick, causing the three men to be intimidated more. The woman entirely screamed of high authority, class, and power, and no one could ever break loose once she unfolded her true color. She was well-known for that — indisputably wicked and ruthless.

She held her head high and raised her brow as her face laced with a sarcastic smile, waiting for an answer while playing with the daggers in her hand.

The bulky man in the blue jacket cleared his throat, trying to use his own strength and ease his trembling voice before speaking.

“The lady had escaped,” he nervously answered.

His forehead was slightly damp with bullets of sweat due to his intensifying fear.

In an instant, the man who had just spoken lay down on the floor, his breathing hard and uneven, gasping for air and whimpering in pain. A pool of warm crimson red blood streamed down from his chest as he stopped breathing and lost himself from this world.

The two men who were left standing shut their eyes tightly, feeling sorry for their pack companion but couldn't do anything for him at the same time.

“Find. Her.”

That was just what they needed to hear and eagerly dismissed themselves out of the room, or else they might also meet their tragic demise at the hands of the devilish woman.

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POV: Tamara Davis

Meanwhile, it took a couple of minutes more before the three men in black shirts left the poor man on the ground. He had endured a few more kicks, making her realize that he might already be dead.

That possibility made her shiver down to her spine — her chest clenched tightly. She wouldn't have wanted to witness any of that, for her mind was now haywire.

Tamara heaved a deep slow and inaudible sigh as she tried to calm her raging nerves.

Everything she heard was the shaking trees in the woods caused by the strong wind, embracing her and sending her further chills.

Tamara clenched her fist tightly, finding her strength to finally face the barn.

The three men were already going, but she wouldn't take any chances. She observed and looked around the passive place for a matter of minutes more before completely losing the courage to step closer to the man lying on the ground — dead... or hopefully not.

Tamara gently walked forward — her slow-paced tracks contradicted the fast beating of her heart. She took out a long stick to defend herself if anything happened as if it could do something for her.

She saw a small blanket resting near the barn and used it to cover the man's nudity. Her cheeks turned red as she tried to put the blanket on him while her eyes were looking at the other side.

Her forehead creased as she studied the lying man, whose face was badly beaten — almost unrecognizable at that.

She slightly shook her head, feeling sorry for the poor man.

His left eye was swollen and started to get dark circles around it. His lips were bloated a bit and had a cut at its side — his left arm had a long scratch of a claw, which she deemed were the splattered blood on the ground came from.

He was quite slim, and having three men as opponents, he was definitely outnumbered.

“Is he dead?” Tamara whispered to herself as she tried to reach for the man using her long wooden stick, tapping his feet to at least get any reaction from him.

She saw him whimper as he whispered inaudible words. Tamara didn't try to move closely at him to understand what he was trying to say. Knowing that he was not dead was enough for her, for she was still shaken and uncertain about him — the only thing that was making her stay was her conscience.

She heaved a deep sigh and bit her lower lip. She was thinking of what to do next. Of course, she couldn't bring the man wherever she wanted to go, because even though he was slimmer than an average man, he was quite tall... and he was a man she didn't even know.

Tamara decided to look for any medicinal plants around — to cure the man's arm, which was continuously bleeding. She found a white cloth inside the empty barn, some arrows and river water to treat his wounds.

She couldn't carry him to the hay, so she decided to put some hay under him instead — to at least keep him warm. She tended to his scratched arms and covered it with a white cloth.

She also found some fruits from the trees and shrubs around the barn to relieve her starving stomach.

While eating some wild berries, something caught her eyes — something that brightened as some light rays hit it. She instantly went up and moved closer to where it was — a golden tag necklace that had the word 'Aeron' written on it.

Tamara's forehead creased and looked at the lying man, then shrugged. Maybe she would just give it back to him once he was already awake. And maybe he could also help find her way home to her parents.

She heaved a sigh as she sat up and bent down the huge tree near the barn.

The sky was already dyed with different hues — shades of mauve, deep orange, wine red, grey, beige — all were enveloped by darkness.

Time flies passed, but Tamara still couldn't comprehend what was truly happening to her.

Her mind was floating in the midst of the night. She watched how the crescent moon formed from the dark and lonely sky — she bitterly smiled. The stars glistened so brightly — the same with her eyes, which were now moistened with tears that she immediately wiped as she tried to stay strong.

She missed her parents so much that it made her realize that she needed to contemplate a plan on what to do next. But nothing came to her mind — it was null — and she heaved another deep sigh and continued watching the stars.

Her eyes flew to the man, who was already sleeping soundly while she was wide awake. The soothing of the trees swayed by the wind, didn't do good on her. The owl hooting and the birds shrieking sounds made her hunch to the ground where she was currently sitting.

Tamara braced herself for the moment of deafening silence as her sobs came out painfully. She was soothing herself from the cold wind brushing her skin, making her feel so empty and so alone.

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POV: Luna Rania

At the same time, in the Lunar Mansion, the Vikesh Family who led the Lunar Pack, was settling down in the receiving area of their huge place.

“I'm so sorry, Alpha Lorenzo, I failed you,” Benson held his head down as Doctor Dreyson — the salutary or alchemical herbal wolf of the Lunar Pack — treated his wounds.

Benson needed to break the news to them before letting the physician take him to his barn house near the mansion.

Benson, being the Beta of the Lunar Pack — headed by Alpha Lorenzo and his Luna Rania — was tasked in fetching Tamara from Winston and Ameia's house. They learned that their enemy had already made their move to attack them, so they needed to protect Tamara — at all costs.

It was one of his vital and crucial missions and he failed to execute — now, all of their plans were already crumbling down to ashes. Tamara escaped and was nowhere to be found.

“It's okay Benson. We just hope she is safe, and the Dark Wood Pack doesn't have her either.” Rania answered firmly.

Her hands were in a tight clench and her jaw clenched, trying to compose herself. Benson kept his head down a little bit more by hearing the Luna's tone of voice.

Rania and Lorenzo quietly stayed where they were sitting from as the intense silence enveloped them. But Shahara immediately broke it by letting out a heavy sigh and clearing her throat.

“I saw one of Aeron's hunters running after her.” Shahara infuriatingly informed them.

Rania's eyes widened at the sudden news while her hand in front of her agape mouth.

“And I'm sure he is there when the attack happens. I can smell him in the air. That shameful coward,” Shahara added while gritting her teeth and nodding her head with her raised eyebrow.

“Shahara,” Rania's tender voice gave her a hint of warning.

Rania, being the Lunar Pack's female leader, didn't tolerate any ferocity and wickedness in any form — even in words — towards any person as much as possible, even if that person was one of their enemies.

“Sorry,” Shahara cutely smiled at her mother and made a peace sign.

Rania just sighed, “Are you certain at that?” She patiently asked for her daughter's confirmation.

Shahara nodded, looking directly into her mother's eyes, who massaged her temple lightly and squeezed her eyes shut, taking in what she had just said.

“I just badly hurt one of his hunters, though,” Shahara proudly said as she smirked evilly.

Rania snarled in protest, and Shahara just pouted.

Lorenzo cleared his throat. “Anyway, let's all leave that to the moon's fate. I have important and urgent news to announce.”

All of the eyes in the room darted to the Alpha of the Lunar Pack — Lorenzo — waiting for him to continue his words.

“The king announced an urgent meeting. All members of the pack holding a high position needed to be at his castle tomorrow afternoon.” He seriously uttered.

Their eyes widened in surprise as Lorenzo, on the other hand, clenched his jaw. Their minds suddenly bombarded with diverse questions — all the same. The king abhorred gatherings in his castle, and if they needed to have a meeting, Arlan, the second-in-command, always did it in the pack meeting house just near the castle and not inside the castle.

“So, why now?” They thought.

“How come?” Rania curiously asked.

Lorenzo shook his head — even he couldn't decipher what was in the king's mind right now.

“I just hoped it wasn't about the 'regina,’” Lorenzo whispered lowly, but low enough for the people there to hear him.

“The Were Elders' Council was asking him to settle down already. As if they could do something if he didn't want it to happen,” he added, and laid his back on the single forest green sofa where he was sitting.

All of them now were seriously contemplating something on their mind — all were hoping it wasn't about the 'regina,' but the possibility was making them more agitated.

“We need to find Tamara as soon as possible.” Shahara pressed her lips together as those words escaped from her mouth.

No one contradicted her because all of them were thinking the same thing.

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POV: Tamara Davis

She woke up with a stiff neck and back ache. It was still dark and cold. She believed she slept on the wrong side of her bed — but wait, she wasn't on her bed, nevertheless on the ground inside the barn.

She inspected her bruises — which were swiftly healing as she tended to them, too, yesterday — while slowly walking out of the barn.

She decided to go inside to keep her warm from the icy cold gusting wind.

But her forehead creased as she stopped her tracks and looked at where the man was lying — now, all she could see was empty hay.

Tamara scratched the back of her neck as she heaved a deep sigh.

‘He didn't have the guts to thank her.’ She thought as she shook her head in disappointment. Then, she suddenly remembered the golden tag necklace that she had forgotten to give the man.

She was about to look for it in her pants' pocket, but before she could make a move, a glimmering extremely large black wolf appeared in front of her, making her jump a bit in shock.

She began to panic as she looked at the pair of pitch-black eyes, making her tremble in fear.

And once again, darkness consumed Tamara as she fell into the cold ground.