



Attempted Murder

Ophelias POV

After walking the four miles to the edge of the pack borders, Ryan throws me over his shoulder onto the ground. I land on my wrist the wrong way, hear a snap and then scream out in pain. I knew my wrist was broken. Derrick knows I can't heal so I'm sure he plans to make this as painful as possible like it's my fault the moon goddess fated us together.

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"Shut up. Goddess. You are so fucking annoying," Ryan spits hatefully.

I glare at him with hatred in my eyes and decide to just be quiet. They want a reaction from me and if these are my last few moments, then I won't give them the satisfaction of hearing me cry. I look up and Ryan is just looking at me with hatred and a twinkle in his eyes like he is enjoying torturing me.

'Jeez, he needs some serious help,' a voice in my head says.

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'Um who is this?' I ask.

'I'm your wolf silly. My name is Celeste, but you can call me Les. Sorry it took me so long to get to you. We can talk about that another time. Right now, we need to survive whatever they have planned for you,' she warns.

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'Okay they plan to kill me. I'm not sure how but I guess we are about to find out,' I say sarcastically.

'Okay smart ass, I will try to heal you as fast I can but if I do it too fast, they might catch on and...!' My conversation with Les gets cut off when a fist gets pounded into my jaw. I was so consumed with my wolf that I hadn't been paying attention and now both Ryan and Derrick are throwing punches and kicks into my entire body. I roll onto my side in the fetal position to protect myself as best as I can. After a few minutes of taking nonstop hits, Derrick starts barking orders.

"Ransley, turn her over on her back."

"No. I am here but I am not participating in this."

"Fine, Ryan turn her over," Derrick commands Ryan as he reaches into his back pocket for a knife. I can see the glint of the silver blade. While silver may not kill a wolf, it can make someone's wolf retreat and slowly poison their wolf blood.

Derrick stands directly over me, grabbing my chin in his thumb and forefinger forcing me to look in his eyes. The only emotion I see his happiness that he is about to be free.

"You are nothing. Even in death you are pathetic and weak. I am so glad that I got to reject you. No one would have loved you anyways. I hope the moon goddess gives me someone so much better than you for my second chance mate. Although anyone else would be a step above you. You are a waste of space. Time to clear some of that space up. It's been real, A. Bye now," he says and right before he stabs me, Les says one last thing to me.

'Don't listen to him. You fight for you and for me. We will make it through this. Love you sister.'

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Derrick plunges the knife into my stomach and the pain is just too much. I can feel my body wanting to shut down. I make eye contact with all three of them. I want them to remember my face. Derrick looks at me with glee, Ryan looks like he is bored, and then Ransley looks so guilty. I see the remorse and regret play across his face so clearly. Maybe he will be the one who does something to make this right. I have no idea, but they all turn and start walking back through the forest and towards the school like they didn't just try to kill me and leave me for dead.

I can feel the darkness closing in on me. I've lost too much blood and I probably have internal injuries as well.

Les makes an appearance once again but her voice is so weak that I have to strain to hear what she says.

'Ophelia, I know you are tired, but I need you to move your hand over that pack border. If you can do that, then whoever the Alpha of that territory is will know you are crossing the border and can come help,' she encourages.

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Just before the darkness completely claims my mind, I reach my hand out and cross the pack border.

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