

## The Evil and Not~

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Hello my friends, I hope you all are doing great today. No AN, so just enjoy the chapter!

There was an aspect about betrayal that I just couldn't wrap my head around, that no matter how hard I tried, my brain just refused to comprehend it. I couldn't understand why anyone would betray someone—Especially someone who was so close to them...Someone who was nearly their family.

How could you betray them?

I guess I would never understand why. I guess it just wasn't in my blood to betray anyone.

But even though I hadn't betrayed anyone, I had been betrayed by everyone who ever mattered in my life. Whether it was a minor betrayal, or a major betrayal, it had happened. First by my parents, then by Morgan, and then it went down the line.

Hell, even Kaileen had betrayed me. Though his betrayals didn't hurt me anymore. Just like Zach's, his had been forgiven a while ago. There were some other betrayals that I was willing to forgive, but the betrayal from my parents, and the betrayal from Savannah...Those weren't ones I was willing to forgive.

Those weren't ones that I could forgive, even if I wanted to.

Two of them lied to me, and hell they even faked their own deaths—As far as I knew. They could be dead. They could be alive. But what difference did it make? They were as good as dead to me. And well the other one helped orchestrate a mass murder on their own pack, killing a total of thirty-three wolves, including pups.

I knew I had Harrison to blame for the attack as well, but the fact that the only woman friend I had in this pack betrayed me, hurt more than that dumb ass Harrison's did. So excuse me if I was a little more upset over Savannah betraying me than I was Harrison.

But it wasn't like Savannah and Harrison wouldn't be paying for their crimes. They killed pack members. In werewolf world—Actually in any world—Killing your family was a heinous crime. So because they made the decision to kill our pack, the pack had made the decision to kill them.

They would be thrown to the pack later today, where only the Moon Goddess could help them. But she wouldn't. She never spared a second chance to people like Savannah and Harrison. She hated murders just as much as we did.

Though some might argue that we were being murderers by executing them, others would say it was justice. Which is exactly what it was. It was the justice that the pack needed to move on. Nobody would be able to move on with Savannah and Harrison still breathing.

That was their fate.

But before Savannah's life ended, I needed to talk to her. I needed to know why she did what she did. I needed to know why she betrayed me.

I stood in front of her cell, staring in at her. Her head was hanging down, but when the loud screeching of the cell door opening filled the room, she groggily lifted her head up. Her soul-less, brown eyes met mine, and it bothered me to see that there was absolutely no emotion in them.

There was no anger, no fear, no regret. Nothing. Her eyes were completely lifeless. She looked as if she was inhabiting a body that didn't belong to her anymore, like her brain was on autopilot. I could see that she'd already accepted her fate.

That didn't stop me from going into the cell. I had questions, and I needed answers. I turned around to look at the guard, who gave me a nod as I did, before he scampered away. I turned my attention back to Savannah, who was bound tightly to a silver chair.

I observed the burns on her body which were from the silver, noticing how they weren't healing. I knew that this was a way to keep her in pain up until her death, to make sure her very last moments were as uncomfortable as possible. But quite frankly, she didn't deserve anything less.

She was responsible for this.

I stared at her for just a couple more seconds, before I began to talk.

"I don't understand," I said, "I was your friend."

Savannah didn't show any emotion as I said this, but it wasn't like I expected her to. I knew that she didn't care about what she did. In fact, she was probably pretty pleased with herself. She swallowed slightly, before she looked around the cell. Her eyes dried slowly, looking at every little detail on the walls, until her eyes came back to mine.

She finally spoke.

"You were my friend. But that wasn't enough to keep me from wanting revenge."

Her voice sounded scratchy, like it had been rubbed repeatedly with sand paper. I remained silent, judging her from a distance. She caught my displeased look, and rolled her eyes as if that annoyed her.

"You can stand there and judge me all you want," She paused, "But that's not gonna bring back any of them. They're all long dead."

I was disturbed. She was a psychopath. She was just like my ex-mate, not caring about who she hurt. She didn't care about the lives that she had taken, because she didn't have a clear value of life. She couldn't comprehend the pain that those people had gone through.

It sickened me.

"I'll give it to you, you might be just as evil as my ex-mate."

But she shook her head almost instantly.

"No," She croaked, "You didn't deserve to die. They did. They all had it coming."

It was then where I saw her numbed exterior dissolving. It was there that I saw the deep rage that she was burying, emerge. Her careless facade wasn't lasting.

"You don't understand how they treated me, for years they tormented me," She spit, "For years, your mate and everyone who followed him, treated me like I was some fucking plague."

The mention of my mate had me irritated, especially the way she was talking about him. He hated her because she was the reason his parents died. It was like she didn't understand that.

"He did that because you're the reason his parents died. You're the reason that your parents died."

"I was a kid!" She cried out, releasing the tears that she had been storing away. She was now freely crying, letting her head fall back on the chair. She sobbed loudly, her body shaking as she did. But I still couldn't manage to feel any sympathy for her. I was so hurt by her betrayal that I couldn't believe anything she was saying.

Everything sounded like a way to garner my sympathy. And it wasn't working.

I watched her pitiful excuse of a breakdown, ready to leave. But as I turned around, Savannah called out at me. And I should have let it, I should have just ignored whatever else she had to say. But I didn't.

"I never wanted to hurt you," She choked out, "But the only way Harrison would help me is if he got to kill you. I promise you were never my target."

"And yet you hurt me anyways." I spoke, emotionless, "Savannah, you killed men, women, and children, some of them barely old enough to walk. Not only that, but you tried to kill my mate. As far as I'm concerned, you're getting everything that you deserve."

And with that, I called the guard to let me out, and let her. I knew that what I had said was cruel, but it wasn't any worse than what she had done. It wasn't even close. She was a cold-blooded killer, who was only trying to save her own skin. I shouldn't have been bothered.

But on my way out, I caught myself thinking that maybe we were all killers. Maybe we were all a bit twisted inside. And though I would never agree with what Savannah did, I couldn't help but think about how I did understand what drove her to kill like that.

She was alone. She was the reason her parents died, and because of that, she had nobody who cared about her. The pack despised her, even before she killed the thirty-three people. It was like she was on an island, all on her own. That could really fuck with a person's brain, and drive them to take drastic measures.

But regardless of what drove her to kill our pack members, I couldn't find sympathy for her. Maybe it was the fact that she betrayed my mate and I...Or maybe it was the fact that she killed thirty-three pack members.

No matter what kind of pain she was going through, I would never agree with how she went about it. If she hated it that much here, then she was more than welcomed to leave. There was nothing stopping her.

Angry with her, and this whole situation, I shifted into my wolf form once I reached the outdoors. I couldn't bear to be around anyone right now, and all I wanted to do was run. I wanted to run as far as I could, for as long as I could.

I wanted to run until it felt like my lungs would collapse. So I did.

I ran through the pack lands, past the pack house, past the lake, past everything. I needed to be far from everyone. I needed to be so far that nobody would have any chance of finding me, that there would be no chance of being interrupted.

I needed this so that I could clear my head.

My sprint eventually came to a trot as I ran an hour of running, when I finally found a spot that felt like nobody would find me. It was one of the pack lands, so chances were there were rogues. But as far as I could tell, these lands were unclaimed. I think they were the border lands between our pack and Zach's. So I was safe here for now.

I sat down in the clearing, still in my wolf form. Though this entire situation sucked, my wolf was glad to be out and doing something other than fighting. All she ever seemed to do was fight—That's all there was time for. I hadn't had time to go on a run in a long time, so the fact that I had just ran to the brink of collapsing, surprisingly made me relaxed.

More than likely, it was the rush of endorphins that I was getting. Either way, it felt good.

I stared out into space, thinking of practically everything that there was to think of. I thought of my parents, of the attacks, of Morgan killing me. But there was only one thought that stuck in my head for a very long time—The thought of being a star.

I didn't miss it as much as I used to, but part of me did. Part of me missed never having to worry about things like rogue attacks, or betrayals, or essentially anything bad. I was safe up there. Though, I wasn't happy, and I did my very best to be miserable, it was still so much easier than being alive.

The part of me that missed it, wished that I wouldn't have taken it for granted.

But the part of me that was in love with Kaileen, was thankful that I did take it for granted. If I hadn't taken it for granted, I would have never gotten a second chance at love, which is something that so many stars dreamed of. It was something that so many of the stars wanted, yet the Moon Goddess chose me. She chose me to find the love that I so desperately craved before I died.

She chose the most miserable star that she could find, and kicked her sorry ass out of the sky.

And I was so fucking grateful for that.

As if he could tell that I was thinking about him, Kaileen spoke into the mate link.

Where'd you run to? He asked.

I honestly have no clue. Just somewhere away from everyone.

answered, knowing that I would have a fun time finding my way back. I was miles deep into territory that wasn't ours, so most likely I was going to have to super-sneak Kaileen out to find my way back.

Well, we're about to go grab Savannah and Harrison. You don't have to be there for it if you don't want to.

The truth is that I didn't want to be there for it. But I knew I needed to be there for it. My pack needed to see that I was with them, that I was in support of their decision to kill Savannah and Harrison. So I began my way back after my short time of clearing my head. I didn't get to clear my head much, but I did have to admit that it made me feel a bit better. At least now there wasn't a shit ton on my mind.

I ran back quickly, quicker than last time. It wasn't as hard as I thought to make it back, seeing as all I had to do was make a beeline back to the lake. And then by that point, I already knew where I was at. I followed the scent of my mate to find where he was, heading over to him when I spotted him with Zach, Calypso, and Van. Esma and Kyla had went home, but the other two stayed. I think that they were still uneasy to leave us, since a lot of the rogues dispersed after the fight.

I was thankful that they were doing this, seeing as how we would probably be dead without them.

I trotted over to them, still in my wolf form. They all seemed to notice me at the same time, and despite the situation we were in, they all gave me a smile. I would have returned it, had I not have been in my wolf form. So instead I just plopped down next to Kaileen, somewhat content when he stroked my head lightly.

"I'll get someone to bring you clothes," He said. I nodded my head, glancing back to see more people arriving. I wasn't shocked to see so many of our pack members here. I knew that nearly everyone would show up. It made me comfortable to see us all still acting like a pack, knowing that a lot of packs would not have survived the things we did over these past couple of weeks.

While in my thoughts, someone carried a pile of clothes to Kaileen, which I gladly took from him. I carried them to my mouth, finding somewhere to quickly change in private. I knew modesty at this point was stupid since a lot of the pack already saw me naked and dying the other day. But I did it out of respect for Kaileen. I didn't need to make this day any more uncomfortable than it was.

Once I was dressed, I headed back over to Kaileen and the rest of them. I tucked myself into Kaileen's side, inhaling his scent as a way to find comfort. I was anxious about the executions, they had always been something that I hated.

Kaileen noticed my anxious behavior.

"You don't have to be here for this, nobody's going to judge you."

I shook my head at him though. I needed to be here.

"I'll be fine. Just don't leave my side."

Kaileen nodded, squeezing me tighter.

I knew that Savannah and Harrison were out when the entire pack went silent. Nobody said a word as they were guided through the crowd, and up to the front. Some people stared at them, ready to kill them. Others stared at them in tears, mumbling about how they couldn't believe how evil they were.

It was a very hard thing to watch.

I looked at Kaileen, and for a second we just stared at each other. Then we nodded. He walked up to the podium, and I followed him, holding onto his hand like a child. The pack stared at us intensely, waiting for Kaileen to give the okay.

Everyone could feel the tension in the air. Some of us were ready to get this over with. Some of us were ready to savor the moment.

No matter what you wanted, you were there to witness the death of two people, which would only add to our death count. You were there to see two of our pack members die. And in that moment, nobody seemed good or bad. Everyone seemed like someone who just needed to move on.

We all did.

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And that's the end of that chapter! I hope you enjoyed it. See you soon.