

7: Nice And Bloody

KATHERINE

I've been living in a constant state of panic since the alpha left me here. I expected him to return. At some point, I even accepted my fate and hoped he would come and do whatever he wanted to do to get it over with.

But he didn't. Leaving me in a state of anxiety and fear and uncertainty. Which I'm guessing was his plan all along. The best way to torture somebody was to leave them anticipating the pain and what you would do to them.

Jackson has done that to me many times. I hate to say that I haven't gotten used to it. Also, the alpha has proven to be so much more terrible than him. Showing that, in the end, Jackson is nothing but a child.

The creaking of oorboards made me startle awake. I looked around the room, my heart started beating in my chest. It felt like it was nding a way to escape from my rib cage.

"The alpha called you downstairs." A hard voice said to me.

I looked up to nd a girl I had never seen before, staring down at me with a sneer. I blinked as I wondered what I had ever done to her to dislike me. She was denitely not disguising how she felt.

Recalling the conversation we had—if I could even call it that, with the alpha. I forced myself to sit, before standing up.

My ribs protested as I did that. I bit my sore chapped lip to hold back the moan of pain that rose up my throat. Regretting the decision instantly, I released my bottom lip.

The girl started tapping her feet on the oor. The sound rings in my head, but I don't speak. She looks ready to stab me.

I already have too many injuries all over my body, I'm not sure that I'll handle another and survive.

Slowly, I carried myself up. My body went rigid with every sore muscle that I stretched without warning. The cracking of bones sounded like something terrible.

The girl huffed and puffed as I tried to get my body working. It sounded like a badly oiled machine.

All those ancient cars that haven't been used in years.

I cursed in my mind when I remembered we were in Natasha's room. I could only hope the alpha was having dinner in his bedroom. The only other option is the dining room, which is downstairs. There are three ights of stairs I'm not sure I can go down.

Even walking on smooth oorboards was proving to be dicult for me.

The girl walked ahead, hissing whenever she had to stop and wait for me. I had a feeling she was turning back to make sure I was still following her. She would give me a disapproving look before turning.

It is like she expects me to try and run again. She doesn't have anything to worry about. After being locked for days with no food and water, and tied with silver laced ropes. I'm not making that stupid mistake again.

Unless I know they are ending it all, I'm going to do as I'm told.

We nally made it downstairs without me breaking any bones. Thankfully.

Though, I'd tripped once and the girl kicked me to the oor before I could boink. She was so fast that I didn't see it coming until it was too late. I fell down the rest of the way, only to turn and see a satised smirk on her face.

The alpha looked up from his meal when he heard us. My bloody lip was trembling, and my hands were shaking. The pain from falling and the still fresh wound were a terrible combination. My vision was blurry due to the pain.

"What happened to her?" He didn't regard me, directing the question at the girl who was still frowning.

"What?" She asked, her tone clipped.

"Don't make me repeat myself, Evie." He pins her down with a scary stare.

The look was directed at me, but I felt myself shrinking back.

He looked sinister. Not caring to hide the monster hiding beneath his skin. He wore evil on his skin, like you would wear your heart on your sleeve.

"She was proving stubborn, so I taught her a lesson."

My cramped neck swivels in her direction, she gives me a look, daring me to disagree with her.

Evie. How could someone with such an innocent sounding name be so evil?

"Did I say you could touch her?"

"But Rowan—"

"It is a yes or no question." He cuts her off. "And that is alpha to you."

Her chest heaves as she breathes out. The tips of her ears turned red, her cheeks too. Her hands balled into sts.

"No, you didn't say I could touch her, alpha."

The tittle was spit out with venom. I was a little taken aback by how she could speak to him that way that I didn't notice when he stood up.

I thought he was going to her, only for him to stop by my side.

His st circles around my throat, making a garbled sound leave my mouth. He pushes me against the nearest wall, his leg coming between mine and forcing them apart.

My heart pounds in my chest. The clothes felt too snug, too tight around me, I feared I could rip them to shreds. The way I was breathing didn't help matters.

"Next time I give you an order, you do exactly as you're told." He was speaking to her, but his eyes were on mine.

They were completely black, showing the depths of his blackened soul. I was shaking with fear just looking at him, but I couldn't look away either because I was scared of what he could do.

"Leave."

I heard her retreating footsteps. Immediately he gave that order.

The walls closed in around us when I realized I was left alone with him, and he looked like a rabid animal.

"I wanted to punish you for longer," he spoke softly, the tip of his nose tracing the side of my face.

I held my breath and forced myself not to move. I could feel blood trailing down the insides of my palm from the wound I'd just caused. The pain barely registered in my head, talk less of distract me from what was happening.

"But I can't resist when you look so nice with blood on you."