

## Chapter 13

Ava's POV

'Wake up' I heard someone call out from a distance.

'Wake up sweetheart' I heard someone call out again.

I desperately tried to open my eyes, but failed at each attempt. It shouldn't be so hard to open my eyes, but somehow my eyes felt like they weighed a ton. I tried again and gave up when I realized that they weren't going to budge.

I heard mumbles and whispers in the distance, but was unable to make out a single word that they were saying. I could hear shuffling and then the next thing I know is that I was drenched from head to toe in ice cold water.

My eyes immediately flew open as soon as the cold water came in contact with my skin. I tried to move, only to realize that my hands and feet were bound to chains.

I began panicking and quickly scanned the area, and was met with four men. The one closest to me clapped his hand and smirked.

"Finally, you're awake. I didn't think that the drug we used was that strong for someone like you. I guess you are as weak as everyone let on. It's a shame though" he sighed with a frown.

Ignoring him, I looked at my hands that were chained to the

ceiling. I looked down and saw that my feet were also chained to the ground.

"Those are for security measures" the man spoke up again, gesturing to the chains.

"Where am I?" I asked, shivering from the cold.

"How rude of me" the man said in mock disappointment.

"Welcome to the Red Stone pack. I'm Zayn, the leader of the pack, or you can just refer to me as the alpha" he announced with a proud smile on his face.

I've heard of this pack before. It wasn't like the conventional packs, this pack was made up of rogues who decided to join forces and become powerful in numbers.

"Why am I here?" I asked with my teeth chattering.

"I have been paid a hefty bounty to find you. Imagine my surprise when you walked right into our arms, sparing us all the bloodshed and unnecessary work. You truly are a saint, aren't you?" he smiled and walked closer to me.

"I'm starting to wonder why I don't just keep you all for myself," he whispered huskily.

He ran a hand along my jawline and I hissed in pain retracting from his hand. He frowned at me before he raised a hand and slapped me across the face.

"For an angel, you sure are weak and pathetic. No wonder your own mate doesn't want anything to do with you. I don't even know why the guy that paid us wants you in the first place" he spat at me and walked out of the room.

"You're lucky he wants you untouched and alive" one of the other men in the room mumbled.

They all left the room and slammed the door shut behind them. After all those training sessions, I still couldn't defend myself. I truly was weak and pathetic. How was I supposed to save everyone, when I couldn't even save myself from a bunch of wolves?

Tears blurred my visions as I cried like the pathetic person that everyone said I was. I couldn't use my powers because my hands were chained, so all that was left to do was stand here and shiver from the cold, and await my impending faith.

I had no idea who would pay someone to find me. The worst part of all this was that there would be no one here to rescue me. I doubt that anyone even realized that I was gone and if they did, they probably didn't care.

That little red headed demon had brainwashed them into thinking that I was a bad person. She made it look like I was only there for the status and power, when she was the only power thirsty bitch. I don't usually use such words to describe a person, but I couldn't find any other word to fit her description.

I don't even know why I was worried about what other people think, when I should be worried about finding a way out of here.

I looked around the room for anything that could help me get out of the chains, but all I saw was an empty room. There was nothing else in here apart from the chains

holding me in place.

There were no windows. All that was there was a metal door, which could only be opened from outside. I sighed in defeat since there was nothing else I could do.

I have been staring at the wall deep in thought for I don't know how long. I didn't have any idea what time it was. I didn't know if it was night or day. I decided to check up on my wolf to see how she was holding up.

'I'm sorry' I apologized to my wolf.

Nothing.


'Alana' I called.

Nothing.

I began panicking not knowing if they had done something to my wolf.

'Alana' I called out desperately in my mind wanting to know if she was ok.

Once again I was met with silence.

This was not like her at all. Even if she was mad at me, she would always respond even just to say something nasty to me and give me a piece of her mind. 

I was full on freaking out now. I have tried reaching out to her at least five more times and each time I was met with silence. I closed my eyes and tried to focus on her to see if she was blocking me out, but again there was nothing. It was like she had broken all communication with me.

Maybe it was the drugs that they used to knock me out. Maybe she just hadn't woken up yet. I couldn't help it as all the different 'what ifs' ran through my mind on loop like a broken record.

It had to be the drugs.

I tried one last time and was met with silence once more.

I was about to try again when the door opened. A woman walked in wearing a maid's uniform followed by a man. The man walked ahead of the woman and stood in front of me.

"It's time to go to sleep" the man smirked and brought out an injection.

I backed away from him as far as I could go shaking my head frantically. I wasn't a fan of needles and there was no way that I was going to allow him to stick that inside me.

"Be still" he grumbled.

"Please don't" I said, shaking my head with tears streaming down my face.

"Don't worry, it won't hurt" he smiled and grabbed my neck.

He positioned the needle at my neck and injected me. I wanted to scream or do something, anything. It was no use. I opened my mouth, but no sound came out. I tried to move, but all I could feel was numbness.

My eyes rolled to the back of my head and just like that, I blacked out.

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I felt like I was floating on clouds. Everything felt so soft and nice. This was such a good dream that I never wanted to wake up from and face the harsh truth of reality.

I woke up with a pounding headache. I opened my eyes slowly and took in my surroundings. I was no longer at that awful place, but instead I was on a bed. I was tied to a bed.

I was wearing a long white nightgown, in a room that I had never seen before. The room was fully furnished with little to no personal possession.

There were posters on the wall with girls in skimpy attire, which led me to believe that this room belonged to a man.


After I was done looking around, I brought my attention back to my attire. The last I remembered I was wearing a sweatshirt and jeans.

Who changed my clothes?

I was very uncomfortable with people seeing me naked and I couldn't help but feel extremely violated at the revelation that someone had seen me naked.

A door to my left opened and in walked a man in only a towel that was hanging loosely from his waist. He went over to the drawers and took out some clothes. He dropped his towel completely ignoring the fact that he wasn't alone in the room.

Either he didn't know that I was awake or he simply didn't care. I quickly turned my head away blushing in embarrassment after I caught a glimpse of his ass.

 +20 BONUS

"Like what you see?" a familiar voice spoke.

I quickly brought my attention back to the person and froze in shock. I gulped in fear and tried to scramble away from him despite the restraints digging into my skin.


"Are you not happy to see me?" he pouted.

"YOU!" I shrieked.

"Yes sweetheart. Me" he smirked and went back to putting on his clothes.

This can't be happening.

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