

Chapter Sixty-Five: Depths of Despair

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Phera POV:

Author note: Detailed abuse(physical) ahead. Skip in any triggers for physical abuse trauma present.

The damp, oppressive air of the cell clings to my skin as Rex steps into the dim light, his dark eyes gleaming with a cruelty that chills me to the bone. Each of his visits marks a descent further into the depths of torment, a relentless exploration of pain that he orchestrates with a cold, methodical precision. I have lost count of the days I've been here.

"Good day, Luna," Rex greets mockingly, drawing out my title as if it's a delicious morsel on his tongue.

His footsteps echo on the stone floor, slow and deliberate, as he approaches with an unhurried confidence. The room feels smaller with each step he takes towards me.

Today, his tools of torture are already prepared, laid out on a grimy table nearby—sharp implements that glint ominously under the flickering light of the single bulb above us. He picks up a thin, metal rod, turning it over in his hands as he examines it, his expression thoughtful, almost contemplative.

"Let's try something different today, shall we?" he suggests, his voice disturbingly gentle. He steps closer, and the smell of his cologne, something rich and overpowering, invades my senses, making my stomach

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churn. "I wonder, how much can the human mind, in our case a human-wolf mind endure before it breaks? Let's explore that boundary together."

He begins by asking questions, simple ones at first, about my childhood, my family. The questions spiral quickly into darker territories—about fears, painful memories, regrets. Each answer I give, he twists, using my words as weapons, turning them into psychological barbs that jab at the most vulnerable parts of my psyche.

"And tell me sweet, sweet, Phera, do you really think your mates and sister had nothing between them at all? From what I've heard the passion in that kiss was electric."

When I falter, when a flash of pain or fear crosses my face, he smiles, pleased with the response.

"Oh, that touched a nerve, didn't it?" His enjoyment is palpable, and it fuels a growing despair within me, a feeling of being exposed and manipulated that is as painful as any physical wound.

But the physical pain doesn't wait long. As my mental defences begin to crack, he shifts his attention to the ropes that bind me, soaked in wolfsbane, ensuring that my skin burns with a fire that seems to seep into my very bones. He tightens them, the ropes cutting deeper into my flesh, the wolfsbane poisoning my system further, stifling my ability to shift or heal.

"You see, Luna, pain is a fascinating teacher," Rex murmurs as he leans in close, his breath hot against my ear. "And you are proving to be an excellent student."

He doesn't stop there. With a cruel precision, he selects a pair of pliers from his collection. I watch, a silent scream

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building in my throat as he methodically applies them to my fingernails, the pain explosive, white-hot, almost blinding in its intensity.

Every scream, every plea seems to invigorate him, and he works with a zeal of someone engrossed in a particularly satisfying task. Between the implements and his relentless psychological probing, he weaves a tapestry of agony that leaves me dizzy, my mind teetering on the brink of something dark and terrifying.

He steps back after what feels like an eternity, his chest heaving slightly, a sheen of sweat on his brow—not from exertion, but from exhilaration.

"We will continue tomorrow, Luna. Rest well; we wouldn't want you to break too soon."

Leaving me in a haze of pain and despair, he doesn't exit the room. Instead, he settles into a chair just out of my reach, watching me with an unreadable expression, as if my suffering is a show he's far from ready to turn off.

Rex's gaze lingers on me, unsettling in its intensity as he casually adjusts himself, a lewd gesture that sends a wave of nausea through me. His smirk grows as he notices my discomfort, the sadistic pleasure evident in his cold eyes.

"You are quite a sight, Luna," he comments, his voice dripping with mock admiration. "Even battered and bruised, there's a certain allure about you. But don't flatter yourself," he adds quickly, his tone turning dismissive as he scans me from head to toe. "My tastes are far more refined than anything you could offer. Besides, I have no interest in what my nephews have discarded."

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The venom in his words is palpable, but it's his next actions that truly chill me to the bone. He steps closer, his presence dominating the small space. The foul scent of his breath fills the air as he begins to recount his tale, each word a calculated drop of poison.

"You see, Luna, my claim to the Red Moon pack isn't just about power. It's about justice," he starts, his voice low, carrying a bitterness that seems to seep into the very walls. "Larry Evans, your beloved Alphas' father, he was my brother. My younger, more cherished brother," Rex spits out the words as if they're tainted. "But did you know he wasn't supposed to be Alpha? No, that was my destiny. Our father had promised me the leadership, recognized my talents, my vision for our pack."

Rex's eyes glint with a malevolent intensity as he paces before me, each step measured and heavy. His presence fills the room with a palpable darkness, his words weaving a tapestry of bitterness and long-held grudges.

"You need to understand the full depth of my claim, Luna," he begins again, his voice low and menacing. "I am not some distant relative grasping at straws for power. I am the firstborn, the rightful heir to the Red Moon pack. But fate, it seems, has a cruel sense of irony."

He stops pacing and looks directly at me, his gaze piercing.

"I was the bastard son, unrecognised and unwanted. My father, though he acknowledged me in secret, was too enthralled by his legitimate wife, his true mate, a manipulative woman who saw me as a threat to her precious Larry's future."

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Rex's fists clench at his sides as he continues,

"She was a master at the game of deceit. With her honeyed words and conniving whispers, she ensured that Larry, not I, would be seen as the rightful successor. My father, weak and besotted, bent to her will, and I was cast aside, the rightful alpha reduced to an outcast."

The bitterness in his voice turns into something sharper, more dangerous as he recounts his past.

"I watched from the shadows, forced to see a lesser man grow in stature and power, a man who didn't possess half my strength or intelligence. It was I who was destined to lead, I who had the vision to bring our pack to greatness."

Rex's expression shifts, a mix of pain and anger warping his features.

"When my father died, the little influence I had vanished. Larry took the alpha position as if born to it, celebrated by all, while I was left to languish in obscurity."

He steps closer, his breath foul as he hisses each word,

"But I bided my time, Luna. I learned, I planned, and I grew strong. When Larry and his mate met their untimely deaths, I saw it as the first sign of my ascendance. Yet, those sons of his, your precious mates, they inherited his legacy, oblivious to the true lineage they robbed."

Rex pauses, his chest heaving with the force of his emotions.


"Now, it's my turn to claim what should have been mine all along. With you here, weakened and captive, I strike at the heart of Larry's legacy. You are the key, Luna. Through


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you, I will bring the Red Moon to its knees, and no one, not your mates, not any pack ally, will stop me.”

His story, a twisted narrative of resentment and entitlement, chills me to the bone. It’s not just his actions but the depth of his conviction that terrifies me. In his mind, his cause is just, his actions warranted, and that belief makes him all the more dangerous.

As he steps back, leaving me to absorb the harsh reality of his intentions, I’m left hanging in a tumult of pain and dread, the weight of his plans pressing down on me like a physical burden.

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