

## Chapter 8

### Ray Of Hope

“Please stop.” I beg but my pleas fall on deaf ears.

My hands were tied. Chains encasing my wrists. I was suspended, hanging from the ceiling. My entire body ached and all I wanted was for everything to end.

If only the moon goddess would listen to my prayer. If only she could just end me once and for all. For some reason she kept me alive and I hated her for it.

I envied the ones that died. They were off to a better life after the suffering and that is what I wanted for myself.

Every day while I lay on that filthy floor. I begged her to just take my life. I even tried to do it myself once. It obviously didn't work given that I am still in this fucking hell.

The whips angrily lands on my back. Making me scream. The tears fall down my face and I see Mac, my other tormentor grin at the sight of my pain.

“Music to my fucking ears,” he chuckles with his arms folded across his chest and palms tucked on the inside of his armpits.

I feel my skin give way and blood trail down my back.

“Do it again Toby, I want to hear her scream,” the excitement in his voice is the only proof you need to know how much he liked seeing me bleed.

“Gladly.” Toby cheerfully says before bringing the whip down on my back again.

This time I’m pushed forward by the force of the hit. It landed on the same spot. Digging deeper into the wound that was already there.

“Please.” I beg, my voice wobbly and tears clogging my voice.

I refuse to cry. Refuse to give them the satisfaction of knowing that they were breaking me.

“Please what sweetheart?” Mac asked, mockingly.

“Please stop.”

I look straight into his eyes even though it costs me every little bit of energy I had to keep my head straight. Unlike Toby, Mac was good looking. But that was shadowed by the sadistic psychopathic trait he had.

The gleam in his eyes told me that he was enjoying this too much to stop. That my pleas had fallen on deaf ears. I honestly don't know why I try. Why I still beg.

They had no sympathy or empathy. They would never stop. The only way all this would end is either I died or they did.

Chances of them dying was slim so the only option I had, given the moon goddess refused to entertain my wishes, was to keep holding on to broken hope.

“Now why would I do that Mayra?”

It was probably a rhetorical question so I didn't bother answering him.

I watch as he steps forward. I tried backing away but there was nowhere to go with my hands chained.

I should have expected the blow but for some reason I didn't. Have you ever been hit by a grown man?

Let me tell you it's the worst kind of pain. My head falls to the side and I feel my jaw unhinge.

I hated the fucker and I wished nothing but hell for both of them.

“You got nothing to say now?” Toby mocked, before hitting the back of my head hard.

I wince, knowing a bump was going to form there. I was torn between being strong and crying.

From there I shut everything off. I dissociate. I don't know for how long they torture me but when they're done, I feel the after effect. They stand close together with big smiles on their fucking face as they admire their handwork. As if I was a piece of art.

"I think we did good today" Toby tells Mac.

Mac grins like a fool, jumping from one foot to the other in glee like a fucking school girl.

"Definitely."

I try to breathe in through the pain but everything hurts.

"Now, take her back to her cage" Mac says before turning to look at me. "As for you, I'll see you tomorrow."

He walks out without another backward glance. Toby releases me from the chains and then drags me through the corridors and back to the cells.

He dumps me on the floor before leaving. His happy whistle mocking me.

I lay there and fall into blissful oblivion, all the while wishing that I don't wake up.

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I wake up drenched in sweat. It a while time to realize that it was just a memory. That it was just a hellish nightmare. That I was free.

I take deep breaths to calm my erratic heart. It takes a minute but I'm finally able to calm down.

Checking the alarm clock on my bedside table, I realize that I was asleep for only about three hours. I hear people moving around downstairs. It was about eleven so not everyone was asleep.

Instead of going for a walk like I normally do, I take my kindle and continue reading a book I had started. I needed a distraction because I knew sooner or later Raya was going to wake up.

I try to read but my mind goes to the past. To the memories I try to forget. I don't know why they hated me so much. None of the others were treated the way I was. They weren't tortured as much as I was,

but with me, it was like I was their favorite punching bag.

I just didn't understand what it was about me that they hated so much. That made them dislike me more than the others or what made the Monster take a deep interest in me.

'It was your strength.' Raya pops in scaring the crap out of me.

My hands hold my chest in an attempt to calm down my heart. I wasn't expecting her, which is kind of stupid because we share a body.

“What do you mean by my strength?” I ask her after calming down.

“You had fire in you. Most men are attracted to that while some detest it. The Monster was attracted to your strength and resilience while Toby and Mac hated it. They wanted to see you broken like the others but you refused to give them that satisfaction. No matter what they did to you, they couldn’t break you. Couldn’t put you down.”

I frown at that and get lost deep in thought. “What are you talking about, they did break me. In more ways than I wish to remember.”

“But they didn’t know that. You portrayed yourself as a strong woman on the outside. You refused to bow down and that just increased their desire to see you break.” she explained.

“So, you’re telling me that if I had just given up and played weak they would have left me alone?”

“Maybe but we will never know for sure but-in-any-case the alpha blood in you wouldn’t have allowed you to bow down to anyone.”

I remain quiet. Digesting what she told me. Could I have avoided everything that happened if I had just surrendered to them? If I had just pretended that they were the top dog. Had it honestly been that simple?

I was then hit with the fact that Raya talked to me normally. That for the first time in over ten years she wasn’t hurling insults at me. It’s like she was back to the way she was before everything went to shit.

“Raya...”

I wanted to say I missed her and that I still loved her but she stops me with a threatening growl.

“Shut the fuck up, you stupid bitch!” she snarls before slamming into my mental walls and shattering them like they were glass and I sigh tiredly.

I thought we had a moment.

Just like before she forces a shift and then jumps out of the window. Landing perfectly on her paws. I couldn't help but smile a little though before she shoved me to the back of her mind and blocked me.

A ray of hope was all I needed and she has given me that. Maybe Raya wasn't completely lost to me after all.