

The Ultimate Betrayal

Chapter 9

Elena's POV

I am hurting pretty bad today. Even with me trying to lie completely still, it is hard to breathe. Someone really did a number on my ribs. I am sure that I was kicked at least twice with steel-toed boots. I am praying that my wolf comes back to me soon and starts to heal me. I need her badly right now. Each breath is torture, and I already know that sleep will probably not come to me tonight either. I was not able to sleep last night at all from the pain that I was in. I saw the lunch they brought me, it was not worth getting up to go to where it was and eat. Two pieces of bread, with two slices of mystery meat, and a bottle of water. That was all that was on the tray, and I didn't need any of it.

I am not drinking the water from that water bottle. It could have another dose of whatever they gave me before in it. I refuse to go through this pain any longer than I have to. I need my wolf back, and I need her back now. I have a toilet and a small sink inside my cell. I was drinking water from the tap when I had to get up. My steps are slow, and having to use my left arm for everything is awkward. I know that they won't contaminate the whole water system to be able to drug me, so I am safe with the tap water.

I heard noises today from someone else who was down here with me. I thought that I was the only person in the cells. I called out to them to see if it was Michelle, but no one answered me. Maybe I am losing it from the pain that I am in. I am praying that my family is working on ending me, but even I know that it is going to be virtually impossible. The men who took me, and where I am currently being held, have no connection to each other. The men who grabbed us were all human, and they did not smell like this place. They were all well-armed and well-trained. This pack doesn't smell like them at all. Which means that they are probably not connected to each other.

I didn't even see Tucker today, not that I missed him. I could almost cry out in frustration at the fact that it was going to be impossible for my family to find me. I am not going to give up faith, but I am very concerned right now. Last night was a nightmare, and I am quite sure that tonight was going to be worse. The only person that I saw today was the guy that came down with Tucker yesterday, the one that never spoke. Clearly, out of the two men with Tucker yesterday, the one who begged him to reconsider was the kind one. This other guy just gave me a contemptuous look, dropped the tray on the floor, and walked away. I was NOT going to eat anything from him.

I couldn't care less if he liked me or not, but it suddenly hit me that they were expecting me to drink the water. I am sure that it was tampered with. I walked over to get the water bottle off the tray despite the pain. I needed to do this before they noticed that I hadn't touched it. I needed to pour it down the sink, to make it look like I had drunk it. That would buy me more time because if I don't drink it, someone is going to come into the cell and inject me again. Thankfully, there are no cameras in here, and these guys do not strike me as criminal masterminds. It shouldn't be very hard to trick them. I unscrewed the lid with difficulty. Everything is taking longer having to use my other arm, but I got it done. I then put the water bottle on the cot next to me and sat back down.

I cannot stop worrying about Michelle. Whoever comes down here next, I will ask them if she is OK. If they hurt her, I will make sure they pay. I closed my eyes and tried to rest against the wall. I need to get at least a short nap because I know I can't go on too long without sleep. It has already been over a day and a half since I woke up. It is dark outside, so I believe it is around 7 or 8 p.m. I am glad that this guy changed his plans when he figured out that if I was beaten, he would feel it too. The problem is, I know what the punishment changed to. He is attractive, so even if he didn't tell me that he had a girlfriend, I would have assumed he had one anyway.

I hate how much I want to see him again. The bond is making me want him more and more with each passing hour. I understand some of what Mom went through now. This is terrible, and I feel like I am being very weak here. I can't help but worry, knowing that she really downplayed the strength of her bond with her first mate. How bad is this rejection going to feel? Even worse, how bad is it going to feel when he sleeps with his chosen mate? That is the only recourse he has here, and I would be foolish not to assume that is what he is going to do.

Of course, I figured it out. He doesn't want the pain to transfer to him, so he is taking the easy way out. He should be ashamed of what he is going to do. He may not have known that I was his mate when he had me taken, but he does now. I was absolutely going to protect him from my family if he decided to accept me. He made a stupid mistake, but we are mates, and my whole family knows the strength of true mates. They would be angry and frustrated with him for his actions, but they would have forgiven him the same as I was going to.

I felt like I deserved to give him a chance, and he laughed at me. His words of "thank you for the offer" were like I was begging him to accept me. I will never beg him. His mocking smile is seared into my memory. He hates me, for whatever reason, and that is going to be my second question for him. I know it will be him coming down to see me. He won't be able to stop himself. I need to brace myself and prepare for the fact that he may not be alone when he does come. I am sure that he will want to hurt me by showing me who he would rather have as a mate.

I feel tears prickling my eyes as the insult was so great to me. I have worked my whole life to be the best mate that I could be. I was never in a real hurry to find them. I knew when it was time, it would happen. The Goddess was going to take care of me. I had faith in that. I have been preparing myself to find them for the last several years. I learned how to be a proper Luna, with the paperwork, and taking care of a very large pack. In addition to my regular warrior training, I learned how to cook, and was thoroughly trained on weapons.

I even sat in on meetings with my father from 15 years old. He would ask my opinion on what I would do after the meetings were complete, and we were alone in the office. I am more than a pretty face. I am just like my mother. I even tried my hand at sewing, but that was something that I never was successful at learning. I spent my life trying to excel at what I was taught to be the perfect Luna or Beta Female. To be dismissed like I was some sort of a joke was hard to hear, especially from my true mate. It made my heart ache for him to think that I was not good enough for him.

I am praying that I get a second chance mate, just like mom did. Dad loves her and dotes on her. I want that too. I want a love that endures, one that lasts as we grow old together. One that sees me as more than a pretty face, but as a capable and strong woman. A faithful man who appreciates all that I can do to help him as we work together in whatever roles we have in the pack. One that treats me like I am the most precious woman in the world to him. I wanted a love that would stand the test of time, and what I got was a slap in the face, oh, and some broken ribs. He may not have done it himself, he did actually seem surprised at my being hurt. But the bottom line is I am hurt, and I got hurt because of his actions.

I sit still and listen to the silence around me, and I think about who had been down here with me. They were quiet, and stood in the shadows, never answering me. I don't know what to think about that. It could be a spy for Tucker, or it could be his friend coming down to check on me. I need my wolf, or a pack doctor to help me now. I am not healing, and with the lack of food and sleep, I am declining quickly. I need to be taken to the pack hospital if they have one here, but I know that is a pipe dream. No one will be coming to save me here. I don't even know where here is.

I finally fell asleep trying to keep an ear out for noise, but I was exhausted and got a few hours of sleep. When I woke up, it was completely dark outside. My tray had been taken away, but it didn't matter. I was not going to be eating that mystery meat sandwich anyway. I realized that I was woken up by the additional pain that I was feeling. I could feel that my mate was with another. There was no mistaking this for anything else but what it was. We learned it in school. My mother even told us about the kind of pain you felt. She really downplayed it, as it was taking my breath away.

I don't know if it is because of the damage I have already sustained, or not, but I am in a great deal of pain. I feel the phantom touches that he is giving her. I can almost feel his hand on my breast as he kisses her. I feel it all, and then the bigger issue comes. The pain in my lower stomach made me jerk upright when I felt it. My ribs let me know how big of a mistake that was. I am struggling to lay down, to ride it out until it is over, but I cannot use my right arm. I tried to stand up to change sides to be able to use my left arm and move with less pain, but the phantom pain increased. I can feel it all, his touch as he strokes her body, his kisses on her skin, and how much he is enjoying being with another woman. When I see the darkness coming, I am glad to allow it to take me over as I fell to the floor.