

## Where am I?

I feel my wrists and ankles start to burn, which forces me awake. When I open my eyes, I scan my surroundings to figure out where I am. The room is large and covered with black stone walls that have chains attached to them that look to be coated in silver along the walls. I check the ones chaining me to the wall and door and see that they are silver as well, which explains why my wrists and ankles are burning.

It's wet and dark down here, with only a little light coming from the window across the door above the stairs. As my eyes adjust to the darkness, I notice some of the black stones near me are coated in red. My heart races when I catch a whiff of rusty iron from all the blood around me. I hear the door creak open and see someone coming down the stairs, rubbing and cracking their knuckles.

"Look who's nally awake. You better be ready to start answering some questions. The Alpha is on his way", the man says in a sing-song voice, smirking at me. He shakes his head, standing with his shoulders back as if he has accomplished something.

"I don't-"

Before I can finish my sentence, there is a hard smack across my face that instantly causes a surge of pain radiating through my jaw.

"I didn't say you could speak. You should hold that tongue of yours because when the Alpha arrives, you better have enough energy to talk," he warns.

The man smiles at me, then grabs one of the metal tables down here. He brings the table over to me, setting it directly in front of me before pulling out a bag from one of the foot lockers. He begins taking out random tools, each silver and sharp, then placing them neatly on the table.

"I can't believe that a rouge such as yourself would one, be attractive and two, dumb enough to enter our land," he states, shaking his head in displeasure.

He gauges my reactions to each of the tools he picks up. He smiles when he picks up the scary, twisty-looking ones that scare me more than anything. It was like he was enjoying my fear. My eyes fail me as the tears come down my face, defeated. I was trying to get away from an abusive household only to enter a new, more twisted one.

"Come on, don't cry. If you want to be the Luna, you need to be tougher than that. You must be easy and planning on f\*\*\*\*\*g him with that body, but even though he hasn't found his mate, he would never sleep with you. Your just some rouge scum, but hey, if you behave when he's done with you, I'll have my turn, and the only tool I'll use is the one" he grabs his package through his pants and begins rubbing it.

I can see he's getting hard from my misery. At this point, I've given up on all hope of ever being free. I begin praying to the Moon Goddess to let me die quickly. I couldn't take this any longer and didn't have enough strength to withstand torture or even the ability to take another breath, so I just let my head hang and blackout.

\*\*\* Samuel P.O.V\*\*\*

I get a mind link from one of my border guards at 6:00 this morning, letting me know they had found a rouge in our territory during shift change. I was pissed that a rouge thought they could just trespass on my land without any consequences.

I plan out a nice evening of torture in order to find out where they came from and if there were any more of them I needed to deal with. I didn't even want to be at this packhouse anyway with these idiots. If it weren't for this stupid ass treaty and the high tensions between our packs, I wouldn't have come to begin with.

Being here during this ceremony gives me the advantage because now I'm positive that Alpha Don has stepped down. Now that it's official and there is a new Alpha, it means the treaty is ready to be renewed. The first thing I plan on doing is cutting ties with this pack.

I never liked this pack since I heard and confirmed the rumors about this wolf they took in when she became orphaned and how they turned her into a maid/slave. Plus, I can't stand that arrogant cunt Chris who actually slept with my sister when I was off at Alpha training. When I received the news about the breach, I thanked the goddess because I now had a good excuse to leave this place.

I go downstairs to meet with the old Alpha and Luna, as well as the new Alpha, Chris, to let them know I have business to attend to back at my pack. We say our goodbyes, then I make my way to the car and have my driver take me home.

When I get to the pack border, James, my loyal and faithful Beta, who is also my best friend, is there to meet me. We've known each other since elementary and fought together in countless battles. While I was away at this crap ceremony, he was staying here taking care of the pack.

"Welcome back, Alpha. How was the ceremony?" James asks.

"Unmodest' for a community that size, I can't wait to be done with them. Now tell me what's going on," I say coolly while I exit the car.

"This morning, George, one of the border guards, caught a rouge entering our territory. He said she put up a fight, but he was able to incapacitate her. George has her locked down in the dungeon and is waiting for you to interrogate her. He also said he brought your favorite tools. He's obviously still trying to get on your good side to get off the morning shift," James briefs me.

We walk over to the edge of the pack house, where there's an unsuspecting black door being guarded. I nod at the warrior, watching the door, causing him to open the door for us. We make our way downstairs when I suddenly freeze in place.

"What is that smell?" I ask, closing my eyes and taking in a deep breath.

"Could be blood or the smell of death. We don't really clean down here," James chuckles at his own joke.

I can't help but death grip his arm when I catch another whiff of the sweet scent, causing James to look at me in confusion.

"It's not blood. It smells like coconut and the ocean," I defend.

I take another deep inhale, becoming intoxicated by the scent. I let go of James and start running towards the smell when I see her. She was hanging from the wall with her hands and feet bound by silver.

I can't make out her face quite yet because she is looking down. Still, I'm able to take notice of her piercing black hair that looks almost blue, her very pale skin as if she hadn't had much sunlight in years, and the lines of her ribs through her shirt. I reach the bottom of the stairs when her head starts to move. She looks up, and when her eyes catch mine, I can hear my wolf screaming.

"MATE."