

FERAL – Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Adrienne POV

Pain. That was the first thing I noticed as I went through it. Hot, blinding pain. My limbs felt like metal and my blood pumped as sluggishly as molten lead. I heard voices talking softly but was too foggy to make out what was being said.

My lips were dry and cracked, my mouth felt drier than the Kalahari. Where am I? I tried to move my fingers and felt some sort of restraint against them. My heartbeat spiked dangerously as I struggled against them. My eyelashes felt glued together and it was with great effort that I pried them apart.

The room I was in was so blinding, I was forced to shut my eyes again and open them more slowly. White walls. Bright lights. I moved my head slowly, taking it all in. My eyes felt on a heart monitor that was beating loudly and there was an IV drip that was dripping steadily into my arm.

"You're awake", a voice said beside me. I jerked, almost twisting my neck off as my eyes fell on a woman I hadn't noticed before.

I stared.

"Hi, my name is Abbie, and I'm a pack doctor".

I kept on staring as questions raced through my head at warp speed. What pack? How did I get here? Did I get captured again? How far away am I from my old pack?

"Do you remember anything?", Abbie asked gently.

Yes, I thought. I remembered everything. Pictures began to flash, memories from before and I broke out into a cold sweat. I'm not going back to that pack. I couldn't.

She must've seen the panic on my face and the heart machine beeped even faster and she struggled to reassure me.

"Oh, don't be scared", she rushed out. "You don't have to stress your mind remembering. Just relax and focus on healing".

She frowned. "Your wounds are healing at a remarkably slow pace."

I licked my lips uncomfortably. Even my tongue wasn't good enough to wet them.

Water, I wanted to say. Instead, it came out as an undignified croak.

"Oh dear. You must be thirsty."

She hurried away from me, filled a glass with water, added a straw and brought it back to me. Sighing gratefully, I raised my head and she helped me up with her arm under my head. I sipped the liquid greedily, almost wishing the straw was gone so I could take bigger gulps. I can't remember the last time I'd had water offered to me by someone who wasn't trying to dunk my head in. The glass was almost empty when I finally took a deep breath and let the straw slide out of my mouth.

I nodded my thanks to her, but no doubt it looked like I had an epileptic seizure, I was shaking so badly.

"W..where?...", I managed to croak out.

"Where are you?", She clarified. "I'm sure you have lots of questions honey, but don't worry, they'll all be answered in good time. In the meantime, you should get some sleep".

I watched fearfully as she grabbed a needle and approached me. Gasping, I angled myself backwards as far as I could go. She paused. "I'm not going to stick this in you", she assured. "I'll just put it in the bag." She gestured to the IV bag hanging above me.

I remained tense as she carefully injected a clear liquid into the bag, immediately turning it a slight yellow. Only when she disposed of the needle did I relax, somewhat.

Whatever she put in must have had a very potent effect as, seconds later, my eyelids began to droop shut. In another second, I was sliding back into the world of unconsciousness.

When I woke up again, the sun was seeping through the slits in the window blinds. I noticed this quite easily because my somewhat lengthy bangs had been pushed to either side of my face. Somewhat panicky, I tossed my head fitfully until they came loose from their prison behind my ears and once again shielded my eyes.

The soft murmuring I hadn't noticed earlier stopped abruptly and I peeked out at them from under my hair.

It was a woman doctor and a male I didn't know. They were both staring at me, and for some reason, it unnerved me. Not Dr Abbie. The strange man. He had the most compelling aura, one that made me quiver when he took a step towards me. Quickly, I shut my eyes, not wanting to give myself away, but my heart rate picked up considerably.

Dr Abbie murmured something to him as he came even nearer, but I couldn't make out what she said. There was a faint ringing in my ears that grew to a steady pounding as chaos erupted in my head.

I gasped out as air seemed to escape my lungs and I fought for breath. My head seemed to be on the verge of exploding as I heard the man yelling something incomprehensible at Dr Abbie.

I felt a warm hand on me and struck out instinctively, my back arching off the hospital bed.

"Hold her down, she's getting violent!", I heard Dr Abbie scream as it registered to me that I must have struck her.

That didn't seem to matter to me though, as my limbs rebelled against all rational thoughts on my part and I continued to thrash, almost delirious with the pain coursing through my veins like lava.

I heard myself groan as the chaos in my brain seemed to extend to the room I was in. More voices were yelling and more hands trying to restrain me. I felt something cold and a metallic clamp on one of my wrists and it was pulled down firmly, restricting my movements. The same was done to my other wrists and ankles. Soon I could do nothing but arch off the bed. However, that was soon taken care of as a thick band found itself across my torso, effectively holding me immobile.

My eyes shot open and zeroed in on the determined but frightful gaze. Dr. Abbie or more specifically, on the needle in her hand. All my pain seemed to pale them in the realization of what she intended to do. I let out a bloodcurdling scream, jerking my head about as she approached with what I had come to see as one of my worst fears. This time, I knew there was going to be no IV bag to save me. She was going to stick it at me. I couldn't let that happen.

All of a sudden, the brute strength I had thought disappeared came rushing back and I tore my wrist, its right wrist. Before I could process what was happening, another hand shot from nowhere, holding me captive once more and stopping me from knocking the doctor to unconsciousness. The needle plunged and I let out another scream as it pierced the skin and released its contents. A screech slowly dwindled to soft moans as the drug began to take effect. I struggled to hold on to my consciousness, even as I knew it was a losing battle.

Not again.