

FERAL – Chapter 4

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When she woke again, it was to find herself in a sitting position and not on the bed she previously had been lying on. Her mind was foggy with the effort to remember and she could do no more than drowsily lift her eyelids. She'd been drugged, she knew that. Her limbs wouldn't work and it was with great strength that her eyelids remained open.

She groaned. Or at least she thought she did. It was either her hearing was impaired or her throat wasn't working either.

"She's awake", she heard a voice say above her. Before she could force her uncooperative neck to turn, she was met with two worried brown eyes staring at her. She couldn't move. Her eyes roamed over the face of the breathtaking man, staring at her with a lot of concern.

He lifted a hand to brush her cheek lightly and she scrambled back - or tried to. Her body remained as still as stone. The man's touch was warm though and slightly comforting and she found herself wanting to lean in to his touch.

"How are you, honey?", the man asked. His voice was as smooth as pure honey.

Adrienne mentally shook her head at the thought. Who was this man and why was she drawn to him so? She remembered the last time she had felt this drawn to a male. The memory alone was enough to make her hyperventilate.

That was the beginning of all this, she thought. Gavin. Oh, Gavin!

She must've still been hooked up to the heart machine because it began to beep in time to the racing of her heart. What was she doing here? Who was this man? Why was she drawn to him? Gavin!

She heard the door to the room open and someone rushed inside. The man in front of her looked panicked, as though he didn't know what to do.

"Give her space, Alpha", she heard a familiar voice say. Dr Abbie. The man in front of her let go of her hands and scooted backwards.

Alpha? He was the Alpha? What was he doing there? And Dr Abbie was in the room? Her heart rate spiked even more at the thought of the doctor and then the last time she was awake.

For some reason, her brain wasn't cooperating with her. She wanted to stand up, to yell at these people to leave her alone, to break the arm Dr Abbie used to inject her with

those drugs, and to run away when all that was over. All she managed to do was twitch a finger, and only slightly. The rest of her body remained as still as when she first opened her eyes.

Again, she felt the prick of a needle on her arm and offered a silent scream in her head. This time, even her finger seemed to have stopped twitching. The feeling of falling into unconsciousness, as was now getting familiar, consumed her, but this time, instead of simply falling unconscious, her mind seemed to have shut down and her thoughts flowed sluggishly. Now, she was simply sitting and staring, her heartbeat returned to its former slow state.

What was this? Is this how she would live the rest of her life? Drugged and mindless? Behind the cover of her hair, a tear slipped out of the corner of her eye, quickly lost in the strands of hair that shielded them from prying eyes.

Lucas' heart ached as he took in the slumped form in front of him. He'd had enough of the hospital. He was taking her to his home, where she would be more comfortable and he wouldn't have to put on a brave front for the pack members and Dr Abbie.

His mate had been transferred to a wheelchair and he'd instructed his beta to have the woods that led from the hospital directly to his house cleared of all pack members until he got to her home.

He listened as Dr Abbie gave him the last instructions concerning his mate's medication while his mom bustled about, grabbing the last of the drugs in bags. She explained that his mate was in a state of drug-induced catatonia and would likely stay that way until she'd successfully drawn out all traces of silver and wolfbane in her bloodstream. When that was done, hopefully, her wolf would begin to wake slowly, and her violent episodes would reduce. But not stop completely.

"Why?", Lucas growled.

Dr Abbie swallowed. It was no secret that the doctor had come to fear him in the past few weeks more than any of his pack members had ever done.

"Well, Alpha, our Luna has been severely traumatized. Any slight disturbance might trigger a memory of that trauma, especially as her wolf awakens and she is more herself. I think we have noticed that she is very powerful. She could be a danger to those around her".

Luxe growled and bared his teeth at the implication that his mate could be a danger to people though secretly pleased that Dr Abbie had addressed her as the Luna. Lucas shook his head slightly to clear his wolf from his head.

"You're scaring the poor lady", Lucas told him. Luxe snorted but retreated into his mind.

"Okay, Doctor", Lucas said to Dr Abbie. "We'll be going now".

She nodded, obviously relieved as Lucas wheeled his mate out of the ward.

"I asked Cole and Lance to meet us at home", his mom spoke up, talking about his beta and gamma. He nodded once, not looking at her. He had expected meeting his mate to be a joyful occasion, not one that was getting grimmer. He definitely wasn't expecting his mate to be the broken person in front of him, after many years of searching. It was like the universe was against him.

He felt a hand on his arm and turned to see his mom looking up at him. He positively dwarfed the former Luna.

"She'll be fine", she said. "You'll be fine."

He nodded again and they continued the rest of the walk in silence, even when Cole and Lance joined them. Soon, they got to the small one-storey house that was just Lucas's.

Sighing, he picked his mate up and proceeded up the stairs, leaving either Cole or Lance to bring the wheelchair in. Not for the first time, he studied what part of her face he could see. Her hair was so long, it covered most of the top half of her face. He brushed the bangs aside and glimpsed eyelashes as thick and full as two small fans before the ever present curtain of black hair slid back into place. Her nose was a tiny button in the middle of her face and her slightly parted lips, while somewhat reddish, were very pale.

He jostled her slightly as he got to his bedroom door minutes before everyone else, kicked the door open and laid her on the already made bed. Her head fell slightly to the side, revealing the side of her neck where his mark would lay when his eyes caught on something that made his blood chill. There, just below her left ear was a faded scar of two canines. A small growl left his lips as he struggled to rein in his wolf.

He really was looking forward to laying his hands on a certain person.