

FERAL – Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Adrienne POV

I was left to myself after the declaration of the Alpha concerning my species. It wasn't something I was sure of though. I'd always had a feeling I wasn't fully wolf, and having the Alpha confirm it didn't serve to put me at ease. Did Alpha Marcus know? Was that why he was forced to put on contacts and hide my eyes? Or was that why he treated me like he did?

These were the times I missed my wolf. I was lonely without her, especially in the basement where I was kept, but no less so now. Ever since I arrived here, even with all the drugs I was ladled with, I felt the occasional stir and knew she was coming back and it wouldn't be very long. I had a feeling the people I've been living with for, who knows how long, are responsible for that, but I chose not to acknowledge that fact. I can't afford to trust people. Not after what I went through.

Fortunately, it seemed like for the past few days, I'd been put on lower doses of the drugs, because I could vaguely remember snatches of conversations held while I was in my sort-of trance. Today, however, I could almost say I was totally myself, except for my still healing wounds. I should be grateful, but sadly, I was not. It only made me restless and I couldn't fathom the thought of going to sleep. Monsters lurked in the dark.

The door opening interrupted my thoughts and I quickly shut my eyes and pretended to sleep.

"I know you're awake", a voice I'd come to recognize as the Alpha's said. Why was he always here anyway?

"I can hear your heartbeat."

Shit. I kept my eyes firmly shut, even though I knew the game was up.

He sighed. "Suit yourself."

I heard him moving around and wondered what he was doing. Then I heard another door open and shut. Shortly, I heard the sound of water running.

He was taking a shower! But why here?

A few minutes later, I heard the same door open again. I still kept my eyes shut.

"There's a bathroom here if you want to freshen up", he said.

Yeah. Thanks. I squeezed my eyes tighter.

I heard his footsteps recede, then stop, then get closer. I knew he was coming towards me. I was almost shaking with the effort of not jumping to the other side of the bed. Opening my eyes a slit, I peeked up at him to see him staring at me.

"You should get a haircut. Your eyes are too beautiful to hide", he said softly, reaching out a hand to supposedly brush my hair away. I flinched. He stopped and sighed.

"I'm not going to hurt you", he said again.

I gave up all pretense of being asleep and stared at him hard, although he probably didn't notice, behind the curtain of hair. I don't like it when people touch me. It made me scared. Scared that I'd get hurt.

He seemed to sense this, because he made no move to touch me again, simply turned and walked away. I heard rustling at the other end of the room and saw him laying himself down on the sofa there.

I furrowed my brow, confused as he draped an arm over his forehead.

"Try to settle in", he said, without looking at me. "Dawn is far off."

I looked out at the windows and was surprised to see that it was pitch black outside.

Sighing, I waited for a good hour until I thought he was asleep, then I attempted to get out of my confinement in the large bed. I managed to sit up and scoot over to the edge of the bed, my legs dangling out. Even that small action left me winded and clutching my ribs. Apparently, I was hurt more than I felt.

As slowly as I possibly could, I let my feet touch the cold floor, attempted to stand and promptly saw stars. My first step had me sprawling on the floor. I hadn't realized I had groaned loudly until I felt a hand tentatively touch my shoulder. I looked up to see the Alpha looming over me. Panicking, I clambered away from him, clenching my teeth against the excruciating pain I was putting myself through.

When I managed to put myself on all fours, with one hand still clutching the brace around my torso, I found the Alpha staring at me with barely contained anger and an underlying emotion I couldn't decipher, one that looked deceptively like pain.

"Let me help you."

Shaking all over, I shook my head no. I couldn't handle his touch. Or anyone else's touch.

I saw him clench his hands into fists, then pull himself to his feet. Slowly, he turned away from me and walked back to his sofa. I released a sigh of relief I didn't realize I was holding and simply knelt there, panting.

I looked at the remaining space between me and what I thought was the bathroom door. There's no way I would make it. Even if I did, I wouldn't be able to do much. Gritting my teeth and hoping I didn't have to pee in the middle of the night, I put my other arm down and began my slow crawl back to the gargantuan bed, all the while aware of the Alpha's unwavering gaze on my quivering form.

Somehow, I was grateful that he respected my wish not to be touched enough to let me make my own painful way back to bed, and still, I knew that any other sign of pain from me again, and he would move me to bed himself, consequences damned. What I didn't know was why he would do that.

With another pained groan, I clutched the skirts of the bedding and pulled myself up, shuddering all the way. When I finally lay face down on the bed, I gave a small sigh of victory and crawled the rest of the way under the covers, by which time I probably didn't need them anymore, drenched in sweat as I was.

I looked back at the Alpha and found he was no longer staring at me. I sank deeper into the cool sheets, hoping morning would come fast and telling myself to pretend I could sleep.

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