

Chapter 30

ABBIE

The steady beep of hospital equipment reaches my ears as I blink up at the white ceiling. My eyes are heavy, my limbs immobile. Tears brim as I try to understand where I am and why I'm here.

Why? How could life be so cruel and bring me back? I remember the darkness, and then nothingness, I was finally free. Complete oblivion was what I expected; I had made my peace with it. I was ready to go. But here I am, alive.

I try to move my arms, but they feel like dead weights. Panic starts to rise in my chest as memories flood back. Kade shifting, the pain, and then everything going black. Was it all a dream? Or am I really alive?

“Abbie?” A soft voice breaks through the haze in my mind, and I turn my head to see a blurry outline of Kade, looking worried and disheveled. No!

“Thank god,” comes his rasp of a voice before he’s above, hovering over me. His hands paw at me, and I look away from him.

“I thought I lost you; the Moon Goddess must have heard my prayers,” he gushes, fussing over me like he was some fantastic mate and not the person who did this to me.

“She heard yours, but mine fell on deaf ears,” I groan. Fuck, if she had heard mine, I would have been dead years ago. But here I am still, the so-called Moon Goddess fucking shit up and not giving me the luxury of death.

Kade grabs my face in his hands. Sparks rush over my entire body and make my whole body heat up. The bond reacts despite knowing what kind of monster he is. I gasp in horror as I become aware of the throbbing in my neck. Instinctively, I reach up and touch my mark to find it fresh.

Kade remarked me. Our severed bond is now stronger than ever by the feeling of the sparks that course over my entire body. Kade purrs while I think of how I failed to sever the bond and am again stuck with the miserable bastard.

“That was close,” Kade sighs, kissing my forehead like he is some loving mate. I just blink and say nothing.

“Well, at least you have learned your lesson. Then, after all this mess, we can go home. Cassandra said she would make you a nice dinner.

Need to get you up to full strength so we can complete the mating process; I will ask the doctor to give you something to bring on your heat,” he says before walking out. This can’t be happening.

I swallow and try to move my hand to brush my hair back to find I am handcuffed to the bed by one hand. I tug on the handcuff, but it doesn’t budge. Sitting up, my entire body starts aching.

Panic bubbles up inside me as I remember what happened before passing out. Kade must have brought me here after he shifted back into his human form. I take a deep breath and try to calm myself down. My mind races as I try to come up with a plan for escape.

My leg burns the most, and so does every inch of me. Using my other hand, I tug the hospital gown down a little, groaning as I do. My shoulder is covered in stitches. Rolling the skirt up, I see my leg is the same. His mark may have saved me, but it didn’t heal me. That’s when I notice the drip attached to my hand. I follow the line to see a blood bag and another bag filled with some kind of clear liquid.

My heart races as I realize what Kade must have done. He’s keeping me alive by feeding me his blood and using whatever drug is in that other bag to keep me subdued and unable to fight back. The thought sickens me, but there’s nothing I can do about it now.

I try to sit up more, wincing at the soreness in my body. My head spins, and spots dance in front of my eyes, making me dizzy and disoriented.

I choke when I realize it has the same label as the shit Cassandra has been pumping into me. No wonder I look like Frankenstein. Kade is still preventing me from shifting, and God knows how long that drip has been attached to me because it's not dark outside. I don't even know if it's the same day.

I lie back down when I hear Kade talking to the doctor and hearing their voices grow nearer. Kade saunters into the room, a massive grin on his face.

"The doctor said you can come home tomorrow. Isn't that great? He will prepare the injection just before you are discharged," he tells me.

"Why are you doing this? Why keep me alive like this?" I demand, glaring at him with all the anger and fear inside of me.

Kade's expression turns serious as he stares at me. "Because you're mine."

His words send shivers down my spine and make bile rise in my throat. I shake my head in disbelief and disgust. "You're insane if you think that means I belong to you. You're a monster, Kade."

His face twists in anger, and he goes to say something when suddenly the door opens. A nurse comes in with a tray of food. She glances at Kade nervously, and I can tell she fears him with the way she averts her gaze to the floor and drops her head, her curly dark hair covering her face.

“Hurry, hurry,” Kade snaps at her as she wheels a small table over that slides under the bed before turning the tabletop so it sits above me. The smell of food makes my belly growl hungrily. My mouth salivates. She sets a tray on the table, and Kade clicks his tongue and growls.

“It’s too much; I said something small until after her heat,” Kade snaps at the woman. Taking the tray, which smells divine, he takes a pudding cup off it before thrusting the tray at her. She glances at me, and my stomach screams in protest as he takes whatever is under the plate cover from me. He slaps the pudding cup on the table. The woman bites her lip but takes the tray, looking at me apologetically. She goes to hand me the spoon, but Kade slaps it out of her hand.

The more I stare at her, for some reason, she reminds me of someone, I just can’t think of who? It is her eyes and cheekbones. They look familiar. I have no idea why I feel that way.

“Idiot. It could be used as a weapon,” he snarls at her. The woman blinks at him.

“She is handcuffed, Alpha. Where would she go?”

“Until I complete the mating process, no utensils. I don’t want my mate to harm herself,” Kade growls.

“Maybe I can feed her. You said she hadn’t eaten in days; the doctor recommended this meal to help strengthen her,” she tries to argue, and I notice the malicious glint in his eye.

“It’s alright. I’m not hungry, just thirsty,” I tell her, not wanting to get her into trouble. Yet, my belly rumbles loudly. We all hear it in the quiet room.

“See?” Kade says, thrusting it at me, and my hand shakes as I take it from him.

“Now leave. You are the last person I want to see in her room,” he snarls, and she nods, rushing out. I stare after her as she runs out.

“Damn fool, are you alright, my love?” he says, and I look at Kade and nod.

It is like his personality switches back and forth. He takes the pudding cup and pokes a hole in it before returning it. I try to figure out why the woman looks so familiar. I know I haven’t seen her before, but something about her gives me déjà vu.

Shaking the thought off, I slurp my measly portion down. Kade only allows me half the pudding cup and watches me dig it out with my fingers before taking it. He tells me he doesn’t want a fat Luna. It is humiliating, especially given the fact that I’m now skin and bones, but I remain quiet, hoping he will leave soon. After about an hour of sitting

in silence, watching Kade fiddle with his phone, he stands from the blue chair and strolls over to me.

Leaning over the bed, he grips my chin, tilting my face up to his before shoving his filthy tongue down my throat. The bond reacts, but I just go to my safe place, go to the darkest parts of my mind, and float.

“I need to go, but I will return first thing in the morning. The doctor will send someone in to give you some drugs to help you sleep,” he says. I nod robotically.

Once he leaves, I try as hard as I can to get out of the handcuff, but nothing works; it is so tight that the tips of my fingers are going numb from putting strain on it trying to break out of it. My will to escape is dying, along with the last part of my will to live when the crippling pain washes over me.

Tears prick my eyes as I feel his infidelity wash over me once more. Life is cruel, and the Moon Goddess, if she exists, is determined to make me suffer. Rolling on my side, I hug my belly with my free hand. Half an hour later, the pack doctor comes in again. The man is an older gentleman. He looks over my notes and shakes his head. He checks my drip when the woman from before comes in.

“Alana will give you something to help you sleep, and in the morning, I will give a small injection into your ovaries to bring on your heat. You were fortunate. You almost died; if it wasn’t for Kade’s quick thinking of remarking you, we would have lost you,” the doctor says.

“Yes, so lucky to live with my pig of a mate,” I sneer, and he nods, having not paid attention to what I was saying, too busy looking at the charts in his hand.

“You can give it to her, Alana, then observe every two hours,” he tells her, and the woman approaches me. She smiles sadly as she walks around the bed and takes my arm in her hand. The doctor watches as she stabs the needle into the cannula port in my free hand.

The doctor sighs when I feel the top of my hand become wet, and I look at her. Her eyes meet mine, and I look down to see her hand covering the needle as she squirts the contents on my skin, not through the cannula, spilling it all over the bed. She then places my hand over the spot.

“Hurry, I haven’t got all night,” the doctor complains.

“I’m done, Doc,” she says, dropping the syringe into the small green plastic bowl she brought in with her. He nods, and she makes her way over to my drip, changing the bags out as the doctor leaves.

She waits a few seconds before rushing over to me and grabbing my hand just as the doctor walks back in. I feel something metal brushing my palm, and she quickly makes out like she is tucking the surrounding blankets around me.

“You may feel a little groggy; don’t fight it,” she says, staring at me before glancing at the hand she had placed a key in, and the doctor clears his throat.

“Alana, bed four needs changing again. Mr. Masters wet himself again,” he groans.

“Yes, right away, Doc, just need to change out her bag on the drip,” she says, and he nods, walking out once more.

This time, when he leaves, he doesn’t return. Alana rushes over to me and starts unplugging the machines attached to me. I wait for the beep, only to peer at the monitor and see that she has switched it off.

“I found a spare key in Doc’s office. You have two hours to run east,” she whispers.

“Why are you helping me?”

“My sister, Blaire, told me about you; now, don’t waste any time; he will feel you once you get too far away,” she says before glancing over her shoulder.

Alana pulls a piece of paper from her cleavage and tucks it under my bottom. “I got your friend’s number. Blaire gave it to me. She stole it from his phone and sent it to me. He then killed her for touching his phone, but I wrote it down. You must have been worth dying for, or she

wouldn't have sent it. Blaire wanted to call whoever it was. She never said who in the message. I would give you a phone to call for help, but all calls are monitored and listened to. East there is a town there, you can call from there. You try before you leave the town limits, and he will know about it."

"What about you?" I ask.

She doesn't answer; she just rushes over to the window and opens it before running out, closing the door behind her. I swallow, pulling the paper out with a number scribbled on it. Waiting a few minutes to make sure no one is coming in, I use the key to undo the handcuff. I rub my wrist before forcing myself off the bed.

My legs collapse under me when they touch the floor, and I clench my teeth to stop from screaming. Pain ravages me from my injuries and Kade's infidelity, but I force myself up and over to the plastic bag sitting on the chair that Kade brought with him.

Opening it, I find a man's shirt and some jeans. I swallow when I realize they must be Cassandra's jeans. I glance over my shoulder at the door, but no one seems to be in the hall. Pulling my hospital gown off, I pull the shirt on before gritting my teeth as I pull the jeans on.

My stitches tug and pull painfully. Sweat coats me with so much effort. Creeping to the window, I try to figure out where the east is. She could have pointed that out, or I should have asked. My skin burns as the jeans rub my mauled leg, and I struggle to lift it over the windowsill. Breathing harshly, I pull the other over before sitting on the ledge.

After a few seconds, I brace myself for the pain and jump. It is only about a 6-foot drop, but it feels like I had jumped from a lot higher when I hit the ground. Pain rattles through me as I land on my bad leg. Choking on a sob, I fight the urge to pass out as I rise to my feet, using the wall for support.

I see no one around and take off running as fast as my legs allow. My legs are killing with each movement and the bad one dragging behind me, but I still bite down on the instinct to stop and push on. The pain will not stop me. Ivy will come for me. I know she will come; I just need to get to that town.