

Chapter 521

Gard sighed, relaxing a little and sending soothing thoughts her way. "I guess we would have been surprised if the boy hadn't taken matters into his own hands," he said ruefully. "It's exactly what he would do if someone he loved needed help. We must trust that he has some kind of plan in mind, and he isn't alone. Our boy can take care of himself, Rayne. You know he can."

His confidence did soothe her to a certain extent, but her maternal instincts were stronger. "I know how fierce he is, Gard. I also know that when he takes on his Agony persona he doesn't think logically, he just reacts. What happens if they capture him too? He won't submit, and there's nothing to say whatever drug they used on us will work on him. They may kill him if they can't subdue him."

She couldn't hide the fear that threatened to overwhelm her. She had to know their son was safe. The only way to do that was to reach out to him. Taking a deep breath she called out to their son, part of her desperate for a response and the other part wishing he was too far away to answer. "Agony, can you hear me?"

For a moment there was only silence, and then his voice resounded in her head, transmitting to Gard too as they were linked.*Ww.nðVellwoR(m).cø*

"Mother! I hear you. Are you okay? Is Father okay?"

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Hearing his voice and knowing he was okay was too much for Rayne, and she struggled to respond, emotions overcoming her.

"Yes, son, we are currently unharmed," Gard answered for them as silent sobs wracked Rayne's body. Relief and joy bathed the males as she surrendered to the emotions and allowed herself a moment to shed a tear.

"We were drugged somehow and captured while we were investigating our old home here in the Mountains," Gard continued, allowing his hand to reach out to his mate as he talked. He gently brushed his fingers against hers. "The drugs are losing their potency, so we are becoming conscious more frequently. Our captors are not aware of this, and we're doing everything we can to keep it that way."*(w)Ww.ñ©VcLwðr©.c©mm*

They could both feel their son's relief through their bond though his mental tone didn't show any indication of that relief. "You feel closer than when Mother spoke to me before, though that is expected as I was on the train at the time. We have been travelling up the mountainside for the past day. I think we are nearing your location."

Contained within his words was a sense of anticipation, a determination for him to reach them as soon as possible. The fact that he was saying 'we' meant he wasn't alone, and that was a relief to know. Hopefully his companions would be enough to keep him centred so he wouldn't do anything rash to rescue them.

"Who is with you, son?" Rayne asked, smothering down her maternal instincts to protect, and reminding herself that he was one of the strongest beings on the planet. One of the lessons they had recently learned was to stop underestimating the Vârcolac. It was time she remembered that.

Agony didn't answer at first, and for a moment she thought something had happened to him as his mental touch seemed to disappear, but then it was back again, though he felt more guarded.

"We can discuss that once we have rescued you. Our enemy has the ability to compromise minds within my group, and I must consider the possibly that they may have compromised you while you've been unconscious." His tone sounded almost apologetic. It couldn't have been easy refusing to answer his parents.

His words also caused a sense of unease to overcome them, and they both searched their minds, trying to find some anomaly that would bear out his words. Rayne couldn't sense anything out of the ordinary but then she wondered if she would be able to sense anything if it were well hidden.

"I think we're okay, but maybe it is wise for you to keep your council," she finally agreed. "I'm just relieved to know that you're not alone."

"Someone's coming," Gard suddenly hissed, pulling his hand back to his side and trying not to freeze instinctively. They had to allow their bodies to go limp, to feign unconsciousness. Any change in body language could alert their captors to the fact they were conscious.

Rayne could tell there was more than one person entering the dark cave, and from the scents in the air she was surprised to note that one of the males coming their way was a wolf. What were wolves doing with the vampires surrounding them? There was nothing but animosity between European vampires and wolves. It didn't make sense. The sound of a body hitting the hard ground sounded loud in the damp cave and it was all she could do not to flinch.

"The Master wants the dog alive," a male growled, his voice deep and guttural.

"He's breathing," his companion answered, his voice recognisable from previous visits to the cave. "It's not my fault he wouldn't surrender. If his inferior genes are not up to healing his injuries, then so what? We have the abominations as bait. We don't need a fucking dog too, no matter if he is part of the human girl's pack."

The other male didn't appear to share the same opinion, his voice terse as they argued. "Have it your way. If he dies, I will be sure to let the Master know your thoughts on the matter."

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There was the sound of a scuffle and then a sharp cry. Staying still was excruciating but neither of them moved.

"You can't let the Master know anything if you're dead, Charles. I suggest you remember that the next time you want to threaten me." There was another harsh cry and then silence for a few moments.

"Fine, I'll keep my mouth shut. There was no need to break both my arms, you psycho."

"You've already healed so stop your whining," was the response. Now that he had made his point, their usual captor seemed to lose all interest in the wolf and his companion's threats. "Do we need to re-dose the abominations?"

"I only did it less than half an hour ago. They're good for another few hours."

"Good. I'm tired of being in this stinking cave." The voices faded as the two vampires made their way out of the cave, and Rayne silently let out the breath she hadn't realised she was holding.