

My Professor Is My Alpha Mate (Lila)

#Chapter 87 - Taken



Lila's POV

"Who are you?" Brody asked, walking in front of me toward the cell bars. "Why did you take us?"

"We took you because you were simply in the way. We took her... well... she knows why we took her," the man said, narrowing his dark eyes in my direction.

This man had a dark energy; he had long sleek, black hair and broad muscles layered with tattoos. He looked like he could crush steal.

I had an uneasy feeling about him and he was exactly right; I knew why he took me.

"Because I'm a Volana..." I said slowly.

It wasn't a question.

A sly smile spread across his narrow lips.

"You're a hard one to catch. We've heard a lot about you, and I must say...we've been intrigued. The name is Cyrus... glad to finally meet you."

"You'll have to go through me before you lay a finger on her," Brody hissed through his teeth.

This only made the man laugh as he shook his head.

"It's funny you think you have a chance against us. Especially in here. We have it rigged; your wolf and abilities won't work."

"Where did you bring us?" I found myself asking.

He snapped a look at me.

"Somewhere you won't be found," he answered. "Just sit tight... we'll come back for you a little later."

He said as he took a step into the shadow region where we could no longer see him.

I ran passed Brody and grabbed onto the bars of the cell, shaking it violently.

"Come back here!" I growled. "Tell me what you are going to do with me. What do you want?!"

"Lila, relax. Just stop for a minute," Brody said, lowering his tone as he grabbed onto my arms.

He pulled me away from the metal bars and back towards the far corner of the cell.

"I remembered something my grandmother had told me a few years ago. We were walking downtown, and we came across a gorgeous, yet run-down building. It looked like a church," Brody began, lowering his tone even more. She said it was once a popular tourist attraction because of the ancient tales attached to the building. I think it was a church. But she said it's where a lot of rogue wolves stake out now because nobody comes here. It's been closed for many years."

I wasn't sure where he was going with that. He kept his hold on my arms to keep me still, despite me struggling to get him to release me.

I was angry.

I was angry that I wasn't strong enough to fight those assholes. I was angry that I allowed myself to get captured. I was angry that I didn't have my abilities or my wolf.

I wanted their heads on a stake.

"Look," Brody said, keeping his hold on me and his eyes locked on mine. I finally managed to meet his eyes, trying to calm myself down. "Over on that wall on the outside of the wall. What does that look like to you?"

I looked beyond him at the wall he had gestured to with his head. I furrowed my brows together; without my wolf's abates, it was difficult for me to see in the dark. But I almost got the outline of a cross hung on the wall.

At that point, I had relaxed my body and my eyes adjusted to the darkness.

I let out a soft breath and Brody finally released my arms once he saw the realization falling upon my face.

I stood there for a moment, staring at the cross; trying to process what I was seeing.

"We are in the old chapel..." I whispered, meeting Brody's eyes. "We are in the dungeon of the old chapel. My father had taken me here a long time ago. I recognize this place... how could I not have realized this sooner?"

"Because of the high energy of everything going on," Brody answered. "I didn't realize it either. Though, I've never been inside this place. But I had a feeling we were still in Elysium somewhere."

"Are these wolf's rogues?" I asked.

"It's hard to tell," Brody answered. "But whoever they are, they've been looking for you for a long time and now they finally have you. But I'm not going to let them hurt you. As soon as that gate opens, we are making a run for it."

"Do you think that's wise? They could kill us without our wolves."

"I can hold them off. You run."

"No," I said firmly, staring up at him. "We got here together; we are leaving together. I'm not leaving you behind."

"It's not an option Lila," Brody said in return, shaking his head. "I won't let them hurt you."

"Brody—"

Before I could utter another word, I could hear the cell doors latching open. I turned my body to whoever was entering, and I saw that asshole Cyrus standing before me.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and pressed my lips together. Regardless of if I had no wolf or abilities, I still excel in combat. I was ready to fight.

But Brody shoved me aside and went for Cyrus himself.

Before I could grasp what was happening, Cyrus took out a stun gun and pressed it against Brody's neck.

He wailed in pain before falling to the ground.

I let out a gasp before collecting myself and running at Cyrus myself. I did a flip in the air and went to kick him square in the face, hoping that it does enough damage to knock him out. But I felt the sting of the stun gun on my leg, making my entire body quirk and shake until I landed on the ground myself.

He let out a lowly laugh and shook his head as he stood over me. I was paralyzed. I couldn't move my body, but I could still feel the pain of the elasticity coursing through my body and making me jerk and shake.

"You thought it would be that easy?" He chuckled. "Oh, little wolf... I came prepared."

He grabbed my unmoved body, lifting me in the air and bringing me out of the cell. It wasn't just the cell that was rigged to keep our wolves away, it was the entire chapel.

He brought me through a long corridor and other dark halls. I couldn't fixate my eyes on my surroundings, but I recognized the decals on the walls, and I knew we were heading toward the chapel infirmary where they performed horrific satanic procedures during the olden days.

That was the main reason this chapel got shut down.

I could start feeling the movement in my body again and I attempted to struggle against him, not wanting to go into that room. There was no telling what they were planning on doing with me.

But the more I struggled, the tighter he held me in his arms.

"Stop struggling, little wolf," he breathed, that smile spreading across his lips again. "The more you struggle, the worse it'll be for you."

I could hear the low murmurs of others as we neared the large doors at the end of the hall. There were others just like him inside that room. The others captured me, no doubt.

Cyrus kicked through the doors and made his way into the room where I was met with light. I had to squint because my eyes weren't used to the change of lighting.

As soon as my sight began to adjust, I saw the others that I recognized from before I passed out when they took me. They were standing around a hospital bed and glowing at me.

My heart was racing in my chest as I struggled again.

Cyrus through me on the bed like I was a sack of potatoes, and the others began to chain me down. The chains were making me feel weak; they must have been enchanted or something.

"Let me go!" I growled.

They said nothing, but I felt a stab in my arm and when I looked, I saw a man was there drawing blood.

He was taking my blood and putting it in a tube... but why?

Were they running tests on me?

Before I could ask them any questions, I mask was being forced over my mouth.

"Relax, little wolf," Cyrus breathed against my ear. "Just take a nap."

That was the last thing I heard before everything went black.