

Chapter 0159

Plink Drip. Plink Drip. Plink Drip. Plink Drip.

“Ugh.” What is that sound? And why does my head hurt so badly? Where am I? I try to open my eyes, but they feel like they are being weighed down by something. I move my eyeballs around behind my eyelids really slowly and then try opening again. This time I get light through just a sliver of an opening in my eyelids, but everything is fuzzy. I blink some more willing something to come into focus.

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I squeeze my eyes shut, which actually hurts, then crack them open again and get enough body awareness to shift my head toward the sound that is like nails on a chalkboard in this otherwise silent space. Finally I can see it. One of the faucets in the communal showers is dripping, I’m still in the locker room. Why was I in the locker room? The obnoxious sound is coming from the water hitting the metal soap shelf and then the drain and sending chills up my spine. I slowly move my head back forward, why am I so slow and groggy? Even thinking is hard. I don’t think I am standing, but I don’t think I’m on

the floor either. Huh.

I can't see and I don't think I can move, what can I do? I can smell, maybe. I try to inhale. "Umph, uhh." Sh*t that hurts. My chest is on fire now, for sure broken ribs. I try again more slowly this time, expecting the pain. Blood. All I smell is blood. My blood to be exact, and a lot of it. What the f*ck is going on?

"It's about time you stupid weak b*tch. It took far too long for you to come out of that. You weren't even hit that hard or given that much sedative." A flash of light goes off near me and makes me flinch. I didn't realize there was anyone here with me. I wonder if my nose is broken, maybe that's why I can only smell my own blood.

Kaley. This cannot be good. I do a physical check while she yammers on about me being weak and useless. Nothing original in her string of insults. I can't move my toes, but I think I can feel them. My knees hurt which unfortunately is a good and bad sign, I have some sort of use of my legs, but not much. I can't tell if my shirt is wet or if I am bleeding, maybe both, but something is for sure not right on my torso and I can't feel my fingers and my shoulders are burning. Probably from being tied up or dragged

around, but I don't have the body control to even look at myself yet. This may be worse than the whipping from a year ago.

I try to say something, but it feels like someone dumped a bucket of sand into my mouth and throat and as I flex the muscles in my face I know there must be some spectacular bruising and broken bones.


"Don't bother with your smart*ss remarks. I'm just here to tell you to stay away from the twins, permanently. They are mine and I will not have you getting in the way any longer." A kick to my stomach makes me choke on the little air I can take in. I am for sure not laying down. "Stop annoying them." Kick to my side. "Stop distracting them." Kick to my other side. At least two people are helping her. "And stop trying to force yourself on them." Slap. A warm sensation flows down my lips. "They. Are. Mine." I try to focus on where I hear her voice. She isn't close enough to be the one inflicting my torture. Punch. This one right across my face including the broken cheekbone. I think I lost a tooth with that one.

"UGH! Watch where you are flicking her nasty skank blood. I have to be presentable for Cameron and Dakota at the mating ball. I'm tired of you getting attention you don't deserve." Punch. "Having access

★ +20 BONUS

and time with the Alpha and Luna that should be mine.” Kick. “You should not be the favorite, you worthless spare beta, I should be. They are all just taking pity on you since not even your dad wants you.” Slap. “Get it through your head now. I. Will. Be. Luna. And there’s nothing you can do to stop me.” A sharp pain pierces my thigh. I felt it again and again in both legs and then dragged up my arms. I can barely breathe, I can’t scream, the searing pain is so bad I want to throw up, just like when... When she used the silver powder on me. Oh sh*t, she’s going to really kill me this time.

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I can't call for help, or even beg her to stop, I am weak. I would beg for her to stop if I could. I can't feel my wolf because of the silver and whatever else has me disoriented. I just keep shouting in my head hoping someone can hear my stifled cry for help. I don't focus on one person, I shout out to the whole pack, praying someone can hear me. Maybe Oliver and the twins can feel my agony, anything to stop this. But, maybe they can't since there is wolfsbane blocking my connection. Maybe my wolf is the only connection I have to them. Maybe she's the reason we connect with them. It's not because of me. I am still just the unwanted spare. I can hear muffled conversation around me, but I can't make anything out through the blinding pain.

My head is whipped back and someone has a firm grip on my hair. My body makes an involuntary noise of agony. I still can't see anyone, but I can feel several of the tiny baby hairs pulling from my scalp, making my eyes water. Then the unmistakable sound of scissors cutting slowly, deliberately slowly. Snip, snip, snip, snip, before my head falls forward unexpectedly lighter, and freshly cut short, loose

strands fall into my eyes and poke at my face. She cut off my hair. What is wrong with her? I'm already beaten to the point of not being recognizable.

"There, now even when you heal, you will look terrible and none of the guys will want to look at you or to be seen with you. Make sure she's out until after the ball is over, preferably for a day or two. That should give me plenty of time with the Alphas. And if I see you anywhere near them after this, Skank, I will make sure you don't survive the next round. There are plenty of wolves willing to help me get rid of worthless trash like you." The unmistakable sound of heels clicking on the tile floor of the locker room retreated behind me. Punches and kicks rain all over my body again. A few more to my face tell me this is probably why I can't see, my eyes are swollen and almost shut.

I just keep chanting 'please help me' in my head over and over again as my cries of pain go ignored. I can't move my arms or legs. Maybe I'm bound, maybe they're broken, who knows. I knew that there was a target on my back when the guys said they were taking Sierra and I to this stupid ball and hanging out with us, but I didn't think this was going to be the result. I hope Sierra isn't locked somewhere going through the same torture. I can feel the warm stream

of tears running down my deformed face. I can't believe this is how I am going to leave this world, there's no way I will make it to a next time. Drugged and beaten in the locker room of my favorite place. The arena, my true home. The place that allowed me to feel normal and a part of this pack, with a purpose. This is where I am going to take my last breath. I guess it could be worse. I am home. I just wish I would have been able to fight for my life, not trussed up like a pig for sl*ughter.

The light is starting to fade and it has gotten more quiet, but maybe I just can't hear anymore. I'm making out less and less colors in front of me. I didn't even get to say goodbye to the kids, that would have been nice. And Brandon really wanted to show off with Cam. I bet it would have been really cute watching him go up against the future Alpha again, so serious and determined he could win. And Cam would have played along, even just for a bit. Dakota would have been standing by to give Brandon pointers on how to beat his brother. I can picture the sparkle in his eye. Sam would have been talking smack to Cam about having to go up against a kid to look good and Mateo and Oliver would be standing watch to make sure nothing went wrong. Always the protectors.