

CHAPTER 107

Unknown POV

God, I can't believe I managed to escape from that horrible dungeon. Those bastards thought they could keep me in there forever, but I showed them. I showed them all. That omega, I don't even feel sorry for messing around with her feelings. As if I was in love with her, ha. She's about the same age as my daughter Winter. Still, she served her purpose, So I can't really complain about that, can I. She was just so easily fooled. That's what they get for using omegas to bring my food to me. It was just a matter of time until I managed to sweet talk one. Stupid pack.

My feet crunch on the grass. How fortunate it was that there was a rogue attack as I was escaping. Even I can't believe my good fortune. It was like the moon goddess herself was urging me to escape. I take my time walking. There's nothing but clear blue sky for miles and no sign of rain or anything gloomy like that. The sun is warm, which is good because the only thing I have on is pants. They left me shirtless in that damn dungeon. I could shift, but I'm still weak from my injuries and find it easier to travel in human form and allow my wolf to recover.

I frown at the ground. I've managed to cover a large area of space. That bloody Alpha Johnathon was missing from the pack and rumor had it he'd gone searching for my daughter Winter, with my son no less. They thought I couldn't hear them, but I paid attention. Even when blood was pooling from my wounds, I listened and I remembered everything they spoke

about. They should have been more careful. Sometimes I'd faked being unconscious in order to get them to talk even more.

I know all sorts of things. Winter being mute, my son's apparent guilt over the whole thing. I spit at the ground in anger. That bastard son of mine stood up against me and all for her. What had made him change his mind over hurting Winter? How dare he stand up and tell me no. This was all his fault, well his and Winter's. I would forever hate my daughter, no matter how much those big eyes of Her's pleaded for me to stop, or the tears that she cried in front of me. Once upon a time I would have stopped instantly and hugged her, but now I can't even bear to think of touching the little bitch.

I could just leave and go in another direction. But I want revenge. Revenge for what happened to me in that dungeon. It's all Winter and Damien's fault that I ended up there. It's their fault that I was tortured. It's their fault for my miserable existence. My hands clench into fists as I walk, my head lowered down to avoid stepping on anything sharp or pointy with my bare feet.

Slam. The door swings shut on the cell in the dungeon as I race to it, my fingers curling around the bars, ignoring the burning sensation of the silver against my flesh.

"Let me out" I roar and the boy, Johnathon, stares at me with anger on his face.

"You sold your own daughter for money" he hissed and I stare at him and shrug.

Of course I had, I needed it to pay back some debts. How did this concern him? It's not like it affected him at all. He should butt the hell out of my business.

He motions to the guards. "Shoot him" he orders and I notice for the first time that the guards are holding tranquilizer darts. I have no doubt they contain wolfsbane. I can smell it from here.

I back away but it's too late. The darts hit me, one in the chest and another in my thigh. I let out a roar and pull them out, but it's too late. My body flops to the ground.

"Get him chained" Johnathon says coldly from above me.

The guards haul me up, even as I kick and fight, chaining me up against the wall, my back exposed to them.

"You bastard" I snarl, trying to look over my shoulder.

His eyes are dark; there's an unreadable expression on his face. He's holding something in his hand, but I can't make out what it is from my position. I refuse to let some young lad intimidate me like this.

The first crack of the whip surprises me more than hurts. But I can tell its silver because my back is literally burning until he pulls it away. I let out a howl, my whole-body shuddering.

"I'll kill you when I get free" I promise him, my voice shaking.

The boy is silent. "The only reason I'm not killing you is because of Winter" he says "god help her but she still thinks of you as her father, despite everything you've done to her."

Crack.

Shit. The pain is excruciating. I cry out at the second strike.

"This is for Winter" he grunts and the whip slashes my back. This time it's so powerful that I scream, involuntarily. He certainly put most of his strength into it.

"This is for Damien" he mutters as the whip slashes me again. My whole body is shaking now. I'm not sure how much more I can take, but I don't want to give the bastard the satisfaction of seeing me fall unconscious. My hands clench into fists.

"When I get out of here" I mutter slowly "I am going to kill you and my children with my bare hands."

Crack. This time I'm prepared for the whip. Then there's silence. It's nerve wracking. I can't tell what he's doing. There are the sounds of things being moved and touched. That's when I realize he's going for something else. He has to be.

"Take him off the wall and let him dangle from the ceiling" he orders and I feel the guards moving me around as I stare down at them with hatred. Soon my feet are dangling off the floor and my hands are stretched over my head.

Johnathon walks in front of me, brandishing a silver dagger. I suck in a breath. He can do some serious damage with that. He caresses it, touching the tip, his hands covered in gloves to prevent himself from being burned by the knife. He cocks his head. "You know, I suspect that Winter has scars all over her body from you. It would explain the loose baggy clothing she wears" he hisses and I flinch. He would be correct. His eyes light up at my reaction and I swear as I realize I've given myself away.

He plunges the dagger into the side of my midsection and I scream, my skin bubbling and burning bright red. He pulls it back out and examines it.

"Get the doctor" he snaps over his shoulder, and moves close to me.

"You were going to let your own daughter be raped" he breathes, his face inches from mine. "I think it's only fair that we make sure you can't

physically do anything like that to anyone. You sick, twisted, son of a bitch."

I have no idea what he's talking about. A man comes down to the dungeon, looking uneasy, Johnathon looking over his shoulder and giving a quick nod. Then I feel him, he's cupping my man hood and clutching the dagger. Oh god no. I start to writhe in my chains, kicking and screaming. His hands tighten and I howl. He's going to crush them at this rate.

I don't see it but I feel it as he severs my ball sack from my body, my mouth open in an endless scream as I sob hysterically. The doctor injects me with something that makes me fall unconscious. When I wake up, there's stitches and my scrotum is gone forever. I'm no longer a man, and it's because of them.

I shudder at the memory of it all. My gaze unconsciously goes to my nether regions and my lip curls with hatred. They have ruined me forever. He ruined me forever. I spent months recovering from that ordeal, planning my revenge and plotting. Then I began to hear the rumors of Winter and I listened. I know which way to go, which direction to follow and it's because of Johnathon's Beta letting loose the information.

I sit beneath a tree, needing to rest. I had half expected them to send out a search party for me, but maybe they thought I was killed by rogues? Fuck. I need a drink like no one's business. But I don't dare walk into town. That would make it far too easy to find me. Although if they even have half a brain, they would know exactly where I was going. I plan on dragging Winter back with me. She can still earn me money but Damien would have to die. He had become too much of an overprotective older brother and I can no longer trust him to do what's right.

There's the crack of thunder in the distance. So much for there being clear skies. Now I can see fucking storm clouds gathering. Is everything going to be going fucking wrong today? I don't have the energy to make a

goddamn shelter. I pause, debating my options. There's a pack not far from here. I could pretend to have run into some rogues and needing assistance. But it's risky. Especially if that fucker Alpha Johnathon has put the word out to keep an eye on me. I scowl. I guess I need to make a god damn shelter. How fucking annoying.

I slam branches down, in a right mood. My wolf is telling me to calm down but I ignore him. Since we lost our balls, he's been particularly sulky. It's exasperating me. I slam the shelter together, taking all my anger and frustration out on it. The stupid thing is barely waterproof but I don't care. As it it the rain is starting to sprinkle down on me and I poke my tongue out, letting the raindrops fall on it and swallowing gratefully. I'm thirsty. It's been a long travel. We haven't come across any lakes or streams yet.

I slowly climb into the shelter, keeping my head poking out. The rain begins to get heavier and soon it's hailing down. There won't be any moving until it's passed. It could take a while. I remind myself that I have time. So much time it isn't funny. This isn't a race, not for me. I would rather be slow and cautious then be caught before I can take my revenge. The wind begins to get heavier. I hope my shelter doesn't go flying. Maybe I should have put a bit more effort in. My wolf is smug. I scowl and put a block up, refusing to talk to him.

At least there won't be any rogues. They hate water and when it rains. That means I'm safe for now. Which is good, I'm not particularly in the mood for a fight right now. Even though it might help my anger out. I content myself with lying down on my back and closing my eyes. I ignore the thudding sounds of the heavy rain and the whoosh of the air as it causes branches to move back and forth. I drown out all the sounds and instead begin to picture my son and daughter in my mind's eye. I remember what they look like. I remember everything about them. Winter is no match for me. She never was and I doubt she's gotten stronger even with her wolf.

Damien might prove to be more difficult but I can handle him if I need to. But it's Winter I want, Winter who I will take back with me. I don't care how long I have to wait to make my move, my daughter is coming back to the house, whether she likes it or not.