

CHAPTER 151

Winter POV

She was beautiful. That was the first strange thought that entered my mind, as I gazed upwards at her. So unfair. Even while hanging like a trussed-up fish on a hook, my mother still resembled or looked like an angel. It was ironic. She'd stayed unconscious the whole time we'd travelled back, luckily no sign of the other hunters that were expected, and now she wriggled and flailed around, the silver chains burning her flesh and making it sizzle, the smell of burning in the air.

"You little bitch" she yells, her eyes flashing dark as she stares at me, with contempt in her eyes. "Let me down" she shouts.

I laugh. As if she has some kind of power over me. I would let her down when I was good and ready. For a moment I see a flash of panic in her eyes, but it's just as quickly gone.

Damien and Drake stand behind me, silent observers. Damien had wanted to join in, but I had protested. He was only to join in, if I for some reason, faltered in what I was doing. He'd been none too happy, but reluctantly agreed to my terms. The trolley of torture implements stands next to me. I glance pointedly at mother, who's mouth gapes open as I glove myself up, before selecting a pair of shears. She looks nervous now, as I saunter casually towards her, brandishing my weapon.

"Winter" she whispers, glancing over at my brother's, maybe hoping one of them would step in and rescue her "don't do this, please."

I cock my head. "Are you going to give up the location?" I ask evenly, the weapon clutched tightly in my delicate hands.

She swallows hard. Then shakes her head. I give a big sigh of disappointment and quietly line up the shears with her big toe. She tries to flail around and one of my hands shoot out, gripping her foot and digging my claws in as I force it to remain still. Without another word I shut the shears and cut her big toe off, relishing in the screams that follow as the toe falls to the floor, blood spurting out from the wound.

I have a fire going behind me, Drake silently handing me a knife, which I press against the wound, cauterizing it. She screams again, hysterically and I pull it away, handing it back to Drake, who no doubt, has placed it back into the flames.

"Where is the location" I ask quietly. All she has to do is tell me and I might stop. Then again, I might not. I was having too much fun with her and after everything she'd done, she didn't deserve to die a painless death.

"Fuck you" she spits out, trying hard to kick at me.

"Bitch" I hear Damien mutter to Drake "hope Winter annihilates her. God, I wish I could get in there."

I say nothing, circling mother like she's, my prey. I place the shears against the big toe on her other foot. Then chomp it off with the shears, taking the knife from Drake and cauterizing the wound while mother whimpers like the pathetic bitch she is.

"I think I will take my leave" Drake says from behind me. I turn around and study his face.

"I'm sorry but I have no stomach for torture" he breathes, his pallor looking quite pale. I give him a small nod, Damien taking his place, with a wry look at the back of his twin.

"Guess we aren't exactly alike" he murmurs "either that or it's because of what she's put us through, but my god, I wish I could get my hands on her."

"Patience" I chide him.

"You're despicable" mother hisses behind me and I whirl around, my eyes boring into hers as my lips curl back in a smirk.

"Despicable?" I repeat "no your despicable mother. You sold Drake to Vanessa; you tricked us into believing that you loved us and you tried to kill your other son by forcing him to hunt. If anyone here is despicable" I say with a chilling laugh "it's you."

She glares at me. I blink my eyes at her and then grab hold of a knife. I examine it, seeing it shines brightly in the flames flickering around us from the fire.

"The location?" I say sweetly.

She just hangs her head in answer. Great, that means more work for me. I step up and eye her back. Slowly I plunge the blade into her right shoulder and move it, hearing her yelp as her flesh sizzles and burns, eventually spelling out 'Slut' in large letters. I watch the blood trickle downwards, droplets falling to the floor.

"That word suits her" Damien comments from the shadows. I give him a grin.

"Thanks, I thought so too" I mutter.

"Is that all you've got" mother shouts, incensed and angry "Winter, you're pathetic" she hoarsely laughs "this is never going to make me talk. So do your worst" she sneers "because I can take it. You're nothing but a filthy hybrid" she says frantically "eventually you'll lose patience and kill me. Your kind can't help itself."

God, I hated listening to her ramble on. Damien glowers at her as I stop him surging forwards. "Stop, don't listen to her Damien" I say urgently "she's trying to get one of us to lose our tempers. She wants us to kill her."

He huffs and calms down. I shake my head at him. Sometimes Damien is such a hothead. I sigh and flex my arms. I have a feeling I'm going to be here for a while. I gingerly hold the knife and wrinkle my nose. I can smell mother's blood and it smells sickly sweet, with a hint of bitterness. The metallic scent is on my tongue and I swallow, tasting it, savoring it.

My mother watches me carefully, eyeing me warily, as I go behind her once again. This time I begin to saw off a huge chunk of her flesh, throwing it to the ground. She flinches and hisses, before throwing her head back and screaming as I lick the tip of the knife.

"Bitch" mother screams, kicking out and flailing around "god it hurts" she howls.

Huh. She's not so cocky and arrogant as she was a minute or two ago. I guess pain will do that to a person. Damien folds his arms and leans against the wall, his eyes taking everything in. So far, he's had no complaints.

"Take it that hurt like a bitch" I whisper into her ear, as she whimpers, "let's do it again shall we."

"No" she screeches.

I raise my hand with the knife and then pause, waiting "are you ready to give me the information?" I growl.

She snuffles. Then her whole body slumps. Damn. For a minute there I was so close. The hand comes down, sawing away at more of her flesh, ripping it off and letting it crash to the floor. Yuck. I try not to look too closely. She shrieks and screams, trembling all over. I wonder if she felt

the pain of Lexus dying. If she has, she hasn't shown it. She's been stubborn and prideful. But that will only get her so far.

I'm thankful that Sam is sleeping. He was tired, that poor kid, and practically fell asleep the instant his head hit the covers. Maybe Drake's checking on him. They seemed to hit it off when they first saw each other.

"Give up the location" I sneer "or you'll continue to feel pain mother."

She doesn't look up. I place the knife down and grab hold of my next instrument, a silver flogger. It was going to hurt like a bitch against the exposed bits of flesh I'd ripped off. I crack it once twice, experimentally, watching her body stiffen. The light in her eyes is slowly fading away, as though mother has finally come to the realization that she isn't getting out of here, or that the torture is going to end anytime soon.

I hit her, her body convulsing from the sheer pain. Her screams are twice as loud and her voice is hoarse, her body slightly swinging.

"Dear God" mother wails, "fuck, it hurts so bad" she gasps.

Well duh. That was the point. I yank her by the hair and whisper into her ear again "give it up and all of this stops" I promise her, my voice dripping with honey "don't you want it to stop?"

"Yes" she sobs "but I still can't tell you."

I give a grimace, feeling frustrated, wanting her to break. Another few rounds of the whip, and she still continues to elude me. It's exasperating. I stomp my foot as I walk back to Damien.

"She was close before" I say thickly "and now she's silent as the grave."

I expect Damien to demand to take over, or to just do it. But instead, he places a hand on my shoulder. "Don't give up" he tells me firmly "she's a

tough cookie, but you are stronger. We need this information, remember? It's vital. So, get your ass back in there and finish it" he hisses.

I scowl at him, then melt and place down the flogger. I pick up some thumbtacks and begin to place them under her fingernails. She squirms and cries out, before I place the dagger in her thigh and leave it there, letting her flesh bubble away and sizzle. Her hair is next, I wrap it around my arm and yank her head back hard, her eyes widening as I begin to cut it off, dangerously close to the scalp. I keep hold of it and walk around her, showing her hair to her as she sobs.

"Not so pretty now" I taunt her, "are you mother?"

She wails, "I hate you" she screams, spittle flying everywhere. "All of you can go to hell" she shrieks.

I tsk at her "you first."

I distantly hear the sound of a door opening and then Kai's scent comes drifting into the room. I can smell Johnathon as well, both boys being extra quiet as they make their way down the stairs. I have one last option to try and I dart over to mother, my eyes gleaming with hope. "I'll make you one of me" I declare, piercing her skin with my fangs.

"No, no, no" she screams, as I begin to suck "don't". I won't be a hybrid, I won't" she yells out, her body beginning to completely relax. I pull my teeth from her skin and eye her.

"Talk, or I make you like me mother" I threaten "a disgusting hybrid. You'll be one of the things you despise most in this world."

"I'll talk" she says weakly "but promise me you won't do it."

"I promise" I breathe,

Kai, Johnathon and Damien come closer, all of us pricking our ears as she begins to mumble a bunch of numbers at us.

"Co-ordinates" mutters Johnathon, scribbling them down "they must be co-ordinates to where they are keeping them."

"How many hunters are waiting?" I ask.

"I don't know, maybe over a hundred" mother snaps, breathing heavily "the whole place is guarded. By hunters and military personnel" she says triumphantly.

I feel sick to my stomach. God, she has no idea, the magnitude of what she's done. I slap her hard across the face and turn to Kai.

"We have our answers" I tell him steadily "there's no need to keep her."

"What if she's lying?"

"I'm not" mother bursts out. We ignore her.

"My tech team are on it, we'll know in two minutes if she's lying" Kai murmurs, his eyes glazed over.

We all wait impatiently.

Kai's eyes go back to normal. "She's not lying" he says simply and that's all the reassurance that we need. I hear a sickening cracking noise and glance over to see that Damien had broken mother's neck, leaving her hanging there and swaying slightly. He raises an eyebrow at us "We need to get moving and she was a liability" he grumbles.

Kai says nothing and we all begin to file upwards, one by one. It was time to get a plan together.