

CHAPTER 7

DIVYA POV

Confusion was the only thing that surrounded my fever-addled brain, chiming like a taunt. Why was I here and not at the Coronation? Nothing entirely made sense to me right now.

I slowly lifted my burning eyelid to look at the man in the other cell and he seemed not to be joking by his grim expression, and his telepathic message seemed considerable for a fact that I knew that so many people wanted me dead.

I was still surprised that he could speak to me through the mind link when there wasn't a connection. I didn't want to think too deeply because nothing made sense to me right now. Like how I got out of the coronation ceremony and ended up here?

Every spit I swallowed burned in my throat because my body temperature was very high. I struggled to listen to the man who seemed to explain that my captors might render me dead.

Who were my captors? The memory of anybody hurting me at the event didn't ring a single bell__ everything that happened at the coronation was still a little clear to my brain.

My pulse leaped, and my heart stuttered as anxiety ran through my veins like boiling water. Out of nowhere, an image of me in the room getting ready and Chloe walking inside tickled. We argued. I drank, ate at the coronation, and partied but then that stabbing pain I mildly remembered around my neck made me nauseous.

Or had I been? A lump rose in my throat. All the work and sacrifice, the promise I had made myself not to let myself trample in their hands again was in vain, being a rebirth was obviously for nothing.

I was going to get wasted on a dirty mattress in a cold cell. How could I have been so stupid again? My throat thickened, and tears sprinkled on my heated cheeks.

"Hey?" The man's voice in the other cell room oozed through my head getting my attention.

"I know that you can't just trust me like that but you need to focus right now. You can scream and freak out if you want to later on but I need you to keep all that aside if you truly want to stay alive and powerful!" He said yet again his voice oozing through my mind.

'Stay Powerful Divya', a thing Papa had always told me before he died. Even in his dying bed, he had reminded me that I needed to stay strong.

I stared at him before nodding slightly. I watched as he adjusted himself in the cell opposite mine. Firstly, I had honestly thought that he had some clothes on but I was wrong because he was completely naked.

The breath in my throat hitched when I noticed the huge cut he had on his body with a mixture of dried blood plastered on his body. Who were these captors and why were they ruthless towards him? Was I their next prey?

The cut on his face smeared so much blood that I could hardly even recognize what he looked like. They had indeed tortured him, and that had made my legs go wobbly instantly.

Just as I was about to look in his direction, fear gripped me as the door upstairs squealed open.

-
-
-

JINGER POV

The door upstairs squealed and footsteps became visible to my ears all over again, but this time around there were multiple footsteps.

Eddie walked down the stairs, followed by Dave and two men that I couldn't really paint any picture about. They all had this dumbfounded expression on their face that almost got me laughing at my delicate condition.

I watched the female from the other cell who seemed scared.

"Whatever you do, don't look Eddie in the eyes!" I warned her through my telepathic mind. Eddie always believed that looking him in the eyes meant you were against him or perhaps trying to challenge him.

Even if she wanted to do that, it shouldn't be right now because he was certainly going to be dramatic over that.

"I had always thought you hated werewolves and that you couldn't even stand us, I know that your heart feels like it would burst anytime soon from irritation and anger of having to share your cell room with one." Eddie's voice lled the entire room.

I felt irritation and anger but not because of the lady sharing a cell with me. Unlike her, I had no trouble in holding my gaze and I would never not in a billion years. Not even when Eddie becomes the most powerful and influential Alpha in the whole damn world.

"Take him out!" Eddie commanded while he stepped aside.

The two men unlocked my cell as my stomach clenched at the different instruments clutched in their various hands. They didn't care as they manhandled me out of the cell like I was some animal in the zoo.

My eyes wandered towards the other cell to notice that the she-wolf in the cage seemed frightened to even watch and that made me feel some kind of relief. I sure couldn't stop her from hearing what was going to happen but then she didn't need to see it.

I was unglued to the concrete ground outside the cage, I caught myself on my palm while nausea pickled around my throat because hunger was beginning to feed the intestine in my midsection.

"Naked and powerless." Eddie's deep voice came, his tone a very mocking one. I watched as Eddie crouched next to me and swiped his fingertips around my cheeks. "Why don't you get up and fight, Jinger?" He gave a mocking laughter that showed his fangs.

I watched as Dave walked towards the female cell. My head jerked up and the rate of my heart seemed to be pounding very deep against my chest. I was caught off guard when Eddie pulled me and wrapped his arms around my neck before whispering in my ear.

"Do you perhaps like your new cellmate Jinger, don't tell me you feel this urge to protect her? Or perhaps you just like the fact that she is all packaged. Your law says you can't mate with a female werewolf right but I'm going to be nice to you!" He said.

"I would let you have a little fun with her!"