

## Chapter 12 - Sophia's Revenge

Sophia's POV

The encounter I had with the Alpha made no sense to me. It's not like I am anyone to him. I don't understand why he would watch me sleep. It was a little creepy, if I am being honest. I can't seem to get the whole encounter out of my head. It seemed like he was hurting because he thought I was hurting. I wasn't, though they were happy tears. I missed my parents so much and rarely dream about them. I wasn't able to go back to sleep after that. I laid in bed until I heard a knock at the door and then it opened. I figured it was a nurse with my breakfast, but then a man's voice that I didn't know came in. He turned around and pulled the curtain closed.

He walked over to me and said that he was a new doctor working here and his name was Dr. Brown. This guy gave me a creepy vibe. He was staring at me like he wanted to devour me. He had a smirk on his face that said this was not a routine daily check-in. I started to get out of bed. Maybe if I could get around him, I could notify the person who was standing outside my door that something was wrong. I stepped around him, and he grabbed my arm. He leaned in real close and told me this was going to go his way and that he wanted information and had permission to do what was necessary.

"Also, Alpha Blaine wants me to send his best wishes to you and to tell you he will see you real soon."

I froze at his words. I can't go back to the yellow moon pack. Things will be so much worse this go around. If Blaine was now in charge, he would kill me. I have to get out of here. I have to run. Maybe go to the city and start a new life. I could get a job and be happy by myself.

He was watching me carefully after he told me about Alpha Blaine. He knew I was starting to panic, and he used it to his advantage and undid my gown, showing him my back.

"Dam, did Alpha Blaine do this, do you? Causing pain to another is so euphoric. I think I will have to show you how great it can be. First, Alpha Blaine wants some information. What is Alpha Xander to you? Why did he take you from the party?"

I didn't want to answer him. I couldn't answer him. Words wouldn't form. I opened my mouth, but nothing came out and I started to gasp for air. It

suddenly felt like I couldn't breathe. His hand on my arm got tighter and his other hand released his claws. He started to run them over my scars.

"Now, if you don't want to answer me, I can rip some of these back open. It would be my pleasure to do so. I wonder if you are a screamer, or do you cry?"

That was enough to force me to talk. I couldn't go through that pain again.

"I don't know why he took me, or what he wants with me. I have only seen him two times since I have been here."

He seemed satisfied with my answer as he retracted his claws. He pushed me forward and stood behind me. I could hear him undoing his pants. I turned to run, and he grabbed my arm again, holding me in place. He leaned in and whispered in my ear, "if you're a good girl and let me touch your scars I won't cause you any harm, but if you try to run, you will learn I like the chase and I like to punish those who run from me."

Those words were enough to make me freeze. I was trying to cover my front with my hands. I kept asking him to stop and telling him I didn't want this. I am full on crying now and mumbling these words now. It seemed the harder I cried, the more excited he got. He again let his claws out as he was running his hands over my scars. He pushed into them with his claws, causing them to open up slightly, and they started to bleed a little. I completely lost it and was crying uncontrollably by now and telling him to stop.

Suddenly, the door to my room was thrown open, and the curtain was ripped to the side. Alpha Xander was standing there looking murderous. He lunged forward and ripped this vile man's head off in one clean movement. Blood sprayed everywhere.

This was my chance to get away. I ran to the bathroom and shut and locked the door. I started to hyperventilate and couldn't catch my breath. I laid down on the floor, curling myself into a ball. I was trying to block the whole world out. I don't understand this pack's sick obsession with me. I wouldn't go back. I made myself that promise right now.

Someone was trying to get into the bathroom, but I refused to open the door. I knew the Alpha had been out there, but I was not sure who anyone else was. I was not going to be opening that door. I was naked and covered in blood and was still crying. I didn't want anyone to see my scars. Then I heard his voice.

It was Kane. He would come in and talk with me while he was on duty. Well, more like he would talk, and I would listen. The man could hold a conversation with a wall, I swear.

“Come on, baby girl, and open the door for me, please?” He asked. I couldn’t even answer him.

“Don’t worry, the bad guy is gone, and nobody is going to hurt you.” He reassured me. I still didn’t answer him.

I heard someone with a key opening the door. This causes me to panic even more. I didn’t want anyone to see me like this. I pulled myself into an even tighter ball when Kane walked in and slowly approached me. He was holding a t-shirt in his hand. He leaned down and started to pull it over me as much as he could, since I was curled into such a tight ball.

“Relax baby girl, I am just trying to cover you up. Sit up so I can pull the shirt over you. We’re going to get you out of the hospital. You’re going to come and stay at the pack house on my floor. You have a room right next to mine.”

I finally sat up, but continued to cry. He pulled the shirt over me as a nurse came in and took out my IV. She didn’t say anything. She just took it out of my arm and put a bandage over it. I placed my arm through the armhole and pulled the shirt the rest of the way down. It was huge on me. It came halfway down my thighs. It smelled like him, rain showers and fresh cut grass. The smell made me relax a little and the next thing I knew, Kane picked me up bridal style and carried me out of the room. Usually, I would tell him to put me down because I can walk. I was too tired, and my leg still hurt, and I still had my cast on, so I just let him carry me. I hid my face in his neck as I was covered in blood and a little embarrassed about being carried around. We soon arrived on his floor. It was on the third floor. He opened the door and placed me on a bed. It was so comfortable. The blanket on the bed was so soft.

“Hey baby girl, why don’t you go, and shower and I will go get you some clean clothes and dinner. I will lock the door and I am the only one who has a key, OK?”

“OK” is the only thing I could say. He left me sitting on the bed. I got up and hobbled over to the shower. I wasn’t sure how I was going to shower without getting this cast wet.

I made it to the bathroom, and WOW is an understatement. It had a huge walk-in shower with shower heads coming out of the ceiling. It also had a huge, jetted tub I would take advantage of in the future. It had a beautiful marble countertop around the double sink. It was white with swirls of gray in it. If it was possible for a bathroom to be beautiful, this would be it. I managed to figure out how the shower worked. I got in and did not care about the cast. I could have Kane call the doctor to remove it.

I sat there thinking about the day's events and it triggered a panic attack. I started to cry and hyperventilate. I couldn't catch my breath. I tried to count to ten and focus on my breathing. That worked when I was receiving a punishment. I slowly calmed down. I sank to the floor and continued to cry and block everything out. I could hear someone knocking on the door, but I ignored them. I sat there, trying to clear my mind.

I am not sure how much time has passed. The water was turning cold, and I was cold and shivering. I couldn't bring myself to move anymore. I wanted to sit there and maybe if I got cold enough, my heart would just stop. I don't know if my life will ever get better and I can't handle much more. I pulled my knees up and put my head down on them. I just let my mind go blank.

I heard someone open the bathroom door and curse under their breath. I wasn't even going to bother to look up. Someone reached in and turned the water off. A big fluffy towel was wrapped around me. My lips were chattering, and I was shaking because I was so cold. I had yet to look up and see who was here, but I didn't need to. I could smell him. He picked me up and took me to my bed. He laid me down and pulled the covers over me. He walked back to the bathroom and came back with another towel and started to towel dry my hair.

"My cast is getting the bed all wet."

"Don't worry about it, Doc, will be here shortly to take it off. I have placed a towel under it so the bed isn't soaked."

My eyes were so heavy, but I didn't want to close them just yet. He was running his fingers through my hair, and it felt so nice. Nobody had done this for me since I was a little girl. My mom used to do that when I had a bad dream, and it would put me right back to sleep.

The next thing I know is that it is morning, and I am still wrapped up in the towel under the covers. At some point, Doc came and removed my cast. My

leg is sore when I move it, but it's nothing I can't handle. The room is now brightly lit with the sun coming through the windows. I finally got a good look at the room. It is beautiful, like the bathroom. The walls were painted a cream color and has grey curtains to match. The king-sized bed I am lying in is centered on the back wall. It has a cream-colored comforter on it and the softest sheets I have ever felt. There is a couch across from the bed and it faces a fireplace with a TV above it. I can only assume the door next to the bathroom is a closet. There is also a little dining table off to the side. I noticed on the table there was a tray of food and what looked to be clothes. I get out of bed and go to the table as my stomach starts to rumble. I grabbed the leggings and shirt that was placed there for me and put them on. The food on the tray smelled amazing. I still wasn't eating a lot at a time, but I would defiantly get my fill of this. It had biscuits and sausage gravy and a bowl of fruit on the side. It smelled divine. I devoured my food and went to sit on the couch. For the moment, I felt safe, but how long would that last?

As I was eating, someone knocked on my door and then walked in. It was Kane, wearing the goofy smile he always had.

"Hey baby girl, how are you doing?"

I just stared at him. In the last 9 years, nobody has ever asked me that.

"OK, not in the talking mood. Well, luckily for you, we get to hang out all day and I can talk for both of us. Let's watch a movie. What's your favorite?"

Again, I just stared at him. I had never actually taken in his looks. He was HOT! Like panty dropping hot. He had these melt into you hazel eyes and sandy blonde hair that had a wave in it. He kept it a little longer. Not a man bun long enough, but I could totally run my hands through it. He also had a 100-watt smile he was currently using on me, but I never answered him. I couldn't I hadn't watched a movie since before my parents died.

"Ya know, baby girl, I'm going to need you to say something if we're going to be friends. I know I can carry most of the conversation, but I need a little bit from you."

"I, um, I'm not really sure." I said as I looked down.

"First of all, don't look down when talking to me. Were friends look at me and secondly, why don't you have a favorite?"

“I wasn’t allowed,” I said, looking up but quickly back down.

He reached out to grab my hand, but usually anyone reaching out meant they were going to hurt me, so I jumped back as a reflex.

“I will not hurt you ever, Sophia. Please trust me. I am here to protect you. Let me pick a movie.”

We walked to the couch, him on one end and me on the other, while he turned the TV on.