

## Chapter 132

Luciana's pov

My knees slammed on the dirt, scraping against the tiny stones buried between the cracks of the soil. I groaned when his rough hand wrapped around my tresses and tugged my head back harshly until our eyes meet.

I glared into his with hatred as he shot me stares of disgust. " What little white wolf? Can't take it?" he taunted. He had no soul, not even in his eyes. Everything was bare of any emotion, cold and brick-like.

I snarled, blood dripping down the sides of my mouth and I curled it with my saliva, gagged, and spat it directly on his face. The red dots splatter on his ugly features and he closes his eyes, drawing a deep breath into his lungs.

" Fuck you," I spat, seething with rage.

The council leader's grip tightened on my hair, pulling my head back even further until it felt like my neck might snap. However, even with his brutal grip, I don't wince, cry, or yelp. I keep my gaze hard on his.

He seemed calm, his exterior seemed calm, but those eyes, they can never tell a lie. They swam with raging anger and contempt. I laughed. I fucking laughed at him, knowing anger was a bitter feeling that pained as badly as getting hurt.

He lift his hand, swiping it down his face to remove the dots of blood I had mockingly spit on his skin. He sneered and in a second his palm hit directly on my cheeks. The painful force made my head twist oddly but I still made no sound from my throat.

I know without a doubt, me not reacting and giving him the satisfaction was eating him up inside like maggots eating at flesh.

" For what I have planned for you, you fucking whore," He hissed, tugging my head back. I swallowed and it's painful in this way. " You may just do that."

His words sent a cold chill down my spine, making my gut twist oddly and for the first time since getting here, I felt a tinge of fear.

What did he mean by that?

Was he-

No-

He wouldn't. Would he?

He pulled me up by my hair, the chains around my wrists and ankles clinking in the process. The men who were surrounding us, gave way so we could pass through. Though we were now out in the open, there seem to be no sort of way to escape.

There were too many wolves around and the place was not familiar. I also would not leave without my mate or knowing where my nephew, sister, and her mate was.

My bare feet dragged against the soil and my body feels so weak and tired. I was thirsty and the whips of silver that scarred my back minutes ago were not helping my cause.

The leader gripped my hair and arm, his body brushing up against my side disgustingly as he push me to walk. I bit my tongue, deciding not to curse him out as yet and take note of where he was taking me.

Up ahead there was a tall brick wall that looked like it wrapped and hid some secret place inside, a tall lengthy wooden gate in the middle. The stench of death, and decay lingered there and grew stronger as we neared. War. Pain. Blood. Metallic, Dripping. Death.

Someone is going to die today. The air already revealed it. The taste was already there, mocking me, curling around my spine like a slithering snake.

My heart thrums, now realizing that wherever he was taking me, I would not like it.

He heard my stuttering heart and he laughed cruelly behind me. " Ah so now the little white wolf has fear."

I bit my tongue, my belly curling with anticipation as we grow closer to death.

His grip around my arm turned more painful as his nails dig into my flesh while he push me to walk. I stumbled, gritted my teeth and wished that stupid thing in my body would run out and give me back my control.

" Let's see if you can win this game or not. I would like to be entertained while we wait for your sister." He laughed, taunting me, knowing that there was no escape for me and that he was the leader here.

The men who followed us like his fucking bodyguards roared with laughter as though he had said something so funny.

Despite my hope cutting off slowly, my determination to not give him satisfaction fueled me to not show my reaction to his words. I pressed my lips into a flat line and just wait.

Wait for what I had to face.

Wait for the hell that would greet me with a cruel smirk.

Wait for the coldness that will grip my heart.

And....wait for my death.

As we reached the gate, it takes three of the bulky men to push it open. It creaked open with a loud groan and revealed something that reminded me of a stadium, or a horse race. I used to always sneak glances at the television when I went into the village. I'd see men on horses, racing. It was entertaining but of course, I could never stay long to see who had won.

But this in front of me was clearly no horse race. It was of course strictly dirt with chairs for spectators. But there were no horses. There were.....just me.

I am pushed roughly in, the chains clinking as I stumble forward and catch my fall on my hands and knees.

He laughed behind me. " Already on your hands and knees for me."

His words sent a shiver of disgust down my spine and my throat swam with vomit. I rose to my feet quickly and heard the groan of the gate being closed.

I looked ahead, trying my best to seem unfazed, but spotting the fresh paint of blood on the dirt made my gut twist. This place....reeked of death. I was not coming out of here alive, was I?

My eyes flick to the bleachers and I clench my fists when I see that there are people, many people starting to fill out every chair.

" Bring it." he hissed to someone. A second later I felt a piece of cloth covering my vision and all I could see was black. I can hear shuffles, and sounds of people speaking, whispering among themselves.

Some laughed.

Some spoke of something I did not know.

But I felt helpless not being able to see.

He pushed me forward, making me stumble but his grip is around my arm and I do not fall to the ground. We walk for a few until he suddenly halts and makes me kneel. The dust, the stench of death and decay push into my lungs, making me cough.

Mind you I am still naked which was not surprising since the last thing I remembered before getting captured was I had been in my wolf form.

In the distance, I can hear the gate groan once more and swallow to feed my poor parched throat. His scent hit me like a dart and his growls made my heart skip.

Shawn.

They were bringing him here also.

For what?

Why are we here?

War.

The pain.

The blood.

The death.

The spectators. The game. A cruel game.

Everything clicked into place and my gut twisted. They were going to make Shawn and I fight until one of us died or both of us perished together.

And it was like he knew my thoughts and knew I had pieced them out because he laughed cruelly and the sound rang in my ears until I wished I was dead.