

Chapter 133

Luciana's pov

His laughter made my fingers ache to wrap around his throat and tear it off. I loathed this man.

He knelt beside me and I could feel him just brushes away from my body. Fury burned in my chest, disgust and anticipation for what was about to happen. " You're going to be a good little wolf and entertain us while we wait for your sister."

I bit my tongue until I taste the metallic tang of my blood. I curled my hands into fists, the stinging of the silver, a reminder of the chains wrapped around my wrists to keep me trapped.

I felt the shift and movement around me before the cloth blocking my vision was roughly untied and pulled down. I kept my eyes closed shut for a few, afraid to see how they had Shawn. I can hear his growls, him calling to me, him telling them to let me go and he'd take both our punishments.

A tear slipped from my eye and the council's leader laughed cruelly behind me. "Those tears won't help you." Sirius mocked, gripping my strands, his nails biting into my scalp as he forced my head back so the sun beat directly on my face.

" Open your eyes," He spat harshly. I don't make a sound nor do I follow his instructions and give him my eyes and my attention. Despite the pain in my scalp, I had gone through so much worse to comply with Sirius.

However, this man knew how to torment someone to bend them to his will, and that he did. I heard Shawn's loud growl as they tore through his flesh. I snapped my eyes open quickly and glared into Sirius's cold eyes, wishing this stare alone could have him buried in the ground.

Twisted satisfaction swam in his eyes as my eyes met his with defiance. " You won't break me." I spat, the first words I had said to him in a minute.

His cruel cold eyes peered into mine emotionlessly. " I don't want to break you little wolf," a taunting smirk curled on the corners of his mouth. " I want to bend you, twist you, and shape you into what I want." he laughed, pushing my head straight so that I could stare at Shawn.

I swallowed, my heart squeezing. Shawn was chained up too with five men holding him. His body was marred with bleeding wounds, the pain I felt seeing him this way was tearing me apart.

I realize, Sirius didn't have to try much to make me feel pain. He could hurt me, tear my flesh, and build it back up, but this is not what will bend me like he wanted. It's my mate. Shawn. He is the key to my pain, my undoing.

" You're a bastard." I spat out, my eyes misting with tears as I watch the men whip Shawn's back. He made no sounds but growls that were not of pain but anger and frustration.

Sirius laughed loudly. " I'll show you who is the bastard little white wolf."

" Cease!" Sirius yelled and the entire area quieted. The men marrying Shawn's skin stopped their brutality and looked at Sirius in expectation. I couldn't see Sirius since my eyes were glued to my mate, trying to communicate with him to hold on, that we can get out of here.....despite knowing that we may not ever.

But when I saw the men roughly lift Shawn off the ground, I knew something was about to happen. My heart began to race, even though I wanted to remain calm and collected.

What were they doing?

What were they about to do?

My heart pounded in my chest.

Oh Goddess.

" You were tough just a minute ago," Sirius snorted, crouching beside me once more, his eyes on Shawn too. They're bringing to to the side, practically dragging him as he tried to fight them off.

My heart froze when I saw where exactly they were bringing him. A silver blade. A wooden guillotine.

" No," I croaked out, knowing what this thing was meant to do. " Please," I cracked, my heart hurting as I watch them roughly push Shawn to the guillotine. He tries to fight back but of course he had no full control of his body as yet.

Tears flowed down my cheeks and my lower lip tremble. " Stop!" I screamed, it's loud and tearing from my throat. A cold chill raced down my spine when all the spectators burst out in laughter. They loved seeing this.

We were their entertainment.

" Stop!" I screamed louder. " Leave him! Release him!" I push forward, trying to go to Shawn but Sirius holds my chains and tugs me harshly back. I fall on my bottom, screaming and yelling for him to let Shawn go.

The metal bit into my flesh as I try to fight against the restraints, trying my hardest to make my wolf push forward. But there's little strength with have and I can't wait for her to regain it. If I did, then it would be far too late.

The air is thick around me, the smell of approaching death swirling like a soft taunting wind against my face. The stench of blood coated the air, making me grow colder.

There was no paining feeling than desperation and loss. Knowing you would lose.

" Take me," I cried out as I watch them force Shawn to his knees, his blood from his opened wounds soaking the dirt beneath him. As they positioned him beneath the guillotine, my heart clenched with a mixture of fear and desperation.

No.

No goddess no.

" Take me instead!" I screamed my cry, making the crowd boom in laughter. They erupted into cheers, our pain their joy, their entertainment, their fucking TV show.

Pain wretched me and I cried louder. " Replace us. Let me take his punishment instead!"

" No! Don't listen to her." Shawn blasted. " I will take it. I will take it. Just free her. "

However his and my cries went on deaf ears and as they lifted the blade above Shawn's head, I screamed, my heart about to rip out of my chest as the silver flashed in the gleam of the sun.

Every heartbeat echoed in my ears, each pulse pained me beyond imagination. I clenched my eyes tightly, afraid to see what was about to happen. I could not face it.

"Please," I pleaded, my voice cracking with desperation. "Don't do this."

The laughter around me ceased not, and intensified mockingly. I heard the sharp blade, heard it descend, yet when the air stills, it also freezes.

" Cease," Sirius yelled and the air grow cold. I am afraid to open my eyes, afraid to see if they had gone through it and it had only been my imagination that heard Sirius stop their actions. But then I felt Sirius's lips close to my ear. " Want to save him little wolf?" he taunted.

" Yes," I whispered, my heart racing when he laughed cruelly. He had me in the palm of his hand and right now....I didn't care. I'd do anything to save Shawn. To save my mate. To save our fate.

I peeled my eyes open when his next words brushed against my ear. " Then you fight to save him. If you lose, he dies, if you win he won't. Such a simple game, but will you be able to little white wolf?"

I saw the blade inches from Shawn's neck and I didn't need to be asked twice, I nodded quickly. " Yes. I will fight."

Sirius laughed bitterly and lifted to his feet. " Bring him in!" He yelled and the gates groaned as they opened. A man, a very bulky man who also reeked of power walked through and the crowd cheered. This man....he was also part of the council, I could feel it.

He was more than six feet seven and had a mass of muscle that would invoke fear into anyone. Is this the man I am to fight?

I stiffen.

" Let the fight of life and death begin."