

## Chapter 138

Luciana's pov

I laughed coldly. "I do not fear death Sirius."

Sirius eyes narrowed, a bitter smile on his face. "We shall see how you will fair." He dropped my chains and looked at Gregor. "Take her back to the dungeons and separate her and her ex mate far from each other. Let her die in agony knowing she would not see his face or touch him one last time."

"I am mated to her Sirius," Gregor said, staring at his mark that had not formed yet. My wolf was rejecting it and the only thing coming out of his forced mark was black blood that looked inky.

"If she dies, I suffer as well."

Sirius makes a ticking sound with his tongue hitting the roof of his mouth. "You aren't mated to her fully yet. Her wolf is rejecting you. If this was affecting you you'd be crumbling in misery. It's hurting him," Sirius points at Shawn. "Because her bond with him isn't fully broken yet. Her wolf is pushing out yours, blocking yours."

"If she dies," Sirius snorted. "You will feel nothing."

Gregor looks down at me, a frown marring his face before he nods. "Take her to the dungeons and remember to keep the two apart." Sirius demanded.

Gregor moved forward and gripped my arm, pulling me up to stand forcefully. I snarled, hating his touch. Two other men walked up to us, both on my sides and of course to make sure I will not escape.

Gregor grip is ruthless as he started to push me forward, dragging me away from the arena. I looked back at Shawn, his angry and frustrated eyes pinning me down.

I tore my gaze away and let Gregor drag me.

I'd die. I will die.

My wolf was killing us both.

And that's okay.

I heard the rustle and the shift behind us as the other men beside Shawn made him stand. I knew he was struggling against them, I can hear the clinking of the chains.

Entering the cold cell once more was better than being out in the open and looked upon as a circus animal by everyone.

I welcomed the cold cell and the peace of find with it. Gregor pushed me into the small dark space and I fell on my knees, scrapping my skin on the uneven concrete floor.

I looked up, sensing his stare. "You would not have been dying if you had accepted my mark." He said with a cold edge in his voice.

I cracked a grin. "I rather die than be mated to filth."

He snarled, storming over to me and gripping my neck, not caring about the silver that will hurt us both. I looked at him with a defiant fire in my eyes.

"I could make you submit." He roared, bits of saliva from his mouth flinging onto my face.

"By forcing me?" I taunted. "No wonder you've never been mated before. You're a filthy man."

Gregor's grip around my neck turned brutal until he was cutting off my airways. He brought my face closer to his, his eyes narrowing down on me with anger.

"I'll show you soon how filthy I can be." He pushed me away from him, causing me to fall on my back. He rose up, his huge figure too big in this small confined space.

As he loomed like a dark cloud above me, he sneered, turned around and stepped out of the cell. He set the lock and walked away.

I don't bother thinking about what he meant. I am too busy trying to hold on for a little longer so I can hear Shawn's voice.

I waited, my hands coming up to my neck to touch the inky dark blood that flowed from the bite Gregor had left on my skin.

I heard when they forcefully push Shan in the cell, the metal door banging as they locked and closed it. He growled in fury, his metal chains dragging against the concrete.

The men laughed with boastful and cockiness as they left us. When they do go, I drag myself closer to the metal bars.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, knowing he'd hear me.

"You don't have to be." His response came quick, filled with pain and frustration. "I should be the one apologizing for not being strong enough to fight them off and get to you."

His words made my heart skip painfully.

I let out a sigh, staring far into the darkness. Even though we had a good distance between us, just being able to hear him was enough to set comfort in my soul.

"I wish things had ended differently for us," I smiled sadly, pressing down on the bite that bled ink. "I wish I would have more time to love you and spend the rest of my life with you."

I heard the chains rattle. "Fuck Lucy. Baby don't talk as if you're about to die. We still have time to figure out a way to get out of here."

He had hope, I didn't. I no longer did.

My wolf was killing us because she refused to be mated with Gregor which I a hundred percent agree with her. The only way we could be saved is if Shawn reclaims me and marks me.

And of course, this wasn't possible with us locked in here and so far from each other. There was no possible way of contact.

No possible way of reversing what my wolf was doing to us.

"I am Shawn," I croaked out. "My wolf is rejecting his mark, she's killing us both. You can smell it. Death lingers on me."

Shawn whines, growling with pain. "I'll get out of here Lucy. You're not fucking leaving me before we get to spend our life together."

I sadly looked at the floor, letting out a small sound at the back of my throat. I know clinging to hope was useless, however I kept a little spark alive for the sake of Shawn.

"I love you Lucy," Shawn croaked out. "And I'll be damned if I let this be our last hours together."

Shawn continued to feed me hope, forcing me to eat it up and have it fill me. However, soon that hope shatters once more when I heard the door open and a heartbeat joins us.

We grow quiet.

His scent. His repulsive scent.

It's Gregor.

Why did he come back here?

I push away from the metal bars, going in the far corner as his shadow approaches. His heavy footsteps egging on my anger and disgust.

His shadow is now looming over me as he stops beside my cage. He turns to me and even in that dimly lit room, I can see the way he looks at me.

It makes a shiver of disgust rush down my spine.

He opens the door, his bigger body filling into the small space. "What did you say about me being filthy, mate?" He mocked me, taking a step further in.

Bile rose in my throat as I now know what his sick mind was getting at. "Stay away from me!" I snarled. It's true my wolf could not shift now that she was forcing out the bond with all her strength but that didn't mean I couldn't push out my claws.

He was alone.

And though tough. I had already beat him once. I can do it again.

Gregor ignored me and ignored Shawn's warnings to stay away from me. The sounds of Shawn hitting the metal bars loudly filled the air and Gregor ignored that too and put all his focus on me.

He started to unzip his pants, licking his lips. "Let's finish the mate bond mate." He taunted, pushing down his pants. "I want your former mate to hear me fuck you into submission."