

Chapter 58

Pain

Sebastian

Why the hell did I agree to this? I ask myself for the millionth time. My hands and feet were chained much like how Lauren had been. The silver burning my skin.

Blood dripped down my swollen eye which hurt like a bitch. Everything fucking hurt. There wasn't a part of me that wasn't in pain, well except my dick but let's not talk about that.

I breathe through the pain. Being pretty sure that my ribs were broken. I am a grown man and I have had my share of attacks but nothing compares to this. Sylvia is ruthless and it shows every time she fucking smiles when she's torturing you.

I didn't know who would be our torturer. Given that Alec was on the same boat as us. When Sylvia revealed she was the one giving us our punishment I almost fled. Yes, laugh all you want, but it's called self-preservation. The woman has a personal vendetta against me.

I am the top dog among the alphas but she scares me. Mainly because she's a psychotic bitch. She even scares the elders and that's saying something given those motherfuckers think everyone should kiss their feet.

I hear an elder scream like a bitch in heat. This would have been somewhat bearable if I didn't have to hear their whinny screams. They were the elders of the werewolf community yet they were screaming like little girls. Just shows how pathetic they really are.

I close my eyes and shut off the sounds. I needed to be thinking of happy fucking thoughts. Instead of the pain that was coursing throughout my body. Jax's face pops up and for some reason so does Krystal's and Lauren's.

My mind goes to Red. She sat through a couple of my sessions with Sylvia. Smirking the whole damn time.

I admit that I was fucking wrong. We were starting to settle into a comfortable routine but I went ahead and ruined everything.

She bears my mark but I have no access to her. She has blocked herself off because she fucking hates my guts.

I don't know how to get back to where we were before I fucked things up. Sure, I don't love her but I could genuinely see me having a comfortable life with her even after our deal ends.

She wasn't a nagging hoe like Miranda and it didn't hurt that she treats my son like her own.

I hear the door to my cell open. I look up to find Sylvia watching me smugly.

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” I ask. Trying to look at her even though she was a bit blurry.

I honestly don’t know how the woman became the goddess’ Oracle. The woman was pure evil. How she was chosen as a priestess is beyond me. Some of the shit she has done to me makes the devil look like a clown.

She breaks into a blinding smile. “Fuck yes! You idiots deserve this and more.”

I sigh. That small action shoots pain to my ribs, I clamp my jaw shut. Refusing to show any pain whatsoever.

“How does it feel to be in the same position Ren was? Do you finally get the reason why she’s so mad at you?” she asks, stepping closer to me.

I didn’t answer mainly because my ego wouldn’t let me. I’m having a fucking hard time as it is. I can’t even begin to imagine the pain Red must have gone through.

She was a woman and my mate yet I fucking let her get beat up by a man while I just stood by and watched. That was something I don’t think I will ever be able to forgive myself for.

I let the betrayal of Miranda cloud my judgement. I placed her in the same category with that bitch when she was far from being a second Miranda.

“Answer me pup!” Sylvia yells at me before clawing my chest.

I slump forward. Feeling the burn of her claws tearing into my flesh. Damn it. For a moment I forget how to breathe.

“Yes,” I answer her last question. Breathing through the pain in my chest.

Fuck. Why did I listen to my stupid ass brain? I wouldn’t be here if I had just investigated further. Don’t get me wrong I am far from being a pussy but pain is still pain. And right now, I am in a load of it.

“You of all people should have defended her. I know the truth about your mating but for fucks sake, she is still your mate in everyone’s eyes and you should have stood by her.” she swings her leg and lands a kick to my gut making me release a groan.

I don’t pretend that I don’t know what she’s talking about because it’s a waste of time. I am also not shocked that she knows about the contract. She was the Oracle after all.

“I know.” I whisper, feeling weak as shit.

“You should have known then, when she needed you. It’s honestly sad that her bastard of an ex-mate believed her when you didn’t. He was even looking for evidence to prove her innocence” she snarls.

Completely livid.

She lands blow after blow. Taking out her anger on me. Deep down I am pissed. Not because Sylvia was raining blows on me. Or because she hit

me so hard that I think my jaw has come unhinged. But because she mentioned Darren. I hate that she mentioned that asshole and I hate it more that she feels he is a better choice for Red simply because he believed her.

Something in me screams that I am jealous but that's not the case, and I refuse to heed to that annoying voice.

The man is in my shit list. I would hate it if Lauren all of a sudden had a change of heart. It would mean that I would have to leave the fucker alone.

By the time Sylvia is done, my face is sore. I hate to admit that I can't even feel my features. It's completely numb.

"You know, I thought that you're the perfect choice for her, but I am not so sure anymore."

She heads to the table that's next to the wall. She studies the objects there before picking up a silver knife. She doesn't even flinch when the silver burns her.

She also doesn't give me a warning before she plunges it into my chest.

"Motherfucker!" I bellow.

She then gives me a sinister smile right before she rips it out. I feel my flesh ripping as the knife cuts into it a second time.

"That sound you made right there is music to my ears." She says grinning.

I pant. My breath coming in fast. The remnants of the silver still burning my wound.

“Fuck you.” I mutter.

“Not in this lifetime. Now onto more important matters...”

I switch off when I feel something unfamiliar rising up inside me. I focus on the feeling trying to determine what it is. I recognize it. It was fear but it wasn't mine.

‘Fang?’

He raises his head up. He was weak but not that weak. As a dominant wolf, silver didn't affect him much compared to other wolves.

‘Something is wrong,’ he replies.

No shit Sherlock, I think to myself.

I start to panic when the feeling becomes intense. Something was seriously wrong.

‘Ren is in trouble.’ he starts pacing. Low growls leaving his mouth.

I grab onto our bond and follow it to her. For the first time her mental blocks are down. I feel her fear, panic and confusion. She also seems to be sluggish. Damn it.

‘We need to get out of here.’ I say urgently, my own fear beginning to take over.

‘Yes. We protect our mate.’ he snarls.

Fang is more protective of Red than he ever was Miranda. If I am being honest, he never gave a shit about that bitch at all. He would have gladly watched as she burned.

Using the strength Fang pushes to me, I yank the chains. They break off easily. We could have gotten out earlier but I owed it to Lauren to stay and take the punishment. This was my penance.

“What the hell?” Sylvia yells. “Where are you going?”

“Lauren,” it’s the only word I manage to get out before I push past her.

My body ached but I was a man on a fucking mission. Whoever was responsible for the fear I felt from my Red was going to fucking pay.