

## Chapter 111

Kasia gradually regained consciousness, her head throbbing as though it were split in two. Her eyelids fluttered open, and the dimly lit room came into focus. Her surroundings felt unfamiliar, and her memories seemed disjointed.

She attempted to piece together the fragments of her recent experiences. She had been on the hunt for Lana; she found her, and they were driving away. Then comes the lycan.

A low growl rumbled behind her, drawing Kasia's attention away from her bewildered thoughts. She rolled onto her back and met the intense gaze of a massive, black wolf. Its eyes bore into her with an eerie intelligence, and as its paw reached for her, it transformed into a clawed human hand.

"Mine!"

Kasia's heart raced, her disorientation deepening. The word "mine" reverberated in her mind, both eerie and perplexing. As the hand got closer, an invisible force pressed her back onto the cold, unforgiving surface of the bed.

Kasia's eyes fluttered open, and her vision blurred as if she had just emerged from a deep, unsettling dream. The room around her was dimly lit, and she couldn't immediately recall how she had ended up here. Her body felt heavy, and a deep nausea churned within her.

A sudden wave of nausea washed over her. "Took way too many this time," Kasia muttered as she struggled to sit up, but something stopped her from doing so. Kasia couldn't focus on it as the urge to vomit became unbearable, and she barely managed to turn her head before expelling the contents of her stomach onto the floor.

Kasia's vision was still hazy, but she could see enough to make out the restraints that held her to the bed. Panic welled up as she strained against the handcuff that bound her. Where was Lana? She would tear them apart if she was hurt.

A mocking voice echoed in the room, close to her ear. "You're quite the mess, aren't you? A little too much to handle, I see."

Kasia jerked away from the voice. Her eyes darted around the room, her voice trembling with fear as she tried to confront her unseen tormentor. "Who are you? Show yourself."

"Well, that wouldn't be fun," the voice answered.

"What do you want? Are you the one who handcuffed me?" Kasia asked.

The voice laughed coldly. "Sadly, if it were me, you'd be dead right now. What I want, Kasia, is for you to stop being an idiot. Open your eyes to the truth. Maybe a little suffering for some of your mistakes."

Kasia's breathing quickened. "Mistakes? What are you talking about?"

"Don't act confused, little hunter. You know very well what you have done."

"I had to make a choice to survive. It was me or them, and I was always going to choose myself," Kasia retorted.

The voice remained unsympathetic. "Even if an innocent gets sacrificed in the process?"

"None of them were innocent," Kasia hissed through gritted teeth.

"Is that what you tell yourself so you can sleep at night? Excuses won't save you now, Kasia. You're trapped now. You'll have to own up to what you did, and they won't let you go until you do. Maybe it'll be a pound of flesh, or perhaps they'll brand you as the monster."

Kasia's frustration grew. "Why are you taunting me? If you want me to suffer so much, why aren't you here? Why are you going to let them do your dirty work?"

The voice fell silent for a moment, as if considering Kasia's words. "Not yet."

Kasia clenched her teeth, her determination undeterred. "Whatever happens, I won't break. So, f\*\*\* off."

The voice chuckled before saying, "Physical violence isn't the only way to break someone."

Suddenly, Lana entered the room, and the voice fell silent. Lana's face was tense with concern. She noticed Kasia's condition and quickly set to work, cleaning up the mess on the floor.

"Kasia, are you all right? What's going on? Who were you talking to?" Lana asked.

Kasia shifted her attention from her unseen tormentor to Lana. "That doesn't matter right now. Uncuff me. We need to get out of here."

Lana hesitated, studying Kasia's condition. "Kasia, you need to rest. You overdid it with taking so many pills. You have to..."

"Stop, stop; I can't rest here. We are among the enemy. We need to leave," Kasia interrupted her and then paused when she saw Lana's appearance. She was bandaged and, for the most part, looked fine. That didn't make her any sense. She looked awful when she found her in the dungeon.

Kasia's patience wore thin, and she demanded answers. "How did you escape? You don't look injured. What's happening here? What aren't you telling me?"

Lana hesitated once more. She turned from Kasia and poured her a glass of water for her to drink. Lana offered it to her as she spoke, "Kasia, I..."

Kasia slapped the glass out of her hand and said, "Stop hesitating and tell me what's going on!"

"See, this is exactly why I told you to stop taking those pills. You're so damn aggressive now. I am only trying to help you," Lana snapped.

"No, you're trying to avoid the question! Tell me what is going on!" Kasia demanded.

Finally, Lana confessed. "I was never captured in the first place, Kasia. I was undercover."

Kasia's eyes widened, a whirlwind of emotions crashing within her. She was shocked mostly that her little sister had it in her to do such a thing that the hunters would have allowed her, as only the most experienced hunters went undercover.

"You were undercover? For how long?" Kasia asked.

"Two years later, we got involved with the Hunters," Lana explained.

"Why did you never tell me?" Kasia's voice wavered between anger and betrayal.

Lana bit her lip, her own eyes filled with regret. "I had to keep it a secret, Kasia. It was the only way I could get close to them."

Kasia pulled at her restraints, frustration boiling over. "Now we're both in danger because of your secret mission. We could die here if they find out that you're really a hunter. Uncuff me, so we can get out of here."

"You don't understand, Kasia. I was undercover working against the Hunters."

Chapter Comments



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"No, no, I don't believe this," Kasia stammered as her mind tried to process what Lana was saying.

"It's true, Kasia. I didn't mean for all of this to happen the way it did, but I am so glad that it was you who came here. We can make things right," Lana said with a smile.

Kasia's brown eyes blazed with fury as she slammed her fists onto the wooden table, making it shudder under the impact. "You traitor!" she spat, glaring at Lana. Lana stepped back as if struck and moved out of Kasia's reach.

"Kasia, I am not a traitor," Lana replied, her hazel eyes meeting her sister's without fear. "I never believed in the hunters. They're hypocrites; they kill just as indiscriminately as the beasts they claim to hunt."

The room seemed to close in on them, suffocating in its tension. Kasia's nostrils flared as she tried to fight the anger boiling inside her. How dare Lana say such things? After all they had been through together, after the blood that stained their hands in the name of their sacred mission?

"Is that what you truly believe?" Kasia asked, her voice tight with restrained rage. "You can be honest with me. If they hurt you to make you say these things, it doesn't matter; I can play along until we have an opportunity to escape."

Lana hesitated for a moment, her gaze faltering. She wanted to reassure her sister, but she couldn't keep lying about this. Lana could not ignore the truth of the matter, not even for Kasia. "Yes, Kasia, that is what I believe. No one is forcing me to say this. Everything we were told and everything we were taught was a lie. It hurt me as well when I found out. The guilt I felt was overwhelming, but I got through it, and you can get through it too. You just have to trust me."

"Trust you? You have me handcuffed like a prisoner!" Kasia responded.



"Only for your protection," Lana said.

Kasia stared at her sister, feeling as though a chasm had opened up between them. A stranger whose allegiances lay with the very monsters they had sworn to destroy appeared to be replacing the sister she knew and loved. Even though Lana's words made her heart hurt with betrayal and confusion, she refused to give in.

"Those creatures killed our parents, Lana," Kasia whispered, her voice cracking. "How can you forget that?"

Lana argued, her voice shaking. "We don't know who exactly did it, but we can't just blame an entire species for the actions of a few."

Kasia clenched her fists tightly, her knuckles turning white as she struggled to maintain control. Her sister had become a stranger before her eyes, and she didn't know how to bridge the gap between them. But one thing was certain: she could no longer trust Lana to stand by her side in the war against the werecreatures.

"Do you know what I gave up to come and save you?" Kasia asked. "I gave up everything. Everything I worked so hard to achieve only for me to be branded as a deserter to be killed on sight. I should've listened to Austin and Nadia."

"I never wanted this to happen, Kasia. I..." Lana continued, but Kasia scoffed.

"You're nothing but a damn furry, Lana. Was the sex that good that you lost your complete mind?"

Lana recoiled as if she'd been slapped, her hazel eyes wide in disgust. "Don't you dare call me that," she said fiercely. "That's not what is happening here, Kasia. Let me explain."

Kasia's brown eyes narrowed, and the muscles in her jaw clenched tight as she fought to keep her anger in check. How could this be happening? How could the sister she had loved so dearly turn her back on everything they had been fighting for?

"Explain?" Kasia echoed, her voice dripping with contempt. "Explain how you can stand there and defend those things after what they did to our family."

Lana bit her lip, her gaze darting around the room as though searching for the right words. She took a deep breath before speaking. "I never said I was defending them," she began slowly, her voice steady. "We can't condemn them all because of the horrific actions of a few."

As Lana spoke, Kasia's mind raced; her thoughts tangled as she tried to make sense of her sister's betrayal. The pain of losing their parents still gnawed at her every day, and now the person she had counted on most seemed to be siding with the very creatures responsible for their deaths.

"Peaceful lives?" Kasia scoffed, her voice laced with bitterness. "Like the werewolf who slaughtered Mom and Dad? Or the ones we've been hunting down all these years?"

Lana held her ground. "I know there are monsters out there, Kasia. I know you're scared of the idea that maybe you were wrong about everything, but we can't let our hatred blind us to the truth. We can't be used as pawns. We are better than that."

"Our parents died trying to protect us from those monsters! How can you sit there and talk like that?" Kasia questioned.

"Stop doing that! You're avoiding the issue! Life isn't black and white, Kasia. There are gray areas. Just like not all humans are bad, not all werereatures are bad. Why can you not see that?" Lana retorted.

Kasia's heart ached with the weight of Lana's words, but she couldn't let herself be swayed. To do so would be to betray everything they had been fighting for. And as much as it pained her, she knew that if Lana couldn't see that, then she was truly lost.

"Just give me a chance to explain, Kasia. That's all I want," Lana pleaded.

"Fine then," Kasia spat venomously. "Go ahead and explain, Lana. But I don't think anything you say can change the truth: you're not the sister I thought I knew."