

Chapter 5

Evangelina's POV

I haven't been tortured in a long time. It has been extremely hard keeping my mouth shut. I could have told them the truth, that I saved the girls, but they already had a preconceived image of me. Me telling them the truth wouldn't do anything because they would not believe me.

I could tell them to ask the girls, but they might think that when I 'took' the girls I forced them to say I saved them. There are too many variables of uncertainty, that is why I am quiet.

Well that and once they think they got all the information from me, they will just kill me. I know they don't let rogues go. Rogues are feral beings that need to be put down, well that is what they believe. It is what most packs believe. I can't let them kill me, my pack needs me. And I know that sooner or later my pack will come.

They are all trained by the best in every area there is. Including weaponry, tactical evasion, strategy for war and being inconspicuous, magic, combat ghting styles, these are just some of the areas they are expertly trained in. It isn't just war and strategy, it's also healing, accounting, cooking, gardening, everything you can think of.

We are a pack of 500 people made up of many species, including dragon shifters, which are extremely rare. We also have bear shifters, witches, fae, and many hybrids.

Most hybrids are cast out of their pack, they are considered a disgrace so when they are I nd them and bring them in if they wish.

Our pack works harmoniously with each other. I have subgroups within the pack who have moved out to form their own small pack, like the fae. I have about 40 fae that decided to live alone together in an area hidden by nature. They still wanted me to be their alpha, so they still answer to me if I need them, but for the most part they stay to themselves and I don't bug them.

I am not a power hungry alpha who reigns with a st of steel. I didn't actually want to be alpha, but the pack members decided since I was the one who was "blessed" by the moon goddess that I would be alpha.

I always had the gift of seeing the future and past, which most people couldn't understand because I was the daughter of the head healer and head warrior, in their eyes I shouldn't have been blessed with seeing both past and future. Most seer's can see one or the other, I could see both which was kind of like a double gift, which only the more powerful wolves got.

Then when I got my wolf at the age of 12 and I shifted I had an abnormal colored wolf, most children shift at 13, only alpha's shift at 12, people really started to talk. At the age of 12, my wolf was almost bigger than the alpha's. She has white fur, but it has a blue coat to it, almost like she is actually blue.

The other abnormality of her is that she has a perfect, black crescent moon on her forehead right between her silver eyes and top of her head.

When I shifted, my wolf was deemed not normal, it was a tie between being blessed and cursed, depending on who you asked. Since then I was treated differently. I took alpha and luna classes, warrior training, and extra tutoring on all powers and how to use them. I learned about all species and what their gifts were. I was also trained in torture, not because I was learning how to do it though.

Alpha had me build up a tolerance to torture, silver, and wolfsbane stating that because of my wolf people would be after me and he was trying to ensure that I would be able to withstand anything they did to me. He also did it to his son's, Xavier and Lincoln. Saying the same thing, but because they are of alpha blood, people would be after them. After all, the Full Moon pack was one of the strongest in the south.

On the day before my 16th birthday, I had a dream. The moon goddess visited me and told me that when I turned 18, I would receive all the gifts. Telling me that I would need to use them in the future and not to tell anybody she visited me.

Then I turned 16 and I met my mate 2 years earlier than one could meet their mate. He was the alpha's son Xavier, who was 18. We had studied and trained together so we became friends before then anyway.

We were both so happy. We were soon pushed into mating, the alpha wanted us as powerful as quickly possible, which meant mating.. So we did exactly that, a few months after I turned 16 we mated. I quickly became pregnant and we had a beautiful girl before the time I turned 17. We were so happy, nothing could ruin it. Until ten days before my 18th birthday.

Rogues, working with another pack, ambushed us. We fought until we couldn't anymore. They were more powerful, they had witches and more wolves with powerful gifts. After they killed our old Alpha they caged me and inebriated Xavier and another walked up with our daughter. They made me watch while they beat the life out of Xavier.

I could feel everything they did to him and when I nally felt our tether snap I blacked out. I don't remember much else and everytime I try to go back to those 10 days it is blocked. Something is blocking those memories, even with my seer ability. The only thing that I remember is feeling the tether to my daughter, Ziana, snap letting me know she was dead.

I am pulled from my thoughts with a knife sliding down my abdomen. Gritting my teeth I snap my eyes open and see Vick standing in front of me. His brown eyes look at me with what seems to be worry, for me, or him I am not sure.

"Look if you don't start talking we are going to have to move to the next phase. I don't want to do that. Please say something." He says, almost begging me.

I just look at him, then down to the blood dripping from my abdomen to the ground. I look back up and he sighs. Why would he beg me to say something, this is quite the turn from him demanding I say something. I hear footsteps and see Jason come in, staring at me with his hazle eyes. I noticed before that they aren't gifted. Most tortures aren't, only because they could lose control of their power and kill the person they are interrogating. Only the most controlled people can successfully interrogate. Jason looks indifferent when he holds up a syringe. I can smell it from here. Wolfsbane. I try to take a closer look at the syringe, but Vick grabs it, successfully covering the measurement that is in it.

"Last chance to talk. This is going to be even more painful than what we did before." He says with a hint of sadness in his voice. I just look at him with indifference.

He sighs and lifts the syringe to my neck and injects me. Little do they know I have been taking wolfsbane since I turned 12. It still burns like hellre in my veins, but I need a higher dose for it to affect me like it would for a normal wolf. I grit my teeth and start to sweat, feeling the re spread through my veins. My breathing is heavy and I can feel my wounds stop healing, almost like they were reversed and blood starts to drip down my body profusely. My body is working on ghting off the wolfsbane so it has stopped the healing of wounds.

"What the hell? She should be screaming in pain." Jason says, staring at me in disbelief. I start to go in and out of consciousness when I hear footsteps running down the stairs. My wolf, Veena, starts whimpering in my head. I hear the footsteps stop outside my door as a scent registers in my brain, re and rain, with a hint of freshness. I snap my head up and look at the man that the scent is coming from. His eyes turn black and I see him pry open the bars before I drift out. I feel him take me down and pick me up, sparks lighting my body like a mate bond, but that is impossible.

"Please stay with me." Is the last thing I remember hearing before I black out totally.