

The Unloved Mate Chapter 42

Isabella's pov

The party was a success. Nate loved it and Damien announced our wedding just about 10 minutes ago. I was tired of talking to everyone and my throat became dry. I need some liquid. I gulped down a glass of chilled lemonade and looked through some starters when i felt a jolt of pain in my head.

My vision was clouded and my feet wobbled. I dropped to on the floor and slowly slipped into darkness.

I was woken up by sound of someone yelling. I groaned when i felt pain in my head. I tried to lift my hand but i felt a small tug and anguishing pain. My skin was burning.

It didn't take a genius to figure out that i was chained with silver chain. I was still in my princess gown. Thankfully.

I took in my surroundings. The room i was in, was dark and cold. It gave me a creepy feeling. I was leaning against the wall with my legs pressed to my chest. I felt like crying. Who are these people? What do they want from me?

The sound of the door opening set me on full alert mode. A small yellow light flicker right on top of my head. I heard footsteps coming towards me.

The person came face to face with me and i recognised him from the mall. He crouched down to my level and smiled a dirty smile showing off his ugly teeth.

"I told you we would meet again sweetheart, didn't I? Now you will be paying for all the pain i have endured during the past years. And the cost is much more than you can imagine"

His smile turned into a scowl by the end of his mini speech/threat.

Honestly, i was not that afraid. At the beginning i was terrified but not anymore. I know Damien would be most likely already looking for me right now, and he will be here.

"Don't get too used to the feeling of victory, you may have kidnapped me, but by doing that you have already sealed your fate, which is death. Don't you forget who my mate is. He is coming for me, just you wait." I said with confidence leaking from every word i spoke.

The look on the man's face was of hate and irritation. He didn't hesitate to raise his hand and slap me across the face. I hissed at the burning pain on my cheek and i could taste the rustic taste of blood on my lips.

"Now, that will remind you to keep your words at check. Think twice before speaking in front of me." He snarled and banged my head on the wall behind, before standing up. My vision blurred and i was having a hard time keeping my eyes open.

He released me out of the silver chains with the help of heavy gloves and left the room. I thought of ways to get out of here but found none.

Then i thought of mind linking Damien. I tried to contact him, but something was stopping me from doing so. I guess the mystery man has wolfsbane around here.

The man returned after a few minutes, he had a big metal box in his hand. He placed the box on the floor and looked at me with an evil smirk.

"Now, i will give you a glance of what you will be experiencing here, during your stay. Which will be till your death." He said.

The man took out a big whip out of the box and wrapped it around his palm twice.

"Now remember, this is only a little sneak peek of what is to come." With that he brought the whip down on full force. The harsh material of the whip tore through the skin of my arm and i let out a scream of pain.

He showed no mercy and kept torturing me to no end. He used whips, knives, sticks, silver, anything that could make me feel pain.

When he felt satisfied, he packed the tools and exited the room, leaving me to drown in self pity.

My dress was badly torned, my face felt swollen all over and my arms were decorated in cuts and bruises of all sorts. My body was aching and begging me to relieve the pain, but i couldn't.

The pain in my head grew with every thought. My eyes felt heavy and weak, black dots covered my view as i finally drifted into darkness. For the second time.

This time i woke up with my whole body throbbing in pain. I shifted and laid my head on the side wall. No sight of the man, much to my relief.

What had i ever done to receive this type of treatment. My life has always been filled with pain and hate. The only happiness i experienced was when i was with Damien.

Damien. I miss him so much. He is the best mate ever. I can't thank the moon goddess enough to pair me with him. I don't know if i will see him again or not and the thought of not saying final goodbye made my heart clench painfully.

The thoughts made my eyes sting with hot tears that rolled down my swollen and bruised cheeks. I wiped them off and let my hands caress my dry throat. I felt something cold.

The cold material of the ruby pendant Damien gave me brushed against my skin and i couldn't hold myself. I burst into sobs.

This is the gift he gave me on valentine's day. I remember the day perfectly. The promise to love me forever. The hope in me grew a little. That he will come for me, to rescue me.

I was brought out of my thoughts by the sound of footsteps. Dread seeped through me and i started shaking. Smirking face of the man appeared in front of me.

"How are you doing sweetheart? Ready for more punishment?" He said and opened the box again. I crawled to the corner and pressed myself to the wall as if to disappear in it.

He brought a silver knife this time and placed it on my swollen cheek. The touch itself burned me, he pressed the weapon with more force and it tore open the flesh of my cheek. I hissed when my salty tears mixed with my wound but could do nothing to heal it.

He kept on beating and cutting me till i was on the verge of dying. When he was satisfied with the damage, he hummed and left me alone to die.

Where are you Damien? Come soon....