

CHAPTER 142

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142 Lisa: Chained The sound of water dripping is the first thing to break through the darkness of my mind. Plink. Plink–plink. Plink. It's an erratic rhythm that leaves me uncomfortable. The voices come next, soft, sibilant whispers. Evil. Whoever they are, they'd be the villains in any story. Eventually, I realize the darkness is really just pain. Pain that throbs and aches in half my face. But why?

Vampires. That's why. My eyes fly open when I finally remember, and I struggle to sit up, blinking into the darkness. I can't see anything. Are my eyes open? My hands won't reach my face, yanking against 17:36 1/8 142 Lisa: Chained something cold and hard around my wrists. Manacles? Swiping my hands around, I can feel the heavy, rusted chains holding me down, bolted to the floor. f@ck.

This is... Really not good. Ava. Is Ava here? "Ava?" I whisper, but there's nothing. Only that erratic plink, plink–plink of something dripping. Even the voices are gone. Plink. Plink–plink. Plink. That incessant sound slithers into my mind, coiling around my heart and squeezing with a mania of isolation and fear. I try to move again, the chains rattling like mocking laughter. Frustration rips through 17:36 –) 2/8 142 Usa Chained my chest and I scream, the sound raw and desperate. "Let me go!" I yank at the manacles, the metal biting into my wrists. Pain sears through my arms, but I don't care. I have to get out. I have to find Ava. "You can't keep me here!" a I pull and twist, my skin tearing, blood trickling down my forearms. Sobs wrack my body, each one tearing out of my throat.

It's useless. The chains hold fast, unyielding. My shoulders slump, the fight draining out of me. I can barely stand, the shackles forcing me to hunch over. My muscles burn from the awkward position. Plink. Plink–plink. Blinking hard, I try to force my eyes to adjust to the darkness. Shapes slowly emerge from the inky blackness. Rough stone walls, a small window high above my head. The barest hint of moonlight filters through, only to be swallowed by clouds a moment later. I'm in a cell. A f@cking cell.. 142 Lika Chained Hysteria bubbles up my throat, escaping in a strangled laugh. I'm chained up in some vampire's dungeon like a gothic romance heroine. Except there's no dashing hero coming to save me. No one even knows where I am. Plink–plink–plink. The dripping picks up pace, as if mocking my realization. I want to scream again, to rage against the unfairness of it all.

I'm just a human. There's no magic or super strength hidden deep inside. I can't shift into a wolf or melt into shadows. Humans are weak and helpless against the supernatural. I hate this. My thoughts drift to Kellan. I'd hated how he was always around. Hated his grim determination to keep us safe, at the expense of our freedom. Now, I wish desperately that he was here to tell me I told you so. I'd take his smugness over this any day of the week. But how? How can he possibly find me when I don't 142 143 Chalice) even know where I am? TearswWw.nov@Iw@rm.com

Updates... sting my eyes, hot and bitter. I let them fall, too tired to fight them. I think of Ava, of her fierce determination and unwavering loyalty. She won't give up on me. She'll tear this world apart to find me. But will it be enough? Can they really go up against vampires and win? I don't know. I don't know anything about this world. All I know is that I'm scared. I'm so f@cking scared and I don't know what to do. Plink. Plink–plink. Plink. The sound fills my head, driving out every other thought. It's maddening, the irregularity of it. I want to scream, to beg for it to stop. But I don't. I bite my lip hard enough to taste blood and focus on the pain. It grounds me, keeps me from slipping into despair.

342 LISA Chamed I have to hold on. I have to believe that Kellan and Ava will find me. That Lucas and the Westwood pack will tear this place apart stone by stone until they bring me home. I have to believe that. Because the alternative is too terrifying to consider. So I close my eyes and picture Kellan's face. I imagine his arms around me, his voice in my ear telling me it's going to be okay. And for a moment, just a moment, I almost believe it. Plink. At least until Bren's face fills my mind and I can't stop thinking about him. Of how my biggest concern just a while ago was his weird breeding kink and the biting. Of how he wasn't great at foreplay. Of the slightly–better–than mediocre s@x and then the aphrodisiac that had elevated it to good s@x. And then the thoughts of how he slumped over after what should have been ecstasy, to die in my arms. f@ck. 142 Lisa Chained

What the hell. That replays in my mind, over and over. I'd rather think about the s@x, but of course–no. Just that moment. f@ck. All of this for a stupid party. It wasn't worth it. Maybe if I hadn't snuck off for a quickie behind the house, I would still be in Westwood right now. Would still be with Ava. Or you could both be dead, the pessimistic half of my brain whispers. Shit. What if Ava's dead? The thought of her leaving me alone– My heart clenches. Without Ava, I'd truly be screwed. Those wolves aren't going to think of a little human after their own pack was attacked. I don't know much about supernaturals, 718 142 Lisa Chained but I know that pack is everything to a wolf. One little human isn't going to mean anything without Ava there to keep their attention on me. Am I piece of shit for hoping Ava's still alive because it means I might have a chance? Of course I want her alive for more than just me. There's so much more to it, but... Still. Ava, please be alive. Please come find me. Please. Comment View All > Leave the first comment for this chapter.

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