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Tamia: 1

My wrists were burning under the chains,
rubbing at my raw skin, every time I moved.
There was a cracked bowl of cold stew sitting on
the floor that was out of my reach.

They were giving me stews as if I were a woman
who had a deadly disease.

Sebastian had blocked my mind links and sent a
message through Hunter that only Phoenix
would deal with me.

Was he out of his mind? Phoenix wasn't a Luna
or a queen. I was.

Daily, a food bowl was placed near me, and then
after one or two hours, a maid would visit me to
feed me the cold food.

I was missing the actual food. The steaks. The
cheese treats. The wine.

"Hey!" My voice came out hoarse, but I tried
again, louder this time, "Hey, guard. I need to eat
it now. Why can't the maid come on time and
feed me?"

The man outside the steel bars didn't move. He
was standing there, staring ahead like I wasn't
even there.

"Are you deaf? Don't you know who I am?" I snapped, shaking the chains so hard the sound echoed, "Call Sebastian... Now!"

Still no response.

Tina tried to mind link me yesterday, but there was so much distortion. I guess they were mixing something in my food.

Because my lycan had stopped responding. It was either sleeping or yawning. The alertness I used to feel in its presence was missing.

Anger, exhaustion, and frustration were taking over my senses, "If you ignore me, do you think you will live?" I laughed, "You are delusional."

He didn't even twitch.

Rascal!

I felt like something inside had started breaking. My shoulders sagged.

"Please..." This time I whispered, "Just push the bowl closer... I'm hungry..."

Goddess. I wasn't even allowed to go to the bathroom. The fu*ckers had put a diaper and now they only changed it once a day.

A bitter laugh escaped my throat, "Coward!" I muttered, "You all are cowards. You. Tina. Phoenix. Sebastian."

That was when I felt it. A cold buzz in the back of my head. A mind link.

Tina?

Tina? Can you hear me?

Right now, she was the only one who could help me.

Nothing. Just a failed connection, flickering like a broken wire.

I must have fallen asleep because I woke up to the sound of footsteps. A familiar silhouette was entering the cell.

Phoenix?

I wish...

I wish I could lunge, rip, and kill. However, I swallowed the urge. My freedom now depended on this woman. She should be on my side. I needed her mercy, so, I stayed still.

"Well, well," she sounded amused, "Look at you, Tamia. Hope you're enjoying your stay," she cracked up, and I wanted to snatch that mask off her face.

"Why are you here?" I didn't try to hide how broken I felt.

She chuckled like I just told her the best joke. She tilted her head to the guard and asked him, "Delis. When did she get her last med?"

The guard whose name was Delis responded to her as if she were a queen, "Ma'am. They are mixing it regularly in her food. Today, however, it got late."

"Late?" she frowned and shook her head, "Ask someone to feed her food. Her meds should be given on time, right Tamia?" She finally looked at me and winked.

I needed to beg her if I wanted to get out of this hellhole.

"Do... Don't mock me, Phoenix. Help me. Tell them to bring me fresh food..." I trailed off and then continued, "Please. Don't leave me like this..."

For a moment... just for a moment, I think I saw pity in her eyes.

She moved closer and leaned a little to get to my eye level, "You make such a fuss, Tamia." I couldn't understand if she truly cared or was just being sarcastic.

Her next statement did tell me what it was, "Stop the tears. Look at you, drama queen."

Her sharp green eyes were examining me, from

head to toe.

"Oh. There is a dark bruise on your scalp... dried blood too. Tsk," She flinched.

So that was why the top of my head hurt?

"Delis!" she called out to the same guard. Maybe because she wanted to apply the ointment to my head.

"Bring it here," she asked him for something, and he handed it over to her. My brows furrowed when I saw what it was.

It was a razor.

Was she going to...

No, no. I started shaking my head, "Don't you dare touch me, Phoenix, or I will..." before I could say anything, her hand came down to my cheek... a sharp slap that sent my head reeling.

"Who will stop me, Tamia?" I had never seen cruelty in her eyes. She always portrayed herself as a sweet girl who became a warrior by accident.

With a smirk, she examined the blade and even trailed her finger over its sharp edge, "Perfect!" she mumbled.

"No, no, no," I blurted in panic, "Don't do that, Phoenix. Please... why are you doing this?"

"Shh," her eyes softened as she came closer carrying the blade, "You are such a good girl, Tamia. Move your head, and the blade will easily cut through your skull and reach your brain. Do you get that?" She asked me gently.

I wanted to spit, to scream, but then closed my eyes and clenched my teeth.

The sound of the razor filled the cell. I could hear the faint sound of my hair falling over me and the floor.

"Don't worry, darling," she cooed, "It's just the center of your head," I closed my eyes and felt tears escaping my lids.

"Please..." I whimpered in pain, "Please, Phoenix. What have I done to you? Why are you treating me like shit?"

Her body seemed to go stiff when I asked her. She bent to get to my eye level and looked straight into my eyes. Her face above the mask had turned into stone when she spoke.

"Because Queen's order, Tamia. Queen's order!"

A voice from the past echoed in my head, "Luna's order, slave. Luna's order." 1