

Chosen By The Lycan Prince - Chapter 7

CHAPTER SEVEN

Today is day three. It's been three days without food and water. Three days since I attempted to take my life and ended up here. This particular cell is secluded from the other cells in the dungeons. I believe the walls are soundproof because no matter how much I screamed, no one heard me, not even the guards on duty. No one has come to see me.

They left me in this cold, dark cell to die. In here, time passed without being able to tell if it was day or night. I couldn't lie on the ground because the space was too small to do so. There weren't any toilets, so I'd devoted a section of the cell for my convenience whenever I feel pressed. But without any food in my stomach, there was nothing to excrete.

In my former cell, I'd been able to hear the agonizing screams from those that were being tortured from the other cells. But in here, it was dead silent. When I screamed, my voice echoed back. The only company I had was that of my wolf and the weird voice in my head. I hated the screams from the other cells while I was locked in the former cell, but the silence in here is even worse.

The pain from my mate being with another woman was the only form of torture I felt. If he as much as kissed a girl, I felt it. I have rejected him in my mind many times, but my rejection don't mean anything if he doesn't accept. I could never even bring myself to say it to his face. It was forbidden for a lower rank to reject a higher rank.

I prayed for my death. It's all I have prayed for in the last three days. But it takes an average of ten days for a human to die of starvation. For werewolves, it could take as long as three weeks to a month. I still have many days to suffer.

I wrapped my arms around my legs, pulling my knees to my chest as a shiver ran through my body. The cold will surely kill me if the hunger doesn't do so first. I couldn't sleep more than ten minutes in here. I'd cried my eyes out in the last days, but I have no more tears to cry. I stopped feeling pity for myself and accepted my fate.

Maybe I deserve this. I deserve every kind of treatment after what my parents did. My father would have stood a chance against the alpha if his recruit hadn't snitched on him.

He hadn't been the first beta to challenge an alpha for his seat. Far from it. These things were very normal for our kind. Anyone who felt they were strong enough to take the Alpha's seat can wage war on the alpha and his warriors. If he succeeded in killing the alpha, then he'd become alpha and take over his pack. These type of Alpha's are not true Alpha's, but a lot of them exists. I don't know how true it is, but during my days in Silent Moon pack, there had been rumors that Alpha Ronan's father wasn't a true alpha. He'd conquered the former alpha before becoming an alpha himself.

My father just happened to be one of the unfortunate ones that lost the fight. He'd been very loyal to his duties to the best of my knowledge, but what did I know at that age? He was a traitor, and I was his only living heir, the only one that stayed alive to suffer for his actions.

My ears perked up at the sound of approaching footsteps. I pressed my back to the wall, my heartbeat accelerating. The sound stopped, and it left me assuming I was hearing things again. Staying in this dark room could make anyone hallucinate, and with my already existing condition, it isn't unlikely. I didn't hear the footsteps but I had the indistinct feeling that someone was close. Because of my wolf's weakened state, my sense of smell wasn't as active.

I retained my standing position close to the wall, my heart thumping in my chest when I heard the footsteps again. Then I saw the reflection of light, and slowly, a girly figure came into view.

"Ailana," I screeched, crossing the small room to the iron gates. My best friend had a lamp in her left hand, illuminating my cell. She had tears in her eyes, and I thought her hands were quivering.

"Esmeray," her voice shook as she stared at the small space I'd been confined in for three days, and a tear dropped from her eyes first, then more followed. She linked her fingers with mine through the tiny opening of the iron bars.

"I'm so sorry-" she started to say, but her words stuck in her throat as another round of tears fell to her cheeks. "Why would they do this to you?"

“Please don’t cry,” I swallowed. My own voice shook but my tear glands refused to produce any more tears. I wanted to tell her I was glad she was here, and that I got a chance to see her. I wanted to explain that this was my punishment for trying to commit suicide. I’d still get to die, just not in the way I would have wanted, but I didn’t want her to get more emotional than she already is. I didn’t want her to feel like I was being a coward and choosing the easy way out, but she already knew.

“I have been searching for you for days now,” she sniffed, shaking her head.

“How did you find me?” I asked.

“I overheard my dad talking to Zayden about it this morning,” she answered, still sniffing “He said you tried to commit suicide. Is that true Esme?” her eyes widened as she waited for my response.

I bit my lips and allowed my shoulders drop forward “I wanted to end it,” I admitted “I know it’s selfish, but I had no other option. I want peace. So I wrote a note and climbed to the roof top of the pack house. I was going to jump, but the warrior caught me before I could. Alpha Thane must have come to my room in the early hours of that morning and found the note,” I explained.

She sucked in a shaky breath “Esme! You can’t die. Please, promise me you won’t try to take your life again. Please!” her voice sounded desperate.

“I’m going to die here anyway,” I say.

“No, you won’t. I promise I’ll get you out of here,” she said. I shook my head. I don’t want to get Aila into any more trouble.

“How do you intend to do that?”

“Please Esme,” she says desperately again “Just promise me that if I get you out of here, you will not try to murder yourself. Promise me you will stay alive and fight till things get better,”

I sighed, brushing my tangled hair away from my face. I had full, thick dark hair that ran halfway to my back. It was always in the way of everything.

“I promise,” I say slowly.

She released a loud breath “I promise, I’ll get you out of here. I’ll get you out of Silver Moon. I’ll get the keys and set you free, just hang in there,”

She didn’t wait for a reply, she dashed out, and didn’t turn back even when I screamed her name. Ailana was to fight her brother for the alpha seat, her association with me did her no good, and if she breaks me out of this cell and anyone finds out, she’d get into some big trouble and even lose her chance to fight for the alpha seat.

I slumped back on the floor and held my head in my palms. If I could get out of Silver moon, then I had hope. I hate to raise my hopes, because nothing ever worked for me.

I waited for Ailana. Many hours passed, but she didn’t show up. What if she’d been caught? I started to panic. There’s a guard at the entrance of this dungeon. How had she even been able to maneuver to get to me? What if he’d reported her to Alpha Thane already?

It wasn’t until the next day before she came. I was gradually losing strength after four days, but when I saw Aila, my eyes filled with tears.

She had some keys in her hands and I watched her as she hastily tried all of them, occasionally looking over her shoulders before finally finding the one that unlocked the padlock to my cell.

“Aila, how did you get those keys!” I exclaimed, rushing out of the cell and hugging her tight.

“You forget the alpha is my father. He has a spare key to every single cell,” she responded pulling away from me.

“We don’t have much time,” She informed me, handing me the backpack she had strapped to her back “You need to leave now. Come, I’ll help you cross the pack borders”

[Previous Chapter](#)
[Next Chapter](#)