

Chapter 131

Luciana's pov

I groaned, forcing my eyes to open. There's a sharp pain ringing sound in my ears, causing a searing shoot of pain in the back of my head. I winced, swallowing only to let out another grunt at the dryness of my throat.

Fucking hell.

It feels as though I have just woken up from a long coma. Or I am quickly turning into an old woman.

There's a very present throb in my body that indicates that I am hurt and my wolf is healing me. However, something feels off with this healing. It feels too slow. My wolf should have healed me by now.

It couldn't be the obvious silver around my wrists causing my wolf to slow down her abilities?

The stench of metallic, stale air and what I believe was piss curled in my nose, poking at my gag reflex.

I quieted my mind, let my wolf focus on my wounds, the broken bones and the shooting pain in my chest. Something was wrong. She couldn't focus enough to begin the healing process.

I begin to make my mind reel and played the scenes in my head to figure out why I am in immense pain and my wolf was finding it very difficult to stitch back my wounds quick. The ambush. The betrayal.

Shawn getting attacked.

Me trying my best to fight back whilst more than twenty wolves tore through my wolf until something was injected into my neck. The council.

I stirred, forcing my eyes to peel open so I can figure out where I am and what to do from here.

It's dimly lit. This is the first thing I notice about my surroundings. I could barely see light except for a glow from the small squared window behind me. It was so small that not even my head would be able to pass through.

I notice something else too, the cold rough stone wall behind me and the metal steel vertical bars caging me in this cramped small space. I shivered with disgust. This was a cell.

I let my adjust and scan around. There's another heartbeat here. And a familiar scent.

My heart skipped. It's Shawn! I can feel him, he's okay, he's breathing. I can hear his soft pants coming out of his lips. Relief washed over my, comforted knowing my mate was okay. However that relief doesn't last long when I realize, it is only his heartbeat I can hear and there is no one else here but the two of us.

My sister, Raiden, Bryson? Did they take them somewhere else?

Panic stormed and scrapped the sides of my mind, edging me closer to anxiety.

Where were they? What had happened to them?

The coldness of the silver around my wrists were irritating, but the weakness in my body was more so. My wolf was having a hard time to heal me up. Whatever they had injected into my neck was surely the cause of this feeling.

It was messing with my wolf's abilities.

I listened to Shawn's steady heartbeat, his slow breathing. He was not in the same cell as me, and I can't feel that he was very close either. They had separated us.

I needed to wake him up. Our link, our bond, had slowed down and completely shut off as whatever was injected in me created a wall against our connection.

I let out a frustrated breath and used what little strength I had to sit up. My matted hair curtained around my face and I blew it away. I groaned, cracking my neck and hissed when the silver chains burn my skin.

"Bastards," I hissed under my breath and began to call out to Shawn.

"Shawn," I called out, my voice was very low, almost like a soft whisper but filled with urgency. "Shawn, wake up."

There is no response. Not that I was expecting him to wake up from one call.

I tried again, determined to have my mate return to his conscious and we can make a plan to get out of this hell hole. On the fifth call with my voice a bit stronger and harsh from the curling of desperation in my body, I heard his low groan and his stir.

His heartbeat was a bit quicker and his breathing also.

I perked up, my heart racing and I wanted to yell in happiness. " Shawn!"

He groaned again and the stirring became restless. There's a gritting sound of chains on the wall, being tugged and scrapped. " Lucy?" His voice is urgent, tired, but panicked. " Are you hurt, are you okay, what did they do to you-

" Shawn," I cut in. We had no time left to see if I was okay or not. Our main focus is to get out of here. " I'm not dead and that's enough. We need to find a way to get out of here. This piss smell is pissing me off." I grunted. The stench was burning my nostrils.

Here was disgusting.

There's another grunt and drag of chains against the concrete. He was trying to tug his way out of the chains. "I tried that," I told him with a sigh. " Whatever they injected us with, it's weakening my wolf's abilities. I lack the strength needed to break free of these damn chains."

The grazing of chains that bounced off the walls ceased and Shawn cursed under his breath. " I'm also weak. I can barely feel my wolf's presence."

Frustration gnawed on my feelings and desperation knocked on the door of my mind. Hope was quickly disappearing as both Shawn and I tried our best to figure out a way out of this. However, all hope was lost when another heartbeat joined us, quickly getting closer.

Shawn and I ceased our desperate actions to get free and when a gritting sound of a heavy door opening reached my ears, my heart skipped.

I bit my tongue and listened carefully to the heavy footfalls nearing. Every heavy footstep made me ground my teeth together, waiting in anticipation for whoever was coming here.

As I await with an anticipated breath, I heard another sound of footsteps and another heartbeat, until there were three more.

A shadow danced and revealed itself as the men approached. I snarled low, irritated that whatever they had injected me with, I wouldn't be able to fight them off. My gums ache as my canines beg to be free and tear through flesh, through the throat and every fucking limb.

However, when the man reveal himself, I curled back in shock. I had sensed the power. I had a feeling. But now in his presence, with his cold eyes pinning me with so much contempt, I am stunned speechless.

Leader of the council. I knew of him because Emily described him perfectly. His power was also not missed. And with that authority air clinging to him, I knew I wasn't mistaken.

His lips curled back, his eyes shooting me aggressively. " Now that you're awake little white wolf, let's play."