

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 10

Lyla's POV

I was being driven to a place of no return, like Damon had said. I didn't even have a clue about what base 9 meant or where it could be or what will happen to me.

To say I wasn't scared was a big lie, I'm so scared to the bones. I'm scared of dying at this young age, I'm scared of being killed in a country where my brother wouldn't even find my body. I had put on a brave face in front of that demon called Damon but then I was shivering inside.

The cold hands of death were about to grip me tight and I walked into it myself. I should've begged for my life, begged to live but then I didn't. I couldn't beg because I was too angry to beg. I needed to put up a brave face even if it'll kill me as Henry had taught me.

The vehicle suddenly stopped, with a loud sound of a huge gate being opened. I heard some voices whispering outside of the car and before I could listen further, the doors of the car opened and I was dragged out of the car like an animal about to be slaughtered for sacrifice.

"Where am I?" I asked. One hand was holding my hand tightly, almost hurting me while another hand was holding my hair in a tight grip, as I was still blindfolded and walking to a place that I know nothing of.

"You're in no place to ask any question" A hard voice replied, sending waves of shock down my body.

After several minutes of walking, a door suddenly opened and I was pushed into a wall.

"What is she doing back here?" A strange, familiar voice asked angrily.

"Boss asked us to bring her back"

Someone replied and I guessed it was probably one of the guys who had taken me from the house.

"Why will he want her back? Is he insane? He took her away from here and now he wants us to kill her for him. I thought I told him to send her back and not keep her" The man boomed and almost as he said that, the blindfold was ripped off my face.

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One of the guys replied to the man in a language that I didn't understand and my brain couldn't even comprehend what he might actually be saying.

I tried squinting my eyes to see clearly as my vision was dark from being blindfolded for several minutes.

The first thing I saw as I opened my eyes was the jean jacket that Pearl had worn the previous day filled with blood at the far end of the room.

I wanted to move closer and pick it up to check if it was really the jacket or I was mistaken when a hand grabbed me by the hair and threw me into a wall.

On impact, my body trembled with pain, I screamed out as I hit the wall. My vision became blurry as I got dizzy from my head hitting the wall.

Tears rolled down my eyes uncontrollably and when I looked up, it was the same old man from the other day that threw me against the wall. I looked around to see that we were the only ones in the room.

“Get up! Get up!! Why are you lying down there like a vegetable?” He questioned mockingly.

Trying not to be a coward, I stood up staggeredly and before I could stand properly, the man threw a chair through my legs, making me fall hard on the floor, hitting my right side of my body against the chair that was thrown at me.

“Ahh” I screamed out as I heard a bone crack. I couldn’t lift myself off the floor this time, I couldn’t as my right hand wouldn’t even move, I tried lifting it up but then, it wasn’t moving.

Another bout of tears came out of my eyes and this time I didn’t try to be strong.

“Why are you still on the floor? You seduced Damon into taking you away from here and yet, you expect to come back and receive a grand entrance without being punished for escaping unjustly in the first instance. You should’ve kept on seducing him so you could stay alive” He screamed at me.

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“I didn’t seduce him, I swear I didn’t do that” I replied with my voice shaking. I felt something cold against my face, it was as if a liquid was running down from my head and once I touched it, it was blood.

It became clear that I was really here to be killed like an animal.

“Please let me go. I’m begging you, please” I pleaded but the man could only smile wickedly at me, refusing to even let my plea reach him.

“Get up” he instructed and I began shaking my head furiously. “I can’t get up, please”

He moved closer to a table that I hadn't noticed was in the room, on it was a rope, chains and a gun. He picked up the rope first and threw it on the floor close to me.

"I said, get up" He screamed and out of fear, I staggeredly got up from the floor away from the corner that I'd crawled into like a ball and rested my back against the wall.

"Please" I begged.

"Begging doesn't work here, do you understand me? You should have stayed over there. No matter how mad it was, here is never a place to come to" He began removing his belt, as my eyes widened in surprise.

"What are you doing?" I asked with heavy tears rolling down my face.

"Trying to f*** you the same way Damon did before I finally kill you" He replied smirking at me.

I began shaking on a spot, trying to think of what next to do. Telling him I didn't seduce Damon wouldn't even save me from this evil man. I tried moving away from the spot that I was.

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"If you move one more time, I will put that gun through your head and waste you"

Thinking death would be much easier, I moved again and he glared at me.

"Are you trying to die?" I didn't reply and he knew what my silence meant. He moved back towards the table and took the chain, rolled it around his hand and turned to face me.

"I see you're trying to die and Incase you need to know before you die at such a young age, we are a pack of werewolf and your brother's friend, Lucas Anderson pissed us off and I couldn't stay put and not get a revenge by killing you and his girl together. Do you know what being a werewolf means?" He asked and I shook my head.

I wasn't able to think properly.

"We're animals. Wild animals who were given the chance to turn into humans when we want to and being wild is what I'm about to show your little pathetic life"

As he walked towards me, my breath became heavier, my next instinct was to run. Before I could even move with the pain in my legs, gunshots rang out right beside me.

Out of fear, I screamed and crumbled into the floor.

“You think you can escape me” He hovered over me and before I could blink or move, he began punching me with both hands, chain wrapped around one, a bare other hand.

A punch landed on my face, another on my waist, then my stomach, another on my head till I lost count. He continued throwing punches at me while I couldn't do anything but scream until I couldn't scream anymore.

The last punch he threw before I lost consciousness was at my head. As it landed, I felt my body tremble, my senses evaded me and my breathing was irregular. The last thing I heard was the door opening and the last thing I saw was light streaming into the dark room as the cold hands of death embraced me tightly.