

Chapter 0031

Author Note: This chapter will introduce a few new characters. Their importance to the underlying story will become clear relatively soon.

(Dr. Jay Hyder POV)

I am currently lying in the trunk of a car. My eyes are blindfolded, my hands are handcuffed, and my ankles are in chains. The handcuffs and chains are silver, which prevent me from shifting or communicating with my wolf. They are also burning the sh&t out of my skin.

I do not know how long I have been in the trunk. I was placed in here while I was either sleeping or unconscious. From the smell of my breath, I suspect that someone managed to dose me with wolfsbane before I went to bed last night. Wolfsbane is lethal to wolves in high doses and can act as a strong sedative in smaller ones.

I can tell that we are driving somewhere, and we have been for a while. By my rough estimate, we have been on the road for at least 4-5 hours since I woke up.

I am not scared. Not even a little bit. Given my prior career, I have been trained on how to handle these types of situations, and very few things scare me anyway.

I am, however, angry and annoyed. I am also very curious.

I have never been kidnapped before. That is not because I am a lovable or likeable guy. To the contrary, my temperament can be quite challenging for people to deal with at times. My prior career also earned me plenty of enemies who would be thrilled to get an opportunity to kidnap or kill me.

The problem is that I am not exactly what you would call an "easy" target. I am 6'5", strong, and highly trained, and my wolf senses are sharp. Whoever my kidnappers are, I am sort-of impressed that they were able to pull it off. It was either dumb luck or talent worth me hiring.... after I teach these sons of bit&&es a lesson about messing with me.

I feel the road underneath me become very bumpy, indicating that we are no longer on paved roads. I suspect that means that we are getting closer to our final destination.

Sure enough, about twenty minutes later, the car stops. I hear someone unlock the trunk and start to open it. Through the top of my blindfold, I see a flash of sunlight before the trunk is immediately slammed shut, hard.

"Not out here!" a female voice yells. Her voice is close by, so my guess is that she was the one who closed the trunk. "Someone might see something. Pull into the garage."

The car engine starts again, and the car moves slowly forward before it stops for the second time. This time, when the trunk opens, it stays open.

Four hands —most likely all belonging to males— lift me out of the trunk. I am carried somewhere, and then laid down on what feels like a bed.

"How long until he wakes up?" the female asks.

"I dunno," a male voice responds.

"How much wolfsbane did you give him?"

"A few leaves," the same male responds.

"How many is a few?" the female demands, her voice sounding irritated.


"I don't know. Three, four, ten? We really didn't measure it. We were sort of in a hurry; we did not want to get caught."

"What??? Seriously, Joey?!?!? You are smarter than that! Too much wolfsbane can be deadly! You always have to measure it to make sure you don't kill anyone! We cannot afford to lose him!"

"Relax, OK?" a different male voice says. "He is still breathing and it has been several hours. We did not kill him. Let's just wait for him to wake up."

"How will we know when he wakes up?" the female asks. "He is blind-folded. Should we remove the blind-fold?"

"Nah, leave it on for now. I am sure he will move or something," the male I now know as Joey responds.

 +5 BONUS

Listening to this conversation, I find myself feeling utterly disappointed. It is clear that these folks are not pros. The successful kidnapping was probably just dumb luck.

It is also clear that these folks are not associated with any of my known enemies. It is well known in our career circles that my body processes wolfsbane differently than other wolves. A typical dose of wolfsbane can be expected to last in my system no more than 30-60 minutes. These bozos clearly do not know that, which means they also did not do their homework.

Two hours have now passed. I can be sure of the time because there is some sort of old-style clock in the room. To entertain myself, I have been paying attention to the sounds and keeping track.

 Comments

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Chapter 0032

I have been fully awake since we arrived, and no – I have not moved. Why bother? These dipsh&ts want to mess with me; I will mess right back. I am happy to be patient. My mate will understand when I explain it to her later.

More time has passed. Someone in the room has started pacing. The footsteps are light, so I think it is the female.

It has now been three hours.

It has now been four hours.

For the past ten minutes, the female's pacing has been interrupted by intermittent pauses in which her footsteps will head my direction, hesitate, and then go back to pacing the other direction again.

This is a tell-tale sign that the female is about to break.

Sure enough, shortly after the four hour mark, the female yells at the two males. "We cannot wait anymore! We need to wake him up!" she tells them.

The males apparently agree with her, because the next thing I know, I am being moved into the sitting position and my blindfold is removed.

I open my eyes and give the three werewolves in front of me a knowing smile. As intended, my smile immediately throws them off.

"You... you are awake?"

"I see your eyes are not broken. Yet," I smirk.

"How long have you been awake?" the female asks.

"Does it really matter? I am sure you did not bring me here to discuss my sleeping habits," I sneer.

The female sighs. "Look, we are really sorry that we kidnapped you. We just did not know any other way to get you here. We need your help."

I lift my wrists and then nod at my ankles. "The silver cuffs are a great way to say 'sorry, please help me.' "

The female suddenly gets an embarrassed look on her face. "Oh, I am so sorry! I totally forgot about those. Here, let's get those off of you."

As she fumbles with the handcuff keys, I sigh. These folks might as well have "amateur" stamped on their foreheads.

After the handcuffs and chains are removed, I take a moment to stretch. I then get up and walk out of the room and head down the hallway and hopefully towards the front door.

"You are leaving?" one of the males asks me.

"Did you expect me to hang around here and play board games?" I retort.

"You can't leave!" the second male shouts.

"Try and stop me."

My back is to them, but I hear the two males walk towards me. I think they think they are going to sneak up on me and catch me by surprise. I am starting to wonder if these three are even really werewolves; if they are, their alpha needs to be informed that they need remedial basic skills training.

When they are about a foot away from me, I turn around and give both of them a threatening glare. They immediately retreat. At least their retreat was smart.

I again head towards the door.

As I open the door and my feet reach the front porch, I hear the female begin crying. Her tears do nothing for me. I keep walking.

However, the female's next words freeze me in place. "Her dying was not part of our plan!"

"We didn't exactly have a plan."

She sniffles. "Well, no, not a well thought out one. But the plans we made since we took her are all going to fall apart if she dies! He was our last hope! How are we going to save her now?"

"She is not going to die. We just have to find another doctor."

"But he is the best! And I do not know if we can trust anyone else."

Fu&k. I may be a proud a&&hole, but I am also a doctor. And as a doctor, I cannot walk away from a patient who needs me. Especially one who has apparently been kidnapped just like I was.

I reluctantly walk back inside. "Where is the patient?" I ask gruffly.

The female stands and wipes her tears. She looks at me with hope in her eyes. "She... she is in the other room. I'll take you to her."

I follow the female to a bedroom. There is no furniture in the room, other than a bed and a side table with a lamp on it. A brunette female is lying on the bed. She appears to be unconscious. Her face is bruised and swollen, and even a cursory glance at her reveals she has a lot of other physical injuries too.

She looks vaguely familiar to me. As I continue to study her face, realization slowly hits me. "Is this... Lily Brogan?!?!?"