

Chapter 0373

"That was interesting to listen to." My eyes snap open to Jena.

"You were awake this whole time?"

"I have been here a long time and learned a couple of things. For one, even though these guys seem to think everyone should be into BDSM, they don't touch me when I appear to be sleeping. It also strokes the Alpha's ego to think it takes me hours or even days to recover from his, as you put it, small dick."

"When dinner gets here, we'll know if the girls cleaning me up was telling the truth. Even without my wolf I can smell the herbs in the food. You were right, they really aren't good at this part."

"If you twist your thumb you can dislocate it just enough, without doing too much damage." She looks at me with a bored expression.

"Oh, so you're helping me now?" I ask sarcastically.

"After that conversation, I guess. You have had two, maybe three people helping out. No one has ever reached out to me in all the time I have been here. Maybe your little witch friend is right and you're special or something, but you're the best chance of being free. And besides, if you leave and I

am still here, Micheal will find a way to blame me for it and probably torture me to death. If I'm going to die, I might as well die fighting."

The dark look in her eyes tells me there's more going on here, but I don't push. I'll take all the help I can get.

Like the girl said, our stew was brought to us and the herbs were different. I didn't smell the belladonna or wolfsbane, what I did smell opened up my senses, like just the fragrance was giving me energy.

"Do you smell that?" I ask Jena. "She said eat it all. I guess this is the moment of truth." Jena just sits there and watches me waiting to see what happens I guess. She must still not believe that we are being helped by someone in this group. I won't even call them a pack, because I bet most of them are here by force and being kept under duress or manipulation like Tyler.

I take and bite and I can feel an explosion of electricity jolt through my body. I look right at Jena, I can only imagine what my face looks like, but whatever it is, it's enough to motivate her to start eating. We both devour our food like we haven't eaten in years. Maybe for Jena, that is the case.

I can feel my muscles buzz and I feel a pressure in my head, but it isn't painful like a headache. When I finish my whole bowl, I look up at Jena and can see color returning to her face and her hair is no longer dull and flat. Whatever is in here, I need to make sure I have on every mission, just in

case.

"Oh damn! I haven't felt this good in a really long time. You know some witches in high places. This couldn't have been easy to sneak into us if you could smell the difference."

I don't know why, but I don't tell her about my extra strength sense of smell. I still haven't had the chance to talk to Alpha Reggie about all of my so-called abilities and I don't know what I'm allowed to say.

"I don't know if you caught on, but most of the guys here watching us are not that bright." We both giggle.

"So, did your little helper tell you when we were supposed to bust out of here?" Jena asks.

"She just said to eat everything and we should be able to make contact with our wolves by morning." I shrug still working on my left cuff. With my new found strength, I am hoping to get a hand out before someone comes in to check on us.

"I think if you twist it just a bit more, you'll be able to get it out." Jena says helpfully.

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"You know, you could be doing the same thing, right?"

"Why on earth would I do that? If you get free and get the keys away from the goons watching us, you can just let me out. There is no sense in both of us being injured." I roll my eyes at her, but she kind of has a point, kind of.

Just as I start to feel the widest part of my hand slip through the large cuff, the sound of jangling keys and footsteps can be heard outside the door.

I grunt as I try to pull my hand completely free. My heart is pounding with adrenaline, it's now or never, I have to get free before the door is opened. I am sweating with the effort and the panic as I tug my hand relentlessly not caring about how much damage I am doing now. Just as the door swings open, my hand slips through and the shackle clatters to the floor. Thank the goddess for the loud laughter that booms through the opening at the same time.

I quickly tuck my free hand behind my back as our usual three idiot keepers walk in.

"Well, it looks like it's going to be your turn tonight, sweetheart. I hope you can handle the Alpha. He's had his whole brood of girls warming him up all night getting ready just for you." Jerkface sneers at me.

Was that supposed to scare me? If Mike has been wasting all of his swimmers on other girls, he's dumber than I thought.

"Yeah, I can't wait to see what you're hiding. I'm going to have sweet dreams tonight." Jerkface number two says.

"Okay, I hope you enjoy your hand." I raise my eyebrow at him. "Since your Alpha doesn't share any women with you apparently." I need to make them all approach me. And I figure the best way is to make them want to hit me.

Jerkface has the keys though. So no matter what I do, I can't let him leave the room.

"He shares plenty with us." Number three says lamely.

"I highly doubt that. He doesn't want anyone to be able to compare all the pencil d*cks running around here." Jena stifles a laugh.

"I'll show you there's no pencil d*cks around here." Number two steps closer, starting to unbutton his pants.

"Leave her for the Alpha, you heard the orders. No one touches her before him." Jerkface stops two from stepping forward.

"That's because he doesn't want us to make fun of him for being the smallest." Jena chimes in, adding to their irritation. "He's not actually an Alpha and none of you are actually warriors. It's why you all have to keep us chained

up on top of locked in a cell and drugged." She smiles menacingly at them all.

"You dumb b*tch!" Number three shouts. "You're locked up here, who's the weak one?"

"Not really sure, I would have to fight each of you to tell you who is the weakest." They all growl at her. She's better at taunting than I could have imagined. This is great. Only a weak wolf would put this much effort into arguing about how strong they are. Any ranked wolf would have ended the conversation by now.

"I think Jerkface number three is the weakest," I look over at her and then back to them, "That's why he always enters last and doesn't get to carry the keys." She nods in agreement.

"I see what you mean," We keep talking like we are discussing a piece of abstract art, "Number two is always schlepping something so he's a bit low on the totem pole, but not as low as the one with no job at all."

They are all growling now. They said the Alpha is coming for me, I need those keys. I'm racking my brain for what will send them over the edge to attack me. Then my wolf blasts into my head and gives them a challenging growl, only another wolf would understand.