

## Chapter 0384

I laugh too at the thought of Mike running all over the place to find us.

"What if there is more to it than that?"

"Then we work one problem at a time with our team. Alpha King Reggie has some of the best tech people around and now that we know that magic is being used and an idea of how it works, thanks to you two, we can move forward with stopping this guy and freeing as many people as we can. I know some people chose to join whatever his group is but I have to believe that many of them are like you and not involved by choice."

I think of Robbie and Tyler, forced to serve and forced to stay because of their connection to the spell. Both believing that they have to die to be free. I hope they both survive this, well Robbie.

"Alright, let's get this stupid thing out of me, I want to go home." I grumble starting to get uncomfortable on the makeshift table.

Doc Sylvia talks me through what she's doing and asks questions as she goes. I'm not sure if she is just being extra cautious or if she is going this slow for some other research type study reason, but it feels like I am laying there for hours. It does make me feel good, when Jena starts to ask questions as they go. She has a real curiosity for how all of this works and she sounds super smart, asking questions I

never would have thought of. I have to remind myself that this scared girl is the daughter of an Alpha, she has it in her to lead and protect. She was probably a force before she was captured, like Sierra and Mina. I can't wait to see if that side of her comes back out. 1

"Alright, it's out. And there doesn't seem to be any ominous connections or wires, just a simple transmitter. With how small it is though, I'm not sure of the range. Whoever is tracking you might be closer than we think. Let's get Jena's out and let William start on this guy." I hear a small click like glass tapping glass and then I see Osiston walk away from me with something in his massive hand.


I can't move yet, Doc Sylvia is still tugging lightly on the back of my head. I assume she's closing the wound up. The numbing stuff worked though, I only felt pressure, no pain at all. Then she pats me on the shoulder and helps me to sit up. I turn and smile at Jena.

"Your turn. I want to see what this thing looks like." Yep, Doc Sylvia is wearing off on me. I am far too excited to see what's inside our heads.

She sits and takes a deep breath before laying down, like she's stealing herself to do this.

"There is going to be a small prick from the needle that has the numbing solution. I'll do about five points to make sure there is no pain around the whole area, okay?"

Jena just whimpers in agreement and Doc Sylvia looks at me with pity and sympathy in her eyes. I look at her, but don't return the sentiment. I don't pity Jena, she wouldn't



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want it any more than I would. I do feel awful for what happened to her, but I won't be one of the people that will treat her like cracked glass either. She will get enough of that when we get back to the compound. Nickolas said we have to do Psych evaluations and other tests and debriefings when we get back from missions. I can only assume they will do the same for Jena considering how long she was a captive.

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Doc Sylvia tears open a small white packet that has several medical instruments in it. She set the items down on a metal tray propped on two more stacked storage bins. She already has her gloves in Jena's hair, pulling the majority of it up into a clip. The small section that remains surrounds the spot where I assume the tracker is. She pulls individual hairs out of the way to make the spot as available as possible.

Watching her work this meticulously is fascinating. I can imagine her dissecting small plants and animals to gather cells for testing. She is so laser focused on what she is doing, I bet an explosion could go off outside and she wouldn't hear it.

Once the hair has been expertly placed, she picks up a small knife, maybe a scalpel, but I don't know medical equipment very well. She pokes the sharp tip a couple of times, like she is feeling around for the best place to cut and I can see the little node under the skin move with each prod. Then she glides the blade gently across Jena's skin for about two inches. It doesn't even look like she put pressure on it until it started to bleed. With quick and precise movements, Doc Sylvia contains the blood flow with one hand, switches the knife for tweezers and starts to work under the cut, angling towards the top of Jena's head to find the little device.

She does some quick tiny brushing movements and a metallic tube about a half inch long slips out onto the gauze

that she's holding to catch the dripping blood.

"It's so weird to think that little thing could cause us so many problems." I didn't mean to say it out loud, but tech like that impresses me. I don't know the first thing about the tech side of things, but it's still impressive.

"You're right, and like I said, it's not very big so I don't think the signal is that strong, but let's let William and his crew figure that part out." She drops the metal pill into a glass container on the workstation and moves to close up Jena's wound.

Once Jena is cleaned and stitched up. Doc Sylvia puts a lid on the container with her tracker then moves to clean up her work station. Her movements are methodical and kind of hypnotizing. I did notice that not everything went into a trash bag though. Anything that had blood on it was bagged and labeled. I wonder if she is going to use it to test something. What am I thinking, of course she is. Before we move back over to the fire I quickly look from Jena to the doc a couple times trying to make the best choice for everyone, even if it makes Jena angry with me for a bit.

"Doc." I start, taking a deep breath, Jena deserves this.

"Hmm?" She hums over her shoulder while writing something on a clipboard.

"I don't know if this is something to handle here, but I think you need to know and I'm not sure how time sensitive any of this is but..." I look at Jena and nod, while she is shaking her head 'no.' "Jena was r\*ped, repeatedly by Mike." I stop to take another breath and Jena sags against me, crying into

my shoulder, but she doesn't argue to stop me. "She says she has an IUD in, but I just want you to make sure she is okay. Completely okay. And I didn't want to say anything in front of the rest of the team, but you need to know so we can take care of her."

"Oh Goddess help me!" She exclaims resting her hand on her heart. "Yes, of course I will help and you're right, I can only do so much here, but that is something we need to handle first thing when we get back. Do you have any pain right now, sweetheart?"

"No." A muffled cry falls out of Jena and my heart breaks for her all over again.

"When was the most recent...occurrence." I can see she is choosing her words wisely and we caught her off guard.

"That's the hard part, we were in a room with no windows or any way to tell day or time. But, maybe yesterday. I think the plan was to come around the time we broke out. One of the guards was running his mouth." I roll my eyes.

"I will have to ask you some hard questions and Skylar can stay with you if you want, but we will wait until we are back at the castle and have the privacy of a room. Sky, what about you? Did they touch you too?" I can see the concern in her eyes and the tension in her muscles. She sounds calmer than she is and it's taking a lot of effort for her to keep it in for Jena's sake.

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"No! No, I mean I got my standard beating treatment, he likes the brutality, but he seemed to like the audience, so I had to watch." I shudder with Jena in my arms and Doc Sylvia just nods.

She takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly. "Let's get you both back by the fire, get some food in you and clean, warm clothes." She walks out with the container and mutters something angry under her breath.

Lillian comes back in with a cooler full of food and drinks followed by Wyatt who has a duffle bag that must have clothes for us. He doesn't stay, but gives me a small smile before heading back out again.

I have never loved the sight of sandwiches and chips as much as right now. She also brought water and gatorade for both of us. I opened one of the sugary, salty electrolyte drinks and almost gagged at the amount of flavor in it. I had to mix it with water to get it down, but my body needed it.

She also brought several sleeping bag rolls and Jena and I both curled into the soft warmth. It has been a while since I felt something so soft and comfortable. We both tried to get back to sleep. But, that seemed to be asking too much from our frazzled brains.

I layed on my side staring into the fire. Jena's head was next to mine and I can't tell if she is sleeping or just letting her body come down from the high of our escape like me. I




want to sleep, I can feel the fatigue rack every muscle in my body, but every time I close my eyes I just see the dark dank musty cell we were kept in. The sounds of the whips and paddles used on us. Our dirty and stained clothes being ripped everytime one of the guards reached out to restrain us for our daily beating. Every time my dream would move to focus on Mike, like a camera in a movie, forcing me to focus on something I never want to see again. He was always in profile or looking away from me, but the moment he turned his head his eyes were blazing red and his mouth was turned into a wicked menacing grin, that's when my body would jolt awake and I sat up looking for the predator himself, sure he was back to torture us more.

Jena was no better, she whimpers and cries in her sleep. Not saying actual words, but I could imagine what is running through her mind. She doesn't come out of the terror on her own, when she starts to flail getting dangerously close to the fire and finally calls my name, I grab her and haul her to me, cooing that she is safe. I sit and rock her until her body is calm again and then lay her back down next to me.

By the third or fourth time of this, warriors stopped running into the room at the sounds of her cries or my gasps. Lillian decides to post herself at the cave entrance to keep an eye on us. I can hear murmuring voices just beyond the cave entrance. Maybe status reports or her relaying our restless states, who knows. I'm still too fried mentally to even think straight. I have noticed that my body is coming out of the fight or flight mode though and the exhaustion almost hurts. I wonder if part of that is my body finishing the detox of whatever sh\*t Mike's guys gave us.



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The next time I woke though, there was a distinct difference. I could smell Jena next to me and feel the weight of her head on my shoulder, but we were bumping around and I could feel the thrum of vibrations under my butt. My brain woke up quickly, my eyes however did not get the memo. It was almost as if they were glued shut. I quickly went into defense mode. I started to name off things that were real without the help of sight. I could feel Jena leaning on me and smell her. What else could I smell? I can smell Wyatt and Lillian. A little fainter I can smell Osiston, stale fried food and gas. I try to still my heart, we must be in a car moving, but why can't I open my eyes.


"Where are we going?" I ask Osiston

"Home, Little One. Just rest. We have you." Is all he said, then I fell back to sleep.

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