

# War of Threes

## Chapter 3 - Arya

*Ma-naaier!* (Mother fucker!) My head is spinning as I come back to consciousness. The room is dark, but I can tell that I am alone. Mathias must have grown tired of beating the shit out of me.

*Mank genaaiide bergbok!* (Disfiguredly fucked mountain goat, Afrikaans curse) I will kill him! But first, I've got to get to my mates.

I unleash the hold that I've had on my wolf. I would have instantly healed if I allowed her out, which is not something I want Mathias to see. I needed to get the fuck out of here and the only way to do that was to let him beat the shit out of me so that he thinks that I'm not a threat.

Almost instantly, my bones start to knit together, my skin sewing back, and my vision clearing. As my ribs become whole, my left lung heals and reinflates. My breathing becomes more even, less labored. Several fingers straighten. My shattered knee forms again. My shoulder relocates itself. The pain is excruciating, but I have to stay quiet. I can't let anyone hear me. They can't know that I'm awake.

Once I'm fully healed, I can cut my bonds and escape.