

## Chapter 0163 Act 2-1

I blink away the crap gluing my eyes shut. Then take a slow look around trying not to move much. I am really getting tired of waking up feeling like I got hit by a truck and not recognizing where I'm at. This has become an all too familiar situation and it's pissing me off.

"You're awake Little One. It's nice to see you moving around again. You gave everyone quite a scare. You don't seem to do anything halfway though, do you?"

I tilt my head sideways on the scratchy pillow. "Where am I this time? And why does it hurt to talk?" That hurt far more than it should have. I must be really messed up. I blink over at Warrior Osiston standing next to a door that, I assume, leads to the hallway.

I take a good look around and assess my situation, my eyes seeming to be the only thing that work without pain, still moving slowly through the stiffness. I'm covered in IV's and wires, but none of the awful beeping sounds are coming from the machines.

"I turned all the damn sounds off." Osiston says, noticing where my focus is. "Eight days of that sh\*t is

torture in itself. Speaking of torture, when you regain the full ability to speak, I want to know who put their hands on you.” The absolute menace in his voice made me gulp. He was terrifying without trying, this was a whole new side for me.

“I...I...d-d-don”

“If you finish that lie I will have Doc Sylvia dose you with something that will help you loosen your tongue. I prefer you just tell me the truth though.”


I took a deep breath, deciding what I was going to do. He was going to get the answers he wanted whether I was willing to give them or not. Which made me angry. I let the anger melt away the pain in my face and stared him in the eyes, challenging his authority openly.

“You want the truth? The truth is, I have had a bully for far too long.” I take a second to scootch up in my bed and clear my throat then carefully grab a water cup that is next to my bed. I take small slow sips, my teeth hurt and moving my jaw reminds me how many hits I took to the face. Osiston just waits. “The story is long and painful, I don’t really want to go into it, but my bully is rarely the one who puts her hands on me or anyone else. She has people for that. She directs her ‘punishments’ and supervises to make sure they

are carried out. As for this time, I didn't see who tortured me and they broke my nose early so there wasn't a way for me to catch their scent. She did speak to me though and informed me that 'I will stay away from the twins permanently, they are hers and I am just in the way.' As for her, no one believed me when I brought it up originally, it's been going on for years, it's allowed behavior that actually gets rewarded when I get punished based on the manipulative lies she tells. She preys on the weak and I tend to step in, no one should have to go through this, especially innocent children. I won't allow it. So that is all the information you will be getting on that subject. Next question?" I continue to look him dead in the eyes. 1

"The scars on your back. They are not from this round of torture. Was this done by the same 'she' you were speaking of? When was this?"

I take in a deep breath struggling not to wince at the pain in my ribs and let it out slowly, trying to rid myself of my irritation. I choose to ignore his question and ask one of my own. He didn't answer me when I woke up and I want to know who is waiting beyond that door. I take another slow drink to stall for time. I don't recognize this room, but that doesn't mean anything, I never stayed long in the pack hospital the few times I did actually go and I was

 +20 BONUS

usually too angry or disoriented to pay much attention when I was leaving.


“How about an answer for an answer? I answered your question, I have some too. Where am I and why are you guarding me? Has it really been eight days?” I try to keep my face neutral and as blank as his.



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