

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 2

Lyla's Pov

My eyes opened slightly, rebelling the light that penetrated towards it. I tried lifting up my body from the cold hard floor but I couldn't. I looked down to see my hands had been tied tightly together with my legs as my back was resting against a wall.

"Lyla, are you okay?" I looked beside me to see Pearl with a deep cut on her mouth. She was also tied down as much as I was tied down like an animal about to be used for a sacrifice.

"Where are we?" I asked her, feeling the taste of blood in my mouth.

"I don't know, Lyla. I woke up to see us like this. My head f***ing hurts, the last thing I remember was being at the mall"

Then it clicked, I had gone to the mall with Pearl during the day to get us some nice dresses for the family dinner she'll be attending with Lucas, her boyfriend later in the week.

We then went to the library to get a book for my brother. We had gotten halfway when the driver suddenly stopped and before we could say flapjack, the driver got down and other men took over while two men joined us in the back seat. Before we could scream for help, I was hit with a hard object .

I closed my eyes and opened it once more, trying to confirm if I was really locked up in a place smelling like a...

"This place smells like a f***ing horse urine. if Aurora was here, she would've thrown up a million times" Pearl said, confirming my thoughts.

If the situation had been different, I would've had a good laugh but now the thought just wasn't coming to my head.

"Who do you think could have brought us here?" Pearl asked.

"Maybe the cult" I replied with the only answer I could get.

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My brother, Henry and his friends; Sebastian, Derek and Lucas, who happens to be Pearl by force boyfriend, have been against a big time Cult group in town for years now and this could properly be them retaliating.

"What cult?" Pearl being so chatty at this time made me wonder how well she was taking the situation. I hate to admit it, behind my jovial, playful and always

smiling character lies a fragile and scared child who lost her parents way too early in life.

"The same ones..."

I was about replying when the door suddenly opened, it had been pushed strongly enough to bounce against the wall and echo around the empty room.

A tall giant came in, walking with a cane supporting his movement, his face was scarred and he looked nothing less than 60 or maybe 65 years old.

"Why are there two girls?" He asked, turning to the guys behind him.

The two guys replied to him in a language that I don't quite understand.

"So you're telling me that this one" He said pointing to me, "is a mistake" He turned towards the guys with the guns and they nodded.

"Get me Damon. Since we don't need her, we can as well waste her" My body tenses up at his words. Waste, as in kill.

How did I get here?

My heart pounded as tears rolled down my face, I wanted to free myself and as much as I tried getting the rope off my hand, it didn't work.

"Lucas must think himself lucky to have such a beautiful lady like you" The man touched Pearl's face and she spat on him.

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He held her tightly by the hair and slapped her almost immediately.

Still holding her by the hair, he said, "Maybe Lucas didn't tell you a little bit of his past, Young lady. If he had told you, you would know I'm not someone to mess with"

"f*** you, you hear what I said, coward, f*** you a million times"

Angrily, the man threw her to the other side of the room, her head hitting the wall. She screamed out at the impact.

"You better give yourself some senses, girl or else I'll call my boys and watch them take turns with you over and over till your tiny body gets so exhausted that you'll beg for death" He threatened as he hovered over Pearl. She wasn't moving and she was scaring me. I wanted to call out her name but I knew I couldn't.

He turned to look at me angrily.

“What’s your name?” He suddenly asked while cleaning his hands off.

“Lyla” I replied through tears.

“Such a nice name. It’s such a shame that I’ll have to waste you. You know why?” He asked and I shook my head. “You’re just an unexpected abduction. She was the target and not you. When you see God up there, tell him to make you lucky in your next life”

Not understanding what he was saying, I kept looking at the floor asking for a last chance from God.

The door suddenly opened for the second time.

A really nice smell hit my nose, making me wonder where such a nice smell was coming from. This place wasn’t smelling this nice when I first got here and now I have to embrace the wooden smell, that was just like the way books smell which draw me to the library each and every time.

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When I looked up to trace the smell, the first thing I saw was a gun, whoever it was was holding a gun. I couldn’t possibly run, so I crouched into the wall more, hoping it’ll open up and swallow me.

The old man in front of me stood up and walked towards the man who had come in with the gun.

“Waste her” He instructed him.

The guy didn’t waste any time in lifting up the gun as instructed. I looked up in the direction at which the gun was lifted.

Our eyes met and mine widened in shock. His deep blue eyes penetrated mine, shaking me to the core. I suddenly wanted to run towards him and pull him into a tight hug but I couldn’t as the situation doesn’t warrant it.

The gun still pointed at me, he smirked, dropped the gun back down and swore terribly.

“What’s the matter, Damon? Kill her” the old man screamed at him.

“I can’t,” he simply replied.

“Why?”

Mate

My eyes widened one more time when I realized he hadn't opened his mouth to say a word and yet I heard the word, mate.