

Tasting Darkness By Jessicahall

Chapter 5

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Aleera POV

For three days, I have sat in this cell. No one came except one man. He brought me a bottle of water and some bread, but that was it. Every morning, like clockwork. They hated me, but I didn't care; the feeling was mutual. Yet despite my hatred for the men that killed my family, I didn't think they would do this to me. Yes, I ran, but I had a good reason for not being with them. Did they honestly think I would go running into the arms of my parent's murderers?

I should have chosen the werewolves. At least I wouldn't suffer this misery. Stupid Aleera. I was fucking stupid for calling on them.

Hearing the steel door groan as it opens, I look over to see the man of the morning. He walked over, his back ramrod straight. He bends down, placing a metal plate on the ground that holds three slices of bread.

"Are you trying to anger them?" He asks, speaking for the first time in three days. It speaks! I thought dryly. I was beginning to wonder if he were mute and was waiting for him to bust out some miming, it would have been nice to have some entertainment. I ignore him, and he growls. He growled like some savage, making my head turn to glare at him.

If he weren't one of my mate's minions, I would appreciate the conversation, but since he was also helping hold me prisoner. I couldn't care less about his words. He has brown hair to his shoulders and even darker pitch-black eyes. His scent told me he was a Were-Fae; he had Lycan blood running through his system. That and the black eyes were a dead giveaway.

They looked nearly as eerie as Darius, but nothing made my blood run colder than Darius's demonic eyes. I blink at him before turning back to the wall that has captured my attention, and I continue to count the bricks on the wall; it has become some kind of game, that and counting the smears of blood.

"You are asking for trouble. Just be happy they let you live. Not eating will anger them, and if you don't eat or drink soon, I will be forced to tell Darius," he says. The man didn't look that old, maybe in his late twenties around my mates' ages. His tone clearly showed that he thought I was some naive girl who ran into trouble and was brought here on a whim.

"Answer me, goddammit, if I have to go up there and tell them, they will probably order me to kill you, so please eat. I don't want to be responsible for your death. I

have enough blood on my hands," He mutters the last part more to himself, staring at his clean hands like he could see the blood that stained them.

"Death, now that sounds appealing. Bring on the grim reaper," I tell him.

"I am being serious, they....they will hurt you. Do you have any idea who they are, what Darius is capable of?" He asks.

"What's your name?" I ask him.

"How can she still not know?" I thought I heard him mutter.

"After three days now, you choose to speak to me. Were you told not to talk to me?" I ask, and he looks away, so he has been told not to converse with the enemy. I chuckle to myself.

"What's so funny?" He asks before chucking a water bottle to me. The bottle rolled across the ground, and I was almost tempted to drink it. I licked my cracked, dry lips, my tongue so dry it felt like sandpaper. My throat is raw, but if they intended to keep me here forever, I would rather starve to death and put myself out of my misery. I was doing well so far, nearly seven days total without food, three days without water.

It shouldn't be too much longer if I could hold out a little longer, thirst will kill me quicker than starvation, and I guessed that if it were hot down here, dehydration would have killed me by now, but it turns out it is like an igloo down here, so it was taking a little longer than I predicted. Lucky me, I thought bitterly.

"Nothing. You worry about telling Darius. I find it funny, is all," I tell him.

"Why would that be funny? They will kill you. No, they will force me to do it, and that's worse."

"Why is that worse?"

"Because I don't want to, that is why; you may have a death wish, but I don't like killing people; I have seen enough people die, and I am not someone that enjoys killing," I snorted before coughing on my laugh.

"You hate killing people, but you are a were-fae. They love hunting and slaughtering. I was nearly dog food before they brought me here," I chuckle.

"I am not a monster and I sure as hell didn't ask to be down here with you, so please drink at least, so I don't have to tell them, I would rather you down here and away from everyone than up there with-" he doesn't finish what he was going to say; instead he was looking toward the door.

"How about you tell them I am eating and drinking like a good evil minion, and they will be none the wiser," I tell him, rolling my eyes.

"I can't do that when they ask every day about you, so if you die and they find you, they will blame me for not telling them."

"Instead of asking you, they could check for themselves, so run back to your master," I tell him, shooing him away with my hand, the movement taking way too much energy than it should.

"You have no idea; I warned you," He says, rushing out. I sighed, reaching for the drink bottle and tossing it through the bars so I wouldn't be tempted to drink it.