

## Chapter 0365

"How long has she been here?"

"A little over a year." He brings me a bowl that has some kind of stew-like substance in it. After he places it in front of me, he walks over and kicks at her with his foot.

"He's been forcing himself on her for a year?!" I can't help the disgust and shock in my voice.

He ignores me and kicks at her again. "Get up, you need to eat before he gets here. He's expecting to see you both up and well today. I'll bring in stuff for you both to clean up with soon."

He places a bowl near her and then he leaves, just like that. Doesn't even look to see if she is awake or if I can reach my food, which is barely the way that I am chained up.

I lean forward sniffing the contents of the bowl. It definitely has something in it that smells wrong, but I can't place what it might be.

"It's wolfsbane and belladonna mixed together. It makes it easier to r\*pe someone when they are half unconscious." She sits up like Scarface wasn't just kicking her like a dog. "It's also less exhausting if you pretend to be asleep. Talking to them is like talking to brainless zombies. Everyone who works for the Jackass believes what he is doing is right."

He's good with his words and to the right people his actions are admirable, but they don't see what is going on behind the scenes."

She leans forward and pulls her bowl towards herself and starts poking around with her finger.

"No utensils? Does he think we'll use them as weapons?" I half joke since that was my first thought when I saw the food in the first place. She just looks at me, a knowing, slightly demented look on her face. "Ah, well at least tell me you took someone out with your skills." I say in response. At least she is a fighter and not some damsel in distress.

"Of course I did. I also gave Josh his new look." She tilts her head towards the door.

"Well I get why Scarface doesn't like you now. Is there anything edible in the bowl?" I tilt my head towards hers. She is clearly still alive, so she must be getting nutrients somehow.

"The wolfsbane is dark blue and looks black when they mix it in with the food, almost like large pepper flakes. Belladonna is green or gray and resembles sage. So if you brush off the seasoning, it tends to affect you less, but always look doped up when they come in so they don't give us more, got it?" She is whispering rapidly.

"You know about herbs and plants? That's kind of cool actually. I wouldn't have even thought to separate the food,

★ +25 BONUS

I just would have avoided eating.” I whisper back, assuming someone is listening outside the large door.

“I tried that at first, but then they just give me an IV and I have no idea what’s in that, so I figured this is better.”

“Who taught you about belladonna and wolfsbane?”

“My aunt was a witch so I dabbled a bit with her. I figure a witch must be helping in the kitchen, because the herbs are sprinkled on top instead of being cooked in. Cooked in would be harder to separate and the effects would be in the food itself, but I have been able to have almost no real reaction in months.”

I began to mimic what she was doing and pick off any flakes that looked like seasoning. It wasn’t fool proof, but maybe I could build a tolerance like I have with silver. ①



Miss L Author


“  
*I apologize for the delay. I burned out prepping for NaNoWriMo and caught the kindergarten plague in the process.*  
”


👍 15



## Chapter 0366

As Sky grows up her experiences will as well. From here on out Sky and the rest of her friends are becoming more grown up and we will embark with her on the journey of growing up.

I don't write a ton of spice, but it is implied. When I add spice to the story I will indicate with a  before and after. It will not usually affect the story itself if you choose to skip it, but since there has been little to no spice in the story so far, I feel like giving a warning to those who may want to move past it quickly.

Also with our antagonist comes some Triggers such as abuse and assault again I will preface it with  before and after if you choose not to read those portions.

Thank you so much for following along and supporting my writing! It is appreciated more than you know!

Miss L Writes.



## Chapter 0367

△Trigger warning△

"So someone seems to be trying to help you a little?" The question gives me a little hope that not everyone here is happy and willing to be here.

"I guess, but it's hard to say. I haven't left this place in a while. Did he says I've been here a year?"

"Yep." I pop the 'p' before putting a piece of carrot in my mouth. I can feel my tongue tingle at the effects of the wolfsbane, but it isn't unbearable. This girl might be onto something. Then I realized I don't know her name. "My name is Skylar, and you are?"

She looks up at me, surprised for a second and then says, "Jena, Alpha's daughter Black Diamond Pack."

"Black Diamond? Where's that?" I have never heard of her pack, but I didn't know many outside a couple hundred mile radius of Alpha Reggie's territory. So it isn't hard to believe I haven't heard the name.

"We're up in Canada, closer to Alaska, if that helps."

"You're a long way from home then, assuming we are still in the vicinity of where they took me."

"We've been in this location for a little while. At least I

haven't been moved, and I usually go where their Alpha goes. He likes to keep his toys close." She says darkly.

Before I can reply, Scarface comes back with a bucket of water and two small cloths. He drops them all in front of us, sloshing water out of the bucket.

"Get clean, he wants you presentable in an hour."

"You do realize that my current situation will not allow for that, right?" I look at the chains on my wrist and back to him and then to make sure he really understood I make an attempt at reaching forward to show the extent of movement I have with the chains, which keeps me a good 4 feet from the bucket in question.

"Figure it out, it's not my problem." Then he turns around and stalks out.

I let out a laugh, I couldn't keep it in. Jena looks at me like I have lost my mind.

"Sorry, I can't help it." I'm trying to stifle the amusement, but it's hard. So I try to explain between bouts. "Whatever you did to him f\*cked him up. He won't even bring water within five feet of us. He may act all tough, but that one is a chickensh\*t who will wet his pants when he has to stand in front of you without the chains." She just looks dumbfounded for a second and then also laughs.

"We are trapped and chained up and laughing about our captors. What does that say about us?" Her laughter

 +25 BONUS

subsides a bit.

"I don't know about you, but there were at least twenty people set on me and I'm pretty sure I was drugged. I know I'm a good fighter, it's the one thing I am confident in. They wouldn't have caught me in a fair fight."

"But really, until we know what is going on, we should try and clean up, it keeps the hitting to a minimum, and Micheal likes to hit. He's kind of a sadist." I nod. She's right, going along with this is the best way to figure out what is going on in general and figuring out exactly what Mike's endgame is.

We were able to work together once Jena showed me that our foot chains were a continuous chain looped through an anchor in the floor. We each stretched out a leg and awkwardly pulled the bucket towards us.

Jena showed me how Micheal likes us to be prepared. I still wasn't sure what we were preparing for though. I washed my face, hands and arms and went to throw the cloth in the bucket when Jena stopped me.

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

  
[GET IT](#)