

Chapter 0375

All three lunge at me. I'm quick to kick number three over to Jena's corner of the tiny cell. She wraps her arms around his neck using her chains like a noose and ridding the world of one sadistic idiot quickly.

I swing my free hand wildly and don't hit anything. Number two is quick to laugh at me until he hears the jangle of keys as I toss them to Jena then punch him in the face, while I kick my legs out to trip Jerkface as he turns to try and intercept the keys.

Jena gets her feet unlocked before Jerkface can scramble over to her and number two is righting himself in front of me. I pull my elbow back to knock number two in the other cheek, but I am just short and hit his nose spraying me and anything around me in blood pouring from his nose.

I hear grunting from the other side of the room, but I can't look, number two wasn't as phased by the blow to the nose as I would have hoped and he has started taking clumsy swings at me. He's not doing any damage though, which allows me to listen to my surroundings. I hear several thuds and slaps as contact is being made, but I don't know if Jena is winning or losing her fight.

The next thing I know a small arm wraps around number two's throat and his head is whipped to the side as Jena

breaks his neck. She lets him drop in front of me with a crazed look in her eye.

"Jena. Jena! The keys, Jena. We have to go." I shouted at her, sure someone somewhere felt those three die. A true Alpha would have felt them die.

She blinks a few times then seems to come back to the present as she rushes over to get the keys from where she dropped them and releases me.

"Where now?" She asks me.

"No idea."

"WHAT!? We just killed three people for you NOT to know where to go next?"

"The girl said the Moon Goddess would guide us."

As I finish the sentence a small flash goes off to my right and my wolf nudges me, so I take off, Jena hot on my heels. I don't stop to admire the scenery, but we are in some kind of underground dungeon or prison. There are hallways lined with doors like ours. The stone that lines the walls and floor is caked in years worth of dirt and mold and who knows what else.

Two more turns and then we reach a stone staircase. I can see light through the cracks in the wooden door that seems to be set into the floor at the top of the stairs like a cellar. We can hear voices too, but they are too muffled to make

out what is being said, but the smell of cooked meats and vegetables tells me it's probably the kitchen.

"Where now? If we stay here too long we are going to get caught."

"I know, but I haven't seen any other signs yet. Give me a minute." I take another look around and there it is a flash at the end of the hall, just past the stairs. "There." I point. "We have to get past the stairs unseen then through that door."

We both take a deep breath in and then start running. We don't look around or behind us, which probably isn't the smartest idea, but we are just focused on getting to the door. Once we both reach the shadow of the stairs I quietly turn the handle and crack the door open, ready to fight, but wanting some kind of idea of what we might be up against. The dark room only has one candle lit in the center, which is about the same illumination we always have. I really hope it isn't in the middle of the day when we get outside or we will both be blind.