

Light blinded him for a moment as the hood was ripped off. He blinked a few times, clearing his vision and letting his eyes adjust. When he could see clearly, he quickly took in his surroundings.

A table sat before him and a large monitor was set into the wall just behind that. The door to his right was the only entrance and exit to the room, and he was willing to bet there was a two way mirror behind him. He rattled the cuffs on his ankles and wrists – he was quite secured to the chair that he sat in.

“How have you enjoyed our hospitality, Death Bringer?” A lion spoke from beside him. “Have we treated you well?”

He watched the lion moved from his side to the opposite side of the table, glancing briefly at his reflection in the monitor. Bruises covered his body and blood was matted and dried in his fur. For a moment, he thought of how badly the wounds would scar and if Lilian would tease him for getting more.

“It’s just peachy,” the wolf grinned, voice full of sarcasm. “It is so much better than my last visit to a place like this.”

The lion laughed, seemingly pleased with the wolf’s answer. “Good, good. We do strive to be the best, you know. So, please, let us know if we can improve upon anything.”

“How about letting me out of these cuffs? They are rather uncomfortable.”

“Now, now, Death Bringer, you know better,” The lion shook his head.

He shrugged as if to say, I tried. “Perhaps we should move on then, Kayin. I’m sure there is much to discuss besides my ‘comfort’ here.”

“You’ve got good intel,” the lion nodded at his name as he began to pace. “And you are correct. There is much to discuss to include your knowledge of the underground network for NITKA. Let’s start there.”

“NITKA, hmm?” The wolf shrugged again. “Can’t say it rings any bells.”

Kayin frowned, stopping to stand in front of the wolf, glaring at him from across the table, leaning forward slightly. “Don’t start this again, Ragnorrock. We’ve played this game to a standstill. Surely your answer has changed by now.”

Victor stared back, face and eyes blank, giving nothing away. “We’ve played a lot of games, Kayin. And I seem to lose every time. If I thought I might win, don’t you think my answer would change?”

Kayin straightened and smooth the suit he wore, almost out of habit. “You want to win? That could be arranged. We have something you might desire. I’ll let you see it and then I’ll return to see if your answer has changed. If it has, then you’ll win the prize you saw.”

The wolf frowned, watching the lion motion towards the mirror behind him before the tawny creature strode from the room. The lights dimmed and the monitor flashed on. He frowned harder, wondering what Kayin was talking about.

For a moment, nothing but static appeared on the screen. Then, the feed from a camera clicked on and the wolf paled. A chocolate she-wolf knelt on a bed, hands tied behind her back. A blindfold hid her eyes and a gag kept her from crying out. But what frightened him most was that she wore nothing. Nothing hid the four white lilies that trailed from her left hip down her stomach.

Lilian! Rage filled him and he struggled against his restraints. They bit into his wrists and ankles, but he didn’t care. “You son-of-a-bitch!”

“Calm yourself, Ragnorrock,” Kayin’s voice filled the room, tangled with static from the intercom. “The show has only begun.”