

When Dusk awoke, he was in a dimly lit cell that was rank with the scent of ammonia and bleach. His mouth was like cotton, and his limbs felt like jelly. He tried to move his hand, but it only raised a few inches before flopping limply to his side.

Dusk glanced around the room to see other cells like his. The bars were made of a metal so tough and thick that even shifters would have a tough time breaking them. In the cell across him, he caught sight of curly black hair and stormy blue eyes. His blood boiled. *If she put Raven in this cage, she can't be saved. That's despicable. She's no better than the sorceress clan. Hypocrite.*

Raven shrank back from his angry glare, and he shook his head, giving her a small smile. He signed. "I'm not angry at you. I'm angry at whoever put you there. Did Opal do this to you?"

Raven signed back. "Don't know. Fell asleep in my room. Woke up here. She kept talking about putting me here if I asked too many questions. It might have been her."

Dusk sucked in a breath. "Do you know where we are right now?"

Raven shook her head and then pointed to the shifters. "This place is like how it was then. Why are they here?"

Dusk followed where she pointed and saw shifters, some with rashes covering their bodies and others with needles in them. Their features were gaunt, and their eyes fluttered closed as their blood left them. "Not sure." Dusk lied. *What sort of sick experiments is she doing here? Is that why Opal really recruited me back then?*

Dusk gripped the bars and shook at them, but they didn't budge. *There has to be a way out of here.*