

## Chapter 6

### What Do You Want From Me

Mayra

Spending the night with Darren was more than I could've hoped for. For the first time since captivity I felt treasured. I felt safe. I felt like I was on the top of the world.

For some insane reason I wanted to stay with him. And if he had asked me to, I probably would have.

After I got out of captivity, I thought that I would never let a man touch me. That I will never get close to any man.

With Darren I don't even know how it happened. One minute we were bumping into each at the hospital when I went to see my therapist, and the next we were falling into bed together.

He managed to get past my defenses and despite myself, a part of me wants more. Wants to be with him.

“Mayra, what are you thinking about?” Alice, my therapist, pulls me back to the present.

“Nothing much,” I answered.

It was in the afternoon and I was in one of my therapy sessions. Don’t get me wrong, Alice is a wonderful woman. I just felt like our talks weren’t really helping me like they should.

After all, Raya was still out of control.

“We both know that’s a lie,” she smiles.

“Alright, fine, I was thinking about Darren...I spent the night at his place yesterday.”

“And...” she urges, leaning forward.

“It was actually really great... I didn’t have nightmares.”

She nods her head. She knows what I’m talking about given I told her that I have them. That the memories usually come when I’m most vulnerable. At night.

During the day, I can suppress them but when I’m unconscious that’s a very different story.

“Have you told him about your nightmares...have you shared any of your traumas?”

I look at her like she is crazy. Like she said the most absurd thing in the world.

“Why the hell would I do that?” I ask puzzled.

She sighs as if she’s tired. As if she’s praying to the goddess for patience.

“Mayra, we talked about this...At one point or another you will have to tell the man you decide to date about what happened to you and at this point I’m starting to believe that man is Darren.”

I get what she’s saying but she’s also wrong. I’m not planning to ever date. And Darren is definitely not that man. Sure, I would love for him to be but I have too much baggage. He needs a she-wolf that is whole. Not one that is broken.

I shake my head but she speaks before I can utter a word.

“Putting that aside, I’m here to help you Mayra, but I can't do that if you don’t work with me. You mentioned a few things here and there but when I try to push deeper you close up. The only thing you’ve mentioned is your nightmares and even then, you don’t talk about what they entail.”

“But...” I go to say but she cuts me off

“You never talk about your time in captivity. About what happened to you. You say absolutely nothing but you expect me to help. How am I going to do that if I don’t know the whole story?”

“I know that I...”

“The whole purpose of therapy is for you to talk. To tell me your fears, your pain, your hurts. To get out your frustrations and I try my best to help you heal and move forward. I know it’s hard to remember and you would rather forget but you need to open up. It’s been five years since you started seeing me but not once have you ever talked about your time in captivity. You always dart around the subject.”

I stand up and start pacing. As each and every word she said plays in my mind, I start becoming angry.

She talks about it like it’s easy. As if it’s as simple as snapping my fingers but it sure as hell isn’t.

“Mayra...”

“No!” I find myself shouting. “You have no idea the hell I went through. Ten fucking years I was held against my will. Ten years of wishing and praying and hoping that someone will come find me. That questions would be asked and they would realize that something is wrong, that werewolves were missing. My family fucking gave up on me, do you know how that feels? That they just assumed I was killed by rogues and then continued on with their fucking lives. Washed their hands and moved on while I suffered. It took divine intervention for us to be found. To be fucking freed from the night mare.”

I try to take a calming breath but it doesn’t work. I feel so unhinged. So hurt. So broken. They don’t understand how it feels to be trapped in a place where you’re nothing but a lab rat.

I got free and I thought that it was finally behind me but no. My wolf now hates and is turning into a psychotic bitch that blames me for everything that happened to us.

“What if the goddess hadn’t sent Ren to come for us?” I continue. “It means I would still be in that nightmare. I would still be in that dirty smelling cage, praying for the goddess to just end my life. Hoping that day would be my last on earth and then you have the audacity to sit there and demand I relieve the worst years of my life.”

She looks at me in sympathy and in that moment, I hate her.

“I understand what you...”

“No, you don’t!” I screech. “What the hell do you want from me? Do you want me to tell you how I was cut open each day? How Toby tortured me? Whipped me, punched me, slapped me, and stomped on me day in and day out. Do you want me to tell you how the Monster raped me almost each day after drugging me and the only thing I could do as he took what he wanted was cry? Tell me! Is that what you wanted to fucking hear?”

I was crying when I finished. Unable to hold back the tears and pain anymore. I have tried so hard to be strong since I became a free woman. Tried my best to move forward and leave the past behind me. But my memories still haunt me. Still wreaks havoc inside me.

Like a dam, I burst and let the pain and hurt out. Let it wash over me. I cry like I have never allowed myself to. My heart constricts and my

lungs compress. I feel like I was going to die from the sorrow and heartache.

Unable to hold myself up, I fall on the carpeted floor and hide my face behind my hands. Feeling Alice's arms around me. Her comfort surrounding me, I cry harder.

"It's okay love, let it all out...I'm here," she says in a soft comforting voice.

"No, it's not...I hate how broken and damaged I am and I'm afraid I'll never be whole again."

I don't know for how long we kneel there when my cries finally die down. I now felt exhausted and all I wanted to do was nap before Raya and my nightmares kept me up at night again.

"Thank you." I slowly tell her, looking straight into her eyes.

I see something pass in them but it's too quick for me to read much into it.

"Anytime."

"I would like to go home now, our session is finished right?"

She nods her head in affirmation and we both stand up. She lets go of me and without another word to her, I take my bag and leave her office.

I wasn't being mean or anything by not saying goodbye to her. I was just too depleted to bother.

Everything in me felt raw. Like my heart and soul had been stripped and laid bare for everyone to see. I hated that kind of vulnerability.

Passing other patients and avoiding eye contact with anyone because they probably heard me scream like a banshee, I finally get outside. I breathe in the fresh air. Trying to calm my erratic heart.

Walking towards my car I feel a chill down my spine. I hurry, hating the feeling of fear that was encasing me. Spotting my car, I quickly get in and speed out of the parking lot. All the while feeling like someone was watching me. Like someone was hunting me. Waiting for the perfect time to strike.