

Chapter 15: Catori's POV

The first thing I remembered waking up was extreme back pain.

I slowly opened my eyes, scanning my surroundings. I was in a dimly lit room, mahogany walls, carved with elegant details, a few pictures hung here and there, and a large window to my left. I groaned and rolled over, seeing a Victorian era gaslamp turned on to a low setting, a small box with a lock on it, a few books, and a key.

I gasped so loudly and felt my neck for my necklace, reassured it was still there. Then I noticed the bandages. Bandages, all around my hands. My eyes widened in shock, and upon doing this I felt the massive headache come in. I gasped in discomfort.

I rolled my head around in pain, letting loose quickened breaths as everything finally hit me. I was kidnapped by Pitch... and... Nascha. I was in their grasp, they had control over me, they controlled my anger... They took advantage of me.

I cried so loudly, rolling over, clutching a pillow, holding it close to my body, hugging it, allowed my tears to soak the soft fabric. I began to remember my actions, and Jack came to mind. That explosion of fire and ice, I probably injured him. I felt my heart clench in pain, guilt washing over me. I hated myself. He and I had just begun to start a real friendship, and I no doubt screwed it up. I don't even remember Pitch and Nascha taking control of me...

I heard a soft knock on the door opened, no creaking. I didn't want to face whoever it was, feeling I knew who it was.

"Catori..." I heard his voice and I shut my eyes, a tear escaping onto the pillow. I felt his weight sink into the plush mattress. His cold hand lay on my leg, rubbing it softly. He thought I was still asleep.

"Look. I-I," He sighed, "I'm sorry for everything that happened. I want to help you, I hope that... let, me know what I can do." He sighed again and stood up, closing the door behind him.

I didn't see Jack for a couple more days, but I saw everyone else, they came and went to see how I was doing. Eshe worked her magic with my back, giving me massages and rubbing in a lotion to loosen up the muscles.

"You had to get 40 stitches for your scar. North suspects it came open again when your back hit the rock wall. Continue treatment and it should close up entirely within a few months or so. You'll be just fine." I nodded.

"Thank you, Eshe. I deeply appreciate it." She nodded, "Oh, what're you using to help my back muscles?"

"Oh, it's a little concoction I've been working on. It's a mix of chamomile and cayenne pepper. Mix it up with a little olive oil and it's a lotion. I've been testing it on myself whenever I get too tense from gardening, it's worked quite well, especially getting a good night's sleep. Which, it seems that you've had no problem with." I nodded.

"I haven't had any nightmares."

"That's good to hear. I have remedies for anything." I chuckled. After she left I swung my legs to hang over the edge of the bed, staring at the floor. I needed to get out of this room, move around, walk...

I groaned as I got out of the bed, I opened the door, pulling on the handle and stepping out. I smiled as I walked around, seeing all the flying toys and the yetis hard at work, and the elves in their playful nature. A few of them smiled upon seeing me, as if they recognized me somehow.

I didn't really have any destination in the Pole in mind, just wander around and regain some physical strength. As I made my way around a quiet section, I heard someone talking a ways away. But I couldn't hear anything said. I walked through a hallway and was surprised to see a door decorated with snowflake designs and a hexagon above the door.

It must've been instinct but I felt that this was Jack's room. However, I didn't knock. I did stare at the door for some time before moving on. As I walked, I enjoyed the feeling of the clothes given to me. Deep red pajamas. The top was designed like a tunic, cinched at the waist with a ribbon, and ankle length loose fitting pants. Hemlines and edges embroidered with black, gold, white and a lighter shade of red. The outfit was made of silk, lined with a thin layer of fleece.

After a good long walk around the Pole, I was able to make my way back to the room. I just

wanted to go home. I'd been away for too long, and I didn't even know how much time had passed since Pitch and Nascha kidnapped me.

[Continue reading next part](#)