

Chapter 152

Exhausted and frustrated, Mira stared at Natalie. The girl held out admirably against her questioning. Strength can be an annoying trait in people I need information from. "Natalie, is there any way I can possibly impress upon you the necessity of your cooperation without making your existence as unhappy as the last group of people you spoke to?"

Natalie was truly uncertain how to take that question. "I think you've made it pretty clear where you stand with me."

"You know, the part I find ironic," Mira asked, trying a new angle. "You spent months trying to convince your previous captors that you had seen werewolves and vampires. Now. Here you are. Seated in front of a woman who already believes you saw exactly what you were claiming, and you're denying all of it."

Shifting uncomfortably in the chair, Natalie busied herself with staring at her feet or the floor; anything that wasn't Mira's face.

"I know they hurt you. I know they made your life hell for months. I don't want to do that too. But I promise you, if you push me to that point you will find that my versions of torture are far worse than anything you dealt with in that asylum. You see, in the end they didn't have as much to lose as I do. And they weren't convinced you were telling the truth. I on the other hand have complete reports of everything you told them and not only do I believe you, but due to some minor things you said, I can't ignore you."

Natalie looked up at Mira finally. The cold fear that flowed through her was no longer tempered by the gentle tone in Mira's voice.

"Natalie, if you don't give me what I want, you may end up dead. Not in an asylum or a nice white padded room anywhere. I want you to think about that for a little while. I have other matters to attend to. Right now, I'm going to send you to a nice room where you will be fed and allowed to get a bath and some rest. When we talk again I hope you will be more cooperative."

Mira reached for the phone on her desk with the intent of calling a servant to escort Natalie to a room when a heavy knock echoed through the room. Mira knew that it was Trey before she ever got there. He had a knock all his own. *WŴw.n0vêlwoRm.com*

Opening the door, Mira found her second standing with an annoyed look on his face. "I don't think I want to know what's causing your stormy expression. I'm too tired right now."

"Sorry," he growled and pushed his way past Mira into the room.

Mira closed the door and leaned back against the wall next to it. "Make it quick."

Hearing the annoyed tone in her voice, Trey decided to just tell her.

"We don't really have enough information to figure out who yet. But someone assassinated Nora Senach."

Closing her eyes, Mira began rubbing her temples. "You're kidding." *Ŵww.n0©Elw0r-M.c0m*

"I wish I was." Trey looked over at Natalie. "I guess you don't have the information you wanted from her yet either. If you need help with that," Trey started, his eyes shifting to a molten gold as he stared at Natalie.

As tired as Natalie was, she still managed a solid glare at Trey. Knowing that he was trying to scare her only made it come easier. He grinned back at her defiance.

Shaking her head, Mira walked back to her desk. "Enough Trey. Take her to her room and make sure someone gets her something to eat. Leave her alone until I tell you I need you."

Trey nodded to Mira and went back to what he was saying before Natalie distracted him. "Luther is looking into the matter of Nora Senach, but no one is talking. He can't decide if it's because they're that scared to say anything or if it's because they don't know anything."

"I wanted the meeting stopped but not like this. Am I right in assuming that the Council meeting isn't going to happen?"

"Yes and no. Remember, there's Aislinn. We're still watching to see how the Council handles the problem. And either way they can have their own little meeting if they want."

Mira sighed. "The damn lycans are too intelligent, you never know what they're going to figure out."

Smirking, Trey nodded. "I have a few favors I can call in."

"Not until we know what you'll be asking for. Just take her to her room for now."

With an amused grin parting his lips, Trey walked over to Natalie. Her knees pulled up to her chest, she sat with her feet on the edge of her seat and her arms wrapped around her knees. Glaring vehemently at him as he approached, Natalie sat farther down in the chair as if she could keep him from taking her out of it by will power alone.

It was all Trey could do to keep from laughing at the way she stared so defiantly at him. "Do you actually think you can stop me from following my orders?"

Coming quickly to the conclusion that it would be stupid to resist being taken to a nice warm bed and food, Natalie stood up voluntarily as if that had been her intention all along. "I wouldn't dream of making your job difficult."

Smiling, Trey gave a little bow, indicating that she should walk in the direction of the door, then followed along behind Natalie as she led the way out. Trey nodded respectfully to Mira as he closed the door behind them.

Arms crossed over her chest and stomach aching with remembrance of her last encounter with the large tattooed man in front of her, she couldn't help the unhappy looks she kept giving him.

"I don't know if my feelings should be hurt or not," he teased as he turned down the hall and led Natalie through the mansion. *WŴw.n0vêl(w)0rM.coM*

For the first time since she had gotten there, she had a good look around. The place was beautifully decorated. It didn't look like the kind of place where people got tortured. It all seemed to have come out of the renaissance. Carved wooden arches framed hallway entrances, tall thick brocade curtains covered all the windows, oil paintings hung ceremoniously precise in alcoves and gargoyles stared back at Natalie from corners and above doorways. *wŴwŴ.n(0)VêlwoR-M.C.n*

"So you're not going to talk to me now," Trey asked, noticing her scrutiny of the decor. Mira wasn't concerned about the girl. At least not in the sense that anything should be hidden from her. It had already been decided that she wasn't going to be able to return to her human life. They didn't know what was going to happen to her exactly, after all of this. That would depend on the decisions she made.