

Chapter 165

Tor was at a loss. He went through the list of all the men currently available to take Natalie to look for the muin farmhouse where she stashed the tapes. All the men he was willing to consider were out on Luther's orders. Those that were left he was positive would intimidate Natalie enough that it might bring them back to square one.

He was considering whether he could have looked a bit harder for someone to take the fiery redhead out house hunting. Feeling pressed for time he wondered if he should make the phone calls to his contacts in the packs now or if it really could wait until after he got his hands on the tapes. By the time he reasoned out that the information on the tapes might influence the calls he made, he was standing outside Natalie's door.

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A brief smile crossed his lips as he knocked on the door. As usual there was no response from inside. He wiped the smile from his face and turned the knob. "You know," Tor said as he walked into the room, "a simple 'come in' might prevent a person from walking in on something that you wouldn't want seen."

"I lock the door when I want to prevent that," she responded shortly.

"I guess that could work too."

"Anyway, you said you were coming. I'm ready to go."

"Are you sure you can find it again?"

"Honestly, no." Natalie picked up the notepad and pen from the table. She stared at the rough map again. "I hope so. What will happen to me if I can't?"

"Not sure. I guess that would depend on whether Mira believes you truly can't find it or if she thinks you're lying. If your lying, then not only will that piss her off but there's also the fact that you would have wasted my time when there are a number of other things I need to get done."

Natalie stared at the map with concern.

"Don't worry. She's not as bad as it may seem. She's in a difficult position right now and it's wearing on her. I'm sure you'll be okay one way or another. Let's get going. We'll just have to make sure we find the place so that there's nothing to worry about."

Tor led the way down the hall. Natalie continued to stare at the map as they walked as if she could will herself into remembering some additional detail that would help out. "How far outside of town are we? In what direction? I was trying to figure out how far we'll have to go to get to highway 41."

"It will be quite a drive. But I'll see how fast I can get us there." He watched the freckles on her face wrinkle in concentration and found himself smiling again. Shaking his head at himself, he opened the door for her that led into the parking garage.

"Thanks," she said staring at him in confusion.

"What?" He asked at the look on her face.

"I guess I was thinking that I never in a million years would have pictured a werewolf or lycan or whatever opening a door for me. The general portrayal isn't that of the lycan gentleman."

A rumbling chuckle reverberated in his chest. "You certainly do speak your mind."

"Sorry, I guess I sometimes say things without thinking. I wasn't trying to be insulting." Natalie blushed as he opened the car door for her.

"I'm not offended. I find it interesting that you appear to have adjusted to dealing with this so well so quickly. Not many could go from fainting to analyzing manners so offhandedly in the space of a few days."

"I wouldn't call it a quick adjustment. I've learned a lot in the past six months. Not the least of which is that human beings are more capable of being monsters than the monsters are. That conclusion I reached long before you rescued me from that asylum."

"How exactly could you determine that before coming here?" Tor's voice was tinted with obvious interest in that particular comment.

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Natalie paused before she continued, trying to put her thoughts in order. At this point I suppose the whole thing will come out when they see the tapes anyway. "The night I got everything on tape was very strange. It may be easiest to watch it as opposed to me trying to explain it all. Mostly I say that because I get the feeling you'll understand it better than I did. Ultimately it came down to what I think was a vampire rescuing me from some military types." Tor thought about that as he drove.

Sitting in the silence Natalie watched out the window as the scenery passed. They were on the south side of the city she realized after a time. It was going to be at least an hour to drive through it, depending on traffic. They would need to stop for gas and then drive the rest of the way out of town. She started to worry that they might be seen and that they might get followed. Then a look over at Tor again put her mind a bit at rest. I'm willing to bet that even the government guys with the guns would have trouble with this guy. She found it odd that while he had to be the biggest man she had ever seen. The tattoos on his face were certainly intimidating. If she had met him under any other circumstances she was certain she would have turned and gone the other way as quickly and quietly as possible. Somehow getting to talk to him even the little bit that she had convinced her that he was more trustworthy than anyone else she had known in years. It was an odd feeling.

"Natalie," Tor asked breaking the silence after quite some time driving. "What did the vampire you mentioned look like?"

"It was dark," she said and went a bit pale.

"Okay, so it was dark. You have to have seen the guy's face if he 'saved you,'" Tor said with more suspicion.

"I don't think I've ever seen anything more terrifying. If it hadn't been for the fact that the other guys had guns and were shooting at me," Natalie didn't finish.

"You still haven't described him."©ww.NŌvEI(w)or(m).coM

Natalie could see the nightmare as clear as day. "Dark hair, black sockets for eyes, a mouthful of fangs. Nothing like the movies."

Tor went cold all over and a low growl emanated from his chest, causing Natalie's eyes to widen a bit and she turned to look at him. "Say you didn't get him on your tape."

Natalie didn't answer.www.ᵐOvE/Ŵô©m.(c)ôm

Jenna paced impatiently in the small room she had been thrown in. She was becoming far to used to the feel of prisons lately. It didn't matter whether it was her own bedroom thanks to Rafe, an actual room with bars courtesy of Cadifor, a self imposed hotel she couldn't leave, or a small room with a locked door.