

Chapter 505

Darkness covered everything. It was insidious, blanketing all light, all memories, all sense of time. How long had she been here? Was it a day, a week or even a month? She didn't think it was any longer than that. She remembered the concept of light, and she was fairly certain that if darkness had been all that she'd known for a year or more then the memory of light would have faded. Sensory deprivation did that to a person. It confused time and place. It messed with the mind until you didn't know which way was up or down, or who you were any more.

She knew her name was on the tip of her tongue. She could reach for it but it would only slip away again as it had so many times before. The creature would arrive and there would be the barest of sensation at her right side and then oblivion would creep back in. So, this time she didn't reach for her name. The crushing disappointment of almost getting there only to have it snatched cruelly away again would be too much to bear.

Something did feel different this time though. The clarity was stronger, and she was sure that she could sense a presence to her left side. Someone was with her, someone lay close and he was important to her. He! She was aware of his gender and his presence. That hadn't happened before. Perhaps she was becoming immune to whatever drug was being administered or maybe something had happened to their abductor and he couldn't come back to knock them out again.

Whatever it was it gave her the first tendril of hope that she could remember having. She reached with her mind, stretched as hard as she could, trying to force the clarity to come quicker. Her name...rain. It was raining? Why did the weather play on her mind when she was so close to remembering? Her name was almost in her grasp, she almost had it...rain. No, not rain, but Rayne. Her name was Rayne! Sarayne, and the warmth that was starting to become more pronounced to her side could be no other than Gard, her mate.

"Gard! Gard! Wake up. Hear me!"

The mental shout she sent towards the presence was nothing more than the faintest of whispers. She was far too weak for her telepathy to work, and just because she was becoming more aware, that didn't mean that her mate was. Silence greeted her, and the tiny spark of hope that had started to blossom began to fade. What did it matter that she knew who she was, and remembered Gard? If he was deep in the drugged oblivion that had surrounded them for so long, there was nothing she could do to escape. Even if she could move and was fully lucid, she would never leave her mate behind. As he would never leave her behind if their roles were reversed.

The only thing Rayne could do was wait, and hope that their abductor did not return. If he stayed away long enough then maybe Gard would shake off the drugs too and they could escape together. It was a tempting thought, one that fanned the tiny flames of hope once more. If she called to Gard every so often perhaps he would hear her. Maybe they would soon be

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The shuffling sound of approaching footsteps sent a shaft of dread right through Rayne. No! He was coming back, he was going to drug her again, and they would forever be held in this

captivity.[ıwW.NcVₑLLWor™.co\(ı\)](#)

"Gard! Please wake up! Gard!"

Something flickered, a gentle fluttering against the surface of her mind.

"Gard?"

The presence was there and it was male and so very familiar. However, it wasn't her mate. It didn't have the same scent and colours that wrapped her up in his love. This presence was dark, and it was brooding. It was midnight shades and deep dark caramelised cinnamon. Moreover, it was love...so much love and loss that her heart broke and she knew she had to stop a telltale tear from leaking from her closed lids.

Oh God no! Not him! They had everything else that she loved, but they couldn't have him...they couldn't![ıww.NôveıııŴ©\(ı\)\(ı\).c\)óm](#)

"Run!" She screamed the word out with every ounce of mental power that was available to her, even as the sharp sting of a needle told her that her time was up. "Run, Kothi, run...please son!"

There was no answering call, but the presence was still there, alert, angry, and oh so feral as it slowly began to fade away as the darkness thickened. Rayne's heart slowed, memory evaporating as the drugs took hold, but her mother's love fought on, gave her a final moment of lucidity. "Agony...oh Agony...run my child."

She couldn't fight it any more, couldn't hold onto the spark that tried to keep her centred in the conscious world. Rayne let go, sank down into the abyss once more as the softest of voices danced inside her mind..."Mother..."[wwW.ııO\(v\)eL©ıŴ©.co\(ı\)](#)

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The wave of nausea crashed over Natalia so strongly that she couldn't halt the groan that ripped from her throat as cramp clenched inside her abdomen. She was vaguely aware of Dara speaking her name, however her eyes swung to the dark cloud in the seat opposite her, her breath catching at the rigid body language of the male before her. "No..." she croaked the word out, even knowing it was too late.

Agony rose like a spectre of death, fangs elongating and dark black talons curling from his fingertips.

"Get everyone out of the carriage." The voice was panicked but authoritative, Dara issuing instructions, even as she moved closer to the impending danger. She didn't look to see if Dante and the others followed her instructions, though Natalia could hear the others in their party moving quickly away from them.

It was a small blessing that there were hardly any humans in the train compartment. Something about their presence had seemed to warn them off when they entered the carriage and most had moved to other ones, a handful of the braver ones staying at the bottom end away from the group of wolves, hybrids and vampires.

Natalia couldn't drag her gaze away from the death in front of her...because that's what Agony was in that moment, the true embodiment of death. "Kothari...Kothari listen to me. You need to take control. You need to stop him. " How she knew that was what was needed was beyond her, she just said the first thing that crossed her mind, that felt right.