

Chapter 73

Nightmare Or Not

Lauren

I was running through the forest. The sky was black and moonless. No stars in sight. I didn't know where I was going. All I knew is that I had to be there. Blue was shut out, so it was just me and Midnight.

I break through the dark forest. In the far distance I see a large imposing building. There was nothing around it. No houses, no other buildings, no nothing. I approach it slowly. My heart racing and my fear intensifying.

The air was suffocating. I could feel their pain. Their fear. Their hopelessness. I smelled the scent of blood and death. My people were here. They needed my help.

Almost as if I was in a daze, I crossed over to the compound. It was as if I was a ghost, because the guards didn't notice me. I took a whiff of their scents. Humans, I realized.

Slowly I approached the main entry door. My feet felt like it was encased in lead. I knew there was nothing good I would find behind the

closed door. But I couldn't turn away. I wanted to. Goddess I wanted to, but my feet refused.

I entered and the sound of screaming filled my years. The pain mixed with anger in their voices was too much to bear.

I walked further. By passing rooms that were empty. Following the sound of the screams. The nearer I got to the screaming woman, the heavier my heart felt.

I get to a door. EMPLOYEES ONLY was written on top of it. I could feel the horror emanating from that room. The scent of pain, blood and death were concentrated in it.

I wanted to turn back. I didn't want to see what was inside that room but it was like I was stuck. Like I had no control over my own body.

I pushed the door open and a scream tears its way from my soul. Dozens of werewolves in different stages of shifting were chained to what looked like operating tables. Men and women in lab coats surrounded them.

"I just don't get it. What is it about them that makes them different from us? We've been studying them for years yet we have found nothing. Everything about them is identical to humans except the fact they can turn into an animal." a woman says.

She was cutting pieces of something using a scalpel. I focus on what she was cutting into and I wish that I hadn't. In front of her was a brain. A dead werewolf's brain to be exact.

I watch horrified as they cut them into pieces. Stab them, electrocute them, and burn them. It was horrible. Their screams will forever burn my ears.

The realization hits me. Our existence was no longer a secret. Somehow humans had found out, caught us and were now experimenting on us. It also seemed like it wasn't a recent thing. They had known for years.

"Can you imagine the upper hand we would get if we were able to unlock the secret of their DNA?" a man asks. Excitement in his tone. "We would be able to replicate their DNA and then introduce the modified one to our soldiers. Our country would be unstoppable."

I almost fall when I hear him say that. This was worse than I thought. Either the government already knew about this or these people were trying to sell this secret to them.

"Hey! Who are you? This is a restricted property," a guard shouts.

What the hell? I thought no one could see me.

I start backing away. Everyone's eyes are on me. When the guard starts approaching, with a menacing look on his face I turn and run.

Oh goddess. What the hell was I going to do?

"Stop!" someone shouts. As if I will do something as stupid as that. I keep running.

I hear heavy footsteps echoing behind me. I pass rows of doors before I get to a wide door named Area B. Without thinking, I go through it.

The overwhelming smell of blood and piss almost brings me to my knees. Dozens of cages with werewolves run along the area.

They were all in terrible conditions. Bruises and cuts marked their bodies. They were thin and emaciated. Some looked like they wouldn't survive the end of today.

They turn to me. Looking at me as if I was a dream come true.

“Please help us! Save us.” a woman says.

Ignoring the guards that I felt approaching, I try to open the cages. The moment my hands touched the lock, it went through. It was like I was formless.

Fuck! How was I supposed to help them? They kept begging me but my hand kept going through whenever I tried touching the lock.

The door bursts open and the guards walked through.

I just didn't understand. How is it that they could see me but I couldn't open the locks? It made no sense. Also, when I arrived they couldn't see me, so what changed?

“I promise I will be back for you. I'll come back with help.” I tell them in a hurry.

Right now, I wasn't of any use to them. I couldn't get them out. Even with Midnight, I knew that we were out numbered and probably out matched. So, ignoring their desperate calls, I turn and run.

I didn't know where I was going but I had to get out. I had to get Sebastian and the werewolf council to help. This was a job I couldn't do on my own.

I was about to cross over to another room when I shot zings through the air. The bullet pierces my shoulder and I scream. The agony and pain letting me know that it wasn't a normal bullet.

Everything begins to fade around me and I wake up on my bed screaming. With Sebastian trying to shake me awake.

"It's okay sweetheart. You're okay. It was just nightmare." He soothes.

I throw myself at him. Straddling him and holding him close. Making sure that he was real. His arms wrap around me and rub my back in comfort.

I couldn't stop the tears from falling. Fear and pain still lingering in my bones. I cling to him. Cling to his warmth and his strength.

"Please don't leave me," I whisper, when I feel him shift underneath him.

I was utterly shaken up.

"I'm not planning to," he replies.

He drops tiny little kisses all over my face while whispering soothing words. With each action I begin to calm down.

Once I feel like myself again, I let go of my death grip and stare at him.

“I’m sorry,” I mumble, realizing that I must have woken him up.

He gives me one of his rare smiles. “Don’t worry about it,” he says, leaning against the headboard.

He brings me with him and I lay my head on his shoulders.

“Do you remember what the dream was about?” he asks after a while.

I think back and nothing pops into my mind. How strange. It was just on the surface of my brain but still out of my reach.

I frown. “No. All I remember is the scent of blood and death. And being really terrified.”

“Well, that’s a good thing, right? My mom used to tell me that if you don’t remember your nightmare then it won’t come true.” he says. His voice deep and gravely.

“Really?” I ask unsure.

“I don’t fucking know,” he chuckles. “But it’s a nice belief.”

I nod my head. We are quiet for a while and I begin to doze off. He moves me and gets out of bed. I instantly wake up. Fear gripping me again. He stares at me, only then realizing he was in nothing but a pair of low hanging sweatpants.

“Don’t go,” I plead, tiredly. “Could you please sleep here and just hold me? I don’t want to be alone.”

He looks at me for a while. His penetrating gaze unraveling me. For a moment I think he’s going to refuse my request but finally he nods his head and gets into the bed.

“Give me just a moment. I need to pee,” I tell him before fleeing into the bathroom. I hear him laugh, low and deep.

I do my business and then go to the sink. It’s when I was opening the tap that I feel a sharp pain on my shoulders. I pull the t-shirt down and I let out a shocked breath.

What the hell, I think to myself. Where the hell did this come from?

There on my shoulder was a wound. I examine it closely, realizing that it was not just a normal wound but seemed like the kind caused by a bullet.

It was slowly healing but that wasn’t what worried me. It was the fact that I had a wound I don’t remember getting.

“Red, you okay?” Bash calls me. I guess I took too long in the bathroom.

“Yeah, I’m just finishing up.” I reply a bit shaken.

Something wasn't adding up here. What the fuck was going on? First the terrible nightmare I couldn't remember and now this? Something was seriously wrong.

I get out of the bathroom. Choosing not to tell Bash the terrifying new discovery. I get to the bed and he throws the covers back so that I can get in.

"Goodnight," I whisper.

"Goodnight too, Red," he answers. Pulling me close.

The moment his arm wraps around my waist, everything fades away except for the two of us and no other nightmare invades my sleep.