

The Love of a Lycan

Chapter 23 - THE SLOTH

Raine timidly looked around her, she tilted her head from side to side and when she didn't find the thing she was looking for, she started to walk, roaming around the room.

Torak followed her a few steps away with bemused expression. However, after some times Raine looked like she couldn't find what she wanted, he approached her and put his hand on the side of her cheek.

Raine flinched, still not used with his touch. But the urge to touch her mate was irresistible for Torak, the spark was addicted and that the first thing his mate should learn, because he wanted her to get used to him and his presence.

Ignoring her little attempt to shake his hand from her cheek, Torak asked her gently. "What are you looking for my love?" He drew a circle on her cheek with his thumb absentmindedly.

Raine tried to tell him by making a hand gesture. Somehow, she forgot her fear and looked at Torak in the eyes, eager to tell him the thing that she needed.

In her eagerness, she looked adorable in Torak's eyes.

"Book?"

Raine nodded.

"You will draw that person?"

Raine nodded again.

"Alright." Torak strode across the room toward his bag in the middle room and Raine unconsciously followed behind him.

He retrieved a notebook and a pen. "I don't have pencil, can you do with pen? Or should I ask someone to buy it for you?"

Raine shook her head and took the notebook and the pen from Torak's hand. She plopped down on the couch, pulled her knee to her chest and scribbled something.

While Raine was occupied with her drawing, Torak took this time to observe his mate. She was so skinny that he assumed would be underweight, her skin was so pale almost translucent and her lips a little bit chapped.

However, beside all of that, she was still beautiful. The beauty that could make him lost for words to describe her.

Torak made a mental note to visit a doctor, Raine needed to be examined to make sure she was fine and started her diet to gain more weight.

They also needed to meet psychologist. He had Raphael investigated further about her and the fact she was mute because all the things that she had been through in the mental hospital made him furious.

Just what did they do until Raine shut herself? This fact didn't sit right with him. Unintentionally, a low deep growl erupted from his chest by the image of something terrible that might have happened to her.

Hearing the furious growled, Raine's head snapped at Torak's direction, fear swirled in her eyes.

"I am sorry, I didn't mean growl at you..." Torak apologized and approached her cautiously, gave her time to know his intention.

Raine still looked at him with uneasiness, but didn't move when Torak sat beside her. She bit her lips and lowered her gaze, continue scribbled on the notebook.

She took a few minutes more before she finished it and gave the portrait to Torak. There was a faint smile on her lips and Torak loved that.

His eyes beamed and his beast wagging its tail in delight by her small gestured.

However, all of the sense of satisfaction faded away when he saw the portrait of the man who Raine had drawn. Torak's eyes alternated between blue and black as a name hissed through his teeth with so much revulsion.

"Belphegor..."

Even Raine could feel the animosity that was carried by the mentioned of that name in the way Torak said it.

She wrote something on her palm, poked Torak's shoulder with her forefinger and when Torak finally looked at her direction she raised her hand and showed it to him.

[Who?]

Torak didn't immediately answer her question. He looked at her intensely before shook his head. "I will tell you later."

No wonder he couldn't pick his scent and sense his presence as turned out it was him!

Raine scribbled something on her palm again and showed it to Torak.

[What happen?]

There was concerned in her beautiful eyes as her eyebrows wrinkled curiously. However, Torak kept shaking his head, he didn't want to tell her everything yet. It wasn't the right time.

Therefore, when Raine was about to write something again on her palm, he grabbed her hands and kissed her knuckles.

"Actually, you are very talkative my love... why don't you talk to me?" Torak asked charmingly, peeking from her knuckles.

Raine didn't say anything, only staring at her hands which were clutched by Torak.

Kissing her knuckles again, "I have someone bring a new dress and underwear for you, it is in the bathroom. After take a bath, you can change into it." He informed her and let her go.

With the mentioned of underwear, Raine blushed furiously and clumsily trudged away from Torak toward the bathroom.

This made Torak smile by how blushful his mate, however when Raine had disappeared into the bathroom, his eyes glazed over as he mind linked Raphael.

[Raph?]

[Yes, Torak?]

[Stop the hunting. You will never find him.]

There was a silence before Raphael talked again. [Did you know the creature that entered your room?]

[Yes. Belphegor, the sloth.]