

Chapter 37 – The Nightmare

*"You think that I can't see right through your eyes.
Scared to death to face reality. No one seems to hear
your hidden cries. You're left to face yourself alone." –
Evanesence, Where Will You Go*

Neron

*Why is it so cold?

Heavy rain cascades down my face, drenching my body from head to toe. My clothes cling onto my flesh like a second skin with the thieving icy wind zapping the warmth from my body. Goosebumps littered my once glistening tan skin, my hands not generating warmth when I rubbed them together. Desperately.

Everywhere I looked, everywhere I turned, I saw nothing but grey. Thunder roared above like a lion announcing its claim to the crown, shaking the foundation underneath my feet. The pitter-patter of the fallen water echoed through the air, blocking out any secondary noise that didn't get the chance to be heard.

Why am I here?

Chapter 37 – The Nightmare

I tried to speak, but my lips couldn't move as if they're cemented together. With every grunt I made to pry open my lips, the effort is futile. Someone must have cast a spell to prevent me from speaking. My frustration grew. Why? What did I do to deserve my voice to be taken away? My body moves on its own accord, walking through the valley of grey with no sense of direction. Everything looks the same to me from all angles. ¹

I could be walking around in circles, for all I knew.

But then I heard it. The only sound that pushed through the volume saturation of the rain, footsteps. The footsteps sounded meticulous, like someone taking great care to be certain that I could hear them. I followed the echoing sound to see who else or what else is stuck in this void with me. All contact with people I knew was non-existent, my mind-links blocked by an impenetrable wall that proved too formidable for me.

I ran. I didn't know how long I ran for. The lactic acid burned in my legs, demanding me to stop, but I disobeyed. I pushed through the pain, desperate to know who the mysterious footsteps belonged to. My desperation poked at my psyche, holding many questions and not enough answers. I needed those answers as to why I was trapped in this void in the first place.

Chapter 37 – The Nightmare

“Why do you feel guilty, Neron? Since when does an Alpha like you feel guilty about anything?”

I skidded to a stop. That voice...

“What makes you think you can make things right?”

The voice chilled me to the core. The words, ignited by hatred and sadness, turned me to the crumbling ember underneath its inferno. It directs the questions at me, questioning my feelings and drive. The voice chilled me, but it also planted a deep seed of warmth in my voice. I longed to hear the voice again, to remember how much it means to me.

“Halima?”

She scoffed. **“That’s the first time you called me by my name. I thought I was just ‘It’ or ‘Slave’.”**

A sharp gust of wind blew in front of me, commanding the pathway of rain to clear. In front of me stood my mate, donning the dirty dress I last saw her in. She was close enough to me that I could touch her. My fingertips ached to capture the fated sparks of our bond. Her lifeless brown skin was bruised, large and small in various stages of healing, proudly showing themselves off to their creator. Her

Chapter 37 – The Nightmare

matted hair heavily weighted down with water clung onto her neck and face and her dress stuck to her flesh, outlining the little fat she had and many of her bones.

She's not happy. The look she gave me had the power to slaughter me. The brown in her eyes void of life but filled with pointed emotion that twisted all my internal organs.

Sadness.

Hatred.

Vengeance.

Pain.

The more she stared at me, the more my internal body seared with guilt. It burned like a raging inferno, her emotions pulling me down to its depths. Tentacles of our broken bond coiled around my neck, choking me with the anger to rival the God of War. I didn't hear Onyx, assuming he had abandoned me to my fate.

"Halima..." I choked out. "P-Please. I'm sorry—"

"Your apologies mean nothing to me, Alpha." T

Chapter 37 – The Nightmare

he venom spewed on her last word, acid dripping like the fangs of a deadly cobra. **"Nothing would erase what you've done to me. You ruined me. You rejected me. You left me alone in the darkness, and all you have to say is sorry?"**

"There is no excuse for what I did to you. Y-You're right. I hurt you but understand I didn't know! I didn't know—"

"You knew." She interrupted, her dark eyes growing darker than humanly possible. **"You didn't care. The word of a slave was nothing to the word of the Alpha. You assigned me the guilt before you gave me the chance to speak! You see these bruises?"** She raised her arms, turning them as more colored her skin. **"They are an accumulation of the years you battered me. Used me as your punching bag. Instead of the gym, you came to me. I didn't bleed sand, I bled crimson, and you relished in it with every moment that sunk into that twisted, blackened mind of yours."**

"Every bruise on my body holds a distinct memory of your rage, your malevolent smiles, your hatred, and your callousness. You're a talented artist, Neron. Always have been, even when we were kids. Only this time, my body was your canvas and these bruises are your art. When I healed, you paint some more until there is no b

Chapter 37 – The Nightmare

rown flesh left to paint on.”

Blood dripped from her nose, rain mixing with red. I watched in horror as patches of skin split open, blood gushed out like a raging river. Chunks of her flesh fell to the darkened ground, splattering in a sick heap of red. Her eyes, surrounded with dark bruises, glare at me once again, freezing me in my spot. **“Blue, black, yellow, and green. The colors of the Alpha’s rage. But let’s not forget the red. The endless blood I shed under you and your family. The blood I shed didn’t compare to the lives of your mother and sister, did it? No, I needed to shed more to compensate for their blood sinking into nature’s soils. An eye for an eye, you’d like to say. Blood likes to flow and regenerate, and I held limitless amounts of it. Not a day goes by where I didn’t bleed by an open wound you or your father caused. Or anyone else who considered me guilty without giving me a fair trial. I was just a little girl who’s forced to grow up too soon, a girl forced to make peace with the facts that everyone I loved abandoned me.”**

Halima took her first steps toward my frozen body; chilly fingers caressed my cheek. The touch is empty of love and warmth. It was...nothing. Her expression held no emotion. Like I was looking into an immobile doll. Only her eyes conveyed all the

Chapter 37 – The Nightmare

emotions she wanted me to feel. I wanted nothing more than to get on my knees and repent all the sins I've committed, to beg for her forgiveness. Our broken mate bond continued to choke me, reminding me of what I've done. I've broken the only person who could love me beyond life, all because I was too late to realize the truth.

I hated myself. I hated everything about what a sorry excuse of an Alpha I was. She was right. There was nothing I could do to mend the hurt I've caused her. My hands were stained with her blood and marred by her suffering. I caused my mate to suffer. I beat her, broke her, and chose another woman over her. I could have freed her from her life in captivity, but I kept her in there.

For the first time in a while, I wanted to cry. Cry for my mate. Cry for all the wrongs I dealt her with. The wind blew harsher as her fingers lingered on my cheek, the metallic scent of her free-flowing blood making my eyes water.

"Does it hurt, Neron?" She asked me with sickly sweetness. **"Does it hurt to desire what you could never have? This is nothing compared to what is in store for you."**

"What do you mean?" I whimpered for the first time in my life. An Alpha was whimpering at the bitter

Chapter 37 – The Nightmare

hatred of his mate. “Halima, if I could turn back time, I...”

“You can’t.” She stepped away from me, her eyes never leaving mine. **“You can’t change what happened. I’m dead, remember? You marked me for death. See?”**

What I saw made me want to howl in horror. On her right shoulder is the Mark of the Betrayer I cast upon her, but now festering in sickly tumors and welts that decorated the entirety of her right back. My stomach churned and my head pounded like a hammer striking metal.

I did that...how could I do that to her?

“This is what could have been if I was still alive.” She turned to me again. The grey void cleared behind us, revealing the treacherous cliff that many saw her jump from. **“But I’m not. I’m not real. I’m a manifestation of your guilt. But who knows? If you allowed me to live, you’d see the true effect of the mark happen right before your eyes.”**

“Goddess, Halima!” The bond finally let me go, my knees giving out on me. “I’ve been such an evil person to you, and I’m so sorry! I’ve caused you pain beyond human comprehension and you have every

Chapter 37 – The Nightmare

right to hate me. I deserve it all. I wish I could make things right, but I can't. I ruined the one thing the Moon Goddess made for me, and I could never forgive myself for destroying you. Please...please forgive me for all I've done. Give me a chance to prove myself worthy to you."

My heart exploded bit by bit as I watched her walk towards the cliff, her toes dangling off the perilous edge. I could save her, couldn't I? "I'd spend the rest of my life making up for what I've done. I'd do anything to make you happy, to look at me without hatred. To make you smile, laugh, sing, everything. I'd die a thousand deaths if that would make you happy. I'd let you beat me, scar me as I scar you, even kill me if that would make you happy. I'm so sorry...I'm so sorry, Halima."

"Wishful thinking." My heart shattered to pieces. "Your love is a lie. I hate you, Neron Prince. I wish for you to suffer as much as I suffered, but the broken bond is doing just that. I hope for you to live knowing that we could've had something. You mean nothing to me. Nothing would ever erase the fact that YOU are an evil man. Just like your father. Just like your uncle. I would never love you because I'm never coming back. The Halima you desire is dead."

She fell forwards. My arm shot out; my fingers

Chapter 37 – The Nightmare

desperate to grab onto her body to stop her from falling. My hand grasped air and Halima's body disappeared over the cliff into the water and rocks below, taking her life as she crashed.

My screams echoed through the air, the grey void closing in around me as I mourned the loss of my mate. It's all my fault! It's all my fucking fault!*

Chapter Comments

POST COMMENT

Stacy Todd

Wow! This is one of the best written chapters yet! Your wri...



45


Visitor


this is great. I love the suffering he's going through. I just hope...



27

[VIEW ALL 12 COMMENTS >](#)

 87

 SHARE