

Fated out Chapter 72

72 You don't have to be alone...

Lyla

"That bastard is your Lycan Leader and you're his subject. What's wrong with you, Nathan? What with the vulgar words and the

r with which you speak?"

"When you've been in prison for four years... you pick up certain language. I won't apologize for this. I'm not sorry, it offends you!! *www.NoV@/wOrM.cOm*

"All this because I refused to kiss you?" I stared at him in incredulity.

"Yes!" he nodded meeting my gaze, he didn't seem like he was joking. *WWW.NoV@lW.cOm.(c)Om*

"And why is that? Because you went to prison for me? I didn't ask you to, Nathan. If I was there, you know I would never have allowed you to walk into that dungeon."

"Maybe!" he shrugged reaching for the cup of coffee on the table. "Is this mine?" he pointed to

the tray.

I was angry at how he changed the topic without giving me any closure. "Stuff yourself!" I drew a long hiss and walked past him to the bedroom closing the door firmly behind me.

I was so mad, that I wanted to break something but then I remembered Nanny's words earlier and I paused, taking a deep breath. Maybe I was being too hard on him. Four years in that dungeon I couldn't imagine what he'd endured.

I felt the anger inside me slowly melt into understanding. I would be more tolerant, and patient It was the least I could do for him- little means to repay him for the sacrifices he made

for me.

Exhausted, I slipped into bed, willing myself to sleep. I don't know how long or when I dozed off but a few hours later, a groan – deep, guttural and filled with pain – echoed through the apartment jerking me awake.

The sound sent a shiver down my spine as I sat up, disoriented and still sleepy. Heart still pounding, I switched on my bedside lamp and listened.

The sound came again, this time more intense than the first one and it was coming from the living room.

Alarmed, I threw back my covers and padded down the hallway barefoot towards the direction of the sound. In the living room, I turned on the light and the sight that greeted me shattered my heart into a thousand pieces.

Nathan lay on the floor beside the couch, the blanket I had thrown over his body last night twisted around his legs like chains. Beads of sweat had formed on his forehead and his face was contorted in agony with eyes squeezed shut as though he was trying to unsee something.

His hands clenched and unclenched, as if he was fighting an invisible enemy as his lips moved.

"No... won't tell you..." he muttered, his head thrashing from side to side. "Do what you want... you can do worse than this. I will never tell you where she is..." *www.NoVe@WoRm.cOm*

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I sank to my knees as tears shimmered in my eyes. I could feel his suffering. I gently placed a hand on his shoulder, trying to soothe him.

"Nathan," I whispered, "Wake up. It's just a dream. You're safe now. I rubbed his back.

But the struggle intensified. He kept muttering the same words over and over. I shook his shoulders harder, trying to pull him out of the nightmare.

With a sharp gasp, his eyes flew open and his body tensed. In one fluid motion, his hand shot out. and wrapped around my throat. His eyes were wild, unfocused, burning with a fear and fury that shocked me.

I gasped, my heart racing but I held perfectly still, I didn't want to alarm him further.

"Nathan!" I said quietly, allowing my hand to cup his face. "It's me... it's Lyla..."

It took a few seconds but slowly, his eyes cleared and recognition flickered in his them. But in the next instant, it was filled with horror, replacing the rage that was burning through him a while ago. He yanked his hand away as if my skin had burned him and scrambled backwards, shame darkening his features, until he hit the wall.

Slowly, he sank to the ground, drawing his knees to his chest, and hugging them tightly.

"I'm sorry," he breathed. "gods! Lyla, I'm so sorry.

I rubbed my throat, but what hurt me more than the dull ache I felt was the look in his eyes not fear, but something worse. A complete emptiness as if something had been taken him, leaving behind an empty shell.

Just how did Ramsey torture him? What did Ramsey do to my friend?

away

Carefully, I moved towards him, holding my hands in front of me placatingly as I knelt a little distance away from him.

from

"Hey!" I said softly, trying to get his attention before crawling toward him. "It's okay. You were having a nightmare."

Without a word, I wrapped my arms around him, holding him close. Though he didn't resist, his body remained rigid. I could feel his heart hammering against his chest as I held him.

"Everything's going to be okay, I murmured, running my hand up and down his back. "You're safe now. I've got you." *Ww@.NoV@lWdrM.cOm*

We sat like that for a long time, until the tension began to ebb from his body. His breathing steadied, though he kept his face buried in my shoulder. A while later, he pulled back, his gaze searching my face as he whispered.

"I'm... I'm so sorry, Lyla. I didn't mean to hurt you. I... I could have hurt you."

"But you didn't," I held his hands, forcing him to look at me. "You didn't hurt me, Nath, I assured him again, brushing a stray lock of hair from his forehead. "I think the living room is colder. How about you sleep in my room tonight? The bed's big enough for both of us."

He hesitated lowering his gaze as shame filled his face. "That will not be wise, Lyla... these nightmares..."

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"Just to sleep," I assured him. "I don't want you to be alone anymore. Please."

For a moment, I thought he would refuse. Then he gave a small nod. I stood and held out my

hand.

After a brief pause, he took it, allowing me to help him up. His hand trembled in mine but his grip was strong as I led him to the bedroom.