

Chapter 153

Natalie continued to remain silent as she followed Trey to her room. He made too many turns and she was too tired to be capable of keeping track of how to get back to where they'd come from. What the hell am I thinking? Why would I want to get back to that damn office? I need to know the way out, she thought. But there was no indication from any of the directions they went in, or from the look of any of the doors or halls they passed of where the exit might be. The few open windows Natalie noticed only told her that they were far from the city and very high up.

"Well here it is," he said, finally opening a door and ushering Natalie in. "There isn't a lock. We don't need one. You leave this room and we'll find you."

Oddly there was no threat in his voice, it all sounded matter-of-fact, as though he was merely giving her a friendly piece of information. Confusion coursed through Natalie. She had no idea what to think of all this. "Does any of it really matter?"

"What do you mean?"

"So if I told that woman everything she wants to hear, and she goes and finds whatever she thinks she's looking for or doesn't find it, then what?"

Trey sighed, "I honestly don't know."

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"How likely am I to end up dead no matter what I say? Will I ever get home?" Tears began to run down her cheeks from unblinking eyes.*www.loveWorm.com*

I hate it when women cry, Trey thought. Backing Natalie into her room he guided her to sit down on the bed and brought her a tissue from the box on the end stand next to the head of the bed. "Look, no one will hurt you if you cooperate. That's what she said wasn't it?"

"And I'm just supposed to believe that? Why? Because you're the m swiped her face. She thought she had run out of tears months ago.

Trey paced away from her and then paced back. "To tell you the truth, you may or may not be able to leave. But, you seemed to take a good look around on your way here. Would it be so bad to be stuck her for a little while? No straight jackets, no lights, no drugs. Just not leaving."

She thought about that for a minute. Shaking her head, "If you were told that you were getting a life sentence in the most beautiful prison in existence what would you think about that?"*(www.loveWorm.com)*

"Yeah, a prison is still a prison."

"Yeah."

"It's hard to say what might be able to be worked out if you give her what she wants. But I can tell you that she'll get the information one way or another. She doesn't have a choice. We need to know where the tapes you took out of that fight went."

"I know, lives depend on it. She told me," Natalie said, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"I'm sure that I can't say anything to you that she hasn't already said. So I won't bother trying to convince you of anything."

As Trey turned to leave, Natalie realized that she was going to end up alone again. It had been so long since she had contact with anyone, she hadn't realized that there was a small part of her that didn't care what they did to her, as long as they didn't leave her alone again. "Wait," she blurted, as he reached for the door.

Turning back toward her, he couldn't help but hear the note of desperation in that last word. It was totally different from the attitude that permeated the rest of what she said that night. "What?"

Staring at his strange face, Natalie's brain raced for something to talk about, anything to talk about. "What are your tattoos supposed to be," she asked suddenly.

"I don't think any woman in the history of women I've known has ever been quite as confused as you are. I'm going to let you slide on the likelihood that the Feds knocked a number of screws loose in your head. Relax, I'll send someone with food eventually," he said, putting more emphasis on the word 'eventually' than Natalie liked.

"So you're not going to tell me?" Natalie stood up and looked as though she might stop him bodily from going out the door.

Trey started to feel like he may have some leverage that Mira hadn't possessed during the prior questioning. But you'll have to be careful about it, he warned himself. "Why? You wanna get some just like it?" He reached for the handle on the door again, just to see what she would do.

"Maybe," Natalie squeaked and took a couple more steps. Stop caring so much, she told herself. Alone isn't so bad. You can think when you're alone. That's what I'm afraid of, she answered herself. "I only thought that they looked weird. Whoever did it, didn't do a very good job."

Trey grinned; he knew exactly why she said that. "Oh?"

"They're all smooshed together. Like your face was squished after it was done." Suddenly a thought occurred to her, as he stood there grinning wider and wider. "Your face did change after it was done, didn't it?"

Trey scratched his chin and chuckled, "get some rest Natalie. You're going to need it." He reached for the door again.

This time the couple steps she took put her in front of him and she grabbed his wrist. Trey could feel her trembling, as her small fingers dug into his arm. "Seriously, you're a," she started but couldn't finish.

"So what if I am?" His eyes bored into her. Molten gold, flooded the brown and he waited for a reaction.

Fighting her impulse to pull her hand away, she stared hard at him, searching for the right answer that would get her out of this nightmare. "How do I know I'm not having some bad dream? What if the Feds have drugged me up and are playing more mind games? What if I'm still in that cell and I'm hallucinating? What if-"

"Whoa, slow down." Trey took her by hand and led her back to the bed, barely managing to coax her into sitting back down. "This would be a pretty weird hallucination, don't you think?"

"I would have thought that all hallucinations are weird."*www.loveWorm.com*

"Okay, good point," he said. "What do you want me to tell you?"

"I don't know," Natalie responded angrily. "I don't know what to think about anything anymore. One day I'm going along, working, everything's sane and rational. Then the next day all the things in science fiction, horror flicks, and the recent romance with non-human things craze are all real life. Am I really supposed to believe I'm currently talking to a werewolf?"