

6. The pull

Rory's POV

I felt pain in every ber of my body. Attempts to move my toes were excruciating so I stopped. The darkness that was surrounding me was suffocating and I felt numb, almost ripped apart from my body like a ghost oating to nd its way back home.

No sounds or movements were heard in this terrifying silence. I was scared. Was this purgatory before I left for heaven? I didn't know, so I willed myself to relax. I didn't know how much time passed, but eventually faint sounds reached my ears and I tried my best to follow it. The more I followed, the more pain I felt.

But one voice was reaching into the depth of my soul, compelling me to go through the torture to nd the root of it. The more I swam towards the voice, the pain became more unbearable but somehow soothing at the same time. Screaming internally, I pushed through the last barrier and resurfaced from the dark water.

All the pain was gone, replaced by a strange but addictive feeling of electricity and warmth that consumed my body. I was enjoying the feeling when suddenly I heard the deep, alluring, body awakening voice and my eyes shot wide open.

The view I saw was magical. Deep green eyes pierced my soul, reaching directly into my heart. I was compelled to hold his gaze so I would not sink into the darkness again. The feeling was indescribable. I didn't hear anything around me, those eyes pulled me into the world that I didn't want to escape.

When I found my voice after watering my dry throat, I asked the rst question that came into my head. But the answer didn't give me any idea of what was going on. The more information I got from the strangers, I felt even more confused. I didn't expect to be in the hospital. I tried to remember the reason I was here, but my mind was blank. When the owner of the beautiful green eyes asked my name, I cried, not able to remember that simple thing.

His touch sent those electric shocks to my body, his warm lips kissing my head made me feel safe. But who was he to make me feel this way? Who was I to him?

Who was I?

Still in slight pain, my brain refused to give me all the answers to my questions. All I knew was the feeling of security that ne man gave me with every touch, word, and action. After crying my heart out over not remembering my name, I fell asleep again, basking in the glory of his presence and touch that soothed the pain.

"What's the damage?" I was half awake, but I could vaguely hear his uneasy voice, lled with worry and sadness.

"Amnesia is my best guess, based on her responses. She's probably feeling lost and scared right now. I assume it's an effect of the brain injury. Sorry but I don't know more at this moment. We still need to run more tests and preferably get more information from her."

Someone answered, afraid of the words spoken out loud. I heard an irritated sound that would be described as a groan accompanied by a soft touch on my right hand, followed by a kiss on my knuckles that went straight to my heart, causing it to beat louder. The beeping sound from my heart monitor reacted it, announcing to the whole room that I was awake.

"Hey baby girl, can you open your beautiful eyes for me?"

Again that alluring voice spoke, and my eyes opened as if compelled to do it. Again my heart stopped at the sight of the man in front of me. He was so handsome, it should be illegal to look like that. With his green eyes and dark hair, smiling at me like I was his sun in the darkest night, I couldn't help the feeling of happiness that he was here with me.

"Hi Gorgeous, how do you feel today?" He asked, brushing away the hair from my forehead. His touch was sending pleasurable sparks through all my body, reaching all the way to my toes with a single touch.

"Fine." Was all I could mutter back to him. His gaze penetrated me and intimidated me at the same time.

"I know you don't know much, but I'm Blake. Do you remember your name?" He asked and his simple question made my brain to focus on it. What's my name? I didn't know. As much as I tried, nothing came out. Defeated, I sighed, preparing to give him the same answer when a faint voice in the depth of my head gave me the answer.

"Rory." I looked at him, wondering if it was the truth. He only smiled. And I heard the name resounding in my head again more loudly, so I repeated the name more condently.

"My name's Rory. Or at least I think that's my name." I gave him the answer, smiling slightly.

He did the same but brighter. If I thought he was handsome before, now with that smile he was breathtaking. I wished to have someone like him by my side. But men like him were probably taken with a gorgeous blonde model by their side. The thought of him with someone else made my heart ache and my mood dampen.

"What's wrong Rory? Did I hurt you?" Blake asked, worried at seeing my sullen face I desperately tried to hide. His affection was doing things to me and I wasn't ready to admit it, he was a total stranger to me. Yet everything in me called for him. But I had to be strong, especially if he was going to disappear once I recovered.

"No, nothing hurts. I'm just tired." I didn't know where to hide my gaze to not let him know of my true feelings. He came closer to my bed and lifted up my chin so I had no other choice but to meet his eyes.

"Tell me what's wrong so I can help you." His soft voice didn't help in hiding anything from him. It was more like an invitation to open up, so I just did that.

"It's just, I woke up in the hospital not knowing what happened or who I am. And here you are, taking care of me like I'm someone important to you. Yet I don't even know you, I don't remember you or even my name which I'm not sure is real. And that strange feeling when you touch me is wonderful yet unknown. It's...it's like a pull to get closer. Like we belong together. Like some kind of spell and I'm scared because I don't know what's happening." All of my thoughts tumbled out while he just listened.

He never turned his head away from me. He just sighed at the end. And I felt so embarrassed to say such dumb things. I hid my face in my hands, hoping he wouldn't think I was delusional after all. Well considering my state, it's possible. I heard the doctor's words 'brain injury'.

"Thank you for sharing your thoughts with me." Blake said, gently pulling my hands away from my face, and I looked at him through my lashes. I knew my face was as red as a tomato with embarrassment.

He was chuckling, at least I made him smile. "If it makes you feel better, I feel the sparks, electric shocks, or whatever you want to call it too, and it's wonderful." That statement made me smile. It was good to know he was affected the same way.

"I hadn't met you before I came to the hospital nine days ago. We were on our way back home when my mother felt sick and we rushed here, through some misunderstanding I entered your ward and was struck in an instant. So I guess it's the pull you're talking about." He caressed my cheek with his thumb. "And from the rst moment I saw you, you became important to me."

Those simple words made me gasp. He was here for me. Before I could respond to his words, the doors to my room opened and a man in his mid-thirties walked in. He had blonde hair, blue eyes and a friendly smile on his handsome face. Dressed in a white coat with a stethoscope hanging over his neck, I knew he was a doctor.

"Good morning, how is my patient feeling this evening?" He asked, standing at the end of my bed.

"Her name is Rory." Blake informed him, and the doctor's smile widened.

"It's nice to meet you, Rory. I'm Dr. Felix Logan. Can you tell me how you are feeling?"

And then I remembered him from when I rst woke up. He was the same doctor who asked me questions, but for some unknown reason my eyes were focused only on Blake, ignoring everything and everyone around me.

"I feel a small pain in the back of my head, my body feels exhausted and weak, and I'm hungry." I answered him honestly. I felt my stomach rumbling at the mention of food.

"The pain will subside with time, and about your exhaustion, with rest and proper meals you'll regain your strength. How about your memory, do you remember anything more?" Dr. Logan asked but I shook my head and he nodded in understanding. He informed me about a few more tests he wanted to run, and he told Blake what I could eat from the hospital menu before he left us alone.

"So now, we need to put some food in your angry stomach before going back to sleep." Blake joked, causing me to giggle. He went out of the room to ask a nurse to bring me some porridge and fruit. Within ve minutes, an ugly looking goo was placed on the tray with a colorful plate of fresh fruits.

"Eat up Rory, this is all the doctor allowed you to have." Blake nagged me so I dug in. If the porridge looked ugly, it tasted even worse but thanks to the juicy, sweet watermelon and bananas, I ate it all. With my belly full, I felt my eyes grow heavy and without warning I drifted off to sleep.

I had a very pleasant night. Although I had no dreams, I felt at peace. In the morning, Blake assisted me with walking to the bathroom after I insisted for the nurse to get rid of that humiliating catheter from my private parts. I felt embarrassed at the thought of Blake witnessing my peeing into the bag hanging at the side of my bed for so long.

"Do you want me to help you inside?" Blake's question made me look up at him in shock, and for the rst time I could see a smirk on his face.

He was taller than me, I barely reached his chest. My small frame would disappear in his arms. When I didn't answer him right away, he laughed and walked me inside the bathroom, then left, closing the door behind him.

"He was joking." I scolded myself for thinking otherwise and carefully on still weak legs I did my business. But the moment I looked at my rection in the mirror above the sink, I gasped in another shock.

Mess.

Was the best description of myself. My hair in knots and greasy, dark circles under my eyes and my complexion pale. I didn't want to check my breath, I already knew it wasn't good either.

"I'd like to take a shower and brush my teeth, please ask for a nurse!" Somehow I knew Blake was behind the doors waiting to escort me back to bed. He said to hold on a minute. And exactly a minute later with the soft knock a middle aged nurse came in with a new hospital gown and toiletries.

I was shy showing her my naked body but she told me to turn my back to her and take off the gown inside the open shower stall. She helped me wash and brush my hair. Dressed again in the new and fresh gown, I brushed my teeth and felt more satished with my appearance.

Blake helped me go back to bed and covered my lap with a blanket. The nurse, whose name I found out was Jane, came back to my room with another IV bag and attached it to my arm. Blake placed another tray of food on the bed and I started to eat.

"How do you feel, Rory?" He asked when I was enjoying another piece of apple. I was about to answer when a knock on the door stopped me. I looked in the direction of the sound to see a beautiful woman coming in, smiling at Blake so vibrantly that I felt jealous. She was tall, t and a little older than me. But she had that aura of condence around her, like she owned this place.

Blake stood up from his chair with a smile, hugged her and kissed her cheek. They looked so perfect together. Her vibrant red hair was perfectly styled into a bun and her simple black dress exposed all her perfect curves. She was probably his girlfriend. My heart broke at that thought. And I felt so stupid assuming he liked me just a bit. I looked at my ngers to not show my devastated expression. I noticed how small and skinny I was compared to the beauty in the room.

"You must be Rory. Blake told me all about you." The woman sat at the chair Blake was previously sitting in. Not trying to be rude, I turned my head and looked at her with a small smile.

"Oh my Goddess, your eyes are beautiful. What am I saying is, all of you is beautiful, Blake's lucky to nd you." Her words were pleasant but the ugly feeling of jealousy didn't vanish.

"I'm so stupid, my name is Isabella, but friends call me Bella. I'm Blake's best friend." She offered her hand in greeting and I took it. She said 'best friend'. I didn't know how to feel about that. I looked between Isabella and Blake.

"You're not together?" I asked, still confused about the situation. They both laughed at my question and Isabella shook her head.

"Oh no. We're just friends. You're lucky my husband didn't hear that, because he might get angry at your accusation." Isabella answered between laughs.

I looked at Blake and his eyes were focused on me, my heart skipped a beat at his intense and penetrating gaze. I felt the heat rushing to my cheeks and I lowered my head and hid my face with my still-wet hair.

"Well, I just came to say hi, and inform you that the doctors are very pleased with your progress. I can try something funny. Why don't we spend the time getting to know each other better? What do you think?" Blake asked while taking back the chair, and I just nodded in response.

That was really good news. This hospital room was nice and fully equipped but I wanted to get out. Wanted to go back home. But just as the thought crossed my mind I realized I didn't know where home was. I had no memory, no glimpses to help me nd out my past. The only thing that was real in my situation was the pull to stay with Blake. Maybe he could help me to nd out who I am?