

A. Nocturne's 249

Chapter 249 Fate was Indeed a Cruel Mistress

TW: Non-con S/A, death.

A sound from somewhere in the darkness of her bedroom woke Aoife with a start. Her heart raced as she lay frozen in her bed, wondering if she had simply dreamed the noise, or if there truly was someone in the room with her.

She had always been a light sleeper and it had never bothered her before, being used to Felix's gentle snoring waking her occasionally, but this? This was different.

The faintest sound of some sort of material moving against itself pricked at her ears as she turned her head towards the sound. As soon as she did so a dark chuckle seemed to cut through the darkness a little too close to her head for her liking.

Title of the document

She opened her mouth to cry out, but a hand clamped down over it before she could even take a breath.

"Hello Ann..." the voice murmured chillingly as Aoife froze.

Whoever