

Chapter 5: Five Names

MYRA

A big sigh left me as I collapsed face down on my bed.

I said no, and frankly, I had no idea where I got the strength from. Something about Locke's touch had my senses scrambled and my thoughts flying away from me.

I would have said yes. It was really a tempting offer. One many girls would kill for, and if possible, kill me for it.

I sighed, rolling over to face the ceiling.

The Prince couldn't understand why I was reluctant and, frankly I didn't want him to. His family were the biggest hunters of witches and witch-hybrids, and for all I know I could be entering a trap.

I sighed again, letting the events of today play in my head.

If it weren't for the Prince, I would have been tending to more bruises now, but here I was.... safe, thinking about the way he touched my chin. His face, filled with longing and lustful desire for me.

Although, I had been lusted after countless times, there was something unique about the way Locke looked at me that was different to every other person. While the others had predatory gazes, seeing me like prey, Locke looked at me like I...mattered. Like he couldn't live without me.

I shook my head, accepting that I was being one hundred percent delulu.

The sound of my phone buzzing jarred me from my thoughts, so I lazily lifted my phone to check it and the moment I saw a text from my P.I. asking to meet at a certain location, I jumped out of bed.

Within twenty minutes, I found myself on the roof of a three storey abandoned factory. My P.I. a young man fresh out of Lupin Ridge, and also my childhood friend, stood with his back to me, staring at the glorious lights of the Nightmoon city.

He turned and I stormed towards him.

"What the hell, Mason?!" I pushed his chest, making him stagger back a foot. "How could you leave me stranded like that?!"

His face was morose. "I'm sorry, Myra."

"Of all the places to meet, it had to be the Helsing house!" I pushed him again. "Are you trying to get me killed?!"

He ran a hand through his brown hair, frustration etched on his face. That's when I noticed the black eye and the bruises.

"What the hell happened to you?" I asked warily, taking a step back.

"Myra, listen to me," Mason said, gripping both my arms. "We've known each other for years right? You're like a sister to me."

"Yeah, so?"

"So, I need you to drop this case."

I blinked, not sure I heard him right.

"What?"

"You can't keep digging about your parents' death, Myra. It's too dangerous."

My blood ran hot making my heart race. "You found something, didn't you?"

"Myr-"

"Tell me!"

Mason let me go, his eyes wary of me as he took several steps back. "Myra, you're doing that thing again."

Confused, I looked down at myself to see not just my hands but my entire body covered in electric blue sparks. I closed my eyes, taking deep breaths as I willed my wolf to calm down.

A few moments later, the sparks disappeared and I let out a sigh, feeling exhausted.

"You have to tell me what you found, Mason." I swallowed, my throat constricting with tears that I didn't want. "I need to know what happened to them."

Mason stared at me for a moment before bringing out a folded file from his back pocket and handing it to me. "Your parents were murdered... just like you suspected, Myra, and here..." He raised the file. "...is the list of everyone I believe is involved."

My heart skipped a beat as I stretched my hand out to collect it, but he

moved it out of reach.

"Myra, don't go down this path. Move on with your life.... Revenge will not bring them back."

I snapped my jaw shut, my hands curling into fists as currents of power surged underneath my skin. "Give me the damn file, Mason!" I snapped. "Or I swear to the Goddess, I will hurt you."

Mason's brown eyes glassed up, his expression filled with pity and hurt. "Very well." He muttered, handing me the file. "I hope you survive this."

Then he brushed past me, and a few minutes later, I watched his car drive down a dirt road till it went out of sight.

If I had known what would later happen, I wouldn't have let him leave that way.

Taking a deep breath, I sat on the edge of the building, my legs hanging in the air, as cool breeze whipped my hair around.

For a moment, I couldn't open the file. I was paralyzed with the memory of finding my parents dead.

I was five years old, just getting back from ballet practice and I was excited to tell my parents about my day. They usually waited for me outside the house but this time they didn't so I was curious to know why and that had made me rush into the house.

What I saw next scarred my soul and has since haunted my dreams.

I took a deep breath and opened the file, my body trembling. The first thing I saw was the picture of my parents - the one I gave Mason, to aid his search.

My father was a bearded man, over six feet tall standing outside an amusement park with his arm around his wife. My mother clung to my father, almost as tall as him, her face bright with a smile as she stared at the camera.

I was not in the picture. I wasn't born yet. I wished I was born then, I wished I got more happy moments with them before they were taken from me.

My eyes watered, but I swallowed my tears, bracing for what was about to happen. Flipping the page over, I saw the names.

They were just five in number, along with pictures and other

information.

Five names involved in my parents' murder, and the moment I saw the Helsing name right at the top, I understood why Mason feared for my life.



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