

CHAPTER-3: New beginning or end

Helena stood like a stone in front of her mother's grave while some of her last rites were being performed behind her. Her eyes welled with tears and her mother's name blurred on the gravestone but she controlled her emotions. She came here to ask for strength from her mother, not cry out like a weak girl.

"I have hired a lawyer. Your dream will come alive, Mommy. She betrayed me from her family and she destroyed her but they couldn't break her spirit. Helena was going to fight back every single one of them. "I'm sorry, Mom. I couldn't protect your last inheritance but now I have regained it, Mom!" she inhaled sharply when a cold breeze touched her skin. "I love you," she whispered and bent to put the flowers in her mother's grave but she stilled when she heard someone's grunt followed by heavy breathing.

Helena frowned when the sound came again, it was from behind her mother's grave. She clutched the flowers tightly in her hands and stepped forward to check.

She momentarily froze seeing a badly injured man lying against her mother's gravestone. Helena forgot to blink seeing the face of the man which was painted red with blood. His arm and leg were bleeding too. The blood was oozing out of the wound on his right thigh. It looked as if he survived a fatal attack on his life or something.

Helena forgot to blink when that man turned his head to her direction and his blue eyes met with hers. He kept looking at her blankly and unblinking. Without thinking much, She crouched to his level, placed her hand on his uninjured arm and asked, "Sir, can you hear me?"

The wounded man gave her a nod.

Helena inspected his wounds closely. "Let me call an ambulance for you sir," She said, pulling out her cell phone from her coat but He stopped her. "Don't," He rasped with a hoarse voice.

The frown between her eyebrows deepened. Before she could ask him the reason they heard running footsteps coming nearby. The wounded man's eyes tensed ominously. He raised his eyes and let out a harsh breath before his eyes met Helena's again and he shook his head.

Helena could sense something was wrong. The man hid himself behind the gravestone, and soon the sound of footsteps grew closer. Helena looked up and found a few men coming her way. She retreated to her mother's grave and got to her feet before turning around. A moment later, a man walked to her. "Miss, Have you seen an injured man limping here?" The leading man asked looking straight into her eyes.

Helena looked at their attire, all of them were wearing suits but there was something about them which spoke of danger. Helena's eyes moved to one of the men who had a gun in his hand and that made her breath stop short.

"No. I have not seen anyone as per your description," she told them, making sure her voice came out smooth. The man pressed on, "You wouldn't want to know the consequences if you lied to us."

"Why would I lie?" She retorted. "You could ask anyone," She said, gesturing at the procession of mourners behind them. "I'm not here to keep my eyes on injured men here!"

"Boss, I think he must be hiding among the crowd there," One of the men interrupted the leading man who glanced in that direction. He nodded and beckoned to his men to move before walking out of the graveyard.

Helena waited for them to vanish from her vision and only then she turned back to the man hiding behind her mother's grave. The blue-eyed man stared at her intently.

"You seriously need immediate medical attention," The bleeding in his arm was getting severe. She pulled out the scarf rolled on her neck and tied it tightly around his wound to stop the blood. "They have gone. Let me call the ambulance, alright?"

"No ambulance. It's not safe for me," He struggled in a heavy breath. His whole body was burning in a painful way. It was pure survival antics that kept him conscious till now. "Do you have a car, Signorina?"

Helena nodded. "Yes. I do," She answered and the stranger sighed in relief. "I need to reach somewhere safe. Can you drive me there?" He asked, making eye contact with her innocent features.

Helena grew silent. She had an appointment with the lawyer in two hours and she didn't want to be late. But she knew if she didn't help him, he might not survive these injuries.

"Where do you want to go?" He asked. He seemed impressed by her courageous attitude. "To Saint Joel's road."

Helena nodded. It was almost a half-hour drive from here. She could drop him there and still reach on time for her appointment. "Let me help you," She said, holding his uninjured arm, swung it around her shoulder and helped him to his feet. He rolled his vigilant eyes around the area before she took him to her car which luckily was parked right at the second gate of the graveyard not far away from there.

She helped him into the passenger seat before getting into the driver's side and gave life to the engine as they drove away leaving the danger behind them.

Helena glanced at him. This stranger might be injured but there was something about this man which screamed he possesses a powerful authority. His posture, his blue eyes speaking volume and an intimidating aura. Helena wondered who this man was. What kind of man gets into troubles like this?

She took a risk to help a stranger. What if she gets into some kind of problem?

But before Helena could ask his identity, his cell phone went off. She heard him sigh heavily as if he was exhausted with the calls. "I will be there in a few minutes," He stated authoritatively without bothering with a customary greeting and ended the call.

Helena's composure shivered upon hearing the sudden change in his tone. Now she wanted to know about him more than ever. "Who are those people behind you? Who are you, Sir?" She asked, taking a left turn.

The man was once again focused on his phone instructing his men to handle the bastards after him. He squinted his eyes hearing Helena's question. He raised his eyelids to her. "The less you know the better it will be for you, Signorina," He answered, glancing at her.

Helena looked at him, the blood-smeared face and blue eyes made him look like a monster from hell. She wanted to tell him to clean his face but she didn't dare to say this. She was now thinking if she did wrong by helping him. But that time her consciousness didn't allow her to leave him there dying in his bloodbath.

"What's your name?" He asked.

"The less you know the better it will be, Signore," Helena answered in the same tone without looking at him. She only wanted to drop him off at the said place and be done with him. Something in Helena was telling her that she had put herself in a dangerous situation. The corner of his lips curled into a slight smirk.

"You are right, Signorina. The less we know about each other the better it will be."

Helena turned left as they reached the said location but she was stunned at the setting in front of her. Horried would be the right word. There were around twenty black cars parked in a line with men standing outside like guards wearing black suits.

And every single one of them was holding guns in their hands. Helena's eyes widened in horror. Two armed men walked to her car and knocked on the window making Helena jump in fear.

She turned to the man sitting beside her, who gave her a curt nod before opening the window and giving a warning glare to his men to step aside from the car. They immediately stepped aside and He turned to Helena once again.

"Forget about this incident like it never happened, Signorina and pray that you never meet me again otherwise..." He left the sentence unfinished and only stared at her for a long minute before a slight smirk jumped on his lips, dreading Helena's heart. He opened the door and stepped out of her car. One of his men moved to help him but He raised his hand to stop him.

"Capo..." they bowed their heads, stepping back.

The man was Evan Conon Hemsworth, Capo of 'La Famiglia' in Northern Italy. And Showing weakness to his men by taking their help wasn't in his blood.

Helena gasped in terror when she saw a tall man throwing a gun towards Evan who caught it smoothly with his uninjured hand. Helena now knew that she shouldn't have involved herself with this man. Just as Evan turned his head slightly to look back at her, Helena's heartbeat stopped.

Without wasting a single second, she started the engine and drove away from there as soon as she could, promising herself that she would never carelessly help anyone like this again. Never!

She kept checking in the rearview if anyone was following her but calmed when the road was empty. Helena needed to change her clothes and leave for the lawyer's office immediately because she was already late.

Unlocking her cell phone she was about to call the lawyer when the sharp lights blinded her vision for a second and she snapped her head up, looked ahead to see the high-speed truck coming from the other end, making her widen her eyes because it looked unstable at a high speed.

Alarmed, Helena moved away from its line of the road but the truck changed the path with her! No! No! Helena realised what was happening with horror. Someone wants her dead!

It all happened in a nanosecond. As Helena slowed down the speed, the truck directly crashed her car hard from front. Helena let out a high-pitched scream as her car jerked upside down before sliding back on the road. Glass shattered everywhere on the road as it came to halt on the secluded road.

Everything turned into a dead silence for a while until a gasp left Helena's mouth as she slowly moved her bloody head with heavily closed eyes, her whole body crushed in pain but she didn't care about herself. The thought of her baby worried her more.

She felt a sharp pain in her head from where the blood was leaking, drenching her face. Helena felt like dying at the moment but the shattered window was allowing her to breathe. She tried to scream for help but words didn't come out of her mouth. Helena was barely opening her eyes. Blood coated her vision too as she tried her numb hand to touch her face, a walking man came into her view before she took barely a few slow breaths.

Is it my end?

I'm sorry, my baby!

Her heart whispered in pain as she felt something leak down her lower part and Helena closed her eyes, falling limp on the side.

"The work is done, Mr Rossi. She is dead," the words fell in Helena's ears before she finally gave into darkness, promising to herself that if she survived she would take her revenge on every single bastard who hurt her.

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