

## Chapter 65

Preparing to hear from the goddess was a lot of work. It intrigued me at first but after three hours of cleaning and meditation, I soon lost my intrigue. I had to be 'clean' both in my mind and body hence the washing and meditation. I had to empty my mind of everything that disturbed me, which was easier said than done.

Everyone in the room excused me so I sat alone in the room, trying to clear my mind enough to accommodate the divine words of a goddess.

"Aysel." I heard the voice. It was more intimate than my wolf's and at first, I assumed I was conjuring it but it called again. "Aysel, my child." I was so startled that I opened my eyes. "My child, it has been tough, hasn't it?"

"Is it – is it really the goddess?" I could have hallucinated her.

I felt as if she wasn't really there because when I looked around, I saw nobody. Her voice was too calm, too human. It sounded intimate, like the voice of a mother, rather than a divine being. Yet, I felt the presence of something ethereal in the room. The curtains in the air-conditioned room billowed softly as if there was wind in the room.

"I have watched you grow from the minute I placed you in Miriam's womb," the soft voice whispered to me. Goosebumps rose on my skin as I felt a cool breeze on the nape of my neck.

"You knew my mother?" I asked, surprised but not completely.

My mother taught me that the goddess knew us all. She knew us by name, appearance and everything else. She was the only one who knew the exact minute we'd been conceived and she watched us grow in the bellies of the people she chose to carry us.

“Of course, I knew Miriam. She was a dedicated servant of mine.” The goddess' soft voice calmed as she seemed to reminisce. “She was to be my oracle until she fell in love with your father and her priorities changed. Nevertheless, she never failed to serve me the way she could,” her voice whispered in my mind. It wrapped around me and embraced me. The softness of the voice, the warmth and tenderness made me feel comfortable, safe even.

“She served you faithfully yet you let her die like a chicken. You let your loyal servant die a dishonorable death?” I looked down at my hands because they were shaking.

“How well did you know your mother?” The goddess asked, her voice carrying a tinge of humor.

“I was eight when she died. I cannot even remember her face anymore.”

“Let me tell you about her.” The voice seemed to drift far away and before I knew it, all the joints in my body stiffened and I was transported to a world that wasn't mine. My soul seemed to leave my body, landing at a scene where a woman was kneeling.

The minute I saw her, I recognized her as my mother; the woman whose face I had forgotten. Once I saw her, it felt as if I had never actually forgotten her, as if her face had been stamped into my memory from the day I was born.

“I cannot be your sacred oracle. I am sorry my goddess, but I failed your test. I love someone else more than I love you. I thought I could resist something as strong as the mate bond to prove my loyalty but I failed.” She shivered where she knelt.

“You have seen what will be in his future yet you choose to be with him?” The voice that replied my mother was the same one that had wrapped around me a few minutes ago.

“Yes. He has damnation in his future but my wolf yearns for him. I am sorry,” my mother said, bowing further in what I assumed to be shame.

My mother loved my father. She loved him so much that even when he hurt her, she smiled like he embraced her. Her love for him was strong but I didn't think that she would have chosen to love him if she knew he would bring about her damnation. Apparently, I was wrong.

My parents loved each other. My mother was a quiet woman and although my father was abrasive and short-tempered, he always treated my mother well from what I remembered. There were only a few squabbles in my house and they started when my father started plotting to steal the Alpha position.

I remembered my mother supported him and followed the path he chose for our family with humility. Sometimes she tried pointing out the errors in his plans but he always shunned her. She never advised him to give up his dreams of ruling Redville even though she knew it would end in disaster.

“You will never speak of your vision to anyone,” the goddess said and my mother nodded. “If you try to alter the future you have seen, I will strike you deaf and visit your family with a plague worse than death.” My mother nodded again. She raised her head and I saw tears glisten in her eyes.

My heart hurt just from seeing the tears gathered in her eyes. She had known all along but she didn't even have the room to do anything. I couldn't imagine how much it would have tortured her to know she was heading in the way of damnation without any power to stop it. She knew she wouldn't last long if she chose my father but she still chose him. She

chose him and she died with him when she could have lived a sacred life as an oracle.

“You will not be the first to chose a mate bond over the position of an oracle.” The goddess’ soft voice came with a tinge of resignation. “I am disappointed but also not surprised. You have served me faithfully, Miriam, but now you must serve your mate.” With that, I felt something like a hook in my abdomen and it wrenched me back into my body.

“Your mother served me faithfully but ultimately, she chose worldly pleasures over sanctity,” the goddess said to me.

“You – how could you do that to her?” My hands shook as I looked down at them. Tears splattered against my palms. “What was her reward for serving you!?” I exploded.

“Her rewards was serving me.” The atmosphere around me turned frosty. “Miriam was a dedicated servant so I allowed her enjoy some perks.”

What perks had my mother enjoyed? From all I could see, she had faithfully served a goddess who deserted her because she chose her fate. The goddess had the power to alter the future, to guide my father away from the path that ended in destruction. She could have done that much for my mother, her servant.

“Tampering with the future is tricky and often cataclysmic. The more deities interfere in the lives of mortals, the less free will your kind have. The best I could do was advice your father but he never listened. I cannot rewrite the future.”

“Then what can you do?” My words were a taunt.

“I allowed your mother see the future because she was special to me. I wanted to save her from disaster, but it was in her future. I could not change it. If someone had tried to tamper with her life before it was her time, I would have saved her like I have saved you numerous times.”

I nodded as if I understood but I really didn't. "And my baby?" I raised my head as if she was standing there and I could see her, look into her eyes and show her I was desperate.

"My child," Sadness tinged the voice and I could imagine an old lady with white hair sitting on a throne, head bent. "I chose to speak to you today because I can see you struggling with bitterness. You have come this far and you deserve to know why."