

## His Mate and His Mistress 2 Rise of a Luna

Chapter 3- "What about Edwin"

\*Adelina's pnt. Of view\*

"Say what now?" I asked Aden again.

"I know, these females really thought this thing out." Admitted Aden.

"Did they really? You know I had a talk with Selene, I think I know how to get out of here, but it's going to take a while. Did you manage to contact Trey?" I asked anxiously.

"Yeah, I did, and Cilia told Demitrey as well, they're planning on finding you, but it's sort of hard, James is heartbroken because he was betrayed by Kat, and since he's the best tracker, Demitrey doesn't want to pressure him too much, but they are trying their best. You know, if we could figure out where you are, I could go back and tell Trey, and we could move on from there." Suggested Aden

"Yeah, I know. And I think I know exactly how to do it too. Just be ready to head out and contact Trey." I told Aden, and with an "okay." She refrained to the back of my mind.

I was going to convince Wilma to tell me where we were, no matter what it took.

I didn't know how long it took before Wilma came to my cell.

Of course, with no shared pleasantries, she made her way into my cell with a chair, where she sat facing me.

We stared at each other for a few minutes before I decided to speak up and ask, "Where am I?"

"What? Do you think I'm stupid or something? For me to tell you, then next thing I know we're getting ambushed by your pack."

"Oh come on humor me, there's no way I can mind link anyone, especially when you're constantly watching me. So just tell me, where am I?" I tried to keep my voice calm, though my heart was beating anxiously.

She thought about it for a minute before she rolled her eyes, sighed, and said "You're in Canada."

I couldn't help it when my eyes sort of widened.

"Yeah, we made sure you were far enough so that we could take care of everything and get rid of you." Smirked Wilma, as if she just won a trophy.

"Whatever." I sighed and rolled my eyes.

"Plus, you don't deserve to be rescued. You don't deserve to have anybody care for you." She added, disgusted.

"And why not?" I asked, my tone uninterested.

"Because you're a murderer, and you're bad luck. Those who care for you only get hurt, or worse." She replied.

"Now that's a lie. The only person who died, and I killed would be Serena, but that's because she was a scheming rat, and a traitor to her own pack." I defended myself.

"What about Edwin?" Wilma questioned quietly.

And I felt as though I was hit by a bus.

A breath of air escaped me in a whoosh, and I shook my head, my eyes wide.

Memories flooded before my eyes, and my mind immediately begin to reminisce on that fateful day, where the hatred of my sisters against me took birth.

I swallowed a gulp of saliva, then shook my head again, my headache rekindling.

"No, don't you dare blame his death on me!" I declared.

"Oh yeah? Why not? You're the reason that he's dead." Accused Wilma.

"Right, and exactly where am I at fault? Was it before you and Wanda ambushed and restrained me for our father to have his way with me? Or after Edwin had to run in and spare me just in time? Oh, wait no, maybe it was when he got into a duel with our father, while I was tied to the bed, unable to help him, or better yet, maybe it's when my father took out his dagger, and dug it into his neck. I had to watch him bleed to death Wilma, his body toppled over mine. Even in his last seconds, he tried to protect me, so don't you dare put me at fault when this all started because

you and Wanda ambushed me!"

"BECAUSE IT WASN'T FAIR!" Yelled Wilma as she stood abruptly, her chair flying against the wall.

"It wasn't fair that since the day Wanda and I came of age, he raped us, he had his way with us and there was nothing we could do about." She heaved.

Then, she took a long breath, and in the blink of an eye, she pulled out a pocket knife, and a lighter.

"But you..." she added, placing the flame on the silver tip of the blade, "you always found a way to escape him. He could never even get a mark on you, tell me, how did you do it?" She questioned, sounding so sincere and curious.

"Because I fought." I answered confidently, my eyes connecting with hers.

She started into my eyes then suddenly burst into laughter.

She threw her head back in laughter, then doubled over as she laughed some more.

I couldn't see what was so amusing, in fact the only thing my eyes were trained on, was the red-hot tip of the blade.

Then, unexpectedly, her wrist holding the blade flew, and she plunged it right into my shoulder.

I screamed in pain and agony as the burning point of the knife cut deep within my flesh, blood oozed out and ran down my arm.

The pain eventually started to subside, and I readied myself to sigh in relief, when Wilma held the blade, and twisted it, the teeth of the knife cutting away at my tissues, the agonizing pain once again roaring back to life.

I couldn't help it when the screams tore through my throat, my eyes closed and crying.

"Why aren't you fighting now huh? Where's the fighter that escaped our father?!" Yelled Wilma in a sadistic manner, as she pressed the knife even further into my body.

The action caused to me gasp, and look up, my nose burned, my lungs screeching, while my shoulder bled, and pain took over.

I felt it when my arm went numb.

My throat heated from my screams, the only thing I could now muster were whimpers.

When I least expected it, she pulled out the knife, then in the most inhuman way, she licked a side that was covered in my blood, then she sighed and said "ahh, the sweet taste of revenge."

Then just like that, she headed out of my cell, then a few steps down, she said "later fighter." Followed by a mocking laugh.

And just like that she was gone.

My breath was ragged, my eyes puffy, my arm numb, and my hope shattered.

"Oh God, Adelina hold on, I'm going to try to heal you okay?"  
Came Aden's urgent voice.

"No, don't. Don't waste your energy. Go to Trey, tell him that I'm in Canada." I told her weakly.

"Are you sure? Adelina I can heal you." Protested Aden.

"No Aden, just go. I'll be fine, they won't kill me so soon. I just need to rest and allow my body to recuperate naturally." I explained.

"But Adelina-"

"Aden please," I said, my voice faltering in my mind, "just go. I need to be alone."

"Okay." Replied Aden, then it felt as though a part of me just vanished.

The minute I knew I was alone, I broke down.

I sobbed hard, my throat once again heating up due to my cries, my lungs burning, unable to support the stress of my emotions, my temples drummed as my head pounded at the resonance of every weep.

Was this my reward for fighting? Was this my award after all my life spent a fighter? Was this my demise?

The girl who fought to survive all her life, managed to escape her father's wrath, destined to become a Luna, dead at the hands of those she once called family. Was this the fate that truly awaited

me?

I started to feel my entire body falling asleep, starting with my feet.

The cold slowly crawled up my legs, to my waist and chest, meeting up with the numbing cold of my stabbed shoulder, then gently clawed up my neck, around my head, until my eyes closed, the last two tears flowing down my cheeks, as my body shut out the world around me, and a last whimper escaped my lips, and just like that I was gone.