

His Mate and His Mistress 2 Rise of a Luna

Chapter 4- "The calm Place"- Part 1

Adelina's pnt. Of view

I woke up to the sound of chirping birds, a warm breeze, and a bright sun.

I found myself sitting in a pavilion, staring out onto a large grassy field, covered by a carpet of assorted flowers.

The grassy field was surrounded by tall trees that furthered into a thick forest and facing me, the grassy field met with a lake.

Butterflies and bees danced about, squirrels chattering, and birds flew from tree to tree, singing various melodious tunes.

Where am I? I questioned in my mind, last time I checked I was bleeding to death.

Oh wait!

I was bleeding... to death.

No.

Possible.

Freaking.

Way!

Was I dead?

"So where is the fighter?" Questioned Selene, startling me, as she sat a few feet from me, sipping on her tea.

"Wha-" was all I could muster.

"Where is the fighter in you Adelina? Why did you stop fighting?" Asked Selene calmly. A little too calmly in fact.

"I- wha- I- I-"

"Breathe." Ordered Selene, and I found myself pulling in a breath of fresh air, then exhaling slowly.

It was rather calming, and the scent was much more welcoming, compared to the stuffy smell of the cell where I was being kept.

"Now, tell me, where is the fighter?" She asked again.

"She's taking a break." I finally mustered up.

"What is this place anyway?" I questioned looking around.

"This is a place you made up, the calm place." Answered Selene.

I raised a questioning eyebrow, and she smiled as she added "yeah you could call it your safe haven, it's where your mind and soul recoil to when they need rest, and to be at peace. I'm guessing your sister's visit took more than just a physical toll, it arose a dark memory that is now ravaging your heart and mind." Stated Selene, her eyes looking over at the horizon.

My eyes followed hers, and I didn't notice it until now, but there on the horizon a dark cloud was brewing. Loud thunder could be heard, and lightning struck out on the ground beneath it.

"Tell me about Edwin." Said Selene, her eyes observing me.

"You're the moon goddess, I'm sure you already know the story." I replied curtly, trying to avoid the topic.

"I do, but you need to let it out. You need to let it go, or else, it'll still be there, on the horizon of your mind, taunting and haunting you. So, tell me, what happened?"

"I don't need to let go of anything." I stubbornly replied.

"Yes, you do." Declared Selene

"Oh yeah, and why is that?" I questioned.

"You tell me." Replied Selene.

"There is nothing to tell." I retorted.

"Why Adelina? Why do you refuse to let it go?" Questioned Selene.

"No." I whispered, refusing to let the truth out.

"Why do you torture yourself with the memory?" Persisted Selene.

"No!" I held my head, the memory of that dreadful day coming

back to life, the brewing storm on the horizon growing stronger and darker.

"Why don't you let it go?!"

"BECAUSE I BLAME MYSELF FOR HIS DEATH!" I jumped up and announced.

I staggered back shaking my head, "I blame myself. I shouldn't have trusted my sisters. I should've known they were up to something. My father was ruthless. The sound of my clothes tearing and shredding still haunts me today. I screamed and I screamed. He slapped me, choked me, then gagged me, and at some point, I lost hope. Just as he was about to remove my panties, Edwin came bursting through the door. He ripped my father off me, and they got into a duel. My father called him foolish, and he even told Edwin if he stopped defending me, he would share me. But Edwin ignored and fought. When my father pulled out the knife, I remembered I tried to scream a warning, but being gagged my warning was in vain. I remember how the rope seared through my skin as I tried to free myself. I struggled but the ropes wouldn't let up. It all happened in slow motion. Edwin maneuvered and tackled my father. He lifted my Father off the ground but before he could slam him, my Father dug the entire knife into his neck. Edwin's arms instantly released my father, and he back away until he hit the bed. Edwin turned to look at me. He opened his mouth to say something, but instead blood splattered out. His lips moved but no words were heard. My eyes were drowning in tears. His blood red hand touched my cheek, then he coughed up another round of blood, then, just like that he froze. That day, my father looked over at us, with no remorse of any kind, then he opened the door and left. Minutes later Wilma and Wanda came running onto the tragic scene. They

both froze for minutes, trying to study the scene. Then, I remember this like it was yesterday, Wilma's cold eyes turned to mine, then she said, "you will pay for this." But I don't think Edwin's death was the only thing she was referring to. I was ambushed, and left vulnerable for my father to take full advantage of me, yet I still made it out untouched by him..." I sighed, and closed my eyes, and then I felt the tears slide down my cheeks.

"You left untouched, yet the scars still remain." Analyzed Selene and I broke down.

I cried for that dreadful day. I cried for Edwin. For a life cut short, just to save mine. I cried for that girl out there, who would be waiting for her mate, but Edwin would never show. I also cried for myself.

What would've happened if Edwin didn't show up?

Who would I be today had things played out differently?

I felt a warm touch on my back as more tears and sobs left me, "there, there, let it all out, give the good cry you were never allowed to give. Free yourself from that memory, and let it go." Her words were soothing, and I found it easier to catch my breath.

"And look." Pointed Selene and I looked over at the horizon.

There, the dark cloud dissolved, replaced by a calming blue sky, and a sunny horizon.

I took a deep breath and felt as if a huge weight was lifted off my shoulders.

"It wasn't your fault Adelina. I know the details of that day, and there was nothing you could possibly do, to help him." Confirmed Selene.

Then, I heard the padding of paws on the grass approaching us, I looked over, and a white wolf came, and sat next to me.

She looked up at me, as I looked down at her. She felt oddly familiar.

"That's Aden." Replied Selene.

I never truly saw my wolf except for the reflection of water.

She was beautiful.

Then Aden stood on all fours, approached my right shoulder, and licked it.

The wound from Wilma's attack slowly started to mend, until a thin scar was all that was left.

I looked down to say thank you, when I felt as though a bucket of ice-cold water fell on me, then, in the blink of an eye, I was teared away from my safe haven, and back to the stuffy old cell, where my eyes opened to reveal Wanda.

Chapter 5- "Lina"

Adelina's pnt. Of view

"So, you're finally awake, for a second there I actually started to believe that Wilma killed you." Said Wanda calmly.

"How long was I out?" I questioned, my voice groggy, my throat feeling as dry as a desert.

"2 days." Replied Wanda, keeping her calm demeanor.

"Huh." Was all I could muster up.

"I see that your wound healed." Wanda observed.

"Yeah, and I'm guessing you're here to give me a new tattoo as well." I replied sarcastically, I really wanted her to leave.

Wanda smiled so sweetly, and she shook her head and said "No, come on Lina, you know that I was never the violent one." Her eyes pierced my own, and my world stopped.

Lina, I haven't heard that nickname since...

No.

I stopped breathing.

She wouldn't go there, she just wouldn't.

"What are you doing here?" My tone changed to a curt note, my heart and mind guarded, preparing for the bullet that Wanda was going to shoot my way.

"I'm here to avenge Jessica's death."

And there it was.

Shots fired.

Memories pierced my mind like bullets, while my heart constricted at the events of that day.

"What? You didn't think I forgot about that did you? Huh Lina? Do you really think I would let you get away with it?" Wanda demanded, her voice still and calm, her smile never fading.

"There is nothing to get away with, I didn't do anyth-"

"Don't you dare lie!" Boomed Wanda, as she moved lightning speed, wrapping her hand around my neck, her claws lengthening, slowly piercing into my skin.

The pain grew gradually, as her claws sunk deeper. I could feel my blood running down my skin. My eyes blurred, as my throat burned.

She added pressure with every word she spoke "you're the one who was outside when they attacked! You're the one she saved! You're the reason she's dead today!"

"And you're the reason I was outside." I struggled to whisper.

"LIES!" Declared Wanda, her grip becoming extremely deadly.

I started seeing stars, I felt myself going limp.

But then, I felt a surge, I wasn't going to be die this way.

I willed myself to be free, and I felt myself breaking the ropes, and in reality, I was.

In the blink of an eye, my hand and claws sunk deep into Wanda's chest and I ripped her heart out.

She stood frozen, her claws slowly retracting. She staggered back, gasping, as though she couldn't fully comprehend what just took place.

My heart was beating erratically, while in my hand, Wanda's heart laid frozen.

Wanda's eyes looked over at me accusingly, but then her eyes softened, and she said "I did make you go out there, you were supposed to die, but instead, I lost a role model, I lost my best friend. But anyway, " she gasped, then coughed, her body suddenly collapsed to the ground.

Her eyes found mine, while she lay on the floor, her lips moved, and I had to blink twice to make sure I caught what she said.

She gasped again, then she whispered with her last breath "forgive me."

I was frozen.

I didn't blink.

I didn't speak.

I hardly breathed.

The bloody hand suddenly went limp, and to the ground, Wanda's heart cascaded. It landed with a dead thud, because that's what it was... dead.

I killed her.

My older sister.

I killed her.

The daunting reality finally hit home, and with shuddered breaths, and weak knees, I stumbled back into the chair.

I looked at the blood on my hands, then down at the corpse that now lay with glazed eyes.

They were staring at me, straight on, challenging my conscience.

All that currently echoed through my brain was the word killer, and my nickname, Lina.

Jessica was the oldest out of the four of us, one day during a rogue attack, Wanda manipulated me into going outside.

Jessica yelled for me to come back, but I was so focused on proving myself that I ignored her pleas.

A rogue attacked me, pinned me down and was ready to make me his dinner when Jessica ripped him off me.

She told me to run, and not look back, and of course that's what I did.

She never came back.

She gave me the nickname Lina because she thought it was better than calling my wolf's name, Aden, but since the day she didn't come back, the nickname Lina was no longer called.

On the last day Lina was pronounced, Jessica lost her life, or well, she no longer was a part of my life.

The day Lina was once again called, someone else lost their life, Wanda died.

Guess Lina carried a bounty on itself.

I sighed and looked down at Wanda, few minutes ago she was breathing, and now she was just dead, cold, with very accusing and haunting eyes.

However, I couldn't get over the fact that she said, "forgive me."

Was it her way of saying sorry? For everything? Or was she just referring to the day we both lost Jessica?

I couldn't think.

My head was pounding, and I suddenly felt weak.

I leaned back in the chair and rubbed my bruised wrists.

What was I going to do now?

"How about run? I mean there is no one here, get over your shock later." Urged Aden.

"Yes, I should... run." I muttered, but couldn't find the physical strength to do it, in fact, I felt myself slipping in and out of consciousness.

"I'm A, I'm a, a killer." I murmured.

"No, you're a victim of kidnapping. Get up and run!" Said Aden.

"I can't move." I gasped, "I can't move." I said again.

"Come on Adelina, now is not the time to be freaking out on me." Groaned Aden in my head.

I wanted to protest with her for not being more considerate to the idea that I just killed someone. No, matter of fact, I killed two people, the first one, Serena is irrelevant to me, but I did kill her.

My killing her may not have been justified, but she was trying to come in between me and Demitrey.

Demitrey...

"Did you tell Demitrey where we are?" I asked Aden, the idea of him rescuing me coming to my hazy mind.

"Yeah, I told him." Said Aden, sounding a bit strange suddenly, as though she was holding something back.

"But...?" I prolonged.

"But, he's not on his way yet." Explained Aden.

"What? Why?" I asked, suddenly a bit more alert, my earlier worries placed aside.

"The pack is under attack." Announced Aden.