

Chapter 24 It Was A Mistake, Dad

John

"Mia drowned in a pool." He finally said. "We are at the hospital."

Dad must have had his own phone on speaker because I heard Mia's mum shout.

"You stupid boys." Dad growled. He was angry and rained a tirade of insults at all of us over the phone, knowing that we were near Quinn and could hear.

"I told you to take care of her." He fumed. "How did you let her drown?"

We couldn't even use the excuse that we wanted to use. We were all ashamed of ourselves and knew we deserved dad's raging words.

"Which hospital are you dummies at?"

Quinn told him and he clicked off the call. When he arrived at the hospital, he angrily scolded us, berating us for not protecting Mia.

We hung their heads, remaining silent. We knew how precious Mia was to dad but we didn't know he would flare up this much. Mia's mother was the one who felt sorry for us and tried to calm our father's emotions.

"What happened at the party?" Dad asked, looking at all of us but no one was willing to talk.

We were sorry about what had happened and with the way dad had reacted at the news of her drowning, he would chew off our necks with his fangs if he found out that we had stood still and watched as Mia scrambled to get herself out before jumping to her rescue.

Annoyed at the silence he got, dad turned to me and narrowed his eyes. "John."

I gulped, looking at my brothers but none of them looked at me. I turned to dad, my fright evident in my voice.

"It was a mistake, dad." I stammered and those were the only words I was able to get out.

Mia

I dreamed of dad. I dreamed of when he taught me how to ride a bicycle. We would go down the street when the flowers were just blooming, laughing and chatting as we rode along the narrow path that led to our house and inhaling the sweet scent of nature while mum cooked our favorite meals at home, waiting for our arrival. That was the only food she knew how to cook then when dad was alive because it was our favorite. She never allowed the maid to make it and the fact that mum was making an effort to cook thrilled dad and we all enjoyed it, regardless of how the food tasted.

Mum would call out to us when the food was ready and dad would pick me up and run towards the house, telling me that we mustn't keep mum waiting.

I would laugh as I sat on his neck and he ran, smiling as the wind tickled my face. It wasn't until I grew older that I knew the real reason dad always ran whenever mum called that the food was ready. It wasn't that we mustn't keep mum waiting as he led me to believe, the food wasn't as good as it was when it was cold as compared to when it was hot.

My dad's favorite food was also mine because he liked it and I liked him. As I thought of him and remembered the food we used to eat then, I suddenly had a craving for the food.

I hadn't been able to enjoy the food ever since dad died as I was always reminded of him and got teary whenever I saw the food.

Now, I missed it and wished that I could get some of it. Maybe I would ask mum to make it for me if she had the time. That was better than her going to the garden everytime she was bored and forcing me to go with her where I was likely to accidentally run into the triplets.

I would gladly slave away in the kitchen with her if that meant I wouldn't have to see the triplets.

Wait. I told myself as I frowned in my thoughts. I was thinking of food and not my silly brothers and that was what I needed to think of.

I should go find mum and ask if she could make the meal for me. Maybe Albert would like it as well.

I opened my eyes and frowned at the unfamiliar space. This wasn't my room at all. I lifted my hand and frowned as I saw the IV bag attached to it. I realized that I was in the hospital and wondered what I was doing there.

Slowly, memories began to flow back to my brain and I frowned as I remembered. Those bastards. They had watched me struggle till I drowned. I wondered who had gotten me to the hospital and tried to guess who the good Samaritan was among the crowd who had stood there, watching me and doing nothing as if I was making a show for their entertainment.

I heard gasps and I turned my head towards the direction they had come from. I wasn't alone and would like to know who was in the room with me.

I stared in shock as I realized that it was the triplets that were with me. They looked haunted like they had had an awful night but they looked relieved to see that I was alive.

I snorted. What did they care if I was? Wouldn't that be better for them? I wouldn't be able to rattle about what they did and all they had done to me.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, wincing when my voice came out as a croak.

I must have gotten some saline water into my throat. It hurt like hell as I spoke but I wanted to find out why they were here, pretending like they were worried about me.

"We are sorry, Mia." They all said, apologizing at the same time.