

Chapter 25 The Exposed Truth

Mia

Sorry? I blinked at them in surprise. I wished that I wasn't so tired, I wanted to use my finger to clean out my ears. I wasn't sure that I had heard that right. I didn't know them to be someone who could apologize.

What was going on? What had gotten into them? This was surely not the boys that I knew.

I arched my eyebrows at them and they didn't laugh or snicker in amusement as they would have done earlier. They still looked miserable as they were when I opened my eyes minutes ago and saw them.

Okay, this was new and unexpected. "What do you want?" I asked, frowning at them.

We should get this suspense done with.

"We are sorry." John repeated.

I sighed. Why weren't they sorry when I was dying? Why weren't they sorry all those years? Why were they sorry now?

"Did you bring me to the hospital?"

They nodded. I continued with my questioning. "Is my mum here? Is your dad here?"

"Yes." They replied.

I nodded. No wonder that they were here with me, waiting for me to wake up. I doubted that they were really sorry. Their dad must have lashed out at them when he found out that I was in the hospital. I could bet all my meagre savings that he had forced them to stay here and hope that I woke up for their own good.

What sly bastards.

They kept on apologizing but I ignored them, remaining silent. I didn't act like I heard them. I knew they were waiting for me to tell them that I've heard them and would consider forgive them but they could wait for as long as they could, I didn't care.

After all, they had also taken their time to save me. It wasn't bad if I took my time to forgive them. That depended on if I intended to.

I remembered the taste of fear in my mouth when I had thought that I was going to die when I was drowning and tears welled up in my eyes.

I looked at three of them and couldn't help myself as I thought of all that they had done to me. I burst into tears and sobbed, unflinching as the tears trailed down my cheeks.

I felt broken and didn't feel any shame at crying in front of them. They didn't seem like they were going to mock me as well. It was a different experience for all of us.

"You are always arrogant and selfish, bullying others because you like it. You say you are sorry now. Do you think I am going to forgive you just because you ask for it? You watched me drown and stood there, doing nothing even when I screamed and cried for your help."

They said nothing and I continued. They had probably decided that they deserved everything that I was going to say to them. Seeing them subdued instead of the intimidating beasts I knew them to be also gave me the strength I needed to move on.

"How do you think I felt when I was dying and no one made a move to save me? What if I had died? What if it was too late to save me? How do you think I felt when you bullied me all through high school? How do you think I felt when you taunted me and almost raped me in the gym room? How do you think I felt when I woke up that night and realized that I had been raped and didn't know who got me deflowered? I can't even talk to guys without flinching because of what the three of you put me through. I feel like crap all my life because of you and now you ask for my forgiveness."

My eyes hardened as I glared at them. "Do you think I'm going to forgive you? Do you think you deserve my forgiveness? I would never forgive you." I hissed while still crying.

"You bastards!" Albert growled as he entered the room, his eyes glinting red with rage as he glared at his sons.

I wasn't even shocked at the color of his eyes. I already knew he was a werewolf like his sons. I was shocked at his entrance as his sons also were. We gasped and with the way he looked ready to kill his sons and wouldn't look at me at all, I knew that he had been behind the door while I was talking and had heard everything that I said.

He promised to punish the triplets and with the way they all went pale, I knew that it wasn't an easy ordeal they were about to have.

I almost felt sorry for them. Almost.

He ordered them to leave and participate in a new maritime mission which was a tremendously difficult task and said he hoped that helped them to get mature. He told them to be grateful that my mum hadn't been with him and hadn't overheard what they had done to me or he wouldn't have ever forgiven them if they had ruined his marriage.

Albert's favoritism reminded me of my late dad and warmed my heart. Dad was my hero in all dimensions as well, always ready to fight for me. Seeing Albert act just like that made me willing to start accepting him as my step-father.

He had told me one day to call him dad if that wasn't too much for him. Maybe I was going to start calling him dad. It wasn't like I was forgetting my dad. I would always remember dad. It was high time I stopped calling him Albert, I had found another dad in him.