

Chapter 30 Facing Death Again

Mia

Foolish human?

It wasn't the tone she used in talking that scared me but what she said. I knew already that she wasn't human. She already said it and even if she didn't, there was no how the triplets were going to be werewolves if both their parents weren't one. She had claimed to be the mother of the triplets but with the way her eyes filled with hatred and menace, I doubted that she had been telling me the truth.

The boys had always claimed that their mother was a sweet soul but this woman right here, clawing at my hand with everything that she had got in her was the total opposite of what I had heard of the former Luna of the wolf tribe.

I was extremely frightened of her. The pain in my hand made me break out in cold sweats. I had sweats all over my body and on my forehead.

I hadn't expected this woman to be an impostor but I should have known.

I had been a fool. I shouldn't have walked into the cave. I shouldn't have listened to her story. I shouldn't have moved closer. I shouldn't have doubted if Albert was a good man. I shouldn't have let her sway me.

The harsh reality was that I had fallen for her and I needed to run now. She had her hand firmly fixed on mine and she seemed determined to hurt me for daring to not let me go. She was pulling me closer to her and I had no idea of how far I could last, struggling against her hold and trying to break free from her.

She was surprisingly strong and I was afraid of what she was going to do to me if she succeeded in getting me closer to her.

"Please let me go." I begged her, my voice close to tears.

She ignored me and her smile turned eerie as she continued pulling. My heart beat fast in my chest and I could hear it working in my head. It was loud, the beats were too loud and I felt like passing out. The only thing keeping me on my feet was the fear of death. I didn't want to wake up after passing out and find out that I was dead, killed in a secret cave by a strange woman whose secrets I had no idea of.

She suddenly pulled my hand into the cage, pinning me against the iron bars. We locked eyes at close range, and her vacant gaze seemed to pierce into my soul as she stared intensely at me.

I felt uncomfortable at her scrutiny and I wanted to pull away from her but her hold was too strong. My struggles only made my hands scratch at the iron bars and I cried out in pain. It hurt and all my nerve endings went up with pain.

What was she? I wondered as I thought of her. How could she be that strong after claiming to have been locked up for twenty years? I didn't know where she found her strength and I didn't think that Albert was feeding her three square meals daily all those years even if I believed him to be a good man.

Her hand moved up to my neck as she straightened up and her sharp nails dug into my skin. I whimpered in pain, trying to get her hands off but it was impossible. She latched on as if she was going to kill me but released her fingers slightly so I could breathe.

I knew that tactic. She was giving me a warning. She was telling me that she could kill me if she wanted to but the only thing keeping me alive keeping me alive was my cooperation.

I was a smart girl just as she had said earlier but I didn't have to be a genius to know what she was referring to. I knew where she needed my cooperation and as much as I didn't want to die, I didn't think I was going to cooperate with her either. She seemed full of evil and there was no doubt that the malice and hatred in her eyes were directed at Albert. She had a grudge against him even if she had lied to me about her story and I didn't know the truth.

I wasn't going to let her go. I wasn't going to let her kill Albert. I wasn't going to let my mum become a widow again especially when she was just about to get remarried. I could vividly remember how heartbroken she had been when my dad had died, I surely didn't a repeat of that scene. I didn't think I was going to be able to bear it if I had to see my mum like that again.

I imagined my mum heartbroken if I died as well and it wasn't a comforting thought. I wouldn't be there to witness her pain but that didn't mean it would hurt less. I didn't want her to be hurt at all. I didn't want her to cry. If it was possible, I wanted to shield her from every heartbreaks and pain in this world.

I had no idea of how distressed my mum was when I had drowned in the pool the other day at the party as I was unconscious but I had heard about it. If Albert had to get her home to rest before I woke up, that told me a lot of the stress she had been through while waiting for me to wake up from my coma.

Who could blame her? Besides my mum being a delicate person, I was her only child and the only family left for her. If she had lost it when I was in coma, I couldn't think of how she would be if I really died and wasn't ever going to wake up.

I thought of how to get myself away and still alive from this hassle that I had gotten myself in, careful to keep my thoughts away from my face so she wouldn't suspect me.

She pressed lightly on my neck with her nails but hard enough to hurt me and I let out a groan, coughing out in pain.

She sneered. "It seems like you are getting what is going on here. Now, tear open the talisman, or I'll cut your throat out first." She said and pressed hard on my neck, trying to prove to me that she meant her threat.

The sensation of pain in my neck made me whimper. I was paralyzed with fear, unable to move. I snorted. As if I could move anywhere before.

I was confused on if I should accept her offer or not. She couldn't kill me as she needed me to escape and I couldn't let her go to save myself from her grasp.

If she was to escape from the cage, my fate would be gruesome as well. How would I live with myself knowing that I had caused the death of my mum's lover with my insane curiosity?

In despair, I closed my eyes and prayed that someone would discover my absence and come to my rescue. Even as I thought that, I didn't want it.

It was only mum who could go to my bedroom to check up on me and realize my absence. I didn't want her here, even though Albert was going to be with her searching for me together. I didn't want her near this vile being.

I gave up, saying my last prayers as I accepted that there was going to be no hope for me.

Just as she lost her patience and was about to exert more force on my neck, I heard a familiar male voice shouting at her. I couldn't even turn to know who had gotten into the cave with us but I had an idea of who it was with the voice.

The woman let out a piercing scream and suddenly let me go. I fell back in shock but I didn't get to the floor as a pair of large hands held me in an embrace. At that moment, my brain got clear enough to realize what had happened.

My savior had been quick as flash and had severed the woman's hand with a flying dagger. Blood splattered onto my face, leaving me wide-eyed and drenched in cold sweat.