

## Chapter 129

Adelaide

Making my eyes glow, I shifted my attention to Mom and Esther, who still had their eyes closed, chanting to bring back Baelor.

They were too focused to notice me approaching, and I knew that if I wanted to do something—now was my chance.

My heart raced, but I didn't stop—I couldn't stop.

I was a good person...

I stuck out both of my hands, placing them on each of their heads, and then...everything stopped.

The shaking, the chanting, the black shadow—it all vanished instantly.

Both Mom and Esther gasped before collapsing to the cold floor, their eyes wide with shock. The room was completely silent, except for my heavy breathing as it hit me what I had just done.

Esther whimpered. "Adelaide?"

"Sweetheart?" Mom whispered in disbelief.

My eyes faded back to normal, and guilt washed over me as I watched my own mother lying there, unable to move. It wasn't because of her—it was because I hadn't done it sooner.

I had paralyzed them, the same way Mom had paralyzed Alaric earlier. It was the only way to stop them both since they were far too strong for me to handle unless I would use my ultimate strength. Using my eyes took energy—energy I knew I needed to save.

Unfortunately, the paralysis wouldn't last long, but hopefully, it would be enough to get us out of here.

"I couldn't do it, Mom," I whispered to her. "And I want you to know that I was never going to do it."

Mom blinked her eyes in response. I wasted no time making my way over to Alaric, who could only stare at me like I was Baelor himself.

"Adelaide," Mom hissed. "Get back here!"

Ignoring her plea, I let my eyes glow for one more second to release Alaric from the ropes. I knew it was risky to use the glow around him—but it was the only way.

"Come on, we have to go!"

I grabbed his hand, but he pulled it away. Startled, I looked at him. Now that I could see him up close—the hurt, the betrayal, and perhaps even disgust in his eyes—it felt like a knife twisting in my heart.

"I'll explain later," I said. "But we have to go now!"

I reached out my hand again, hoping—even praying—he would take it. After a moment, he did, getting himself up from the floor.

"Let's go," I said, pulling him toward the door.

"Get back here, you ungrateful, good-for-nothing, bitch!" Mom shouted. "A man over your own mother, you whore!"

I tried my best to ignore her hateful words, focusing only on getting Alaric out of there. I shoved him out the door and slammed it shut behind us.

A chain on the table immediately caught my attention, and without a second thought, I grabbed it and wrapped it around the handles. It probably wouldn't do much, but I hoped it would slow them down.

"Was any of it even real?" Alaric's voice broke through. Well, that took him long enough.

I exhaled deeply, turning to face him. His shoulders were slumped, and he looked completely defeated.

A part of me wanted to believe it was because of Mom's spell, but deep down, I knew the truth—it was because of me.

"Not now," I stated. "We have to leave. Follow me."

Pulling his hand again, I led him out of the library. As expected, the halls and campus were completely empty, with the whole school gathered at the party.

Not long after, we reached the dark woods. I kept a hurried pace, making sure Alaric stayed close as I tried to lead him as far away as possible.

No words were exchanged. The only sound was that of our rushed footsteps, the wind, and the leaves.

"What about the others?" Alaric broke the silence.

"Who?"

"Oh, you know," he said, frustrated. "All the students—our friends!"

"They're safe," I mumbled. "It's not them she's after."

Alaric snapped, stopping in his tracks. "Hey!"

I didn't look back. "Keep walking!" I ordered.

"No!" he shot back, his voice filled with anger. "I need to know what all of this is, Adelaide."

This time, I had no choice but to stop and face him.

"Is our mate bond a joke to you—is that it?" he demanded. "Was I just a vessel for that dark god of yours? Is that really all I ever was to you?"

"No," I breathed, shaking my head. "I'll explain everything...just stop wasting time and keep walking."

The words weren't supposed to come out like that, but we couldn't lose focus now. My priority was to get him someplace safe because even if I hadn't fed him the darkness she wanted—there was no way Mom would let him go so easily.

Alaric obeyed my words and began walking again, but not before releasing a frustrated grunt. I could sense his movements behind me and figured he was trying to shift—but it was still too soon.

"Don't waste any more energy," I muttered. "You won't be able to shift for a while, and even if you could, you don't know what they're capable of...we can't take them on right now."

He let out a bitter laugh. "Did you know Esther was in on this? That she is a— a witch—?"

"Alaric," I interrupted, sighing. "I know you have a lot of questions, but right now, I can't answer them. I just need to get you far away from here."

"Where are you taking me?"

"You have to trust me," I said, glancing back at him.

Just as I thought we were getting somewhere, his footsteps stopped for a second time, forcing me to turn around once more.

His blue eyes, which suddenly looked darker, bored into mine. "Trust?"

"I know I don't have the right to ask you that, but—"

"No." He shook his head, cutting me off. "You're right, you don't have any right to ask me that."

"And still...I'm asking."

"And my answer is, no," Alaric stated firmly, still shaking his head. "I don't think I want to go anywhere with you. I don't even think I want to be anywhere near you."

My heart dropped, but I had to stay strong. Now was not the time for tears or regret—not when they could be after us any second.

"Alaric, we need to go someplace safe—and I know a place we can hide."

Alaric let out a loud scoff. "You go and do that, but I need to get back home," he spat. "I need to tell the king what that psycho mother of yours has been up to."

I swallowed hard, despising myself for what I knew had to be my next move, but he had left me no choice. There was no way I would let him go back home, and make everything ten times more worse than it already was.

"I knew you would say that," I said carefully as I stepped closer. "And I'm sorry for what I'm about to do."

Alaric's eyes widened, and he took a step back. "What?"

"I'm sorry," I repeated as my eyes began to glow, and I stuck out my hand toward him.

He had that look of fear in his eyes again. "Adelaide, no—" he started, but it was too late.

I reached out and touched his head, and his body went limp, collapsing to the ground, unconsciously. My heart broke into pieces as I looked down at him. I truly didn't want to paralyze him again—let alone use my powers on a third person tonight, especially my own mate. It felt wrong, but in that moment, it was the right thing to do.

Whether he wanted to believe me or not, I really didn't want it to get to this—but I was willing to do whatever it took to protect him, to take him to the one person I knew would take us in, because if he had seen the future, he must have already been expecting us.