

CHAPTER 78

CHAPTER 78 She was Murdered

"How did I get here? Lily thought to herself after opening her eyes to see the night sky. She knew that she was no longer in bed with Garrett but was lying on her back outside in a forest. Even though she was naked and exposed to the outside air, she felt oddly warm, comfortable, and at ease in her surroundings. The earthy smell of trees and leaves permeated the air like a thick blanket. A gentle, silvery light illuminated everything and cast a glow over the surroundings that appeared to be from another planet. Lily realized as she looked down that she was no longer in her adult form but had instead regressed to that of an infant, and she was currently being swaddled in a cozy bundle of blankets.

"Am I dreaming? Dina?" Lily thought again, hoping Dina would respond, but she heard nothing. www.novelworld.com

As she looked up, her eyes were filled with a mixture of confusion and wonder. A massive red wolf with fur the color of a deep, flaming crimson that seemed to shimmer in the moonlight stood in front of her. Before nuzzling Lily, she looked down at her with eyes that contained both ferocity and tenderness. This prompted Lily to coo and reach up to her.

"What? How is this happening? Lily asked. Her attempt to speak was futile. His words came out as baby gibberish.

The red wolf let out a low, rumbling growl as if warning her to remain quiet, and www.novelworld.com

with a jolt of recognition, Lily realized that this was her earliest memory. She remembered for a long time that she would dream about a red wolf as a little girl, until the dreams stopped. Lily would always wake up after I nuzzled her.

The red wolf looked behind her before picking up the precious bundle gently. The world around them blurred into greens and browns as they moved with breathtaking speed. Lily clung to her bundle of blankets, feeling the rush of wind against her tiny face. It was both exhilarating and terrifying, a sensation she could never forget.

After some time, the red wolf came to a stop in a secluded glade, and after carefully placing her on the cushiony ground covered in moss, she left. Lily remained swaddled in her cozy cocoon, gazing around with the wide-eyed curiosity of an infant.

But the memory took a darker turn. Lily could hear the distant sounds of snarls and growls—the haunting echoes of a fierce battle. She was too young to understand, but fear gripped her tiny heart.

Summoning a strength she didn't know she possessed, she managed to squirm her way out of the blanket. Her infantile instincts urged her to investigate and seek out the turmoil's source.

Crawling cautiously, she approached the source of the commotion, and her heart sank as she witnessed the gruesome scene. In the center of a small clearing, a woman lay beaten and bloodied in her human form. It was as if Lily was looking through a mirror.

This woman was her mother, Abigail. www.novelworld.com

"No, no, this isn't right! You were supposed to have died during childbirth. Why am I seeing this? Why am I remembering this? Lily thought in a panic. She watched as her mother tried to pull herself up, only to collapse back down on the ground again.

"Get up! You have to get up! Lily said, but once again only unintelligible words could be heard coming from her.

Abigail's eyes, once filled with warmth and love, now held a pain that cut through Lily's very soul. Her mother reached out a trembling hand towards her infant daughter, her voice choked with sorrow.

"I'm so sorry, Lily. I tried so hard to keep you safe," Abigail whispered, her voice www.novelworld.com

barely more than a hoarse whisper. "I wish things could be different."

Tears welled up in Lily's infant eyes as she understood the meaning behind her mother's words, even when she was a baby. She could feel the depth of Abigail's regret, but Lily could not remember who was attacking her or why they were on the run.

As Lily gazed upon her mother, there was warped laughter coming from behind her. Then a shadow cast its dark presence across the clearing, looming over Abigail's broken form. Then Lily noticed a large and heavy log poised to strike her mother in the head. She couldn't see a face.

"Grow up strong, and don't ever forget that I love you," Abigail said weakly.

Lily's heart pounded with terror as she watched in helpless horror, unable to do anything about the impending tragedy. The log seemed to hang in the air for an eternity, casting a long, sinister shadow over her mother's form.

"No! Mom, no! Please!" Lily screamed as she tried to crawl toward her.

But before the fatal blow could land, Lily jolted awake, her breath ragged and her heart pounding in her chest. Garrett wrapped his arms around her, causing her to flail against him while trying to fight him off.

"Lily, stop, stop! It was just a dream. You're awake. Nothing can hurt you,"

Garrett reassured her. He had been trying to wake her for at least five minutes now after seeing how distressed she was looking while she was dreaming.

Lily turned to him, her eyes filled with the remnants of her distressing dream.

She began to cry, and Garrett held her, not saying anything. Because she hadn't marked him yet, he wasn't able to see her dream, but he felt intense emotions from it.

When Lily finally stopped sobbing, Garrett got her a glass of water from the fridge in their room. He then sat down on the side of the bed and asked, "Do you want to talk about it?"

"It was from my past, a memory, I think. I must have suppressed it because of what I had witnessed," Lily explained. "My mother didn't die in childbirth. That was a lie. I watched my mother die. She was murdered."