

The death song

Chapter-30

AMALTHEA'S POV

#Violent content. You can read or skip.#

Opening my eyes with a shaky breath, I looked around myself, closing my eyes tiredly. A vision again?

Currently, I was in what looked like a dungeon that was dimly lit with flame torches.

With a shaky breath as I was having difficulty breathing in this dark basement kind of area, I walked towards where the faint sounds of people talking were coming. Wait. This doesn't look like a vision. My visions aren't so detailed.

I know this was one of my dreams again. It's been so long since I had the last one. Two months passed, and I thought I was relieved from the horrifying dreams. Dad once said my dreams have a deeper meaning, but I don't think it's true.

"Did you talk to her? Is she ready to talk? Where are the rest of them hiding?" A man said while standing near the staircase, and I hid behind the stone wall.

The face of the men was blurred, and the only thing clear in their appearance was their ancient soldier costumes.

"We have tried. We warned and threatened her so many times, but she didn't speak a word. He even whipped her to get the information out of her, but she took all the whippings without even screaming or yelling," Another man said, and I

clenched my fist on the wall as the thought of someone beating a woman angered me.

"She won't speak a word like this. You are following my instructions, right? Don't let a weak werewolf go to her for any task. She will take him. I am going down to see if I can do anything to make her speak," The man with black hair said, and the other two men nodded.

"Guard the place. Don't let anyone come down," The man said before descending downstairs.

Seeing the two men walking in my direction, I hid behind the wall before realizing they couldn't see me.

Following the man downstairs, I saw him opening the gate of what looked like a prison, and I rushed towards it before it could close.

Inside the prison, a woman whose face wasn't clear was hanging on the wall, her hands and legs chained with heavy metals.

"Arora, I heard you are not ready to utter a word about your people. Aren't you just risking your life by doing so?"

"You do know I am not like other pack werewolves, right? I can do anything for what I want. And right now, I want information from you. Don't you think you are trusting me too much that I might not slice you to pieces?" The man asked as he lifted a sword and cut her cheeks, making me close my eyes as I gritted my teeth.

"I am not going to betray my people no matter what you do," the lady said, and the man chuckled before making another cut on her abdomen.

"Oh, how much I love the dripping red color on your pearly skin. You are so beautiful, Arora. Why are you wasting it all for a bunch of people who don't even care if you are alive or dead?" The man asked, and she gritted her teeth before taking deep shaky breaths.

"Arora, I know you are not afraid of death, but there has to be something that you must be afraid of, no? I don't know what it is, and I guess I am not going to ever find out. I already knew keeping you here was futile, and you are too dangerous for us as your presence here will tell your people about this secret location. You know what I am going to do, right?" The man asked her, and she chuckled.

"What are you waiting for, coward? I know you will be doing this sooner or later. So why waste time?" She asked, and the man chuckled darkly, making her drop her smile.

"You know, from the day I saw you covered in dirt, weak, and helpless, I knew you were useless to us in catching the rest of you. However, I still caught you. Do you know the reason behind it? I was smitten by your beauty. I have fu*ked countless women, but I have never f*cked a Siren. But that's okay. Everything has a right time, and I guess that time is now. I am going to kill you, no doubt, but before that, I am going to enjoy your beauty," He said before he unchained her, making her fall to the ground as she backed away from him, a helpless, scared and pained look in her eyes as she shook her head.

"Yo-you can't do this to me. You can't taint my purity like this. Please," She stammered, and the man chuckled before sitting on his knees as he cornered her.

Gripping her leg, he pulled her towards himself before shattering her dress as he unzipped his pants and entered her, making her scream echo in the prison.

As he thrust her while making her scream and claw at his hands, I couldn't help but scratch the wall helplessly, not being able to take it anymore, I closed my eyes for a moment to think of anything that I could do to help the woman even though it was a dream.

"Antonio! I want you to avenge me. I wish for the death of his whole bloodline. Don't let him live for tainting a Siren's dignity," She screamed before she raised her hands in the air and started singing a song, the song of death.

I noticed a fire lit in the dungeons, and soon both the lady and the man started burning alive.

The sounds of the man's scream and the look of anguish in her eyes, made me freeze in my position before I realized what was happening.

It was the song of death. The song is capable of burning the darkest souls. As the fire started spreading in the whole area, I ran upstairs, trying to find a way to get out of this place.

Feeling lost and not knowing where to go, I was about to jump into what looked like a lake. However, before I could do that, I felt someone pulling me toward them, making me gulp as I fell backward into an endless pit.

Gasp!!

"Amalthea, are you okay?" I heard Crystal's voice, and I

gulped before shaking my head as I poured myself a glass of water.

Gulping the water quickly, I held my shaking legs to control the trembling as I looked out of the window.

It was still night.

'Was it you? The one who pulled me out?' I asked Crystal, and she nodded.

'You banned me from the dream, but your breathing was becoming too Haggard, and I felt like you were in some kind of danger. Thus, I pulled you out,' Crystal said, and I nodded.

'Thank you,' I said before leaning my head on the headboard.

'Did you see a bad dream,' She asked, and I nodded again before taking calming breaths.

'I did, but it felt so real. For the first time, I felt like it was a snippet of something that happened in the past. I can't stop feeling angry over what that man did to that lady, and for the first time, I heard the bits and pieces of the death song,' I said.

'The death song? You heard a Siren?' she asked, and I nodded.

'I don't understand . I have never met a Siren in real life or heard a death song before because the people who hear it don't survive, but as soon as the siren started humming it, I immediately knew it was a death song, and I even unintentionally closed my ears. How did I know it was the death song? It was like a distant memory and my subconscious telling me to not hear it any further,' I said to

her, and she hummed in reply, not saying anything else.

'I even heard the name Antonio . I don't know to what extent this is true, but that siren was definitely related to Antonio , and I feel like if I want to find this guy, then I will have to find a Siren first,' I said, and she hummed again.

'Go to sleep, for now, Amalthea . You are exhausted . Forget about it. The truth will come to you soon. It's the promise of the wolf of the world,' I heard Crystal whisper, and as if I heard a lullaby, I immediately fell asleep.