

Chapter 99 Grusha's fear

99

AMALTHEA'S POV

"What are you doing here?" I asked cautiously, not wanting to give too much about my purpose here.

"Me? I am doing the same thing you are here to do. To meet someone I know," Blake said, and I quirked my brows.

"Okay," I said before walking past him towards the hotel.

If he is here to meet me and knows about my arrival, does that mean he is someone who knows the leader? But how can this be?

"Amalthea," I heard his voice, and I paused, not turning around.

"I am sorry for last time. I knew you wouldn't hurt Linda like that. I am sorry for not trusting you at that time. She confessed to it when I asked her, and I am sorry about all the bad things I said that time. I was in the wrong," He said, and I sighed, remembering how he had called me a vengeful witch who ate her patents and was now behind his happiness.

"That's okay. You trusted your mate. It's good that you've learned to trust and put all your bets on one person now rather than sailing on two boats," I scoffed before walking ahead.

He didn't stop me. It means he isn't what I was thinking. Maybe he was just here to meet someone we both knew? I thought, before entering the hotel, squinting my brows when I saw the lobby crowded.

There's no way I will be able to find him here. Dialing the leader's number, I waited for him to pick up as I exited the hotel, feeling a suppressing aura inside. This aura is uncommon. It has to be someone powerful who can mask his identity among humans. I thought before shrugging.

As long as it doesn't concern me, I am not going around picking fights or

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"First Blake, and then Amalthea? What a pleasant surprise," I heard a hissing sound, making me place my hand on my revolver, but before I could draw it, the person placed her hand on my hand, stopping me midway.

"I am not here to harm you, sweetheart. Haven't you recognized my voice? Well, it hasn't been that long for you to forget me so soon," she said, and I widened my eyes.

"Grusha?" I asked, and she chuckled.

"The one and only," She said, and I ended the call before turning around.

However, as soon as I turned around, the scene in front of me changed, and I suddenly found myself standing in the middle of a hall.

"What do you need?" I asked, finding myself helpless.

That's the reason I am not too fond of witches. They always surprise me by changing my environment, and I don't like such unpredictable changes around me.





"What would I need? I didn't know you and Blake had such a connection. I was just asking him about you, and look, you are already here. I just wanted to meet you since I was in the area," She smirked, and I scoffed.

"I am not Blake, Grusha. Who are you trying to fool? What is your purpose in showing yourself again? The last time you showed up, you predicted my father's death by a rogue, and even though we created the huge barriers around our pack, he still died. I would've been thrilled to meet you and know more about my future if you yourself wouldn't have been so unpredictable. So what's your purpose this time?" I asked.

"Why don't you sit while we do it? We are meeting after three years, right? Do you not want to catch up with me?" She asked me, and I gave her a lopsided smile.

"Catch up with you? About what? About how my dad died? Or how you couldn't save your friend? Or is it because you couldn't care less about him?" I asked, and she looked at me coldly, making me sigh.

"Your tongue is still as sharp as ever. And if all, it has only become more toxic. Is Augustus treating you too well?" She asked me, and I sighed.

"Can you come straight to the point? Why did you meet Blake? Why did you ask him about me? I am here to meet someone else, so tell me why you want to meet me. I am not there to waste time on tea and coffee," I said, and she smiled.

"I just wanted to meet you because I thought you would be interested in knowing what had happened when you were five. Have you not been roaming around the woods and meeting different people to unravel your past?" She said.

"How do you know that?" I asked before sighing.

What is wrong with me? What kind of question is that? Of course, she knows about it. She is one of the most powerful witches I know. She was my parent's friend and used to visit our home a lot before my father died.

Now that I think about it, how did my parents have such a powerful witch as their friend? I never thought much about it, but now that I am looking into everything and suspecting everyone, I need to find out everyone near my parents who might know about the culprits.

"What do you know about it? What happened?" I asked.

"Well, now that something of your interest has popped up, why don't you sit and hear me out?" She said, and I gritted my teeth.

Meeting the leader was necessary today because I don't know how





serious he was, but if she is someone who can tell me about my past that no one knows or is ready to talk about, then hearing her out is more important right now.

"If you were here to meet me for real, then why did you only call Blake and not me? You could've called me too unless you never intended to meet me and are only showing your fake concern because I am here," I said, and she sighed.

"Amalthea, I know that the world didn't exactly treat you well, but can you stop seeing everything suspiciously and under the same light? Slip-ups happen, okay?" She said, and I rolled my eyes.

"You have been following me?" I asked, and she hummed.

"That's what your father would've wanted. Your safety," she said.

"And what exactly did you do to ensure my safety? As far as I know, there were plenty of times when I was on the verge of dying because of the attacks," I said, and she smiled cheekily at me.

"That's where I come into the picture. You were never on the verge of dying. I was watching from afar to resurrect you just a few moments ago before you would've died," She said with a cheerful smile.

I, on the other hand, looked at her coldly - "..."

"Well, that sounds very convincing," I said before sighing.

"You are such a strong witch, Grusha. Can I know how you and my parents became friends? I know my parents were strong wolves themselves, but a wolf and a witch's friendship isn't that common," I said before standing and walking towards the window, and she hummed.

"Well, that's because I was the one who cured you when you were five. Your parents had come begging me to save you, and well, you can say that I am also the reason you have those Siren powers," She said with a smile, making me pause in my actions as I whipped my head in her direction in shock.

"You know what you are talking about, right? Your words will decide what will happen next with many lives," I said, and she smiled reassuringly.



"I know exactly what I am talking about, Amalthea. Your mother and father never wanted you to know about it, but I guess they hadn't thought that you would be betrayed by Blake like this, and it will create an unquenched thirst for revenge inside you. I always wanted to tell you about this, but I was bound by the promise I gave your dad," She said, and I patiently waited for her to talk more.

I don't know what she was talking. All I know is that something happened when I was five because those hymns keep saying I need to bring back my memories. If she says she is the one who cured me from whatever it was and is the reason for my Siren powers, maybe she can give back my lost memories too?

"So, what changed now? Why are you ready to tell me everything?" I asked before sighing and reforming my sentence.

"What kind of promise? You say you are the reason behind my Siren powers, but how can that be possible? I am sure a witch can't give the power of such a mysterious species to someone like that. You had cured me? What kind of thing needed the curing that cost me my memories? Can you bring them back?" I shot all at once, and she smiled at me before holding my hand.

"Relax, okay? I will tell you everything, but before that, you need to calm down. I am going into my meditational hiding for a couple of months starting tonight, and that's why I am here to help you a little. I will tell you -" She paused mid-sentence before jerking away my hand, looking at me with wide eyes.

"You! Why didn't you tell me you were meeting him? You are here with him? Since when have you been colliding with Sirens?! Didn't you know you are not to interact with them?" She looked at me helplessly, and I squinted my brows, not understanding her words.

She was fine just a few minutes ago. What happened in a few seconds? Why is she talking like that? When did I interact with Sirens? She says she has been following me. Doesn't that mean she should know how the Sirens are following me and not the other way around?

"You, I am sorry. I have you go," Grusha said, and I raised my brows, my heart beat increasing as I looked at her, scared that she might actually leave.



"Wait. What do you mean you have to go? Didn't you say you would tell me about my past and what had happened all those years ago? Where are you going? You can't back off from your words just like that. You can't leave!" I panicked as I held her hand, and she jerked my hand away.

"You stay away from me and don't touch me. He has already come here looking for you. I don't want to get between you two," She said, and I held her.

"What is happening? Please tell me, Grusha. I have begged no one in my whole life. I have never gotten on my knees for someone, but I would get on my knees in front of you. Just tell me everything about my parents' death. You are a witch, and I am sure you can find every person who was involved in their death," I said and was about to get on my knees when she held my hand.

"There's no need to get on your knees because I won't be able to help you. Meeting you was a bad idea. He has already come here looking for you. I don't want to get involved in your matter," She said, and seeing the fear in her eyes, I bit my lips before closing my eyes.

"Can you- can you at least tell me who you are talking about?" I asked helplessly, and she sighed.

"Antonio," She said before disappearing in thin air, and I found myself back outside the hotel where I was standing before she showed up.

What did she say? Antonio was here? The same guy father had mentioned in his letter?

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