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"Happened, how?" she stared down at me. 1

"like how did you survive? And more importantly it's been a year. What happened all these while?" She wondered.

"I just woke up three weeks ago, Sage took me away, he's been taking care of me too."

"Sage?" I wondered.

"Yes."

I gave her a look, "so are you guys like a thing now?" I wiggled my brow.

Her cheeks turned into a pale shade of red, I was stunned, too stunned to speak.

"Well, he's my mate." She said shyly.

"Mate huh, good thing he's cute and from the look of things he must have taken really good care of you," I suggestively.

She choked, coughing loudly, I barely controlled the laughter that threatened to slip through my lips, giving her the best innocent look I could muster.

She shut me a glare, "Stop thinking about

nonsense."

I blinked innocently, "So he didn't take care of you then?"

"I didn't say that" she defended.

"So, what exactly are you saying then?" I folded my arms underneath my breast, waiting for the brilliant way she would get out of this one.

Totally enjoying the helpless look on her face, with her cheeks totally heated up, she looked like an adorable kitten, warmth filled my heart.

She didn't need to tell me, I could see it, She loved him.

"Can I speak to Mer?" I asked.

"Any problem?" She asked.

"No. Just to confirm something" She nodded and closed her eyes, when they opened her pupils were gone, only the white remained.

"Hey Mer, long time."

"Good day child, what do you wish to see me for?"

"Yes, just a question being an oracle you've been around for eons even before us sisters

right?"

Surprise flickered in her features, "How did you know?"

"That much is obvious, if two oracles can't exist in the same time line wouldn't that mean that it was one oracle spirit that transferred from one to another? That would mean, it's always been you, hasn't it?"

She nodded, "your observation is correct, so what do you want?"

"That would mean that you're aware of a lot of things and have a vast amount of knowledge too." I pressed, trying to drive home my intentions.

"Yes. Now out with it"

"Then you must know my father, Azrathul, who is he? Tell me about him."

She shook her head, "unfortunately child, I cannot."

"What! Why? Don't you know him?"

"I am very aware of Azrathul and his methods," she replied.

"Then why won't you tell me about him?"

"Because." She paused, hesitating then

continued, "it's not my story to tell. You know who to ask if you really want to know."

With that her pupils returned, she was gone, leaving me even more confused than before.

"Was she able to help?" Lily asked.

"Not really." I shook my head, "If anything I'm left with more questions than before."

"What is it about?" She wondered.

Right, I forgot, Lily rarely remembered what happened whenever Mer took over. I thought they worked it out, but it seems like that's one permanency in their relationship.

"I asked about Azrathul."

Her body shook, breath hitching.

"Azrathul, why?" She tried to sound normal, but there was a sharp edge to her voice.

I scrunched my brows, "Stop doing that, no. Why are you doing that?"

"Doing what?" She tried to sound clueless, but I wasn't letting it go, something was off and I was going to find out what.

"I have eyes you know, the quiet breath

seizure, the trembling body, pinching your nose, suddenly getting uncomfortable. You know." It wasn't a question, it was a fact.

"That's what she meant by it wasn't her story, of course it isn't, it's yours."

"I don't know what you're talking about." she flat out denied.

The pent up emotions came crashing, "You have to tell me Lily"

"There's nothing to tell." She insisted stubbornly, her eyes everywhere but on me, she was never a good liar.

"You don't understand Lily, you don't. I barely get a wink of sleep before these nightmares devour me. Each night I wake up worse than the previous night, I feel like I'm losing myself, like I'm going crazy."

She looked away, "I'm sorry."

"No you're not." I spat, "cause if you were, you would tell me what I need to know."

"It's not that simple Aels, it isn't, please trust me."

"I want to, I want to trust you Lily, I really do, but I need you to trust me too, cut me some

slack, I've tried so damn hard, to convince myself that I'm not insane, that something isn't slowly chirping at my sanity." I paused, breath heavy, the air in the room thickening.

"Every damn time, and yet it's the same result over and over again. Do you understand what it feels like to see yourself do things? See yourself harm your loved ones? Only to satisfy a figure you barely recognise not to talk of knowing. You claim to love me and yet you hide things from me, things crucial to my surviving,"

Something broke in her expression, "I'm just trying to protect you," she whispered.

"How's that working out?" I fired, "cause I don't feel very protected, I feel empty, lost, blank. Like there's a part of me missing, a part of me that I should know about but it isn't there no matter how hard I chase, trying to catch up." My chest rose and fell heavily letting my words sink in, in the silence.

She finally lifted her head.

Tears— that was the first thing I noticed, they pooled at her eyes, but she sniffed them back before they fell.

"I guess, I can't protect you from it much longer" her voice was a quiet whisper, almost

hollow.

She stood, eyes gazing in an empty space,

"Protect me from what?"

"From what our father did to you." She replied.

"He's really our father then?"

"Yes," she nodded, not denying it.

I braced myself, "Tell me everything, don't leave anything out, I want to hear it all." I said resolutely.

She gave me a resigned look, "you might need to sit properly for this."

"I'm fine." I replied.

For some reason, I felt like what I was about to hear will change everything and while I wasn't too keen on tasting that theory, I wasn't too keen on the idea of being left in the blank either.

She walked to the kettle at the center table, poured in two cups of warm tea, poured in some tea, then her mouth moved.

"Here, this will help calm your nerves if necessary." Her voice quiet,

I took the cup, taking a sip, she sipped from hers too, then sat back down.

Her voice rang out, as clear as day. She spoke about Azrathul, how he met the moon goddess, their story, down to when they had us and how they fell apart.

"That's why she was so angry, she wanted to prevent me from repeating her mistakes." I mumbled.

"That too." Lilith replied then continued her story.

By the time she was done, I felt my entire being, no— my soul trembled, something that had been buried somewhere within me, long forgotten, it all surfaced.

"I remember." I whispered.