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Eve's POV 1

"You don't have to worry about paying me any money, After all, I failed to do anything for the girl..."

Margaret said to me in a sympathetic tone that she looked like she had aged twenty more years with the time that she had spent trying to help the girl that I had found on the street.

I could not say anything, but even from where I stood away from the pool, I could feel the girl's energy draining away from the world.

"You saw she's pregnant too, right? She could have a mate somewhere... Somebody who probably is desperately looking for her... Someone who is missing her dearly and not able to get any sleep because he needs her by his side..."

Margaret sighed out loud.

"I don't know that, but the truth is, we cannot save everybody, Eve... Some people are just lost and there's nothing that can be done for them..."

Her eyes darted to the girl, that she had left in a pool of healing herbs.



"Especially when they are not ready to do anything for themselves... This girl has refused to fight for her own life, while you, a mere stranger.. are going through such lengths? I don't understand..."

I clenched my fist, feeling my eyes sting as tears began to boil around them.

"You know Margaret even I don't understand, but I have to help this girl..."

That was partially a lie. I admitted this only to myself as my fingers sunk deeper into my palm, the reason continued to race around my head.

When I saw that she was actually leaving the basement, I ran over and grabbed her leg. She looked down at me as if I had really lost my mind.

"Eve, what are you doing? Let go of me before you rip my dress!"

But I shook my head vehemently in refusal, so much so that my hair danced around frantically with my shaking head.

"Please you cannot abandon her like this, and I can't take her to the hospital either because they have also given up on her..."

She stood at the spot knowing that if she



moved anymore with the grip that I had on her dress: it would rip like paper.

"Well, I see exactly why the hospital gave up. Just look at her. I've been battling for hours to help her, but nothing is working. She hasn't even twitched a finger or a toe... How can I..."

Suddenly the sound of rippling water filled both of our ears and we took our eyes to the little pool in the middle of the room that was holding the girl, she was trembling.

Margaret rushed over to her, surprised, because the girl had been as stiff as a board for some time after she had begun treating her, so now she was suddenly moving again.

As soon as I stepped forward, her trembling caused her to splash water on my face, startled I almost fell on my butt.

"It's best to keep your distance from there Eve,"

Margaret advised me, then she looked down at the girl.

"So it seems that you have finally decided, to fight, it took you long enough,"

She placed a dry stick between the girl's teeth, it was probably to stop her from biting her tongue as she was trembling like that, and just



like that the struggle started again, but this time she was even speaking.

"We are not going to make it.. we are not going to make it...."

Strangely enough, she was replying to her own statement.

"Don't worry, believe in me, we are going to make it out of here..."

It was like she was making an internal conversation with herself which probably meant that she was talking to her wolf and the conversation was leaking out.

After a while, her trembling began to steadily reduce, and then for a moment, I was worried that we had lost her, but then suddenly she began to peel her eyes open.

But it seemed like we were in for another shock when she opened up her eyes. We were supposed to be relieved because we had both been struggling to revive her for so long.

Her eyes were not normal, that was, the eyes were purely black and I couldn't help myself as I took a few steps back with fear, even though I was already far from her, but then it was Margaret who lessened my fear.

"Now where do you think you are going to?"



can't you see that she has just gained consciousness?"

I felt like a teenager trying to sneak out of their room to go to a party, though with more embarrassment.

I was the one that had nagged and practically harassed Margaret to help her and now I wanted to bail out on her. It was really embarrassing.

But then as her eyes came in my direction, it was as if my feet had been rooted to the spot.

"Who... are you...? where am I?"

She was probably so lost and confused.

I could not be so cowardly, it was not as if I was even going to be able to leave his basement, Margaret would probably drive me back the way I had dragged her.

"Well I'm Eve..."

I said even though I was not looking in her eyes and then brought my hand over to her shoulder.

"This... this is Margaret.. a herbalist.. I brought you to her after the hospital said they couldn't treat you..."

"You took me.. to a hospital?"



She sounded so drained like she was going to pass out again.

"Yes, I had to, because I found you fainted on the street.. I couldn't leave you like that..."

She looked at both me and Margaret for a while and then she nodded slowly.

"Thank... you for your kindness..."

I shook my head.

"You don't have to thank me..." I said, but I couldn't help but ask. "But why are your eyes like that?"

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