

Chapter 17 The Hard Choice

Mia

Which one of them did I find attractive? I snorted at the question. That was ridiculous. What sort of person asked that kind of question from the girl he claimed to love? Why would he care if I liked any of his brothers if he intended to get me for himself? That was stupid, as far as I was concerned.

Why did I even care if he was stupid or not? That made it sound like I wanted him to pursue me as a love interest.

I wouldn't even want that for my enemies, much more myself. Knowing that I was safe and hadn't been marked, I moved back to my bed and went to sleep peacefully.

The next day, I was reading a novel on my phone after lunch when I heard a knock on the door. I was scared and my heart started pounding hard in my chest when I thought that it was Jack again.

I didn't think that he would be back again and I thought that I had finally chased him off with the threat of going public with our past. Didn't he ever give up?

I thought that he had. He hadn't even looked at me during breakfast and lunch that I was convinced that he had heard my message loud and clear and wouldn't be disturbing me ever again. Was that all a lie? I couldn't believe that and neither could I put it past me to have fooled me so I could let down my guard.

I wasn't going to go to the door and have him push his way into my bedroom like he had done the previous night.

I was about to tell the person at the door to fuck off when the knock at the door sounded again.

"Are you asleep, my dear?"

I gasped at the sound of my mum's voice and hurried down the bed to open the door, grateful that I hadn't said what I was about to say. She would want to know who I was telling to fuck off and why I had to say such words. With the way she liked my brothers, I knew I would have trouble explaining why I didn't want to see them if I didn't want to talk about the past.

I wasn't ever going to talk about the past to my mum. I had only said that to chase Jack out of my room. I could see how much Albert and my mum loved each other and I didn't want to ruin that.

Mum seemed happy and I couldn't deny that. Even as I opened the door and stood before her, I noticed that she looked different. Her facial features seemed rosier and she had a glow to her skin.

That was the appearance of a woman who was in love and whose man loved her back. If I didn't know anything, I knew that.

"Mum." I smiled at her. "I wasn't expecting you."

"I'm glad that you aren't taking a nap. Care to take a stroll in the garden with me?" She smiled.

"Why not?" I said and stepped out of my room, locking the door.

I moved beside her, both of us walking in silence as we breathed in the sweet scent of nature emitted by the flowers.

The events from the previous night came to my mind again and I couldn't get them off. It had been easy pushing it away while I was in my room because I had been reading a book to avoid thinking about it but now, in absolute silence with nothing else to do but walking, I couldn't get them off.

This was my theory. If the triplets were werewolves, there was a huge possibility that their father also was. It wasn't possible that the three boys were bitten by a wolf and turned at the same time. They had to have been born as wolves and there was only way for that to have happened. They got their genes from their parents.

If Albert was a werewolf like his son's, it was possible that he had the same traits as his sons. Maybe he was pretending like his sons and also was two-faced.

No matter how pretentious a person could be, he would have shown some signals of his real self and I had to know what my mum had observed. I had to know if she was in danger and we have to make a run for it.

After all, she was the only reason I was putting up with all of these and if she was getting abused, then it wasn't worth it. I would rather have her single and safe than have her married to a two-faced man who wouldn't be able to control his wolf instincts. I wondered if she was getting married or mated to him. After all, Jack had said that the laws that applied in the human world didn't in theirs. I believed that to mean that their ways would be different as well. Would Albert mark her and make her stick to him forever, even when he started misbehaving to her?

Shit! I reminded myself that my mum hadn't dated for a long time after dad and wondered if she was dating Albert because of the werewolf bonding. Had he marked her against her wish the day he found her and made her fall in love with him?

I groaned out in exasperation. All this knowledge of the supernatural world was turning my head upside down.

"Mum," I began, turning to her. "Has Albert done anything strange to you?"

She looked confused. "Like what? What are you talking about, my dear?"

I sighed. Of course, she wouldn't know. She was too innocent for her own good and wasn't that the exact type of people that bullies like?

I leaned up to check her neck but she moved away, looking at me with a puzzled expression. She probably thought that I was going crazy from boredom.

I lowered my voice as I moved closer to her. "Did Albert leave any strange marks on your neck?"

She blushed and playfully tapped my head. "Don't be ridiculous, dear. Do you think I would tell you if he leaves any love bites on my neck?"

I groaned. She had totally missed the point. I wasn't asking of her sexual escapades with Albert though I must confess that that was it sounded as.

I winced in pain as I held my head. She had tapped me there harder than she ought to.

"Your stepfather treats me kindly and you, my dear daughter, shouldn't think much about things." She assured and advised me in the same breath.

Seeing her happiness, my concerns were alleviated. It seemed like my stepfather was genuinely caring towards my mother. Even if he was a wolf like his sons, he didn't seem to act like them or mum would have said something about that.

She had known what it was like to be loved deeply that she wouldn't settle for less. That was what made her wait and not get married immediately after dad's death.

She wouldn't be with Albert if he was half as unruly as his sons. I had just proven again that Albert was a good guy and I was happy for my mother. I would gladly endure everything for her sake if it meant that she would be happy.

I sighed as I thought of the triplets. Of course, I should have known that they were bastards, the apples that were far from the tree.