

Chapter 18 Plotting Revenge

Mia

"Tell me everything that I've missed." I said to Anna over the phone as I sat in my room, twiddling my fingers.

We had resolved our differences, missing each other greatly after I transferred to another school. Unable to cope with my absence in school and also her life, she had come over to my house and we had talked. It had been easy laying the sleeping dogs to lie as the demon triplets weren't around to cast their shadow on our friendship again and burden Anna with the weight of guilt she always carried around me ever since the incident.

We had both gotten over it and bonded though we had to move far away from each other because of college. I couldn't move too far because of my mum but Anna hadn't had such restrictions. She had traveled abroad to study and we only communicated on phone and saw each other only when she came home for holidays.

I had missed her and still did. I missed her more now, with the way my life seemed like it was spiraling out of my control with the presence of the werewolves in my life.

I needed a distraction and that was just what I did when I had called Anna. Hearing her voice on phone telling me all that she had been up to was a remedy for my weary soul.

I listened as she talked of her boyfriend, her friends over there, the project she was working on and everything she felt I needed to know. We were both done with our degrees but Anna wasn't back yet because she had applied for her Masters program immediately after graduation.

A knock sounded on my door and I told her that I was going to talk to her later. We exchanged our farewells and I ended the call.

I wasn't surprised to see mum at the door. She seemed to have made an habit of going to the garden after lunch and asking that I went with her, even though we didn't really talk much. Well, I was happy to be her company if she didn't want to be alone.

"Who was that you were talking to?" She asked, her eyes sparkling.

"Anna."

I chuckled as her expression fell. I could tell that she was disappointed. She would have wanted me to tell her that I was talking with my boyfriend. I knew it bothered her that I was always uncomfortable the male species and didn't have a love life but I couldn't help it.

"Oh!" She said. She couldn't even keep the disappointment from her voice. "Shall we?"

"Yes." I said, locking the door after me.

I came to a rude stop as we got to the garden and realized that the triplets were trimming the plants. I didn't want to see them and if mum wasn't with me, I would have made a U-turn and moved back to my room.

A sudden chill washed over me and I gasped as cold water drenched my face. I looked up to see John holding a hose and whistling at me. I glared at the brothers with anger and I felt like picking a stone nearby and smashing his head but a glance at mum beside me reminded me that was impossible.

That was unladylike and mum would react like I had done an abominable offense for not being as gentle as a lady was required to be. Of course, I didn't want to break my dear mother's fragile heart. I stood still, looking at my drenched clothes and seethed with anger.

Albert scowled at John and scolded him on my behalf. "Don't tease your sister, John. That was uncalled for. Now, she is all wet. What do you want to do if she catches a cold?"

Maybe that was a good idea, I thought. I could pretend to be cold and go back to my room to change my clothes. Then, I would stay inside and never come out. I would never have to see the triplets. It was bad enough that I had to see them at meal times and that was more than enough for me. I didn't want to see them at all, if I could help it.

The only hitch to my plan to avoid them was that mum would come to my bedroom to drag me back to the garden if I wasn't back in the next ten minutes after leaving.

"Our younger brother is just happy to have a new member in the family." Jack joked. "You should join us." He said, looking at me.

What? Was he serious? I didn't think so. Why would I want to stay around them? I knew he was being mischievous by extending an invitation to me.

I shook my head. "No, thanks. I think I should go and get changed. It's starting to get cold." I said, using the excuse that I had planned to use.

I already turned and was about to leave when I felt a pull on my hand. I groaned as I realized that it was mum pulling me back and stopping me from running away.

"You should stay." She said.

I shook my head at her, insisting that I didn't want to stay with the triplets but she didn't budge. I knew what she was doing. She was trying to help me get over my discomfort when guys were present and thought that it would be easy for me to do if I could get comfortable with my brothers. She probably believed that I would soon myself a boyfriend if I could use my step-brothers to get over my phobia of men.

I sighed. If only she knew that the step-brothers she wanted to use to cure me of my phobia were the main cause of it, she would have let me run away as I wanted to.

Jack grinned at me as he realized that I couldn't leave because of my mum. He seemed to be happy that he had trapped me into staying and I glared at him, flashing my eyes in anger at him and making sure that I let him know how much I hated him.

In response, he threw a towel at me. Taking the towel he offered, I wiped her face, gently dabbing it over my skin and body. It couldn't dry my wet clothes but it could take a bit of the moisture off.

Probably bored with how slow I was drying myself up, Jack moved closer to me and yanked the towel from my hand before I could blink. He held me in place and playfully covered my head with the towel and rubbed at it, messing up my hair.

I hated how he was acting as a big brother and treating me as baby sister but everyone else seemed to find it funny and laughed. Amidst their laughter, I seethed and plotted my revenge.

If they wanted a game, they were going to get it. I moved closer to where they were and fetched a water hose from Albert.

He wasn't holding it properly and it was easy for me to get it from him. Maybe that or he knew already what I wanted to do and didn't want to stop him.

Albert was fun too and I knew that he would have been as naughty and playful as his sons were when he was their age. Maybe not as bad mannered as they were.

I aimed the hose at my triplets step-brothers who were weeding and pressed down on it, spraying them all with water. They hadn't seen me when I had gone to take the hose and had been caught off guard when I sprayed them with the water.

They all ended up soaked, maybe more than I had been and seeing how disheveled they looked with the expression on their faces, I couldn't help the emotions swelling in my stomach and burst into laughter.

I was proud of myself for what I had done. I had gotten back at them for what they had done. I had done more than they had done to me and that was a huge win for me. I already told them that two could play the game. They weren't the only one who could be naughty.

Albert smiled at me. "You did well, Mia. That was a good payback." He said and I was happy at his praises her.

I knew the triplets wouldn't dare to do anything to me while their father was watching everyone of us, his gaze as sharp as that of a hawk.

I picked the hose again and started pressing water on them. All they could only do was to dodge the water spray and pretend to beg her for mercy.

"Stop it, Mia." John shouted, running away from the splash.

"Make me." I shouted back.

I had read somewhere in an article while I was browsing about werewolves that they didn't like to get wet and I knew that this must be very hard on them but yet, they took it because of their dad. I loved the sense of power that I had over them.

John chuckled, moving away to avoid the onslaught of water. "I plead your highness."

Even Quinn didn't groan in his usual tone. He ducked and ran with his brothers, avoiding the water. I half expected one of them to get bored in the end, glare at me and march forward to yank the hose from my hand but none of them did.

I was almost convinced that they also wanted to play with me, regardless of their father's presence. I looked back and could see that everyone was holding on to each other and laughing as they looked at us. There was no doubt that everyone was having fun.

The garden was filled with joy and laughter, and I felt as though I really had a loving family with caring parents and brothers.