

## Chapter 23 Regret Is A Bastard

John

I cursed at her. She was stubborn, too thick-headed for her own good. I couldn't believe that she wouldn't apologize even when she was facing death.

Her pride was much more than that of a werewolf. She was strong.

Damn, I watched as her struggles in the water grew weaker and she began to sink.

"Shit," I cursed to myself.

I had thought that she could swim and was only acting dramatic because she wanted us to save her. I knew of ladies who intentionally acted dumb and helpless when guys were present so they could be treated as damsels in distress.

I felt stupid. I should have known that Mia wasn't like that. I was perplexed. Who couldn't swim at her age?

Before I could do anything, I felt someone whiz past me and I realized that it was Quinn who had jumped into the water to save Mia.

His expression was serious as he dove into the water and I glanced back when I heard someone grumbling behind me.

I saw a lady scowling and cursing as she picked herself off the ground. Apparently, she had been beside Quinn and he had pushed her aside as he jumped into the pool to rescue Mia.

I held my breath as Quinn brought her out of the pool and placed her on the ground. Jack had moved closer and growled at the crowd to move backwards so we could give Mia some breathing space.

I felt guilt wash over me and I had never hated myself like I did at that moment. I shouldn't have taunted her. I shouldn't have wasted time. I should have been the one to rescue her. I should have saved her. I should have jumped into that pool without hesitation, saved her first and then wait for her to catch her breath before asking her to apologize.

I felt like crap. How could I still tell myself that I liked her when I had stood there when she caved under?

It would be a delusion to still refer to myself as the friendly one of the triplets when I had taunted the girl I liked when she was dying.

She wouldn't ever forgive me when she regained consciousness. I agreed that I was the one owing her an apology when she woke up. How fast the tables had turned.

"She is not breathing." Quinn announced, his tone worried.

What? I snapped my head to his side and bent down beside him. I placed my hand on her pulse and I got scared. I confirmed that she had lost consciousness and her breathing was weak.

My brow furrowed as I performed CPR while my brothers watched. I could tell that they were anxious, just as I was. I was worried that she might be in life-threatening danger.

We had forgotten how fragile humans could be and pushed her too far. We were fools.

I realized that we had caused trouble and knew that the only way to save her was to take her to the hospital.

"Somebody call the ambulance." I shouted at the crowd and hoped that they took action instead of looking at us like we had all done earlier.

I had never been to a hospital before in my life as we never got sick so I didn't know how we were to act there. I didn't even know the number to call for the ambulance and doubted that any of my brothers knew as well.

I raised my head up to stare at the crowd and hissed at them. They were acting too slow for my liking. Couldn't they see that someone was in danger?

"Let's get her to the hospital with our car." Quinn growled, scooping Mia off the ground into his arms. He started walking out of the party.

I nodded and moved after him with Jack. That was a good idea. That was faster than waiting for the ambulance to reach here and get her to the ambulance. Even if we didn't know what to do, I was sure that the medical staff would take it from us if we got her to the hospital in due time.

In due time. That was my prayer as Quinn got into the back of the car with Mia in his arms, Jack slid into the passenger seat and I got in behind the wheel. I hoped that we weren't too late to save her.

After we had gotten Mia to the hospital and she had been given a room, Quinn had a call from dad and I didn't have to be a genius to know that dad was worried and calling to ask why we weren't back from the birthday party.

After all, we had promised not to stay out too late when we had insisted that Mia go with us.

I looked at my older brother's cold expression and knew that he was mad and only trying to keep a clamp on his emotions.

I didn't know who he was angry at, if it was me or himself but I was scared of that look. It sent chills to my body.

"I'm sorry for suggesting the prank." I apologized.

I was the one who suggested inviting Mia to the birthday party in front of our parents so she could be forced to be with us. We had planned to delay her so that we could get her to promise to do everything that we wanted before leaving the party and getting her home.

I wished I had known that our plans would spiral out of control or I wouldn't have suggested it.

Quinn didn't say anything and focused on the phone call with dad. He swiped the receive button. "Hi, dad."

He didn't need to put the phone on speaker. With our superior hearing, we could hear perfectly well both sides of the conversation.

"Why are you not back at home yet, son?" Dad asked over the phone. "You promised not to be late."

Quinn hesitated, wondering how he was going to explain what had happened to dad.