

Tessandra~

No AN today.

"So wait," Calypso said, "Your previous mate actually ripped your throat out?"

I nodded awkwardly.

"And the Moon Goddess just suddenly brought you back?"

I nodded awkwardly again.

Calypso pulled her knees up to her chest, looking absolutely dumbfounded. I didn't understand why she was though, I told her this a few weeks ago, and to this day she was still acting sketched out. I figured she would have at least had enough time to process this already...Apparently not.

"I just don't get it. I mean, I've never met a person who came back to life without a witch resurrecting them. It's just...bizarre."

"And bringing someone back from the dead in general isn't?" I asked, and she shrugged.

"I mean in the witch world, it's not that unheard of. I can't resurrect anyone, I'm not that powerful," She paused, "But I've met witches who could."

As she said this, there was a little puzzle in my head. And I was quickly starting to put the pieces together.

"And my mom...Was she one of those witches?"

Calypso stared me down for a second, as if she was contemplating telling me. But why wouldn't she tell me? She had already told me more than she was supposed to. Why was she hesitant on telling me the rest?

It's not like I didn't have a right to know. I mean it was about my mother. My back-stabbing, lying, manipulative excuse for a mom. I still wanted to know.

"Calypso," I interrupted her thinking, "Whatever you're planning on not telling me, I would strongly suggest otherwise."

I gave her a pointed look. Though I was being a bitch, I didn't really care. She was trying to hide something from me, something that I had a right to know. I had had enough of people keeping things from me, so God forbid if I got a little bitchy with someone who was planning on hiding shit.

Calypso looked taken back by my lack of friendliness, but she quickly began to speak.

"Yes, Tessandra was one of those witches."

I stared at her somewhat intrigued.

"Your mom...She was incredible. She could resurrect anything and anyone without so much as blinking. And it wasn't just resurrecting that she was skilled at. It was everything."

Calypso spoke so highly of my mother, it almost seemed to me like she admired her. I mean watching the way her eyes lit up as she spoke about my mother made me wonder how well she actually knew her.

She was talking about her as if they were best friends.

"How did you actually know my mom?" I asked, cutting her o. Though I enjoyed learning all of this fascinating stu that my mother never bothered to tell me, I had questions and I needed answers.

She looked at me, slightly taken back. As if the answer should have been something obvious. And maybe it was obvious, maybe I was just fucking dumb or something. So what? I made up for that in other ways.

Calypso looked as if she was about to answer me but before she could even get a sentence out her door opened. We both jumped slightly, and we snapped our heads towards the door, which revealed Esma. Having been so invested in what I was learning, I completely forgot that we weren't alone in her house.

So it was pretty shocking to see Esma standing there with her hands on her hips.

"Watcha talking about?" She asked, peering at us from the doorway. Her long red hair was tied up into a ponytail, as she looked at us like we were children who were just caught doing something we weren't supposed to.

Calypso and I both stood up quickly, scrambling to find an answer.

"Uh, we were just talking about..." I trailed o , not knowing what to say.

"Shoes!" Calypso quickly interjected, "We were talking about shoes. In fact, look at your shoes, are those Gucci slides?"

It was so obvious that we were lying, but neither of us were willing to drop the little lie.

Esma walked into the room, cocking her eyebrow accusingly at us. We stood there smiling like idiots, while we were being stared down by Esma.

"No, they're not Gucci slides. I got them from the dollar store," She replied, "And I know damn well you two were talking about Tessandra."

Calypso and I both looked at each other with wide eyes, and then back at Esma. She had caught us red-handed, and to prove this,

Calypso and I just stared back at Esma with our jaws agape.

"I knew it," Esma replied, "I knew you'd be the first one to tell her."

Calypso looked down in guilt, and part of me felt bad that the blame was being placed on her. But then Esma spoke, somewhat relieving us of our guilt.

"So what part are we at?"

I went to speak, but before I could, Calypso spoke.

"Did you know she's died before?"

Now this seemed to catch Esma by surprise, and she stared at me with her eyebrows raised.

"Wait, you're messing with me? There's no way...I mean we would know."

Calypso shook her head quickly, walking over to Esma. She grabbed Esma's hand quickly, before either of us could react. And then the creepiest thing happened. Both of their eyes rolled back in their head, and for a good minute I thought they were dead.

I had no clue what the fuck was going on. All I knew was that Calypso grabbed Esma's hand, and now they both had their eyes inside of their heads. But then their eyes went back to normal, and as if nothing had just happened, Esma looked at me.

"That's fucking wack. There's no way that's possible."

"Right!" Calypso exclaimed, "That's what I thought."

They both stared at me as if I was some sort of lab experiment gone wrong, and as unnatural as they thought I was, they couldn't get enough of me. It was easy to say that they were both fascinated by me.

But this wasn't about them. This wasn't what I came all of this way for. I had questions.

"Hey, I'm happy that we're all kind of on the same page. But I still need answers to things," I paused, "Like how the hell did you know my mom if she sacrificed herself years ago."

And that's when shit got quiet. That's when the both of them shared a troublesome look, and I knew that I had stumbled upon some new juicy detail that they probably wanted to hide from me.

Jackpot.

Whatever it was, they couldn't hide it from me. I mean, theoretically they could. But I would figure it out one way or another. So it was best if they just told me now so we could skip the part where I would have to snoop around.

I stared at them, annoyed with their silence. They both looked like they were against telling me, and because of that, my impatience was growing. I didn't want to sit in a room with two silent witches, wasting my time.

So I began to walk away, fully prepared to leave and go hunt for the answers on my own, when the door shut in my face. I grabbed the doorknob, yanking it just as I had done a few weeks ago. And like last time, I couldn't get it to budge.

I turned around, shooting a glare at Calypso and Esma.

"If you aren't going to tell me what I wanna know, then open the fucking door."

Calypso seemed taken back by my aggressive attitude, whereas Esma just rolled her eyes.

"Fine," She snapped, "If you wanna know so bad, then we'll show you."

Show me...?

Esma reached out and grabbed my wrist, not letting it go when I tried to tug it away. I almost let out my wolf strength, when suddenly, a scene popped into my mind. I couldn't see what was around me anymore, as what seemed to be memories filled my mind.

It was like the time that Calypso li ed the hex; however, this time, the memories were coming at me like a slideshow. Here one minute, gone the next. I was almost worried I was going to miss all of them, when they started to become more clear and precise.

And that's when I saw her.

My mom.

And when I saw where she was at, my heart nearly stopped. It was at a lake. For months, I had been trying to figure out what the lake meant, and now I was possibly going to get my answer.

I watched as my mother stood in front of a group of people, all of whom were dressed in blue. And my mother was dressed in a white dress, with markings all over her body. It was like they were tattoos, but at the same time they weren't.

She looked gorgeous.

She stared out at the group of people, eyes filled with pride and her head held high. I wondered what her prideful demeanor was for, and just as I wondered that, she spoke.

"My fellow witches," She spoke loudly, "Today I'll walk into that water to sacrifice my life for this coven, to bring an endless source of power for you all. You will know what it's like to be feared by those who once harmed you. And you will know what it's like to bring those who stand against us, to their deaths."

She smiled out at the coven, who shouted her name as if she was their hero. She looked down at the ground, staring at something. I soon realized that what she was staring at was a person. And that person was one that I knew. That person, was part of the reason I came into this world.

My dad.

I stared at my dad who laid there, his throat cut open. His lifeless eyes gazed up at the sky, as my mother gazed down on him.

A horrible pit formed in my stomach.

I wanted to cry. I wanted to scream and close my eyes so I couldn't see anymore. And though I came into this wanting to know the truth, I ended up wishing I hadn't. I managed to break out of the vision that Esma showed me, sobbing as I did. I placed my head in my hands, releasing cry a er cry as I realized why these people wanted to hide the truth from me.

The truth was awful.

My fucking mother. My own mother killed my dad. She killed the one person who tried to get my mother to tell me the truth. And I couldn't handle that. I collapsed onto the ground, gripping onto the so rug that I fell on.

Since Kaien wasn't here, there really wasn't anything to comfort me. Calypso rubbed her hand over my back, and I appreciated the e ort, but that wasn't helping. I continued to cry, feeling absolutely betrayed and horrified of my own mother.

She really was a cruel, and psychotic bitch. She's the reason I lost my happiness at such a young age.

I finally looked up from the floor, trying my hardest to pull myself together. I wiped at my eyes and my nose, staring at Esma who knelt down in front of me. She looked at me with a sorrowful look, before she grabbed my hand.

For a second, I thought she was going to send me back into those awful memories or visions or whatever the hell they were. But I realized that she was just trying to comfort me.

"Estrella," She said. I stared at her with a pained expression, trying my best to hold back my tears.

"What?" I whimpered, not sure of what else I could handle. She gave me a so smile, squeezing my handle gently.

"I know you must be overwhelmed, but there's more you need to know."

More? Oh God I didn't know if I could handle more. A er all, finding out that my mother killed my dad shattered me. It hurt so bad. I didn't even want to know more.

But I had to. I had to know who my mother really was.

"Could you just tell me?" I asked, "I really don't have it in me to see it again."

Esma nodded, glancing at Calypso who was now by my side. They stared at each other momentarily, before Esma began.

"That day at the lake your mother was supposed to sacrifice herself as well. She had just sacrificed your father, since the spell required both a witch and a werewolf to die. She told the other witches that she was going to be that sacrifice, so that they could acquire the strength of a werewolf, and the powers of a powerful witch."

"That's what your mother told them. And while it was tradition for a witch to slit his or her throat during a sacrifice, your mother insisted that she die by drowning herself. And nobody questioned it. Nobody questioned it because they wanted the benefits she was promising so badly."

"And so Tessandra walked into the water, and she had everybody believing her little story. That is until the land began to burn. Your mother ended up creating a boundary spell that was strong enough to trap and kill over thirty witches. All while she remained safe in the water."

I stared at Esma, feeling way worse than I did before. My mother was a monster.

"That's not all," Esma said, "Tessandra harnessed the power from the dead witches. Your mother, is now as powerful as thirty witches. She's the most dangerous witch that we know."

I once again placed my head in my hands, torn between wanting to cry and wanting to put a hole through the wall. I mean how evil was my mother? How greedy was she that she was willing to kill my father, thirty other witches who put their trust in her, and God knows who else.

I was surprised she hadn't ever tried to kill Ethan or I.

"Oh and one more thing, us witches can sense when a powerful witch is getting close. Kind of like how you wolves can sense when a wolf is an alpha or not. Well anyways, there's a bit of gossip going around saying an extremely powerful witch is close. Any idea who?"

I could sense the agitation in Esma's voice, and if this situation wasn't as dire as it was, I probably would've ripped her a new one for catching an attitude with me. But I didn't. I didn't have the time for that.

I had more pressing matters that I had to focus on.

And Mommy dearest was one of them.

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