

Chapter 22 The Accident

Mia

"Fine." Jack sighed, making a signal to one of his friends who were nearby.

I didn't care what he had to tell him. Maybe he wanted to tell him to help them extend their farewells to the celebrant since he was nowhere to be found near them.

This was the guy next to them and their safest bet. I didn't care what he had to tell him as long as we got home in the next twenty minutes.

The guy came over, his eyes sparkling with lust as he looked me over. I could tell that he wasn't drunk or I would have made that as an excuse for him. His eyes were clear though when he turned to direction of the boys and I knew that they hadn't seen what I had seen.

What a sly bastards like the triplets, like the ladies who wanted to use me for their own benefit. I had no doubt that anyone who was close to the triplets was a red flag that I needed to avoid.

"Are you busy, Matt?" Jack asked me.

"Not really." Matt replied. "Do you need my help?"

"Of course." Jack replied. "We all need your help. Could you please drive our sister home and then come back here?"

"Sure." Matt replied, running his tongue lightly over his lips as he glanced at me.

"Thanks, man." Quinn patted him on the back.

Were they kidding? Matt moved closer to me. "Shall we go home now, sweetheart?"

I snorted. As if I would get into a car alone with him. Everything about him irritated me. The way he looked at me, the arrogant way with which he walked towards me and the tone with which he asked me if I was going to go home.

He reminded me too much of some certain triplets I didn't even want to look at.

I wondered how the triplets couldn't notice that the Matt they had called for me was a disaster waiting to happen. Of course, they didn't care about me and only pretended to.

I was annoyed at them. I refused to let that pervert drive me home and pushed him away.

He seemed shocked that I had rejected him which confirmed to me that I had made the right choice.

Jack frowned at me. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going home alone."

"Are you crazy?" Quinn growled at me. "It's late."

"Oh, now, you know it's crazy." I snorted.

They were the crazy ones if they thought that I was going to go home that late at night with an unknown guy who was leering at me. Even if I didn't have phobia for being around men, I would be stupid to do that.

"Go home with Matt or stay till we are done." Quinn growled at me.

I narrowed my eyes at him. He didn't just give me an order. How dare he try to control me? Who did he think that he was?

"I would go home alone." I hissed at him and turned to walk away, hoping that I was going to find a cab somewhere around there.

I hadn't looked much at the area when we were coming but I hoped that it wasn't as deserted as it had seemed when Quinn parked the car. Maybe if I walked forward for a while, I was going to get to the road and find a cab home. I was glad that I had gone out with my purse and some change in it, even though I knew we were going with a car.

I had a rule to never go out and let myself be stranded and I was glad that it was paying off at the moment.

I was busy marching ahead with anger and didn't see the woman walking towards me. If I hadn't been busy, fuming inside and cursing the triplets for the mess that they had dragged me in, I would have noticed that the woman was drunk and avoided them.

Suddenly, she bumped into me and I fell into a pool nearby. I flailed around, struggling in the water. I couldn't swim and chills swept all over me in the water. I was afraid of dying. My mum had gotten a swim instructor for me after I was done with high school but I had bolted out of the training and ran back home when I got to the center and found out that the instructor available there was a man.

I screamed and flapped my hands, shouting for help but the three bastards who called themselves my brothers ignored me. They looked at me flapping around in the water as if they were watching a performance.

I soon became a movie as the crowd gathered around to watch the commotion. No one did anything or made any move when even my brothers just stood there watching me to see how far I would last. I didn't blame the crowd but I wished someone would snap out of the folly and run to my rescue.

My brothers looked at me with indifference on their faces and I wondered if they truly didn't care if I died. What would they tell my mum and their dad if I didn't get home with them?

Were they going to lie and tell them that I went off on my own to die just as they had promised to do earlier if they were asked why I had gotten drunk?

Finally, after I had cried for help and it seemed like my throat was getting parched, John approached me.

He bent low to where I was, his eyes fixed on me as if he had all the time in the world.

Idiot. I wanted to yell at him. Couldn't he see that I was drowning? What was he doing squatting down there and doing nothing?

I looked at the other two and knew that they wouldn't make a move since John was there.

"John," I sighed, calling his name.

"If you apologize for the incident in the garden and agree to be at our mercy at home, we will rescue you."

I snorted. What kind of deal was that? As if I was going to agree to such a stupid thing when I didn't know what they were going to do to me. Only one thing was certain, they were going to bully me and I was unwilling to be bullied like in the past.

Moreover, why should I apologize for spraying water on them when he had started it first and never apologized for it.

"Never." I told him, ignoring the way his eyes flashed at me.

I already knew the invitation to the birthday party was a prank.

"You are nothing more than jerks who enjoyed tormenting females." I spat at them.

After struggling in the water for a few minutes, my body gradually sank, and I closed my eyes and sighed as I began to lose consciousness.