

"So when were going to tell me?" My voice trembled, hurt laced in each word.

My mother keeping herself busy in the kitchen, "What are you talking about?" Her tone was strained.

"Are you kidding me right now? Are you fucking kidding me?"

"Hey do not curse at me!" My mother's voice rang throughout the kitchen as she slammed her down on the marble counter.

My fist clenched, my blood was boiling, "Oh I'm sorry? You're right! Because that's what's important right now!" My glare shot right through her.

Her lips trembled, "I know! But yelling isn't going to change what happened okay?" Her voice softened towards the end as did her eyes as she stared at me. "I didn't know your tita was even that... that creature! We would have never came if I knew okay!" She pleaded with me as if I was accusing her. Should I be accusing her?

The humid air clung to my body, my clothes followed in suit when I started to sweat. I felt my body shift inside, settling. "I can feel it mom. Moving. Waiting. I'm scared." Tears started to fall as I clutched my torso.

My mom stepped towards me, I could only figure a hug was coming, "Don't," the words faltered, "I... Whatever it is. I don't know how to control it, and it's-I... I'm hungry."