

Chapter 119

Anaiah's POV

A few days later after the fight, we are sitting in the conference room of the Silver moon pack with higher-ranking members and Rheana, discussing the future of the pack. After the fight, all ten members who were in the plot to kill generals loyal to Rheana are either dead or fighting for their lives. Three pack members were injured in the shooting and luckily no one died.

'What are you going to do to Bailey?' I ask.

'I don't know yet but she's confined to her room for now,' She sighs, Dan being the supportive mate holds her hand.

'She didn't exactly do anything that she can be charged with,'

'I'd say she is banished, that woman will continue causing trouble,' Says elder Makai, one of the pack generals.

'What about Potter's original pack members, I'm sure their loyalty still lies with the Potter name,'

'Each one has to submit to the new Alpha and if not, they will have to leave this pack,'

After discussing we retired to our rooms for much-needed rest as it has been so stressful the last couple of days.

In the coming week, we've been busy at the pack preparing for the arrival of the Lycan elders and I shall be hosting them. We cleaned the entire castle and the three rooms they shall be occupying. I was worried because they might bring up the issue of me getting pregnant soon and it will be dreading. Once I'm done with everything, I take Ajax out for some ice cream, he is delighted and we shop a little.

'Can we go and see the triplets, please?' He asks, inspecting a huge toy gun. I have been planning to go there anyway, so I nod my head in agreement.

'And can we get this gun?' He grins.

'Fine,'

I admit I spoil Ajax a little much sometimes. After we finish our shopping, I open the portal to Arya's house.

Leaving the triplets and Ajax in the common space, Arya and I go to talk in the private room.

'Kidnapped,' I laugh, selecting a bottle of wine from the kitchen. I pour it into two glasses and give her one.

'The whole thing was a joke, you should have seen the dresses, the guards, the bridesmaids, and the priest. Stefan went crazy,'

Stefan was sent back to the rehabilitation center to get better treatment.

'And you, how have you been?' She asks, concerned.

'Well I'm not pregnant yet,' I sigh and touch my belly, ever since the elders mentioned we should secure the royal line by getting pregnant, we have been trying but it's just not working or the goddess only blessed me with one that I lost. Arya holds my hand and smiles

'It will happen,' She assures me. I nod.

I just feel that if it doesn't, it will bring space between Leon and I.

We spend the day making cookies with Arya and Ajax.

The next day, I went to the hospital to see Prince Silas, even though the doctors say he will wake out of the coma, they just don't know when.

'Samy!' I hug her and she wraps her arms around me. I hear she comes here every day.

'Is there a boy you wish to get again?' She jokes and I smile.

'How are you doing?' I ask, directing her to the cafeteria for some food.

'I don't know, I'm trying to be alright and lately things at the pack are a bit chaotic,'

'Why?'

'The usual I'm not good enough and I'm trying,' She sighs, and I cover her hand with mine, Samy is only seventeen and works harder than most Alphas. She tries so hard to prove herself.

'They try to intimidate you to push you to greatness but they respect you,' I tell her.

We discuss longer and when it's 4 pm, I decide to go back to the castle to get ready for my date night with Leon.

I'm wearing a two-piece dress, and heels, I do my hair perfectly and carry my bag. I find my mate waiting for me in the foyer with a drink in his hand, he gulps it all and smiles at me,

'You look, beautiful baby,' He compliments, kissing my lips softly.

'You look dashing,' He grabs my hand and goes to his car, we are doing to a seafood restaurant since we don't have much of it.

Once at the restaurant, a woman beams at the sight of Leondre, she is smiling as she approaches. She bows lowly.

'Welcome, sir, Luna,' The woman batted her eyelashes at my mate and I groan, seriously? How many will I have to chase off him?