

Chapter 141

Silver

With a growl, the man released me, and I fell to the ground with a thud. I coughed and gasped for breath as I grabbed my throat, trying to rub the pain away.

"Fuck, you left a mark on her," the other rogue muttered, shaking his head. "How the fuck are we going to explain this?"

"I didn't sign up for this shit," the first rouge muttered as she stormed out of the room.

The other rogue sighed and gave me a look of pity, I wanted to grab him and rip his head off. I scowled at him, and he gave me another look of disdain before leaving, locking the door behind him.

I screamed in fury, hating how weak and helpless I felt. I sat on the ground in front of the bed with my knees pressed to my chest; I had to keep faith that Elliot would find me. Whatever injection they gave me earlier made my body feel incredibly weak.

My temple started to ache even more, and I had to close my eyes, hoping that it would subside soon. I laid my head on the ground, curling up. I prayed to the Moon Goddess that I would be saved soon enough, that Elliot would find me, and I could put this nightmare behind me.

Not before long, I found myself drifting into a state of unconsciousness.

When I woke up again, I knew right away that I wasn't alone in the room. I was also no longer on the ground; I was back in bed. I felt a cold cloth

on my forehead and some light murmurs from nearby. I thought about pretending to be asleep for longer, but the pain in my temple made me wince and as soon as I moved, the voices subsided, and I knew their attention had turned on me.

"She's waking up," I heard an unfamiliar female voice.

"Why isn't her wolf healing her wounds?" An unfamiliar male voice growled.

"I don't know, Sir. It's unusual," the woman remarked. "Perhaps I could run more tests and find some answers."

"Get on that," he ordered dismissively.

"Yes, sir," she replied; I heard her retreating steps and then the door closed gently.

I knew the man was still in the room.

"I know you're awake," he muttered; it sounded like he was sitting now.

I slowly opened my eyes, letting my eyes adjust to the dim lighting. I was still in the same room, which wasn't surprising.

A man sat in the chair by the bed; he looked to be around my age with the same brown hair that crowned his features and the same exact eyes as mine and the woman in the picture I saw earlier. He had a 5 o'clock shadow from going a day or so without shaving, but he had strong manly features and he looked to have a strong body in general.

"Welcome back to the land of the living, Silver," he said, folding his arms across his chest and leaning back in his seat. "I'm sorry that my goons hurt you. That was never the intention and I promise you they will be punished for this."

I swallowed the lump that had formed in my throat.

"Why?" I asked, my voice coming out raspy like I hadn't used it in years.

He reached over and grabbed the glass of water on the table, then he brought it to my lips. I stared at it like it was the devil.

"It's water, Silver. Not poison," he assured me, rolling his eyes.

"How can I be so sure?" I asked him, my eyes narrowed. "Your men stabbed me with some kind of poisonous stuff earlier and my head still hurts."

"It was mistletoe with a little wolfsbane to keep your wolf under control," he told me as if it was the simplest thing in the world.

I gawked at him; so, whoever he was, he didn't know that I was wolfless. That was good; I could use that to my advantage. "Isn't wolfsbane poisonous?" I asked him.

"A high dosage, yes," he answered.

"Not the dose they gave you. You don't need to worry. My intention isn't to hurt you and they've been advised not to hurt you as well."

Chapter 142

Silver

I scowled at him.

"And how did that work out for you?" I asked him bitterly.

"Drink the water, Silver. We have a lot to discuss," he told me, raising his brows.

I stared at him for a long while and then at the water; I was parched, and it pained me to speak with how dry my throat was. I decided to put my worries aside for a moment and take a sip of the water. I took a longer sip than I meant to and then he pulled the glass away and set it back down.

"Now, isn't that better?" He asked, leaning back in his seat with a satisfied grin.

"What do you want with me?" I asked him, not willing to humor him.

"I've been looking for you for a long time, Silver, and now that I have you, things have just gotten so much easier. You are already in with the one Alpha I loathe the most," he said, smirking at me. I would like to make you an offer."

My heart fell into my stomach; he was talking about Elliot. I knew it in my gut.

"I don't want anything you're offering," I spat at him; my fists clenching at my sides.

He laughed, but it was humorless and sent a chill down my spine.

"I highly doubt that," he said. "You have been looked down on your whole life. You have been called weak; you've felt like a monster, an outcast... stop me if I'm wrong."

"H... how do you know this?" I asked him, my heart hammering in my chest with each word he spoke.

"Once I've found you, I had to do a little digging to find out more about you. I've had some of my men watching you for some time. I've seen the way your so-called father treated you and the disrespect of your packmates in not only the Stormwind pack but also the Crown pack. Tell me, Silver. Why is it someone who is as powerful as you let weak packmates treat you so poorly."

"I... I'm not..." I started to say, but I knew no good would come from admitting my weakness to him. "It's not your business," I settled on.

He gave me another bitter laugh and shook his head as if he couldn't believe how stupid I was being.

"One thing I don't understand is why you never shift into your wolf and show them what you are made of. We've been watching you for quite some time now and you haven't shifted once," he said. Placing his eyes at me. "Your wolf also won't heal you it seems," he added, pointing at my bruises left by the rogues.

I swallowed the lump in my throat.

"It's not your concern," I muttered through my teeth.

"I'm willing to offer you a lot if you are willing to help me. You could be an Alpha female and rule over our own pack. You could be the most powerful Alpha in the world. We could do this together, Silver. And nobody would dare cross us ever again. I haven't had it easy growing up as well... and I'm ready to take back my life."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, my brows furrowed. "Why me? Who are you? Why have you been watching me??"

He smiled and entwined his fingers together, placing his hands on his lap as he studied.

"Don't I look familiar to you, Silver? I should... I look like you."

I stared at him with disbelief written all over my face. It wasn't possible; what he was insinuating couldn't be possible... could it? Somehow in my gut, I knew what he was about to say was going to change the entire course of my life. "Let me properly introduce myself," he said, holding out his hand for me to shake, to which I just stared at like it was on fire. "My name is Scott, and I am your twin brother."

Chapter 143

Third Person

The sounds of a baby crying woke Camilla in the middle of the night. She knew it wouldn't be long before the other one woke as well. Her body was sore from hours of labor, and she was tired. Her husband, Kyle, had business tending to at the packhouse. As the Beta, Kyle often had to deal with the mess left behind by the Alpha of the Stormwind pack, which they were from. It's not that Alpha Richard was a bad Alpha; he was just dense and often made careless mistakes that Kyle had to fix.

Camilla sat up, peering around the dimmed hospital room, and sighed as she peeked into the small bassinet by her bedside. The small baby, wrapped in a pink blanket, whaled her heart out. Camilla's eyes watered, hating that her daughter was in such distress and hating that she had no idea how to fix it. She had finally gotten her to sleep a little over an hour ago after she spent hours crying before that.

She and Kyle still hadn't chosen any baby names, and she knew she would need to before she left the hospital.

Camilla wrapped the small bundle of joy in her arms and cradled her, hoping she would settle down soon.

"Baby girl, why do you keep crying?" Camilla whispered to her daughter as she rocked her back and forth. "You won't eat, you won't sleep... what more could you want?"

Camilla brought the baby girl to her lips and kissed her reddening cheek.

"You know I love you and would do anything for you. Just tell me what you want, baby," Camilla pleaded

Not before long, another whaling sound came from the second bassinet. She sighed and scooped her son into her arms, holding him just as close as she held her daughter. He was the calmer of the two and was easier to settle.

"Baby boy, your sister won't stop crying. What do I do?" Camilla asked her baby boy. He sniffled, almost already calming from his small fit.

Outside the hospital room, Camilla could hear a couple of nurses talking in the hallway. They were keeping their voices low so they didn't wake any of the patients sleeping in their rooms, but with her Beta hearing, Camilla could hear them clearly as if they were standing in the middle of her room.

"Is that baby girl crying again?" One of the nurses asked.

"Yes. She finally got to sleep an hour ago and now it seems she's awake again. I'm not sure what to do for her. She just won't stop," the other nurse said, heaving a sigh.

"The Beta female still hasn't chosen a name for them, yet?"

"Not yet," the nurse said softly. "She's due to be discharged soon, so she must choose names in the next 24 hours."

"She must be so exhausted having to deal with not one, but two babies. Twins. Such a rarity."

"It's rare; indeed, thankfully, the boy doesn't seem to be as fussy," the nurse pointed out. "At least the Beta female is in good health though. That's more than we can say about the Luna."

That caught Camilla's attention. The Luna?

Luna Penelope was also pregnant and was going to pop any day now. Camilla had wondered if the Luna had finally given birth. She already had one daughter who had turned 2 a couple of months ago. Despite her husband sometimes being incompetent, Penelope was a

wonderful Luna and took care of the females and children of the pack.

It was rare for wolves, especially ones of power, to get sick, so hearing that Luna Penelope was unwell was odd.

"Is she still weakening?" The nurse asked.

"Her wolf is refusing to heal her," the other nurse answered. "I heard her arguing with the Alpha the other night and it turns out that he believes that the Luna got pregnant from an affair. He doesn't believe the baby is his and rejected her as his Luna and mate."

Chapter 144

Third Person

The nurse gasped in response.

"She's already marked and mated to him though," she said, her voice laced with disbelief.

"Yes," the other nurse breathed. "Only the Alpha can reject his mate after she's already been marked. However, the rejection would destroy the weaker of the two, and obviously, the Luna was weaker than the Alpha. Though his wolf would take some damage and be upset, it's nothing compared to how Luna and her wolf are feeling. It's enough that her wolf might die and if her wolf dies without healing her from the tough childbirth..."

"We are waiting for paternity test results now, but by the time the results come in, it'll be too late. She's deteriorating quickly and she's so alone.

The Alpha refuses to visit until he knows for sure," the nurse continued sadly. "I don't know what more to do for her. I already pleaded with the Alpha to undo the rejection until the paternity test results come in. But he refuses."

"The Luna might die as well..." the other nurse breathed.

Camilla could hear the distress and aggravation coming from the nurse; her heart ached for her Luna. She couldn't imagine something like this happening; if Kyle were to reject her, she would simply cease to exist as well. Camilla didn't know there were problems in the Alpha and Luna's mating; she didn't think the Luna would ever have an affair. They were true mates and they seemed to love one another more than life itself. Hearing that Luna had an affair, didn't sit right with her.

She was rather good friends with Luna Penelope, and she thought she would have mentioned meeting someone else.

At that moment, Camilla realized that her daughter had fallen back to sleep in her arms. Her heart warmed when she looked down at her small baby. She smiled when her baby boy yawned and began to fall asleep as well. Perhaps the babies just needed a little snuggling and love. She kissed each baby gently on their foreheads and then closed her eyes, letting sleep welcome itself again.

Camilla wasn't sure how long she slept, but when she woke up, the nurse was in her room, checking her vitals. She also had a moment of panic because her babies were no longer in her arms.

"Don't worry," the nurse said, reading Camilla's expression. "I put them in the hospital nursery for their morning check and to give you some time to sleep undisturbed. I know sleep hadn't come easy to you since giving birth."

She sighed, relieved that her babies were okay. She nodded her thanks.

She recognized the voice of this nurse as one of the nurses who was talking in the hallway earlier... or last night. Telling from the sun peering through the window, it was morning.

Had she slept all night?

She felt more refreshed than she had before she fell asleep, and she wondered how many hours she actually got last night.

As she thought of this, she examined the nurse's face while the nurse went through her checklist on her clipboard. The nurse looked tired, and her face was pale; she also noticed that the nurse had red and puffy eyes like she had been crying.

Something was wrong and it left an unsettled feeling in Camilla's chest.

"Are you alright?" Camilla asked.

The nurse looked up from her clipboard with a frown.

"I'm that transparent?" She mused.

"You look as if you've been crying," Camilla pointed out. "Is it because of me and the twins?"

"No, you and your babies are perfectly healthy," she assured her. She thought about it for a moment longer, then she looked around as if she was expecting someone to be lurking around and eavesdropping. "I don't want word to spread about this yet... not until the Alpha arrives..."

"I won't breathe a word," Camilla promised her. "As your Beta female, you can trust me."

Chapter 145

Third Person

The nurse nodded and then bit her lip; Camilla knew this was difficult for her to say so she didn't rush her. She waited patiently for the nurse to continue.

"The Luna passed away early this morning."

Nothing could have prepared Camilla for what the nurse had just said. Camilla's heart fell into her stomach, and she gasped.

"What?" Camilla asked, her voice sounding far away.

Tears welled up in the nurse's eyes as she nodded her head slowly.

"The Alpha rejected her a couple of days ago because he doesn't think the baby is his..." she explained. "The rejection was too much for the Luna's wolf to take and her wolf slowly ceased to exist. The Luna's body couldn't handle it and she quickly got weak. I found her in her room this morning..." the nurse choked out a sob. "They are doing an investigation as we speak so I'm really not supposed to say anything about it. But she's gone..."

"Oh, Goddess," Camilla whispered, her body feeling numb.

"The kicker is we also received the paternity test for her baby," the nurse continued. "That's why I went to her room. I was going to tell her the news when I found her."

"What were the results?" I asked.

"The Alpha is indeed their daughter's father," she said softly. "But now it doesn't matter. She's gone and now the Alpha is left raising two girls."

Camilla's heart broke within seconds.

"You are looking well. I don't see why you'd need to stay at the hospital for longer than another day," the nurse said, smiling at Camilla. "Your babies are also healthy. They should be waking up around now and they'll probably be hungry. I'll grab them for you." Camilla numbly nodded, still not believing what she heard. The Luna was dead...

The nurse brought the babies to Camilla and gave her some privacy to feed. They both latched onto a nipple and fed at the same time. Relief flooded Camilla that they were finally eating; in fact, their appetites had improved greatly.

Camilla nearly jumped out of her skin when the door flew open, and she saw her loving husband run into the room. He looked frantic, which made Camilla less excited. "Kyle? What's wrong?" Camilla asked.

"There was a prophecy," he said, breathless. "We need to leave right away before the Alpha comes here. He's going to take our babies. He will kill us if he finds us." Panic consumed her.

"What are you talking about, Kyle? What kind of prophecy? Why would the Alpha come for us?"

"It's not just our Alpha; it's all the Alpha's in this area," Kyle said, shaking his head as he grabbed Camilla's small overnight bag and started to pack her things along with the baby stuff. "The Alpha of the Crown pack put a hit on us pretty much. They had a meeting, and it won't be long before they figure out that it's us, they are seeking... we need to leave right away. We can't take any chances."

"Slow down, you aren't making any sense. Why would they come after us? We did nothing wrong." Camilla thought her husband had gone mad; there was no way the Alphas would want them dead.

"There was a prophecy about us, Camilla," he said, not looking at her as he continued to pack. "The Alpha of the Crown Pack has a daughter who

is a prophet, Charlotte. She's only a teenager, but she's a strong prophet. She foresaw that the child born at midnight would have terrifying powers and bring disaster to the werewolf world."

"And what does that have to do with us?" Camilla asked.

"Because we were the only the only ones who had children born on the full moon, Camilla."