

## Chapter 201

### Silver

I wasn't out of it for long. My eyes immediately flew open, and I gasped as if I hadn't been breathing this entire time. Whoever was sitting by my bedside was nearly thrown out of their seat and I heard a small squeal coming from her lips. "Get the doctor," I heard another voice saying.

I looked around the room and saw that I was in the hospital, which wasn't surprising. I had been shot after all. When I looked to my left, I breathed out relief when I saw Charlotte hovering over me, her eyes filled with worry. "Silver... can you hear me?" She asked.

I grabbed her arm, unsure where this newly found strength came from. She was glowing in a purple aura; it was her scent. I could see it so clearly. Purple was the color of the goddess and all things spiritual. Her color does not surprise me, and it honestly made me smile to see. She was strong in her own way and powerful.

"I need to see Elliot," I told her.

A look crossed her eyes, and I could see the sadness in her gaze. I wanted to tell her that I knew everyone thought he was dead, but I could bring him back. However, before those words left my lips, the door flew open and the doctor came in, followed by Rebecca. "Hey," she said, rushing to my bedside. "I can't believe you are awake."

"Good evening, Mrs. Crown," the doctor said with a smiling face. "You gave us quite the scare. To be honest, we didn't think you'd ever be awake."

I furrowed my brows as I looked around the room; they all looked so relieved and so very exhausted.

"How long had I been out for?" I asked.

They all looked at one another with frowns and I could tell they didn't want to tell me.

"Two months," Rebecca was the one who answered.

My entire heart fell deep into my stomach.

"What?" I gasped, unable to contain the terror in my voice. "Are you serious?"

"Just settle down," Charlotte said, putting a hand on my shoulder. "It's going to be okay..."

"N...no," I said, shaking my head as tears burned in my eyes. "I need to get to Elliot."

I didn't miss the look that Charlotte and Rebecca shared, and the knot grew even tighter in the pit of my stomach.

"Right now, you just need to rest," the doctor said. "I'm going to do a quick examination and hopefully get you off some of these machines," he added, pointing to the IV machines.

"Please," I said, grabbing onto Charlotte's arm. "We don't have a lot of time. You need to get me out of here."

"Look... you've been through a lot, and we have to talk to you about some stuff. But for right now, you need to focus on getting better," she told me, her voice soft but there was a twinge of pain behind her words.

Tears burned in my eyes; she wasn't going to listen to me. I was going to be too late if I wasn't already. How could I have been in a coma for two months? It only felt like a few minutes ago that I was shot and even sooner since I was with Elliot in the Goddess's spirit world.

Was he watching me right now? Was his body put to rest yet? The Moon Goddess told me that when I woke up, I would be cutting it close, but I should be able to save him. I had to get to his body before it was too late. The doctor checked over my vitals and updated the chart.

"Just get some more rest, your wolf is healing you nicely," he told me with a fond smile. "You have a very strong wolf and very strong powers. You should be proud of yourself."

"You saved a lot of people by defeating your brother," Charlotte said with a strained smile. "You did really well. It feels like it all happened yesterday, but it was a couple of months ago."

"What's been going on since I've been here?" I asked, looking between them.

"Well, Leo has been running the pack for a while; I've been helping him," Charlotte said with a shrug. "It's certainly been interesting."

"Leo is he, okay?" I asked.

She nodded.

"He and Luca have recovered nicely," she told me. "We lost quite a few packmates, but we are rebuilding after the damage from the battle. Word got around quickly about your sacrifice... you are pretty famous not just to the Crown pack, but to all the packs."

"I'll let you girls talk," the doctor said, nodding at me. "Hopefully by tomorrow, you'll be ready to leave and get back to your normal life. I'll be back later to check on you." "Thank you, doctor," I said to him as he left the room.

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Rebecca sat on the other side of my bed and wrapped her arms around me.

"I was so worried about you," she whispered. "Oh, and get this... Stella was arrested for fraud!"

I gasped and stared up at her. "What?"

"She messed with the wrong painting," Rebecca chuckled, shaking her head. "I might have put a famous painting in your art studio at the palace because I saw Stella snooping around. As soon as she heard that you were in the hospital, I knew she was going to try and pull some shit. So, I put a very famous painting in your studio. She didn't know the difference and tried to sell it as her own work," she explained.

"Oh, my Goddess," I breathed.

"Yeah," Rebecca said, shaking her head. "She sent it in for profit and it was recognized immediately. Now they are realizing that all her paintings aren't hers. Some even recognized the painting as yours. So, she's been arrested and now she has to spend a couple of months in jail for the crime."

"What about my dad?" I asked. "Can't he get her out."

"She's made such a large-scale enemy out of herself that he's worried it would ruin his reputation if he let her get away with this crime," Rebecca said, rolling her eyes. "So, he's letting her rot a few months in jail. Because he's an Alpha, she only got a few months. She'll be fine."

I shook my head in disbelief. I seemed to have missed a lot in a couple of months. I'm sure there are a ton more they need to tell me, but my mind went right back to Elliot.

"Elliot..." I said quickly. "I need to see him."

They both fell silent as their eyes met.

"There's something you need to know," Charlotte said, taking hold of my hand. I knew what she was going to say, but it didn't make it any easier to hear. "Elliot was hurt by the dagger..." she explained. "It was really bad, Silver." Tears filled her eyes and when she spoke my name, her voice cracked. I knew this was hard for her to say.

"We brought him to the hospital and tried to save him... but it was no use. He was too far gone," she whispered, unable to keep her emotions in check. My vision became blurry with unshed tears. Her lips quivered and she let out a sob, she couldn't continue so Rebecca spoke for her.

"We had him on life support for a while because Charlotte couldn't let go," she said sadly. "But it was time that we unplugged him..."

Charlotte sobbed; tears fell down her cheeks.

"No..." I whispered, my voice coming out inaudible. "Please, don't say it..."

"I'm so sorry, Silver," Rebecca whispered. "But he's gone. Elliot died officially a few nights ago. He's in the morgue right now and they are planning on having his funeral tomorrow."

I shook my head as tears soaked my cheeks; I could save him. I knew I could. The Goddess told me that I'd be able to save him as long as his body hadn't been put to rest yet. I had to bring back my husband.

I grabbed a hold of Charlotte's arm, drawing her attention to me.

"I have to see him," I said softly. "Take me to my husband."

"Silver" she tried to say, but I cut her off with my sharp words.

"I can save him."

She raised her head to look me in the eyes.

"No, you can't. There's nothing to save. He's a vessel now. My brother is dead."

"I can bring him back," I said firmly. "I know I can. My blood has magic powers, and I can bring him back as long as he hasn't been put to rest yet. Bring me to him."

"Silver, the minute we shut the machine off and he officially died, the mark on your neck disappeared. That's a sign that your bond is now broken... he's dead and he's coming back," Rebecca said as tears filled her own eyes. "I'm so sorry."

I pulled my hand away from both of them and tried to get out of bed; the doctor removed the machines from me, so I was able to get up. I hadn't used my legs in a couple of months, so I expected they would feel weird. But oddly enough, I was feeling strong; like I hadn't been in a coma for two months. I felt my wolf stirring and waking within me, feeding me strength and energy.

"Silver, what are you doing?" Rebecca asked.

"Going to find my husband with or without your help," I said through my teeth.

Charlotte was the one who finally relented.

"Fine, we will take you to him."