

Chapter 49

Violet

"Didn't think we'd have to the hospital this soon." I said.

"Neither did I. But let's be thankful it was today and not a month ago." Kettler replied.

Both of us jumped as the woman on the bed, Natalia, screamed, again. It'd been a little shocking when, in the midst of getting everyone out of here and back to their homes, her water had suddenly broke. I'd mind-linked Kettler immediately, asking what I should do. Yes, my mom was Head Doctor, but that didn't make me a medical expert. I could stitch someone up though, and I had knowledge on emergency situations in the field, but delivering a baby? Not within my capacity. The best I could do was get her to maternity ward and wait for Kettler.

"Where the fuck is my mate?!" She screamed.

"He said he was on his way." Kettler reassured her. I could tell he was trying to remain polite. It was nice to see him working on his attitude with patients at least.

"He's always late! For everything! Last week, he was thirty minutes late to dinner with my parents! Oh, Goddess, here comes another one." She winced, shutting her eyes tightly. Her low moan turned into another scream.

"Would you like me to go try and find him Natalia?" I offered.

"No! No, stay. Please. If that moron doesn't make it, I want someone here." She panted. "And then you can kick his ass for me afterwards."

I giggled. "Whatever you want."

The door burst open, and in ran a disheveled looking young man with black hair and blue eyes. His eyes found Natalia immediately. Relief crossed his features, but she glared at him murderously.

"Kain! Where the fuck have you been?!" She screamed at him.

"Nat, I am so sorry! I got lost trying to find your room." He walked to stand beside her. "I'm here now baby. How you doing?"

I took a step back, knowing from my mom how stupid that question was. As expected, Natalia exploded.

"How am I doing?! How am I doing?! Well, I don't know Kain! I feel like I want to puke and shit at the same time, my insides feel like they're being lit on fire and drenched in acid with every contraction, and soon, I'll be pushing out a fucking watermelon from my vagina! How the fuck do you think I'm doing?!" She shrieked. Kain's eyes were wide and frightened as he gulped.

"I-I'm sorry baby. What can I do to help?"

"You can never touch me or come near me again." She hissed.

"Oh. Okay."

Kain started to walk away.

"Where are you going?! Come back here and hold my hand!" Natalia shouted. Her poor mate looked all kinds of confused and I had to turn away to hide my laughter. Even Kettler had his head ducked.

"You got it from here?" I asked him.

He nodded. "Shiela should be here soon too. You're good to go."

"Thank You, Luna, for staying with Natalia. We really appreciate it." Kain smiled at me, then winced when Natalia caught his hand in a death grip.

"No problem." I replied and backed out of the room. On my way out of the hospital, I ran into Shiela, a woman in her mid-thirties who had

recently come back to Silver Moon from University. Her parents had told her everything that had gone on in recent months, and as soon as she came back, she handed Kettler her resume to be a nurse. We were glad, but also still looking for more, obviously. A hospital couldn't be run by two people.

"Hello Luna. Can you point me to the room of the patient?"

"Just down there. Room seven-o-nine."

"Thank you." She hurried off.

Exiting the hospital, I almost missed King standing outside. In fact, I might have, had he not fallen into step beside me.

"Were you waiting for me?"

"Yes. I need you to come with me. The Alpha wants you to meet him in the cells."

My brow furrowed. "The cells? Why?"

"The prisoner we captured isn't cooperating."

"Okay... And he wants me to talk to him?" I asked confused.

"No, he doesn't. But the man, he won't even give us his name, said he will only talk to you."

"He asked for the Luna?"

King glanced at me. His expression was neutral, but his eyes were filled with mixed emotion.

"He asked for you. By name."

I stared at him. What rogue could possibly know me? I'd never had any interactions with rogues, never talked to anyone of them. My whole life, there had been two rogue attacks at Blood Moon, and each time I was sent down to the basement with the other women and children. And as sheltered as I had been growing up, never leaving the pack until recently, it wasn't likely my name got around easily. Or maybe it had, and I just

didn't know. I was thinking of many possibilities, sorting through them in my mind as we walked to the cells. It was a small building, dirty on the outside with what used to be white brick.

King nodded to the guards at the door as we walked in. I followed him down a concrete corridor with a metal door at the end. He opened it, cautioning me to watch my step as we then descended down a flight of concrete steps. The air had a chill to it the further down we went, and a pungent odor floated into my nostrils. We ended up at another metal door and I shook my head. Two doors and a flight of stairs? Yeah, great security. The smell was a lot stronger when we stepped through the door, making me gag.

"Sorry. Alpha ordered the place to be cleaned ASAP."

"Good. I know this is where prisoners go, but that stench is unreal." I grimaced as a rat ran across my foot.

I counted twelve cells as we walked, all no bigger than a closet. Each one had two rusty buckets, and I didn't ask for what they were for. I could guess. Standing at the end of the room was Jasper, Ashwell, and a few warriors I didn't know the name of. Jasper looked angry, angrier than I'd ever seen him. His expression relaxed only a fraction when he saw me.

"What's going on?" I asked when I reached him. He was blocking my view of the cell behind him.

"That mutt won't talk. Not to us." He growled.

"I know. King said he asked for me."

"Yeah. But you don't have to talk to him Vie."

Two of the warriors glanced between him and I, their faces suspicious. I tried to ignore it; It was unusual for a rogue to ask for the Luna by name. And we hadn't been Alpha and Luna for very long. Considering their old leaders, I could see why they'd be wary.

"No, it's okay. I'll talk to him." I said. "We need some answers."

Jasper sighed. "Alright. But not alone." He half turned, glaring into the cell. "You hear that? She's here, but we're not leaving."

"Fine." The voice that answered back was rough, deep. It was not one I recognized.

Jasper stepped aside, keeping close to me. I took two small steps, peering into the dark space. It was the same as all the others, two buckets, small and dirty. Unlike the others, this one held the man who claimed to know me. He was leaning against the back wall, arms crossed. Someone had given him clothes, gray sweatpants and a black tee. He was a tall guy, at least six feet, with tattoos covering his arms. His hair was short, maybe dark brown or black, I couldn't tell for sure. He wasn't thin like I'd heard rogues were. This guy was built, healthy looking. My eyes roamed up to his face. He had penetrating green eyes, very unnerving. He might have been classically handsome, if not for the scar that ran from his left temple down to his chin.

I had no idea who he was.

"You asked for me?" I questioned him.

"You are Violet?" He replied in that rough tone.

I nodded. "Yes. How do you know my name?"

"A lot of rogues know your name sweetheart."

Jasper growled behind me. I crossed my arms, leaning against the wall next to the bars of the cell.

"Is that so?"

"You're becoming quite famous."

I raised an eyebrow. "How is that? I have no dealings with rogues."

He laughed. The sound was humorless. "Nobody said you did."

"I don't understand."

"You've got quite the bounty on you Luna. A hefty price to take you in alive."

My insides turned cold. "Explain."

"You want me to dumb it down? Alright." He leaned away from the wall, holding my stare. "Someone wants you. Said they pay my buddies and I if we brought you in, alive. Obviously, I don't trust that, so I got half the money up front."

"Who wants me?" I asked numbly. "And why?"

"Now, why should I give up that information?"

"Because it might help save your ass."

He laughed again. "You think I'm stupid, don't you? I'm a rogue. I attacked a pack. Either I'll spend the rest of my miserable life down here, or your boy there will do me in." He nodded at Jasper. "Why not leave you with a mystery?"

"Because," I snarled, "If you don't tell me what I want to know, you'll be putting my unborn children at risk. If anything happens to them, you won't need to worry about my mate. It'll be me you deal with."

"You going to rough me up buttercup?" He smirked. "I'd love to see you try."

"Would you like to know who my father is?"

"Do I care?"

"Alpha Dimitri Varlos, of Blood Moon." His eyes flicked up to meet mine, surprise playing in them. "I've been trained my entire life on how to deal with rogues. And not just interrogation wise. You can trust every word I saw when I tell you if my children are hurt because of the information you refuse to give me, the rest of your life will indeed, be miserable."

"You're lying." He whispered.

I turned to Jasper. "Do you have your phone? I want to call my dad."

"Right here."

Surprisingly, the reception down here was decent. I pulled up Dads contact and hit send. The rogue waited, obviously trying to call my bluff.

"Hello?"

"Hi Dad."

"Violet?"

"Who else? I'm calling because we have a situation here."

"What kind of situation?"

"The pack was attacked shortly after you left. Rogues. We have one alive. I'm talking to him now."

"What?! Why are you talking to him?"

I filled him in quickly. He snarled so fiercely, the man behind bars flinched.

"This doesn't prove anything! You could be talking to anyone." He said.

I pressed the video invitation. Dad's face appeared on screen, looking every inch the Heartless Alpha he was known to be. I turned the phone around, watching as the man's face paled considerably.

"Do I need to come back to Silver Moon?" Dad growled. The man gulped.

"Does he?" I asked.

He looked at each of in turn, his bravado vanishing. "No. I'll tell you."

"Violet?"

"Yeah?" I flipped the phone back to myself.

"Remember Vincent?"

I glanced at our prisoner. "I do. I think that punishment is a little too light for this guy though."

"I'll leave that up to you. Keep me informed."

"We will. Bye Dad." I ended the call, tossing Jasper his phone.

"Who's Vincent?" The man asked.

I shrugged. "Some rogue we caught at Blood Moon. He was sneaking in and 'playing' with underage girls. So, my dad decided to rid him of his appendages. All of them."

He went even paler than before.

"If I were you, I'd start talking." Jasper ordered.

"Alright, alright!" He held up his hands. "I don't know who wants you, but I do know it's a chick. And she was adamant you were brought in alive. Alright?"

"Not alright. Who is she?"

"I don't know! She never told us her name."

"What did she look like?"

"Blond, white. Scary as Hell."

I scoffed. "Really? Two minutes ago, you were saying I couldn't do shit to you, but this girl freaked you out?"

"Don't witches freak you out?"

I stepped away from the wall, staring at him to see if he was joking.

"She was a witch?" I demanded. "How do you know?"

"At first I told her to get lost. She set one of my guys on fire, right in front of me. There was nothing left but ashes. Never touched him, only waved her hand, mumbling some shit."

"Did she tell you why she wanted me?"

"She only said you were important, that you'd help get what she wanted. I agreed and she demanded half the money. She paid up, told us where to find you, and left. Actually, she vanished into thin air. Haven't heard from her since."

My hands moved to my belly protectively. "Did she know about my babies?" I whispered.

"I don't know. She never said you were pregnant."

Suddenly, the stench down here was overwhelming. I doubled over, my insides numb with a fear I'd never felt before. Fear for my children. Vomit spewed from me, controlled by that fear.

"That's enough." Jasper rubbed my back, helping me to stand straight when it was over. "You need to go rest."

"No. I have one more question." I said weakly. "You said I was becoming famous. What did you mean by that?"

"We came across two other groups on our way here. Both were coming for you, so we took them out. I'm just assuming she got to more people, in any case any of us failed."

"Well, you did fail." Jasper snapped. "Your buddies are dead, and you're in here. Where you'll be until I decide what to do with you."

"I helped you!"

"After we threatened you!" He shouted. The sound echoed off the walls. "We're leaving. Enjoy your stay." He spat.

