Chapter 14

My mom was dying. I wasn't really listening to what Ryan was saying anymore, but I could just hear those words being said over and over again in my mind.

Although she wasn't the best mom, she was still my mom. She never did stick up for me, but then again, she never really did contribute to any of the abuse. She was one of the kindest people there to me, despite the fact that I hadn't shifted yet. And honestly, I missed her a little. But that didn't mean that I was going to forget everything they'd put me through when I was there.

I was pulled out of my thoughts when Daniel knocked the door and walked in seconds after. I could tell that it was Daniel, even before he entered the room, because of his scent, which I could smell even behind the door.

I had a very strong sense of smell and great hearing, better than most werewolves, so it wasn't that hard to know it was Daniel.

"Is everything okay in here Soph?" he asked me, his eyes flickering over to Chase, who was standing in front of Nicole slightly, in a defensive position, while Ryan had his arms wrapped protectively around Becca's waist. "Yes, we were just talking," Ryan replied politely, "May I ask, who are you?"

"Daniel. Daniel Woods, Alpha of The Shadow Moons," he answered curtly.

"I am Ryan Campbell, Beta of Blue Moon pack, and this is my mate, Rebecca. That is Chase Carter, our Alpha and his mate Nicole," Ryan

said, little did he know how angry he was getting Daniel with each one of his words. Daniel was a kind and funny person in general, well after he starts getting used to you. But he could be a very angry Alpha if he wanted to, and trust me, nobody wants to face his wrath.

"Soph, are they the people that ruined your life?" he asked me slowly, with so much anger in his eyes. He didn't need me to say anything because my eyes said it all. My once bright silver bluish eyes were now a darker shade of grey, which held so much anger and pain. My wolf wanted nothing more than to rip Chase's arms off of Nicole, but I blocked her off.

Danny was always the type of person who stuck up for people he considered family, no matter what. Even if he had to sacrifice his life, he'd do it without another blink. He thought of me as his little sister, so right now- with him knowing everything about my past- saw them as threat and danger to me.

"What are talking about?! These are the nicest people I have ever met in my whole life!" Becca said, defending her pack and her mate.

I snorted. Nicest people she's ever met?

Ryan had his head down as if he was ashamed of what he'd done to me. Could he be regretting this? No, of course not. This was Ryan, the one who made me feel worthless every single day of my life. Chase had a pained expression on his face, and his eyes showed nothing but regret and sorrow.

Daniel looked even madder now, if that was even possible and as he was about to say something, the door burst open and Christy ran in, with tears in her eyes.

Daniel immediately ran to her side, checking for any injuries. Sobbing loudly now, Chirsty began, "C-Charis, she started coughing blood, and she fainted."

Charis, my baby? Blinking the tears away quickly, I shouted, "Where's my baby?"

"S-she's in your dressing room. S-someone's called the a-ambulance," she replied.

Ignoring Ryan's and Chase's questions, I ran out the room to find my baby. I saw her on the floor in the dressing room, with Emma and Claire beside her, trying to talk to her, while Mark was shouting at the crew to get the ambulance to get here quicker.

I dropped on the floor, next to my Charis, who was looking very pale now. I was aware that Ryan, Chase, Becca and Nicole were in the room but I didn't want to think about all the questions they'd ask me, even Chase, because right now, my baby was my first priority and always will be.

Kaden came up to me, crying, with a red nose. I hugged him tightly, while checking for Charis' pulse. Tears were flowing freely down my cheeks now, and I probably looked like a mess, but I couldn't care less right now.

Her pulse was there, but it was very weak. Someone passed me a baby wipe, which I used to wipe the blood on near her mouth with. This had never happened before, so I was unsure of what was happening to her. "Baby, Charis, can you hear me?" I asked desperately.

It pained me to see her looking so weak and fragile, when she was used to jumping around and fighting with her brother for my attention.

"My baby, please wake up. Please, for mommy?" I sobbed. I heard a growl, and I could only assume that it was Chase, who thought I had a baby with another man.

"The ambulance is here, Sophie, honey, you need to move," Daniel said softly, wrapping his arms around my shoulders.

"No, I can't leave her alone," I cried.

I felt someone taking a crying Kaden away from me and trying to calm him down. I lifted and hugged Charis' head and shoulder tightly. She was too hot, even for a werewolf. "Ma'am, I need you to move please. I need to check your daughter," the paramedic told me.

My wolf was in extra-protective mode after what had happened to Charis, so she didn't want to budge. After explaining to her that if we didn't move, Charis would get sicker, she reluctantly agreed to move away slightly, just so that the paramedic could check on her. "We need to take her to the hospital; her pulse is weak. Body temperature is too high," she said to her colleague. They both nodded and got a stretcher and placed my frail-looking baby on there. They put an oxygen mask over her mouth so that she could breathe. They brought her outside quickly, and I followed, while Mark stayed behind to sort everything out. Some fans who were still around started whispering and pointing to my baby and myself. They got her into the ambulance with me in tow.

I sat next to my baby, holding the hand whilst the sirens went off, and they speeded through the roads to get to the local hospital. Once we got there, they brought her into the hospital. I sat in the waiting room, hugging my knees to my chest while silently sobbing. Minutes later, I was in the familiar warm embrace of Alex. How did he even know I was here? Probably Mark.

He whispered comforting words to me while I sobbed quietly, hoping that Charis was okay. I had never felt so scared before, never. If something happened to Charis, I don't know what would happen to me.

"Phia, she's going to okay. Don't think otherwise. Charis is a fighter; you know that right?" Alex said, rubbing my arms, "She stronger that you think she is."

"I-I hope you're r-right Alex," I whispered, sitting on the floor with my head on his chest.

"Oh, there she is!" I heard someone say. Footsteps ran to us and soon, Daniel was also hugging me. Christy kneeled down in front of me and I could see that she didn't look any better herself, but she was trying to put on a brave face. When did I become so lucky and get such amazing people, I could call family?

"Shhh, she's a strong girl, you know that right? Watch tomorrow, she's going to fighting with Kade again," Christy laughed quietly.

"Where's Kaden?" I asked, my voice sounding husky from crying.

"He's with Emma and Claire, he was tired and crying, so I thought that if one of them stayed behind, it'd be good for him to try and take his mind off of things," Christy said.

"Hey, do you want something to eat or drink?" Daniel asked, suddenly getting up.

"No need, we got you guys something to eat," a familiar voice said, which made my face pale.

"What are you doing here you bastard?" Daniel shouted.

"I'm here for my sister," Ryan said.

"I stopped being your sister the day I ran away," I replied.

"I never stopped being your brother," was all he said.

I snorted, "So brothers bully and t*****e their sisters with others now, do they?"

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I regret every minute of doing what I did to you," he pleaded, with tears glistening in his eyes.

"He does, and so do I," another voice said...Chase.

"Where's your mate?" I sneered.

"She's with Becca at a hotel. She needed rest," he answered.

"So why are you here? Why don't you go back to her?"

"Because I'm here with my Beta and best friend, who needs me. But Sophia, I truly am sorry for what we have done to you as a pack. We truly do regret it," he whispered the last part.

"I'm sure you do," I muttered sarcastically. "Now that I have money and fame, everyone wants to be buddies with me!"

Chase was about to say something when Alex cut in, "Look, whoever you guys are, stop stressing her out. She's in pain enough as it is already. If you guys can't be quiet then you should just leave!" "They should leave. They're doing nothing but causing more pain to Soph, as if they haven't caused her some already," Daniel said.

They didn't say anything else, but just sat down on the chairs. About an hour later, the doctor finally came out to talk to us.

I was the first one up, wanting to talk to the doctor to make sure nothing had happened to my baby.

"Doctor, what's wrong with her?" I asked, angrily wiping away the tears, which never stopped flowing down my cheeks.

"Don't worry, it was case of food-poisoning. She should be better by tomorrow. She's sleeping now, but you can visit her if you wish," he said.

Hugging him tight, I whispered," Thank you so much for saving my baby."

"Don't worry," he laughed, "She's a little fighter. She'll be better, and you take care." I nodded and went into Charis' room, with the rest of them following behind.

When I entered the room, I noticed that she was laying in the bed, wearing a white robe, with a needle stuck in her wrist, an IV machine beside her and an oxygen mask in her face.

She still looked a little pale, but better than before. I sat down on the bed and caressed her soft cheeks, while the rest of the guys made themselves comfortable on the chairs, apart from Ryan and Chase, who seemed a little out-of-place.

They knew that I'd be staying in this room until she returns home, so they were staying with me as well. They loved Charis to bits as well, even Alex, who hardly got to spend any more time with her as he was always abroad.

"You never told me that you have a daughter," Ryan stated. I heard a small growl, most likely from Chase, but I couldn't be sure if I heard it or not.

"Twins, I have twins, Kaden and Charis."

"Who's the father?" Chase growled. I could tell his wolf was surfacing by his voice, but because my back was facing him, I couldn't tell if his eyes were flickering to grey or not, which was the color of his wolf's eyes.

Simply ignoring him, I continued gently rubbing Charis's forehead.

"I said WHO IS THEIR FATHER?" Chase growled again.

"Don't talk to her like that!" Daniel growled back.

"It's okay Danny. Chase, let's take this conversation somewhere else, I don't want my baby to wake up," I said in a cold and emotionless voice.

Chase stomped out, and I followed him outside the room. I closed the door and turned to him, with my arms crossed and a scowl on my face.

"Why do you want to know anyways?" I asked. "You've got a mate, a child coming soon. So why the hell are you interested in who's the father of my twins, huh?"

"Because I feel an unexplainable connection to those children, god dammit!" he shouted in frustration.

I knew I couldn't hold this off any longer. I knew this moment was to come someday, but I just hoped that it wasn't today.

I was always going to tell my children about their father someday, because after all, it was their father and if they wanted to be with their dad, I would let them. It wasn't up to me to decide whether I wanted the twins to know their dad or not, it was up to them. I took a deep breath and blurted out, "You."

"What?" he asked in disbelief. His eyes were slightly widened, and shock was written all over his face.

"The day we met...in the janitor's closet," I simply stated. It took all I had to not burst into tears right now, and I think I was doing pretty well so far. That day was the worst day of my life, and remembering about me made me want to just wallow in self-pity. But at least good things came out of that, like my babies, my career, my new family and so many more things.

"So, I am their father?" he asked slowly, as his brain processed the information.

"No, you're their s***m donor."

And with that, I turned around and walked back into the room, slamming the door in his face in the process. That felt good, I thought.