

## Chapter 29 Alpha Jerome has been poisoned

\*\*\*\*\*Erika's POV\*\*\*\*\*

"Trouble?!" Both my best friends echoed in bewilderment.

At the mention of a possible trouble in the pack, the influence the alcohol was having over me left in the blink of an eye, even the seriousness in his tone was enough to make me sit up so fast that my head paid a little price for it – slight banging on both temples.

I shook my head to get the headache away but I ended up worsening it. I came down from the bed. "What trouble?"

"Father is back."

"And why is that trouble? He went for a meeting for a meeting...wait!" My heart thudded. "The meeting didn't go well and other packs have declared war on us?" Hoping it was not the case.

We would surely win but I hated the thought of war, it brought a lot of innocent werewolves into the mix. Those who instigated the war usually survived, leaving the innocent pack members to die.

And when it came to war, Iron Claw was not to be trifled with, and every pack in Fangoria would suffer for it. So, I just prayed it was not that worse.

"No, worse." The look on Jace's face was grave. It quickened the beat of my heart.

"Tell me, Jace." I took all of my willpower not yell at him.

He sighed then, his shoulders sagged and his eyes glazed with unshed tears. Kat, his mate ran to his side and held him. "What is wrong?"

"Father has been poisoned." He growled after uttering those words,

punching a wall in my room in anger.

I staggered back, not believing my ears.

Father? Poisoned? Who would have done that to him? I knew father had enemies, people who were envious of his pack and how prosperous it was.

Some werewolves hated father because he commanded more attention than they did. But was that enough reason to kill him? Was that why they wanted to end his life? Those bastards!

"It's okay, Rika." A distressed Paula rushed to my side.

"Take me. Take me there now Jace. I want to see him."

He looked at me, and nodded. He offered me a hand and I took it, mostly for comfort and I knew he wanted that too. A reminder we had each other to get through this time. He was our father and only parent, he was all we had.

He led me down the hallway and turned a corner, my legs wobbled with each step I took. I stepped out of the mansion and we walked to where the pack's infirmary was. I gripped Jace tight and he gripped back as well. We both welcomed the need to hold on to each other.

We passed nurses and other medical practitioners in the hospital, both of us ignoring their bows and greetings. On a normal day, I would have engaged in a little chitchat with them but today was not a normal one. From the beginning of this day, it had been filled with one unfortunate event or the other.

We reached the room he was left in. Our hospital was the biggest too in the whole of Fangoria, whatever amenities needed to survive in Fangoria, we had them all and they were the biggest.

We even had some amenities that other packs did not. Was this why someone would want to kill my father? The only parent I had? I would

tears away but they were coming on strong, panic fluttered in my stomach as fear squeezed my stomach tight.

"Good day, Your highness." The doctor in charge of the hospital greeted us as soon as we stepped feet into one of the rooms situated in the VVIP section.

There were three rooms in that section of the hospital, that was the only rooms there and they were for our family. The royal family.

"father." I rushed forward as a panicked cry left my lips. I went to hold his limp frame, he was hooked to some machines.

I frowned, was it this bad? Droplets of my tears fell on his cloth, this was not the cloth he'd worn just this morning when I'd seen him. They had adorned him with a hospital gown.

"Why so many machines, doctor?" I asked, my voice shaky as more tears fell.

Jace stood watching me, by his side was his mate, Kat and Paula. I had no idea they had followed Jace and I here. My gaze went back to the doctor.

"We need to suck the wolfsbane from his system." The doctor replied.

"Wolfsbane? Was all these necessary?" I turned to look at my father, lying almost lifeless. The heart monitor beeping irregularly, my eyes fixated themselves on the lines that was the evidence he was still alive, but barely.

"Doctor, will he survive this?" I asked again. Oh Mother of the Moon, please help my father overcome this. Help him heal and do not let him die.

His hesitation twisted my insides more. Why was he not saying anything ? He exchanged a look with my brother. What were they not telling me?

"Jace, is there something you're not telling me?" He looked away, his

eyes glazed with agony and sadness.

That did not make my nerves calm, that was not encouraging at all.

"Why are you both not saying anything?!" I yelled in frustration, tears filling and streaming.

"It's okay, Rika." Paula and Kat came to my side to comfort me, but I could not be comforted. How could I be comforted when my father was lying in a state I had no idea how grave it was?

"No!" I moved out of their hold. "Don't tell me it's okay because it is not. Look at my father! Look at him and tell me it is okay." My voice became hoarse. I gripped my chest as pain squeezed tighter.

"You need to calm down." They made to move closer to me. Kat was already on the brink of tears, Paula was blinking her eyes to ward off tears.

"Jace, look at our father. Look at what they have done to him." I sobbed very hard.

I felt strong hands come to scoop me up.

"What is wrong with our father, Jace? You can tell me."

In his hands, I felt vulnerable and small. "Everything will be fine."


"No, Jace. You're lying and you know it."

He heaved a deep, sorrowful sigh. "The doctor said the poison had destroyed most of his organs."

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