

Chapter 30 Demon orchid

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

"W-what?" My voice was low and somewhat hopeless.

"That's what he said." Jace was struggling not let me see his true broken emotions. It was hard for him too. We both loved father and he loved us too. There was not a day that passed he did not give Jace and I more reasons to love him.

He was strict and principled when need be. And he was sweet and wonderful when we needed him to be too. It only broke my heart more knowing someone or a group of people out there wanted to hurt him so bad.

"Can we ask the doctor if he'll survive it?" I wanted to know, I badly wanted to find out.

"Will you be fine if I put you down?" Jace searched my face.

I nodded. "Yes."

He put me down but I still clung to him, and he let him. He put his arm around me. The doctor was still staring at us, his expression somber and sympathetic.

"What's his survival rate, doc?" Jace asked him.

The middle aged man with a wiry frame and wore rimmed glasses shook his head, and released an audible deep sigh. "It's not good."

"What is not good?" I gulped fearfully, holding onto Jace tighter. He was family and he was here, he was not poisoned. I still had someone to call family.

"His survival rate, we are not sure. Just as your brother had told you,

most of his organs had been ruined by the poison before he was brought here. We have been able to extract the ones we could but some had mixed with his blood and other vital places. I'm trying to see how I can extract the rest without ending his life."

I dug hard into Jace's flesh, without his hold on me right now, I would be a puddle on the floor. "So either way, it's risky. Leaving the poison in would kill him, extracting it might also kill him, is that it?"

"Yes. If he had been brought earlier, it would not have posed this much threat." The doctor said.

"So if you were to give us any guess. Just off the top of your head, what will our father's survival rate be?" Jace inquired.

"Ninety-ten." He answered.

A sob broke out of my mouth. Ninety-ten? That was nothing. His survival percentage was too low, almost hopeless. What were we going to do with ten as his chance to live? Oh Mother of the Moon, please do something. I beg of you, do something! I screamed in my head.

I released myself from Jace's hold and walked like one who was drunk to his bedside, I held his hand. "Please father, fight harder. You can do better please, I still need you to help me become the kind of Alpha you are. I am not done learning from you, Jace is not done learning from you. We both need you not to kill each other."

Tears fell from my hands. Jace and I fought like every other siblings, dad was usually the one who separated the fight and settled us.

"Yes, dad. We do need you." Jace came to stand beside me, one of his arm was draped across my shoulders, his other hand was resting on dad's leg.

But there was no booming laugh, the kind I was used to hearing. There was no strict warnings or the angry growl that never stop to scare Jace

and I, even now as adults.

What I would give to hear him say anything, even if they were angry words. I took a deep breath, trying to stabilize my emotions.

"What kind of wolfsbane?" I turned to the doctor.

"Pardon, Your Highness?"

"What kind of wolfsbane did you detect in his system?"

"Demon orchid." He replied.

I bit my lower lip hard, blinking my eyes furiously to stop tears. I swallowed, trying to dislodge the boulder in my throat. "Demon orchid." I repeated in a whispery voice.

Demon orchid was the wildest kind of plant known for its poisonous nature. No one had ever survived it, though there were scarcely any case of one poisoned with Demon orchid.

It was not regularly found like other common poisonous plant so whoever that had done this, had taken their time to find this plant.

The Demon orchid's poison could paralyze or kill depending on the dose administered to the victim. So if dad was not dead yet, it could only mean one thing...

"When you said his survival rate was ninety-ten, can you explain better?"

"Your Highness, I think you should..."

"Tell me." I snapped as the first line tear ran down my left cheek.

This was my father we're talking about, he did not deserve what was coming to him. He was a good man, the most wonderful father. I remembered how he had taken on the maternal armor after mom died and taken care of me.

He had met Jace's mom six months later and she was good to me too but one day, she had disappeared. She had left Jace and went away,

nobody knew why and few months later, she had been found d'ad at the boundary of our pack.

Father decided not to remarry and just take care of Jace and I. I was a year older than Jace. Dad took on the responsibility of being both a father and mother, despite his Alpha duties when I was ten and Jace was nine. Jace knew his mother but never wanted to talk about her.

Even when we had found his mother dead, he had refused to grieve and till date, he still held grudges over his mom leaving him without notice.

So if we both loved our father that much, there was a reason. Not just a reason, so many reasons. And if it would take my one of my limbs for him to survive, I would have it amputated without a thought.

"You know how the Demon orchid works. If it does not kill, it paralyzes."

"So what are you saying, doc?" Jace asked, the fear and grief in his voice was unmistakable.

"That even if he survives by some miracle, he would be paralyzed for life. Not just his body, his brain too."

Chapter Comments

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