Chapter Four. Mystery

Ruby

"Shoo."

"Go away," I muttered with a newfound protective instinct as I stepped between the hungry bear and the vulnerable infant in the basket.

In any other case, I could have easily transformed into my wolf, which would have made all this easier; however, my body was weakened from rejection, and I couldn't feel my wolf.

Yet, I felt the need to get the baby out of here alive, even if it meant a loss of body parts. Maybe it was the Luna instinct in me that was making me act this way and feel an odd sense of protection over it, but I couldn't just abandon the baby like its mother had done and get it eaten up.

The wood was a dangerous place, making me wonder what type of animal in human form would be wicked enough to dump a baby out here in the dangerous forest.

Determination flashed in my eyes as I faced the bear, praying to the moon goddess to help me out so that I could rescue both myself and the baby.

this tactic while I was young when I once attended the werewolf acedemy, but that was just it. It was called the primal dance of survival in the moonlight, and I couldn't learn more defence lessons since I was a girl who had found her mate on time.

I squared my shoulders, and as the bear hesitated, I made myself appear larger. I had learned

While Liam, my mate, was practically inheriting the position of alpha from his father, I was practicing to be the Luna, and I was glad I did.

and desperation in my voice as I raised my legs higher so that I would appear larger than the bear and, input, fear it.

"Go; find your own sustenance. This child needs my care." I said firmly a mix of authority

The bear grunted for some minutes, sensing my resolve, before retreating into the shadows, leaving us in an uneasy calm.

I let out a loud sigh and tiredly stretched my body to relieve my pain. With cautious steps, I approached the blood-stained basket. Confusion and dread gripped me as I took in the blood-soaked scene painted in a macabre picture, and the cries of the baby seemed to become louder as I drew closer, tugging at my heart.

It was just like me being rejected and broken, as it had also had a harsh reality in its earliest moments.

Slowly, I opened the basket, and a gasp caught in my throat, and my heart seemed to freeze. I stumbled back in shock, feeling lost for words, as I took in the unexpected sight before me.

The baby's eyes, staring up at me with an intense gaze, mirrored the unmistakable shade of steel grey—identical to those of my mate, Liam.

Shock and disbelief coursed through me, and for a moment, time seemed to stand still.

The uncanny resemblance between the infant's eyes and those I had once lost myself in left me breathless, the cruel irony of fate etched in the delicate features of the newborn.

Alex? My baby.

filled my heart.

heartless enough to throw his baby away.

No, no, it can't be. This can't be real. I'm just seeing double. The baby in the basket looked exactly like how I had always pictured my baby—soft skin and steel grey eyes.

Tears welled up in my eyes, and a storm of mixed emotions ran through me—grief, astonishment, and a flicker of hope.

Was the moon goddess giving me a second chance to live? Is this a miracle?

Why does this baby look so much like my mate? So much like how I had pictured my baby Alex. My baby.

Williams said he died, but then again, I heard my baby cry. Although I was weak, my hearing senses were functioning, and I heard my baby cry.

And now this. Was it all a coincidence? Any mother would be able to recognise her baby's voice, right?

I stared at the little soul, and its cries sounded so familiar as they kept ringing in my head,

just like the ones I had heard while unconscious. I reached down and gently lifted the cutie from the basket into my arms while the baby, with his steel grey eyes, stared back at me with curiosity.

A magical hush enveloped me, and the cries ceased almost instantly, replaced by a sudden

What if this wasn't real? What if I was dreaming and everything was all an illusion?

But then again, if this was a dream, then I never wanted to wake up. I felt the profound connection that destiny had brought us together in the heart of the woods.

stillness. I cradled the fragile life against my chest, and as I hugged it closer, uncertainty

witnessing an unexpected twist of destiny, held its breath.

In my arms, the baby's tiny face transformed from distress to delight. Giggles bubbled forth,

The whole forest, once filled with haunting cries if the little soul became silent like it was

and a wide, toothless grin spread across its face.

Those innocent steel grey eyes, brimming with a mixture of curiosity and joy, looked up at

me with an unspoken connection, yet I felt doubtful. I needed to confirm if this baby was mine and Liam's or if it was just Liam's.

And if it was the latter, then it means Liam betrayed and cheated on me. Worse, he was

I needed answers, and the only person who could help me was my grandmother, and luckily for me, she was a healer.

The forest seemed to brighten as the baby found solace in my embrace. It was so tiny and cute, and its laughter echoed, creating a melody of pure happiness that danced through the air, which somehow managed to heal my depressed soul.

With a mix of disbelief and joy, I decided instantly to take the baby back home and cradle the precious life against my chest as I walked out of the forest in the direction of my grandmother's house.

I made sure to hide the baby from preying eyes as I found my way back. I entered the house

and saw my grandmother stirring her traditional herb in a pot, and upon seeing me, her eyes

widened in surprise, her warm smile fading as she glimpsed the bundle in my arms.

"You probably think I am crazy," I chuckled out, and she gave me a look of pity, which I was already used to, but I didn't care as my whole body was renewed with a sense of hope and wonder.