

Chapter Five.

Ruby

"Ruby, I understand this is a difficult moment for you, but you don't have to steal another's baby just to make up for your loss," she said, unaware of the unfolding miracle.

"How can you think so low of me, Granny?" I ignored her lack of trust in me and smiled at her warmly. She looked at me unsurely with the same look she gives her patients, who had a few nuts loose in their heads.

I don't blame her; these past few days have been rough for me, and the only thing I ever did was cry and walk around the pack like a lost soul.

"What is this, then? Whose baby is that?" she asked, her voice tinged with a blend of curiosity and apprehension.

I carefully cradled the baby, my voice filled with a blend of disbelief and excitement. "Grandmother, this is Alex. I found him in the woods—the baby I thought I had lost. Alex, meet your grandma." I grinned at the baby, who laughed softly, and I shifted my gaze to my grandmother, watching her eyes flicker with a complex mix of emotions.

"In the woods? Ruby, are you sure? That's impossible. There's no way your baby can magically appear out of nowhere. I'm sorry to say this, but your child died, so how are you sure it's yours?" She questioned, her concern laced with a touch of scepticism.

She was right. It made no sense for me to magically find my baby in a forest, and my certainty wavered for a moment, but a determination surged within me.

"Yes, Grandmother, I'm sure. His eyes... they're just like Liam's, but I'm not sure if he is mine, and even with my doubts, I couldn't just forsake him like everyone else did. If it isn't my baby, then it means Liam cheated on me with another woman while I loved and trusted him. Then, out of guilt, he threw his baby away." I rumbled sadly, almost in tears, as that was the only reasonable explanation I could come up with.

"Give me the baby," my grandmother commanded, and gently, I handed her the baby so that she could look into his eyes.

She froze on the spot in shock, just like I had done.

"You... you are right. He has exactly Liam's eyes—hell, his whole face. Ruby, he even has your birth mark," she said, pointing to a small red mark by the side of his chin that was almost unnoticeable.

"He has my birthmark," I repeated in shock. I had probably missed it because my wolf senses were not functioning properly at the moment. I was happy that Liam never cheated on me, and I could only hope he believed I would never do the same to him.

"Thank the moon goddess; my granddaughter isn't crazy. This baby is yours and Liam's." She grinned and hugged me tightly.

Together, we carried the baby to my room, bathed him with warm water, and washed away the dried blood on his body. Whoever stole my baby had a heartless soul. They didn't even bother cleaning him up after bathing, leaving him with so much dirt around. What was their intention with him? Death? Why did they take him from me? Why did they cause me pain?

"What if the baby is evil, Ruby? What if there's dark magic involved?" She pondered, her voice carrying a note of caution. I paused, considering the possibilities, but my resolve remained unshaken.

Nothing would make me forsake my baby; I would protect him with my life this time.

"I don't believe that, Grandmother. I need to go back to Liam's pack and investigate why they lied to me about our child's death. There's something more to this story, and I intend to uncover the truth, and hopefully with this I can prove to Liam that I didn't cheat on him and get my happy family back." I said just as my baby splashed water on my face, making me grin despite the turmoil I felt within.

My grandmother was silent, taking in what I said while I dedicatedly washed my baby, making kisses at him. Finally, my life was getting back to normal, and with Liam by my side, we would care for our Alex together.

"Ruby, do you think it's wise to take the baby along with you? Whoever must have taken him from you had the intention of killing him. Can you trust Liam to protect you both? Why don't you forget about him and start your life all over?"

Before I could formulate a response, a knock on the door diverted our attention. In unison, we turned to see Andrew entering, weariness etched on his face.

"Luna, you're urgently needed in your former pack. They're requesting that you sign the papers of resignation to leave your Luna position immediately, or else they will declare you dead officially, which is worse than being an omega. Would you go?" He said, urgently pulling me away from the tender moment with the baby and propelling me back into the tumultuous world I thought I had escaped.

The timing felt unsettling, as if the threads of fate were conspiring to unravel the newfound joy and mysteries that had entered my life. If I didn't go sign my resignation and ended up being dead, things would turn out bad for me, especially now that I had my baby involved, which might also affect his future.

A sigh escaped me as I exchanged glances with my grandmother, both of us awaiting my decision. My gaze then shifted to the baby in my arms, and I so badly desired for my child to have a complete family. My heart felt heavy, leaving me torn between the past and an uncertain future.

"Of course I would, Andrew. This is an opportunity to win my mate's heart back. To get Liam and return to our perfect family, I need to go. If there's a chance to uncover the truth about Alex and ensure his safety, I have to take it." I said calmly, and Andrew nodded in understanding.

He had a tired expression, and I felt so bad for putting him in such a difficult situation. My grandmother's gaze was on me with concern, and her lips curled into a sad smile.

"Ruby, are you sure about this?" My grandmother asked, her voice a gentle reminder of the complexity of the choices before me, and I nodded, my resolve firm, knowing I was doing this for my little baby.

"I need to know what happened, not just for myself but for Alex. And if it means facing the challenges that lie ahead, I'll do it for my baby." I said that and paused, thinking carefully about my next words.

"But I won't take the baby along. If Liam doesn't believe me, his mate, one last time, then I know it's over for good."

"I will go with you," Andrew added, giving me confidence, and I nodded my head in thankfulness, offering him a sad smile.

Would Liam be happy to know that our precious Alex is alive?