

## Chapter 28 Permission to kill you

Catherine's POV

"What happened to Brian?" I scribbled on the new whiteboard that Colt got me.

He had stuck a huge pink bow on top of it, which made me laugh.

Sam decided that Colt couldn't get all the attention and gave me a pink board marker. How he managed to get one is still a mystery to me, but he managed to get one.

To top it off, Grey decided to gift me a whiteboard eraser to go with it. He had painted the handle a soft baby pink to match his brothers' gifts.

"Your father is attending to him," Colt said, closing the subject altogether.

I asked the doctor the same question, even Jimmy and my mother, but they all ignored or changed the subject.

My father hadn't come to see me yet, which I found odd. Usually, he would be the first one to check up on me.

I shook my head, annoyed, picked up the board, cleaned it while looking at him, and scribbled my next question.

"Where is my father?" I asked.

"Out," Grey answered.

I rolled my eyes, frustrated at the lack of words the triplets were using.

Why were they doing this?

Is this some way to torment me? Drive me crazy?

I growled, cleared the board, and scribbled my next question.

"Where to and why?" This time I tapped my index finger on the board, giving them a stern look and showing them I was losing my temper.

Colt ignored it, Grey shook his head, refusing to answer, and I turned to Sam.

He looked bewildered at me and dropped his gaze.

"S s am," I managed to spit out his name.

He jumped to his feet, grabbed some water, and handed it to me.

"Shhh," he said, trying to comfort me, and he looked toward his brothers for help.

"T ell, m e!" I pled after I took a sip of the water.

Last night, when the doctor came and did his checkup, he explained to me how badly my throat hurt and told me it was a miracle that Brian didn't crush one of my vertebrae.

The rest seemed to be in order, and I just needed to get some proper rest and heal. The doctor stopped at the door, turned around, and looked at me, then smiled and commented that I looked different in some way.

I didn't think much about it, but I think it's because of the triplets being around me. They were doing something to me without really doing anything.

"He is busy arranging an execution," Sam said so fast that it almost gave me whiplash.

Colt and Grey growled at Sam, and he sat back with his hand in his hair, ashamed of giving in.

I ignored them, feeling my body shiver out of shock.

I grabbed the board and scribbled so fast that I had to clean up and rewrite the same two words a couple of times before I could show them my next question.



"For who?"

This time, Sam ignored me. His brothers were already pissed at him.

"S am?"

"Brian," Colt said, his voice cold as death.

I lifted my arms, asking the obvious question, "Why?"

Colt sighed, and his expression softened.

"Isn't it obvious?" He asked, shifting his head to the side. "He tried to kill the future Luna of the pack."

"He tried to kill you!" Grey said.

"He tried to kill our mate!" Sam whispered, angry.

"Who gave the order?" I scribbled.

"I did," my father's husky voice said from the door, and my heart leaped out of my chest seeing him.

"Daddy!" I formed the words and held out my arms. I have missed him.

The triplets nodded, and all three of them left my room, leaving me and my father alone.

My father walked closer and gently pulled me into his arms, hugging me.

When he let me get back in bed, he took a seat next to the bed and stared past me toward the window.

Something was eating him alive.

My gaze slowly moved over his face, reading him.

Whatever had happened made my father age faster than needed; he looked tired and older. He looked as if he had gained ten years in one day.

What happened after Brian strangled me?

Would he tell me?

I shifted my head to the side, searching for my father's gaze.

I needed answers, and I need them now.

"Father," I managed to squeeze out, and he lifted his gaze.

He gently smiled, but the smile didn't reach his eyes.

"All will be alright," he said, patting my hand. "He will not harm anyone ever again."

I shook my head, yet my father continued.

"I have spoken to Beta Harold," he said, "and it was even worse for him. He loves you like the daughter he never had, and he is disappointed at his son's actions. We talked about my decision, and he agreed. He would have done the same if the roles were reversed."

My father became quiet, staring in disbelief at him. It was as if he couldn't process what he was about to do.

Was Brian already executed, or was he safely locked up in the dungeon?

My mind raced in all directions. I didn't want this to happen.

"He grew up in front of my eyes—he was like a son to me," my father whispered absent mindedly. "I had great expectations for him; he is such a strong leader and warrior. This is such a waste! How could he do this to you? Didn't he hurt you enough?"

"Haiti attacked me!" I scribbled on the board, then tapped my index finger impatiently on the board to gain my father's attention.

My father read the words, nodded, and anxiously looked at his hands.

"I know," he said, and in response, my eyes widened.

My father knew?

Was this planned?

Did Brian mean to hurt me?

"What do you mean, you know?" I scribbled and held up the board, then

tapped my finger nervously.

"Because Brian told me he gave Haiti permission to kill you."

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