

Chapter 29 Healthy enough

Catherine's POV

"Get dressed," Colt said as he entered my hospital room. He and his brothers were in and out of my room the whole morning, and at one point I had a feeling that they were up to something.

As one of them entered, another one would sneak out and leave, returning much later. Not that I kept tags on them; on the contrary, they could do as they pleased, but it did look a bit suspicious.

Grey quickly caught on that I was getting suspicious and started to distract me with questions.

He asked questions about my likes and dislikes, what foods I liked and disliked, about my future plans, and then the more difficult ones that had my heart crushed in my chest.

How many pups would I like to have? Where would I like to live when marked and mated?

If I could choose a holiday destination, where would it be?

Questions that Brian and I had discussed about a future together.

Grey gave me time to process his questions, properly think about my answers, and didn't once rush me to get an answer.

He was the most patient of the three brothers, and he tended to listen carefully to every word that was spoken and analyze it.

My mind wandered off to the good old days when things were much easier and less complicated than now.

I sighed, thinking of Brian being locked up in the dungeon.

He had killed two pack members when his father and my father tried to restrain him. The decision was made to execute him. His was an

endangerment to the pack and its members, not to mention a major threat to me.

Things were so different when we were younger.

We loved each other.

Why Brian turned out like this, only the Goddess will know.

Sadness was reflected in my father's eyes when he told me about their decision. Beta Harold was heartbroken.

The whole situation made me depressed. I didn't want to have Brian executed, but there was no other way.

I had argued my reasons, but my father stopped me, tenderly lifted my chin, and looked me in the eyes.

"Kate," he said, and I could see the sadness burning deep down into his soul. This was hurting him more than he was willing to tell me.

"Brian has lost his mind. He has given all control to his wolf. Keeping him locked up here could be disastrous. I am not willing to lose more pack members or, even worse, lose you."

I started to argue, shaking my head, but my father cut me short, lifting his hand. He must have already looked at all angles of the problem and then made a decision.

"Even if we banish him from the pack, he knows all our pack secrets. He was trained by the best to serve and protect the Alpha and Luna of this pack, and he has committed treason."

Brian knew every little pack secret. Every detail. Every little flaw. He knew our battle strategies—our weakest links—and how to get into the safe house while under attack. That was his work as Beta. To know everything about everything.

"And by committing treason," I said, feeling warm tears burn behind my eyelids, "the punishment is death."

I knew the law of the wolf; it was way different from human laws.

My father slowly nodded his head, unwilling to look me in the eyes. He



tiredly got to his feet, sounding like the whole world was resting on his shoulders. He carefully came closer, bent down, and gently kissed me on the head, then left without another word.

This was too much for me to handle, and the tears spilled over and ran down my face.

I guess I still have some feelings for Brian, even after what he has done to me.

Why was Brian doing this?

Why did he let Haiti go on a murder spree?

Why didn't he want me to have the triplets around me?

Why did he still believe I was his?

He rejected me.

He wanted it this way.

He made that choice. I just accepted his rejection.

Did we rush the decision to reject and accept?

I sighed.

I was not sure if I would have been able to forgive Brian for sleeping with Sarah, but...

Another unwilling breath escaped my lips.

There was always a bloody 'but' somewhere.

What if we just gave each other space to heal? Would the bond have mended our love? Would I have forgiven him in time? Would we still be together?

"No," Kia's voice echoed in the back of my mind. She sounded a bit more energized than usual. I could feel her presence more and more, but she kept to herself most of the time.

"Why not?" I asked, feeling betrayed. Did she know? Did she know that



Brian was capable of such things? Did she know Brian would betray me and my pack?

"What you see now has already been shown to you; this is just the beginning," she said, and her presence disappeared.

"Show me what, when, and where?" I whispered to myself. "What the hell was Kia talking about?"

I suddenly felt sad, and my mind wandered off to the better days when I felt loved and appreciated by Brian.

Brian was very good to me when we dated. We were in love, and that love was stronger than the bond we had. There was no bond to force us together.

That was until that fateful night.

My mind raced back, remembering how beautiful that day was. I suddenly wondered if my car was still parked in the garage. I chuckled at the thought between the warm tears.

Gosh, my emotions were out of control. I sniffed and wiped the tears from my eyes and sat back, then replayed one of the most memorable moments of my life.

I haven't been inside the car since the day I got her, but I can still recall how warm and sunny it was that day, how many people came and looked at the brand new wheels I got for my birthday, and how much effort Brian, Jimmy, and Sarah put in to decorate the school for my birthday.

I shook the memory off; it was making me even more depressed.

"Kate?" Colt called, shifting his head to the side and trying to read my facial expression. He has been doing this more and more, just silently observing me.

"What?" I asked, managing to force the word over my lips without struggling or coughing. I was miraculously healing faster than anyone of us thought I would, and even though my voice still broke sometimes, I felt much better. I am much stronger and much more like my old self.

I still believed it had something to do with the triplets, but I had no proof.

The triplets have been living in my room, making sure I am comfortable and holding my hand every second they can.

It was a bit awkward in the beginning, but I got used to it.

"I want you to get dressed," he said, and he pointed to the clothes set out next to the bed.

"Dressed for what?" I asked. "The doctor hasn't discharged me yet."

Colt chuckled amusedly, and his eyes darkened, but he quickly became serious again.

"The doctor says you are healthy enough to leave your room," he said. "We got permission to take you out for the day and bring you back a bit later."
