

Chapter 22

I watch my twins playing with their toys in the playroom. Their laughter fills the room, momentarily distracting me from the events of last night. I can't get the image of that mysterious person talking to the maid. Who could it be? And what were they discussing? I've replayed it a million times in my head, trying to think of anything that I could have missed that might help identify that person, but no matter how much I tried, there was nothing.

But as I sit here, watching my children's innocent joy, my thoughts drift to a different memory

- the day I gave birth to them. The fear and anxiety that consumed me as I lay in the hospital bed, waiting for them to arrive. All I could think about was how Cassandra had died in childbirth.

I remember the pain and uncertainty of those hours, wondering if history would repeat itself. But they entered the world healthy and perfect. The relief and overwhelming love that flooded my heart are feelings I will never forget. I had done it all on my own. The only other people in the room that day were the doctor and a nurse. Victor had offered to be there with me, but I felt that it was something that I needed to do alone.

Suddenly, something crossed my mind. Rebecca could be behind what happened last night, so I jumped up from my seat. "I just need to go see Uncle Victor. If you need anything, your nanny will get it for you," I told my twins before rushing out of the room.

Closing the door behind me, Aura growled inside me. "Mate!"

I looked up and saw Alexander standing in front of me, his eyes

locked on me. My heart started to race. He wasn't meant to be in this part of the palace how had he got past the guards? His eyes left me, looking at the door I had just come from, then back to me.

"Do you have children?" Alexander asked, his voice low and intense.

His question caught me off guard. I stood there frozen. Did he clearly see my twins? No, that couldn't happen. The twins only belonged to me. Nobody else was allowed to take them away from me.

"It's none of your business." I quickened my pace, wanting to leave.

But before I could, he reached out, grabbing my hand. My face hit his shoulder. My nose hurt a little from the bump. I put my hands on my face, trying to rub my nose, and suddenly, I felt like my mask was loosening a little. No, no, no, He must couldn't see my face! I put on the mask in a hurry.

"Your face?" His expression was a little dazed, and wanted to touch my face. I avoided his hand.

"Sorry, I mistook you as a familiar person again." My body froze again, and my eyes were moist for some reason.

Luckily, he didn't insist on looking at my face anymore. But my hands became his new focus.

As Alexander inspected my hand. His touch sent a shiver down my spine.

"Your hand, it's healed. There's not even a scar," he said, his voice filled with wonder and confusion. "How?"

I didn't know what to tell him. I had always healed so much faster than any other werewolf, and I didn't know why I had spent hours

filled with wonder and confusion. "How?"

I didn't know what to tell him. I had always healed so much faster than any other werewolf, and I didn't know why I had spent hours reading books trying to work it out but had never found the answers. The sound of footsteps coming down the hall made me pull my hand away from him. Clearing my throat, I looked behind him, seeing Allen walking towards us.

As Allen approached, I could feel the tension in the air. He stood tall and confident, his eyes locked on Alexander. And then, without hesitation, he wrapped his arm around me, a protective gesture that sent a wave of warmth through me.

"Alpha Alexander, you are not allowed in this part of the palace, so I suggest you leave before I have you removed," Allen's voice was firm and unwavering.

Alexander turned to face him, their gazes locking in a silent battle of wills. The intensity between them was unmissable as they stared each other down.

"I'm sorry, Beta Allen. I'm still getting used to this place and got myself lost. I was just asking Fay how to get back to my room," Alexander finally said, his voice calm but with a hint of amusement dancing in his eyes.

"Well, now that you know the way back to your room, I suggest you take it. Fay and I have things to discuss, and I hope I never catch you in this part of the palace again" Allen's tone left no room for argument as he guided me away from Alexander.

As we walked down the hallway, I could feel Allen's protective energy surrounding me, but I also felt that he was jealous of Alexander. We rounded a corner, away from Alexander's piercing gaze. I couldn't shake the feeling that there was more to Alexander's unexpected appearance than just getting lost in the palace.

"What was that about?" I asked Allen.

"I don't trust him," Allen replied simply, his jaw clenched tight. "He's hiding something, Olivia. And I won't let anyone threaten you or our family."

"Victor wants to see us," Allen stated as he knocked on the door before entering the room.

Victor looked up from his desk with a warm smile, gesturing for us to sit down in front of him. As we settled into our seats, I took a deep breath before speaking up.

"I need to see him too," I began, my voice steady but filled with urgency. "I think I know who tried to poison Lidia last night."

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