

## You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 46

Miles pov

It was weird. Ever since Cade had talked about mates, all I could think of was his sister. I had tried to shake it off my mind several times reminding myself that it was nothing but wishful thinking. I had blown my chance of having my mate beside me. And now, I must live my life in solitude.

I had tried my best to tell myself that I must forget about her. She too had lost her mate. It must be painful for her. I remember how she cried at his funeral. Perhaps she deserved a second chance at love, but most certainly not me. I deserved to be alone for life.

The rest of the day was filled with me struggling to finish my work, however, just like before, I was only able to do half of the paperwork all by myself. By midnight, I had exhausted myself and decided to go back to the room to get some sleep.

I did go back. I washed my face and slumped onto my mattress, not bothering to wash my body because I was too damn tired. I had closed my eyes hoping to sleep, however, whenever I closed my eyes, I saw Cade's sister's slender neck where her dead mate's faint mark lay.

Frowning, I continued to think about her. Why wouldn't she get out of my head? I don't want to cause trouble. I don't want to be the cause of more embarrassment to my parents. I had already done enough damage. After a long time of tossing and turning, I finally fell asleep.

The next day, I woke up early, as always, despite the little amount of sleep I had managed to get last night.

I got ready and walked out, as usual, to do my early morning training. Before I got myself in this mess, Nolan and Castor would join me for the morning run and our training before we started the sessions for our warriors. However, I didn't expect them to join me now. I didn't expect them to deal with me at all unless it was necessary.

By the time I had returned from my run, the warriors had gathered on the ground. I noticed how some of them had their faces wilted with no sign of eagerness to join the training today. I pursed my lips. I had seen how much fun they had each time with Nolan and Castor.

Perhaps, I should make them conduct the training sessions hereafter.

I sighed. Nolan and Castor had arrived after some time. Their expressionless faces told me that they didn't enjoy my company at all. Perhaps no one did. I guess I should let them enjoy and have fun with Nolan and Castor.

"I...have a lot of work in the office. So I am leaving." I murmured under my breath and left, without waiting for them to say anything. I knew they wouldn't mind me leaving. They would be only too happy that I left.

As I walked away, I felt my heart being weighed further down. What kind of an alpha am I? An alpha that is hated by everyone. An alpha who doesn't have any support. An alpha whose pack members don't like to deal with. I guess I am an alpha by name. But in reality, I am nothing but the pack's outcast.

Facing them was harder than anything else. I don't think I ever want to do that again. Perhaps I should do everything alone from now on. I hope Cade comes to look for me every day. The time I spent with that little pup was the only enjoyment I have left in life. I ended up staying in my office, buried in the paperwork until my father barged into the office.

His face was red and contorted in utter fury. He was shaking in rage. His fists were balled up. I could clearly see all his muscles had tensed while the nerves on his temple bulged with pressure. I kept looking at him. Why was he so angry? Was it because I had left the training ground without conducting the session?

"What the f\*\*k have you done Miles!!!???" He bellowed as soon as he entered.

I was dumbfounded. Have I committed a crime? I never thought he would be this angry just because I chose to come here instead of conducting the training sessions.

I wanted to ask what was going on, but before I could say anything, four of the royal guards entered after him. I frowned. Why were they here? No...this cannot be related to me leaving the training ground this morning.

"We are here to arrest you! It is a royal order!" One of them announced. I furrowed my eyebrows.

"Huh?"

My confusion increased. What happened all of a sudden? Why was I being arrested? I couldn't understand.

"But why? I don't understand...." I stuttered glancing at their faces one by one.

"Silence! You don't have the right to protest against a royal order! Now come with us in silence or we will have to remove you by force!" He ordered.

My eyes darted around with uncertainty. None of this made sense to me. This was just ridiculous. But I knew better than to say anything against the royal guards. With my heart pounding as my anxiety skyrocketed, I slowly stood up from my seat and walked towards them. They handcuffed me and ordered me to follow them. Two of them were in the front while the other two were behind me, pointing their weapons at my back.

I was being taken away like a wanted criminal, however, I couldn't understand why. I simply couldn't fathom a reason good enough for me to be taken away like this. I looked at my father and mother who were standing side by side. My mom looked a bit concerned, however, my father's face was as cold as ice and that broke my heart into a million pieces.

If that was what my father looked like, I didn't dare to look at the faces of anyone else. I lowered my head and kept my gaze fixed on my feet as I walked past the crowd gathered to watch me being taken away. As I did, I tried to think of anything I could have done to anger her royal Highness. However, I couldn't think of any.

I had not mistreated any of my pack members. I had tried my utmost best to do the pack work. Then, what could it be?

My face was contorted in utter confusion during the whole journey. I wanted to ask the guards why I was being taken away, however, I said nothing. As soon as the vehicle stopped, I was practically dragged out of the vehicle and placed at the feet of the Queen.

I looked up, hoping to find some answers on her face. What I saw shocked me to my core. Her eyes were wide and red. Her anger was evident as she heaved deep breaths.

"Miles! Why did you do it!" She asked loudly.

"What, your majesty?" I asked. I was confused, scared and completely lost.

“What?” She shrieked. “You dare to ask me that?” She snarled.

“You...the gift you had given us was vandalised! It was poisoned. And that had made my husband lay unconscious in the infirmary ever since you all left this kingdom!” She bellowed.

“What!” I exclaimed involuntarily. My eyes widened. That was impossible. I had loaded the gifts my father told me to in the trunk, but I had never done anything to any of them. I wasn’t allowed to touch anything that I wasn’t supposed to. How was I supposed to find the poison and sabotage anything? Besides, those gifts were from my parents. I doubt they might deliberately do anything that would hurt the royals. There must be a mistake.

“But that is impossible... I....” A tight slap to my face made me trail off.

“Silence!” She ordered. “Take him away and lock him up in the dungeon until further notice!” She ordered.

I wanted to protest and thrash against the strong lycan guards who dragged me away from the Queen. However, I couldn’t. I was too stunned to resist. I was being locked up as a criminal and that too for a crime that I didn’t commit.

My eyes stung with unshed tears. My heart and brain kept screaming that it wasn’t me, yet, I refused to form those words with my tongue. I might have been an a\*\*\*\*\*e in the past. I might have done a lot of wrongs and even committed a crime. However, this time I had done nothing. Although the whole world thinks that I am the criminal who was guilty of vandalising the gifts my parents had sent them, I knew that this time, I was innocent.

They dragged me to a huge, deserted dungeon, which consisted of cells separated by a thick wall. The gates looked like they were made of pure silver. They opened one of the cells and pushed me inside, making me stumble in and fall onto the dusty ground.

“We should chain him up.” One of them stated.

“You are right. This is a dangerous criminal.” The other agreed.

They entered and roughly removed the iron cuffs on my wrists only to chain me to the silver chains attached to the wall. The silver, being harmful to us, burnt where it contacted the skin on my hands and legs.

Being cuffed with the iron handcuff was way better than being chained to these tormenting chains. I tried my best not to move because it would only make things worse for me.

They locked the gate and left me alone in the dungeon cell, where only a few rays of the sun managed to filter through the little spaces in the wall, that I think we're supposed to make the ventilation better. Although they didn't use any form of torture on me yet, simply being here was torture itself. It was still bright and sunny on the outside, however, it was as gloomy as a rainy day here. I was able to see around since it was dimly lit, however, I was sure that it would be pitch dark when night falls. I wondered how it would be to spend the night here, all alone, with no source of light.

I gulped. I wonder if I will ever be able to get out of this hell hole. I just hope I do before I go insane.

## **You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 47**

Cassy pov

How dare he ask me that stupid question, as though he wasn't aware of what was happening. He could be the only one who would do such a thing. I have not made any enemies. The only person who I think would want to see us separated is Miles.

He might have successfully poisoned Elliot, but I was not going to let him get away with that. He will have to pay.

After giving out the orders to lock him up, I went to the infirmary, to stay beside my mate. It was heart rendering to see him lifeless, lying on a hospital bed, tucked in white sheets. I missed him every moment of my life.

"Elliot. Please come back." I whispered as a lone tear rolled out of my eye.

Why wasn't he showing any signs of improvement? Was the poison that strong? The tests Sir Harold had run had confirmed the presence of a poisonous, herbal extract in the wine Elliot had drunk. Both bottles of wine were laced with the same poison. However, the snacks were not. They were all good to be used. I couldn't use them nonetheless. I just couldn't eat them, regardless of how much I loved to taste them. It was as if I couldn't trust whatever came in as a gift anymore. I was too scared to use it.

So I ended up throwing all of it away. Especially the wine. I made sure it went down the drain so that no one else could use it.

I was hoping that since the poison had been removed from his system, he would slowly start to show signs of improvement. However, nothing. He simply lay unconscious with tubes connected to his motionless body.

It pained my heart to see him like this.

“Girl, I told you. I couldn’t contact Rex. It could only be because he was under the influence of something like a spell.” I heard Izzy’s voice in my head.

“I just don’t know how to break a spell. I don’t know anything about magic.” She added.

I bit my lips. “You mean, you still cannot contact him? Even after all the poison was removed?” I asked, wanting to make sure.

“Yes!” She exclaimed. “Why else would I say this?”

Heaving a deep breath I gulped down. I wish Ava lived here in this kingdom. She would have come to my assistance without delay.

“I guess it is time to call Nolan and Ava for help.” I sighed.

“Yes. Don’t delay. I think as time passed, the spell would be harder to break.” She replied, making me frown.

“Why do you say so?” I asked.

“I did hear his voice faintly at first, though I couldn’t see him, now, I cannot hear him at all. A strong block has formed and he is trapped.” She told me.

My lips parted. This means I must be quick. After picking my phone in a hurry, I dialled Ava’s number, which she answered within a couple of rings.

“Baaabe. What’s up?” She said as soon as she picked the phone.

“Actually...Ava. I need your help...” I went straight to the point.

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Ava and Nolan were quick to offer their help. They travelled to the Kingdom without delay and came to the infirmary at once, to check on my husband.

She frowned when she saw him.

“He looks pretty good to me.” She said, “But wait. Maybe the spell might be causing damage internally, rather than causing any damage on the outside. But before I do anything, I want to ask, are you sure.....I mean, your lycan couldn’t contact his?” She asked.

I nodded in response.

“Ok ..so maybe a spell of repression is cast on him.” She frowned as she chewed on her lips. “But the problem is, I haven’t practised this. Maybe asking dad for help would be a better idea.” She muttered.

“I don’t care how or who does it. Please, help me.” I begged. “Izzy had told me she could hear him before, but now she can’t,” I told her, my eyebrows furrowing in concern.

Her eyes widened. “Shit.” She hissed and quickly called her father.

Thankfully, her father arrived within a few minutes. He placed his hand on Elliot’s forehead and closed his eyes, murmuring some incoherent words under his breath. Minutes ticked by. Little beads of sweat formed on his forehead. I guess whatever he was doing was affecting him.

His forehead wrinkled and his breathing started to come out in short gasps. Suddenly, he let out a little shout and removed his hand from Elliot’s forehead.

Frowning, Ava stood up from her seat.

“What happened, dad?” She asked.

“Our prince sure is under a spell and it seems to be done by a very learned person. A normal witch or a magician cannot do it this well. I tried to undo it, but it only fought back and attempted to bite me.” He said.

I gulped and looked at my mate who was still in deep slumber.

“Now what?” I whispered. My heart hammered like crazy in my chest.

“We must ask for help. There is someone I know who can help.” He sighed.

“Grandma?” Ava asked, raising her eyebrows.

He let out a humourless chuckle.

“Yes.”

“Wow. Will she help?” She asked her father. Shrugging in response, he picked his phone.

“It is worth giving it a try.” He sighed and walked outside the room to call his mother.

I looked at Ava who looked neutral. She smiled when she noticed me studying her face.

“Grandma doesn’t like mom. So she kind of doesn’t keep in touch with us.” She told me in a hushed whisper.

My mouth formed an ‘o’ when I realised that it involved family drama. Well, I hope she decides to help us anyway.

I was silently praying when he returned to the room. His wilted face and drooping body made my heart sink. It was obvious to me that his mother didn’t want to help. I chose to say nothing. He had tried his best. Perhaps I should ask for help from their king. As the Queen, I could do that. I am sure the wizard king wouldn’t deny an urgent call for help. This was a life or death situation.

The room filled with an uncomfortable silence. Everyone knew that time was crucial.

“I.....”

I trailed off when a sudden puff of smoke filled the entire room. Coughing and waving my hand, I looked around to see what the reason could be.

“Mom!” I heard Ava’s father exclaimed. “You came!” He sounded excited.

“Wait...what?” I asked, still coughing.

“Your highness, this is my mother, she....she is here. She just teleported herself from the wizard kingdom!” Ava’s father sounded excited.



“I had to come. I couldn’t let an innocent soul be trapped in the spiritual labyrinth for eternity.” She huffed.

Whoa..... teleport? Spiritual labyrinth? I shook my head in disbelief.

“Spiritual labyrinth?” I almost choked on my saliva. What they said made no sense to me. This was something I had never heard of. Perhaps it was something that the creatures that dealt with magic knew about.

“Yes. Wolves are not aware of the spiritual world that much I guess. But if what I have heard from my son is correct, this young man is trapped in the spiritual labyrinth. I will need to release him. Then slowly, he will come back.” She explained.

“Okay, let’s get started.” She was quick to start her work. I stepped back. Ava came and held my hands, offering the support I needed. Nolan was right beside me while Ava’s father stayed beside his mother to help her.

She placed her hand on Elliot’s forehead, just like her son did and started a chant that I couldn’t understand. Her chant intensified. As minutes passed by, it was apparent that she was being deeply affected by an unseen force. However, she didn’t give in. She didn’t stop until she found it easier to control whatever you saw force was disturbing her.

Finally, she smiled and slowly opened her eyes.

“Did it work?” I gasped, unable to contain my curiosity.

“Yes. It was a hard one to break but the spell is broken. Yet, his body and soul will need time to recover, so he will gain consciousness only after some time, perhaps a day or two?” She explained to me.

Her little eyes narrowed at Ava who was standing beside me. It was only then did I realise that she too had dark hair with streaks just like Ava. Her streaks were in rich purple, rather than blue like Ava and her father.

“So I am guessing that this is your child!” She stated, rather harshly.

Does this mean she never saw Ava before this day?

“How was your firstborn? I pity that poor child, having to bear the burden of her father’s disobedience!” She exclaimed. My jaw dropped open.

“Mom!” Ava’s father looked upset. “This girl is my firstborn. The curse is broken. She can speak to everyone. And I don’t regret marrying the one I love mom. She is the best thing that has ever happened to me.” He stated, rather unhappily. “Isn’t it enough that I am happy in my life?”

“Fine!” His mother huffed and scowled.

“It is nice to finally see you, grandma,” Ava said softly, making the older woman freeze. She stared at Ava for a long while before finally exhaling deeply.

“I... it is a pleasure to meet you too....” She stuttered, her eyes didn’t leave Ava as she spoke. However, her expression had softened.

“Umm... perhaps I will visit later. I have an important issue to attend back at home.” She said and snapped her fingers, and disappeared from plain sight.

“Do you think she might finally accept us?” Ava asked her father when she left.

He smiled. “I have hope, my dear.” He said and then turned towards me. “Your highness, inform me if anything goes wrong. Please allow me to leave.” He requested. When I nodded, he walked away, leaving Ava and Nolan with me.

“Well, how is it now?” Ava asked when the door closed behind her father. “Ask Izzy.” She urged.

Heaving a deep breath I contacted Izzy.

“Izzy? Any improvement?” I asked hopefully.

“I think so. Let’s give it some time. I can feel the block being lifted.” She replied, making me sigh in relief.

“I think it is working. We will see.” I sighed, feeling hopeful. “Your grandma is a tough one.” I giggled.

“Tell me about it.” She murmured. “She was angry with dad for marrying mom because she was a lycan. She wanted him to marry someone from their kingdom. She was so angry that she never came to see us. Dad contacted

her by phone, but each time she would end the call after scolding him.” She told me.

“I hope she changes finally. I think you guys can rebuild a broken bridge. You and your brothers.” I told her. Smiling, she nodded.

“I hope so.” She muttered and looked at Nolan, who had been silent the whole time he was here. I looked at him. He sure seemed to be in deep thought. He kept staring off into space, with his forehead creased. He shook his head occasionally.

“Hey! What is wrong with you?” Ava said, giving him a playful shove.

“What are you thinking about?” I chuckled.

He heaved a deep breath and looked straight into my face.

“Do you think that Miles could have done all that?” He suddenly asked, making the smile on my face disappear.

“I mean, he wouldn’t know magic. He wasn’t allowed to meet people. He was constantly under surveillance ever since we went back after your coronation. He possibly couldn’t have found a well-learned magician and asked for poison so well made.” He further explained and I had no choice but to think about it.

He did have a point. But I couldn’t think of anyone else who might want to see me and Elliot separated.

“But....I haven’t made an enemy besides him.” I frowned deeply.

“I know. But this doesn’t make any sense to me.” He said and leaned back in his seat.

I shook my head. There wasn’t any other possibility.

“I need more proof,” I stated. The only way I would believe that Miles wasn’t involved was proof that said so.

## **You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 48**

Cassy pov

Nolan and Ava left right after the sunset leaving me behind in the infirmary with Elliot. Ever since Nolan had pointed out that Miles couldn't have possibly done anything to the gifts they brought, that was all I could think of. I continued to think of a believable explanation. He was right. If what he had told me was true, then it couldn't have been Miles. If he truly didn't meet anyone, then how could he come up with a poison so skilfully prepared? Miles couldn't have successfully looked for a skilled magician in a short period, even if he had the access to everything.

And since he was under surveillance for the whole time, they would have known his moves. In addition to that, if the high alpha had even the slightest amount of suspicion about him, he wouldn't have taken the trouble of travelling all the way here and inform me about a change in his behaviour.

Frowning, I leaned against the seat. But then, who could it be? My heart refused to believe that Alpha Sam would do anything like that. Chewing on my lips, I shook my head from time to time. The wine was among the pack of gifts they brought. If Miles didn't sabotage the drink, then who did?

Does this mean Alpha Sam or his Luna was having something against us? Or perhaps the members of the royal family? Maybe the purpose of the wine was not to separate me and Elliot. Perhaps whoever it was wanted to disrupt the peace among us.

My head started to pound with a bad headache. Something was not right and the problem was, I couldn't think of a good explanation. If Alpha Sam was behind this, I honestly don't know who to trust anymore. Because he was the one who allowed my adoptive parents to shelter me in the first place. Maybe I should talk with my parents and Sir Harold. It looks like this incident needs to be thoroughly investigated. I picked up my phone and called my mom's number.

"Hey. Carina. Is everything okay?" She was quick to answer the call.

"Yes and no. Mom, I think we need to investigate this case further." I sighed.  
"Where is dad?" I asked.

"He is here. He can hear you."

"Some things don't make sense. Nolan had pointed out that Miles couldn't have done it. I mean...he did have a point." I told them, frowning deeply.

“Really? They came over?” I heard dad’s groggy voice. Perhaps he was about to sleep.

“Yeah. A lot has happened today. We found out that magic was involved. Whoever made that poison, had it bewitched and Miles couldn’t have had access to that.” I explained.

There was a pause.

“Hmm. Let’s think about this in the morning. I believe you are already tired. It is pretty late now.” Mom said.

I sighed. She was right. I was exhausted.

“Yes, mom,” I said.

“We will be there first thing in the morning.” She promised and ended the call.

Sighing, I looked at Elliot. He did look a little better than before. At least, the colour on his cheeks was returning slowly. I just hope when we wake up tomorrow morning, we will see a better improvement in him.

I laid my tired body on the couch in the hospital room. I had no desire to go back to the palace to sleep all by myself in our room. Being alone in our room would only bring back the memories of that day.

“Just wake up soon Elliot. I don’t like it when you are sleeping all the time.” I whispered as I looked at his motionless body.

I was immersed in my thoughts when I slowly started to feel drowsy. I sighed. I might as well sleep. Perhaps I would be able to think about this better in the morning.

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“Izzy complained that she couldn’t contact Rex and that she was certain that some kind of a spell was involved. So I called Ava and Nolan. They came over and with the help of her father confirmed that he was under a spell.” I explained as shortly as I could. Mom and dad had come to the infirmary the first thing in the morning, as they had promised.

“So that is why his condition isn’t improving despite being treated,” Dad murmured, glancing at Elliot’s motionless body. I nodded.

“Yes. Her father called for help and Ava’s grandma came over. She managed to break the spell.” I further explained.

“That’s great! But he must wake up then, right?” Dad asked, frowning.

“Yes. I was told to give him some time. But the thing I’m worried about is, since magic was involved, it could only mean Miles couldn’t have done it. He wouldn’t know magic. And according to Nolan, he wasn’t allowed to meet anyone. Besides, finding a well-learned magician requires time. Even if he did have access to everything he used to have, he wouldn’t be able to find one and make that person agree to make it for him on such short notice. And I think making it also would take time.” I frowned.

“You are right,” Dad mumbled.

“I just...can’t think of anyone else....” I bit my lips. “And it was among the gifts Alpha Sam gave. Could it mean he had some kind of enmity against us?” I questioned.

“What? Alpha Sam of Dark Howl pack?” He furrowed his eyebrows, deepening the creases on his forehead. He shook his head after some time.

“I don’t think so. Alpha Sam was one of the most professional alphas I know.” He said and leaned against the seat. His expression didn’t change. It was still contorted in confusion. He seemed to be lost in his thoughts as his fingers tapped on the arm of his seat. Although he didn’t say anything, I knew that he certainly was thinking deeply over the matter.

I turned towards my sleeping husband. Wasn’t it time to wake up yet? I thought.

“Izzy? Any news?” I asked.

“Not yet. But let’s hope to hear from him today.” She replied.

“Okay,” I whispered back.

I wanted to stay positive, but it was hard. The hours passed by with minimal discussions among us. Each one of us was preoccupied with our thoughts. We were all thinking about the same thing. I was glad that my parents had chosen to stay beside me the whole time. Their presence did give me some support.

During lunch, we ordered food to be brought to the room we were staying in.

“So if it wasn’t Miles and Alpha Sam, then it could only mean that someone else was plotting against us.” I finally stated, addressing the issue.

“That’s enough thinking about this. We need to do a thorough investigation on this. But now let’s just enjoy food.” Mom’s remark made me smile a little.

I heard dad breathe out a deep whoosh of air as he picked up his spoon to dig into his food.

“So, where is Miles now?” Mom quizzed as she munched on her food.

“In the dungeon, I think,” I mumbled my reply. I sensed both of them freeze at once.

“But why? He doesn’t deserve to be locked up if he didn’t have anything to do with it.” Mom stated, slightly surprised.

“You cannot do that. It is wrong to keep an innocent wolf in captivity.” Dad supported her.

“Yeah. I guess I should release him.” I sighed.

Dad shook his head, visibly dissatisfied.

“No. You have to do more than that. You must apologize to him personally. I know you have a personal grudge against him, but it shouldn’t get in the way of being a just ruler. You are the Queen now, Carina. I expect you to do better than that.”

Dad’s demeanour now proved how disgruntled he was.

“I’m sorry....I’ll go to see him now,” I replied quickly.

“Finish your food and then go.” Mom replied, her face showing signs of unhappiness. I gulped. Looks like I’ve made my first mistake as Queen.

The rest of the lunch was awkwardly silent. I hastened to gulp down the food and rushed out of the door to go to the dungeon.

The guards followed me inside and led me to the cell where he was kept. The dungeon was dimly lit, just enough for anyone to see around.

“There isn’t any source of light in here?” I asked and the guards nodded. I cringed. So does that mean that he spent the entire night in the pitch dark? This isn’t good, considering that this time he most probably was innocent.

When I reached his cell, what I saw left me completely speechless. He sat leaning against the wall, motionless, with his eyes closed. There were chains of silver around his wrists and legs. Was he still sleeping? He didn’t seem to move at all.

My heart skipped a beat.

“Why is he chained? I didn’t ask anyone to do that!” I questioned sternly.

“Your highness, he was a dangerous criminal so we chained him up.” They answered.

Oh, God. It was my fault. “Release him now!” I ordered and the guards hastened to obey.

I flinched when I saw how the skin of his limbs had been burnt by the silver, but when I saw that he wasn’t responding to them, my heart sank. I dashed inside.

“Miles!” I called urgently. He said nothing. He didn’t even open his eyes. Instead, he fell onto the dusty floor of the dungeon, with no signs of life in him.

My eyes widened. Oh no! Gasping, I crouched down to check for a pulse. I placed my trembling fingers on his vein, trying to catch a pulse. I thought I did find a faint one.

“Take him to the infirmary. Now!” I beseeched, and they were quick to carry his limp body out of the lonely dungeon. I followed them and made sure that he was taken in for treatment at once.

“For how long had he been unconscious? Why wasn’t I informed about it?” I asked the guards.

“Your highness, we didn’t see him today. We took him in yesterday and that was it.” They replied.

“What! You mean you didn’t take any food to him either?” I almost shouted out loud.



The guards lowered their heads and I felt as though I had done the worst mistake of my life. I should have inspected how they treated the captives.

“Just...leave,” I mumbled, sighing in exasperation and stared at the closed door of the emergency room.

“What happened?” I heard mom behind me. I turned around. She most probably saw me outside the emergency room desperate and close to tears.

“I will never put anyone in the dungeon ever again,” I told her shakily, fighting hard against my tears.

Cassy pov.

When I saw dad taking angry steps towards where I waited, I felt my heart plummet to the deepest pit possible. He was enraged. Perhaps, I have done something that he had never done during his entire reign. Maybe my mistake was so grave that it was unforgivable. Perhaps it was so sinister that he most probably was going to bash me.

I felt my eyes and nostrils sting with the tears that threatened to well my eyes. These most certainly were the worst days of my life. I thought having Elliot take in that unpleasant wine and slip into the state that he was in right now, was the worst thing that could happen to me. But I was wrong.

Being stupid enough to make the mistake of putting an innocent being in the dungeon was far worse than that. It was bad enough that I didn't have Elliot beside me to discuss the matters of the kingdom and even the simplest things in life. Now, things have become a million times worse. Miles was now depending on IVs and other medications that hopefully would make him better.

I was so glad when I heard that he was fine, just too exhausted to stay awake because of a lack of energy. A simple IV was supposed to make him better. So I hoped that he would wake up sooner.

“Carina!”

I felt goosebumps all over my body when I heard dad's stern voice.

“You better explain this to me!” He demanded. Feeling immense remorse, I turned to face him completely.

“Dad.” I croaked. “I made a grave mistake,” I whispered and soon, the tears that I had been fighting against started to stream down my face.

“Oh yes, you did Carina! You are lucky that he is still alive, otherwise, I will make sure that I handle this myself.” He asserted.

I gulped when I saw his widened, and reddened eyes as he shook his forefinger at me.

“You must call his parents and explain everything to them. And I mean everything. Every single detail. From the beginning to the end. And then beg for their forgiveness. He may have been a prick in the past, but as far as I knew, people change. Who knows, perhaps Miles too had changed for the better. I don’t understand another reason why his father would take the trouble of coming here to inform you about giving his title back to him.” He declared, still visibly vexed about the matter.

“Yes, Dad,” I mumbled, lowering my gaze mournfully.

He was right. I had made a huge mistake and must do whatever I could to correct it.

“Now go to the office, call them and tell them everything. Now, this instance. Your mother and I will be here to see if everything is fine here.”

It was sort of a decree. I may be the Queen now, however, he still is my father and he has had a long experience of being the king. So I knew I better learn from him if I wanted to do it right. I obliged and walked out of the infirmary to do the needful. It wasn’t going to be an easy call to make. But I had to. And I wouldn’t delay it.

I dialled his number and waited anxiously for him to answer the call. I was mournful about what had happened, and as I sat all alone in the office, with my face covered with one hand, I felt as though I was the worst Queen on the face of the earth.

“Hello.” I heard his deep voice on the other end.

“Hello, Alpha Sam?” I replied with my heart racing.

“Yes. Your highness.”

There was a little pause when I sat on the seat, trying to think of the most suitable words to convey the message. How was I supposed to tell him that I had locked his son up, while he was innocent? And that now, he was in the infirmary due to unjust treatment? I gulped.

“Your majesty.... I was going to call or visit you. We are extremely sorry about what our son had done. We didn’t know that he would do something as despicable as that. Please.....”

“No. Stop,” I said cutting him in.

“I was wrong to lock him up. I should be the one apologizing. And that is the reason I am calling you. Your son was not involved. And I am extremely sorry to have wrongly accused him of it.” I sighed sorrowfully.

Swallowing my ego and admitting my mistake was the hardest thing ever. Despite my melancholic mood, I force\*d myself to tell him every single detail of what had happened. From when they had given us the gifts, up to everything that had happened yesterday.

At first, I was relieved when he let me speak without interrupting until I was done. However, the silence that followed right after was the hardest to listen to.

My heart plummeted as I waited for him to say something.... anything.

I gulped, and once again, mustered up all the courage that I could.

“Alpha Sam?”

All I could do was whisper silently, hoping that he would reply. I heard him release a huge whoosh of air.

“But ....we never included wine in our package of gifts....” His voice was solemn and barely above a hushed whisper. However, it was enough to make my heart skip a beat.

“You ...didn’t?” My heart started to thud.

“Yes, your highness. We didn’t.” I heard him sigh. “Where is my son now?” He asked.

“In the infirmary,” I told him, once again feeling a little dejected.

“I’ll be right there in a while.” He hurriedly said into the phone. “Please excuse me.” He said and quickly ended the call.

I found myself slowly lowering the handle of the office phone, my forehead wrinkled in a deep frown.

They didn’t include wine in their pack of gifts. Then who put it there? Chewing on my lower lip, I leaned against the office chair, lost in deep thought. I kept mentally analysing the situation.

So they must have parked their car in the garage and came in to meet me. If they didn’t include wine, it would only mean that someone had planted it there.

That could only mean that.....there is a mole in my people... perhaps a guard or another palace employee who had easy access to the garage. But it could be anyone. The security guards, any of the royal palace guards, or even those who keep the premises clean.

I felt fear grip my heart. If that is the case, then none of us is safe. They could easily poison us all by vandalising the food prepared in the palace. What I couldn’t understand was, why would they want to hurt any of us.

I massaged my forehead, as I tried to think of someone who I could trust blindly. I knew I could trust my parents and Sir Harold. I need to talk to them and find out who might be having a grudge against us.

“Carina! I could hear him!” Izzy’s excited exclamation interrupted my thoughts.

“Huh?”

“Rex is back! I can hear him! Go and see how Elliot is now!” She exclaimed again.

An involuntary smile spread across my face as I rushed towards the door.

“Can you see him?” I asked eagerly.

“No, not yet. But he says he is fine now. I think I will be able to see him after a couple of hours. She replied.

“Great!” I replied. “Izzy, what do you think about the issue? We now know that someone must have planted it among their gifts.” I inquired.

“Honestly, I’m not sure what to tell you. It must be someone who is in the palace if it wasn’t from the pack.” She said.

“Yes. And that means we might be in danger. We don’t know who to trust.” I added.

“True.” She paused. “Do you think it might have any link with the rogue attacks?” She suddenly asked, making me stop in my tracks.

“Rogues? But how could they plant anything in a car that is in the palace?” I asked her, frowning.

“Yeah. You are right. Let’s talk with mom and dad about this.” She said, “now hurry! I think Elliot might wake up soon!” She urged.

When I rushed to the private room in the infirmary, I saw that my parents were with Sir Harold. My eyes were on Elliot, who I thought was moving his fingers a little. Gasping, I rushed to his side and brushed away the hair on his forehead.

“Elliot?” I meekly called. There was a long pause when nothing happened until I saw his forehead wrinkled slightly and as his chest heaved.

The next few minutes were the most beautiful moments for me. I couldn’t hide the silly smile on my face. He moved his head to a side, deepening the creases on his forehead before finally, his eyes fluttered open.

“Elliot,” I whispered, through my tears of joy.

His father and my parents too had come to stay beside me.

“Hey.” He croaked and then winced. “Water.” He then said.

I hastened to pour half a glass of water which he gulped down. Perhaps his throat was parched.

“I’m so glad that you are okay now.” Mom said, smiling at him.

He returned her smile, however, remained silent.

“Maybe we should let him rest.” Dad voiced.

“Yes. We should let him rest for a while.” His father agreed.

“So did you call?” Dad asked me before they left the room.

“Yes. He said that he was coming.” I told him.

“Good. I’ll wait outside the emergency room. I want to see him. The poor lad has still not woken up” He stated, making me gulp.

“Oh and dad? He said that he didn’t include wine in their pack of gifts.” I added, before they left because it was crucial information. All three of them froze as their lips parted. I sighed.

“That could only mean someone planted it in their trunk,” I told them.

“We all need to discuss this. This is serious.” He stated, furrowing his eyebrows and looking concerned.

“We will call for a meeting to discuss. Right now I’m going to check on Miles.” He said and walked away.

“What is going on?” Elliot asked me, in a weak voice.

Sighing, I looked at him and offered a smile, though I knew I most probably had a sullen look on my face.

“A lot has happened babe. I’ll tell you when you are ready.” I spoke, with deep regret.

“I am ready, tell me now.” He insisted. Sighing, I nodded.

“Okay. Right after the healers check on you.” I told him and informed the healers that he had woken up.

I sat, fiddling with my fingers after telling Elliot everything. I felt like trash. When I narrated everything that had happened, I kept wondering, how in the world was I blinded by my hate towards Miles. Dad was right. I should have done better than that. I am the Queen now and I had responsibility for my people. I should look beyond my personal feelings and be fair in all circumstances.

“I feel like the worst Queen ever,” I whispered, in a shaky voice and buried my face in my hands. My heart was drowning in a deep sea of regret. I didn’t dare to look at anyone.

I heard Elliot inhale deeply. I was so immersed in my sorrow that I didn't want to look up.

"No, babe. You are not. You are the best. And honestly, if I were in your shoes, I also would have suspected him at first. I mean, he was an a\*\*\*\*\*e for treating you like he did. What I'm trying to say is, that your hate towards him is understandable. Anyone would have hated someone who once pushed themselves to the brink of death." He said and I found the courage to look in his direction. His words gave me some kind of motivation. I smiled through my tears, however, I still felt that I could have done better.

"Suspecting him was not the problem. The problem was, I didn't look for proof first. Solid proof to prove that he was indeed behind it. If I made just one phone call, I would have realised that they didn't even include wine in their pack of gifts. It was wrong and I am not denying it. I should have done better." I told him as I sighed mournfully.

"I...I still need to apologize." I added meekly, wiping away the trail of tears from my face.

"That we would babe. But please, don't beat yourself. I mean, everyone makes mistakes. I am damn proud of you for realising yours." He told me.

His words were encouraging, however, I felt my heart sink when I remembered how disappointed my parents were in me. Once again, my eyes welled with the salty liquid, which I had no willpower to fight against. I tried to hold back a sob and a snuffle, however, in vain. I ended up crying uncontrollably. Despite his fatigue, Elliot hoisted himself up and held my trembling hands.

"Hey. Babe. Come on." He whispered, visibly worried about me.

"Mom and.... dad hates me," I whispered through my sobs. "They were.... very displeased .....about it." I managed to tell him through my hiccups and sniffles and buried my face in his arms, as I leaned closer to him while he sat on the bed. I felt him shake his head as he wrapped his hands around me.

"Hey. Come on. They can't hate you even if they wanted to." He cooed, caressing my back. A moment of silence followed.

"He is right. How can we hate our baby girl?"

Mom's voice startled me. Surprised, I removed myself from his arms and turned around to find both my parents looking desolate as they stared at us. They must have entered while I was sobbing in Elliot's arms, and I didn't notice because I was so preoccupied with my sorrow.

"We can never hate you, Carina," Dad said in the loving tone I had heard him speak since the beginning.

"I was just....I just wanted you to be fair. Being a leader is hard. You will have to swallow your pride, ignore your nd desires, and your people will be of more importance than your personal affairs." He sighed. Hearing them say that changed my sour mood in an instance.

"Perhaps we were being too hard on you?" He asked, woefully, making me giggle.

Hearing them say that made everything better instantly. I wiped away my tears and rushed towards them, and hugged them tightly.

"I feel better now," I told them. "And I promise you that I will do better in the future," I assured them.

"We are sure you will honey. This was a learning experience. But the sad thing is, this almost cost someone's life." Dad said, patting on my back, while mom brushed my hair using her fingers.

Biting my lower lip, I gulped.

"How is he now, dad?" I asked, slightly concerned about the answer I might get.

"He had woken up and his parents are now by his side. But the problem is, he isn't responding to anything or anyone now." Mom informed me and I felt as though a thorn pricked me. Wincing, I looked in her face.

"Really?" I asked and both of them nodded.

"We had come here to tell you about him waking up." Mom said, "Perhaps you might want to see him?" She added.



Heaving a deep breath, I nodded. I glanced at Elliot who was still hospitalized with the last of the IV connected to his wrist. The healers had told us that we could take him home when that IV was over.

“I’ll stay with Elliot. You go to see Miles. I doubt he would talk, his parents are desperately trying to make him say anything, but he seemed to be deeply stunned.” Dad sighed.

“He spent the night in darkness, bound to silver chains, without food,” I murmured, feeling despair. “Maybe he went into shock.”

Dad closed his eyes and bit his lips. He took a moment before inhaling deeply and opening his eyes.

“What has happened cannot be undone. It is best if you see him and his parents.” He said. I looked at Elliot, who smiled at me in encouragement and nodded.

I’ve got this. I told myself and walked out of the room without further delay.

“Izzy?” I called. My heart kept racing as I walked closer to the emergency room.

“Yes, girlfriend.” She replied.

“You’re with me, right?” I asked. I needed all the support I could have.

“Of course, babe. We can do this.” She said, trying to motivate me.

I paused at the door and heaved a deep breath.

“Well here goes, Izzy. Help me.” I told her through our link.

“Relax. I’m here for you.” She replied.

I knew I had the support I needed, however, it took a lot of courage to face them for real. I could only hope that they understood my plight. When I entered the cubicle he was kept in, my heart broke at the sight I saw. The high luna of the Dark Howl pack was in tears as she held her son’s limp hand in hers. Miles’ eyes were open. However, he didn’t move. He simply kept staring off into space. Alpha Sam also looked as though his world had come crumbling down from its foundations. I took a moment to watch them at the entrance.

“Izzy?” I called my lycan as my heart hammered in my chest.

“It’s okay. Just be yourself.” She urged.

Heaving a deep breath, I cleared my throat, to gain their attention.

I was embarrassed to present myself in front of them. Gulping down the hard lump in my throat, I forced myself to look them in the eye.

“I am extremely sorry. I was blinded by the past. I .....

“Your highness, please come and try to talk to our son. He isn’t responding to us at all.” The luna sobbed.

“I wish I had sent him off in a better way. I refused to acknowledge that there was a fair chance that he was framed, or wrongly accused.” Alpha Sam spoke solemnly. “He did look in our direction, and it was obvious that he was confused. My conscience kept telling me that he didn’t know what was going on. But I was so angry that I ignored all those signs.” He said shakily.

“Please talk to him. I don’t know what would bring him back.” The luna was trying her best to keep herself under control.

Chewing on my lower lip, I walked to the bed. My heart plummeted when I saw his void face. His eyes were wide open, seldom blinking, yet, it was empty. No life remained in those deep brown eyes.

“What have I done?” I said, feeling remorseful.

“Not only you, your highness. We.” Alpha Sam sighed. “I am his father. I should have known him better.”

A lone tear rolled down his eyes.

“He was redeeming himself. He was trying his utmost best. He was doing better than ever. But still, we went too far. We just couldn’t trust him. I... we are not any better than him.” His mother cried. “I wish I could go back in time and change everything.” She muttered in between her sobs. Alpha Sam, placed his hand around her shoulders and gave it a little squeeze.

I paused my lips. There must be something we could do.

“Maybe therapy can help?” I suggested. “I will offer all the help possible. I would do anything.” I told them.

“I guess we can try.” Alpha Sam sighed. “He is discharged already. I guess we should go back to our pack for now, if that is okay with you, your majesty.” He said.

“Of course, if that is what you want. But keep me informed. You are welcome here any time. The royal healers will attend to him.” I said, feeling that was the best thing we could do.

“Thank you, your highness.” They bowed and started to pack their belongings.

When alpha Sam tried to lift Miles, he got up and walked with them, wordlessly.

“Miles,” I called, not expecting him to respond. However, when he stopped in his tracks, I felt that therapy might help to bring him back.

“I’m sorry,” I said, truly feeling remorseful, for what had happened.

I knew he heard me, however, he didn’t say anything. He simply walked out of the room, with his parents, who gave me one last look before they left.

## **You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 49**

Cassy pov.

When I saw dad taking angry steps towards where I waited, I felt my heart plummet to the deepest pit possible. He was enraged. Perhaps, I have done something that he had never done during his entire reign. Maybe my mistake was so grave that it was unforgivable. Perhaps it was so sinister that he most probably was going to bash me.

I felt my eyes and nostrils sting with the tears that threatened to well my eyes. These most certainly were the worst days of my life. I thought having Elliot take in that unpleasant wine and slip into the state that he was in right now, was the worst thing that could happen to me. But I was wrong.

Being stupid enough to make the mistake of putting an innocent being in the dungeon was far worse than that. It was bad enough that I didn’t have Elliot beside me to discuss the matters of the kingdom and even the simplest things

in life. Now, things have become a million times worse. Miles was now depending on IVs and other medications that hopefully would make him better.

I was so glad when I heard that he was fine, just too exhausted to stay awake because of a lack of energy. A simple IV was supposed to make him better. So I hoped that he would wake up sooner.

“Carina!”

I felt goosebumps all over my body when I heard dad’s stern voice.

“You better explain this to me!” He demanded. Feeling immense remorse, I turned to face him completely.

“Dad.” I croaked. “I made a grave mistake,” I whispered and soon, the tears that I had been fighting against started to stream down my face.

“Oh yes, you did Carina! You are lucky that he is still alive, otherwise, I will make sure that I handle this myself.” He asserted.

I gulped when I saw his widened, and reddened eyes as he shook his forefinger at me.

“You must call his parents and explain everything to them. And I mean everything. Every single detail. From the beginning to the end. And then beg for their forgiveness. He may have been a prick in the past, but as far as I knew, people change. Who knows, perhaps Miles too had changed for the better. I don’t understand another reason why his father would take the trouble of coming here to inform you about giving his title back to him.” He declared, still visibly vexed about the matter.

“Yes, Dad,” I mumbled, lowering my gaze mournfully.

He was right. I had made a huge mistake and must do whatever I could to correct it.

“Now go to the office, call them and tell them everything. Now, this instance. Your mother and I will be here to see if everything is fine here.”

It was sort of a decree. I may be the Queen now, however, he still is my father and he has had a long experience of being the king. So I knew I better learn

from him if I wanted to do it right. I obliged and walked out of the infirmary to do the needful. It wasn't going to be an easy call to make. But I had to. And I wouldn't delay it.

I dialled his number and waited anxiously for him to answer the call. I was mournful about what had happened, and as I sat all alone in the office, with my face covered with one hand, I felt as though I was the worst Queen on the face of the earth.

"Hello." I heard his deep voice on the other end.

"Hello, Alpha Sam?" I replied with my heart racing.

"Yes. Your highness."

There was a little pause when I sat on the seat, trying to think of the most suitable words to convey the message. How was I supposed to tell him that I had locked his son up, while he was innocent? And that now, he was in the infirmary due to unjust treatment? I gulped.

"Your majesty.... I was going to call or visit you. We are extremely sorry about what our son had done. We didn't know that he would do something as despicable as that. Please....."

"No. Stop," I said cutting him in.

"I was wrong to lock him up. I should be the one apologizing. And that is the reason I am calling you. Your son was not involved. And I am extremely sorry to have wrongly accused him of it." I sighed sorrowfully.

Swallowing my ego and admitting my mistake was the hardest thing ever. Despite my melancholic mood, I force\*d myself to tell him every single detail of what had happened. From when they had given us the gifts, up to everything that had happened yesterday.

At first, I was relieved when he let me speak without interrupting until I was done. However, the silence that followed right after was the hardest to listen to.

My heart plummeted as I waited for him to say something.... anything.

I gulped, and once again, mustered up all the courage that I could.

“Alpha Sam?”

All I could do was whisper silently, hoping that he would reply. I heard him release a huge whoosh of air.

“But ...we never included wine in our package of gifts....” His voice was solemn and barely above a hushed whisper. However, it was enough to make my heart skip a beat.

“You ...didn’t?” My heart started to thud.

“Yes, your highness. We didn’t.” I heard him sigh. “Where is my son now?” He asked.

“In the infirmary,” I told him, once again feeling a little dejected.

“I’ll be right there in a while.” He hurriedly said into the phone. “Please excuse me.” He said and quickly ended the call.

I found myself slowly lowering the handle of the office phone, my forehead wrinkled in a deep frown.

They didn’t include wine in their pack of gifts. Then who put it there? Chewing on my lower lip, I leaned against the office chair, lost in deep thought. I kept mentally analysing the situation.

So they must have parked their car in the garage and came in to meet me. If they didn’t include wine, it would only mean that someone had planted it there.

That could only mean that.....there is a mole in my people... perhaps a guard or another palace employee who had easy access to the garage. But it could be anyone. The security guards, any of the royal palace guards, or even those who keep the premises clean.

I felt fear grip my heart. If that is the case, then none of us is safe. They could easily poison us all by vandalising the food prepared in the palace. What I couldn’t understand was, why would they want to hurt any of us.

I massaged my forehead, as I tried to think of someone who I could trust blindly. I knew I could trust my parents and Sir Harold. I need to talk to them and find out who might be having a grudge against us.

“Carina! I could hear him!” Izzy’s excited exclamation interrupted my thoughts.

“Huh?”

“Rex is back! I can hear him! Go and see how Elliot is now!” She exclaimed again.

An involuntary smile spread across my face as I rushed towards the door.

“Can you see him?” I asked eagerly.

“No, not yet. But he says he is fine now. I think I will be able to see him after a couple of hours. She replied.

“Great!” I replied. “Izzy, what do you think about the issue? We now know that someone must have planted it among their gifts.” I inquired.

“Honestly, I’m not sure what to tell you. It must be someone who is in the palace if it wasn’t from the pack.” She said.

“Yes. And that means we might be in danger. We don’t know who to trust.” I added.

“True.” She paused. “Do you think it might have any link with the rogue attacks?” She suddenly asked, making me stop in my tracks.

“Rogues? But how could they plant anything in a car that is in the palace?” I asked her, frowning.

“Yeah. You are right. Let’s talk with mom and dad about this.” She said, “now hurry! I think Elliot might wake up soon!” She urged.

When I rushed to the private room in the infirmary, I saw that my parents were with Sir Harold. My eyes were on Elliot, who I thought was moving his fingers a little. Gasping, I rushed to his side and brushed away the hair on his forehead.

“Elliot?” I meekly called. There was a long pause when nothing happened until I saw his forehead wrinkled slightly and as his chest heaved.

The next few minutes were the most beautiful moments for me. I couldn’t hide the silly smile on my face. He moved his head to a side, deepening the creases on his forehead before finally, his eyes fluttered open.

“Elliot,” I whispered, through my tears of joy.

His father and my parents too had come to stay beside me.

“Hey.” He croaked and then winced. “Water.” He then said.

I hastened to pour half a glass of water which he gulped down. Perhaps his throat was parched.

“I’m so glad that you are okay now.” Mom said, smiling at him.

He returned her smile, however, remained silent.

“Maybe we should let him rest.” Dad voiced.

“Yes. We should let him rest for a while.” His father agreed.

“So did you call?” Dad asked me before they left the room.

“Yes. He said that he was coming.” I told him.

“Good. I’ll wait outside the emergency room. I want to see him. The poor lad has still not woken up” He stated, making me gulp.

“Oh and dad? He said that he didn’t include wine in their pack of gifts.” I added, before they left because it was crucial information. All three of them froze as their lips parted. I sighed.

“That could only mean someone planted it in their trunk,” I told them.

“We all need to discuss this. This is serious.” He stated, furrowing his eyebrows and looking concerned.

“We will call for a meeting to discuss. Right now I’m going to check on Miles.” He said and walked away.

“What is going on?” Elliot asked me, in a weak voice.

Sighing, I looked at him and offered a smile, though I knew I most probably had a sullen look on my face.

“A lot has happened babe. I’ll tell you when you are ready.” I spoke, with deep regret.

“I am ready, tell me now.” He insisted. Sighing, I nodded.



“Okay. Right after the healers check on you.” I told him and informed the healers that he had woken up.

## **You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 50**

I sat, fiddling with my fingers after telling Elliot everything. I felt like trash. When I narrated everything that had happened, I kept wondering, how in the world was I blinded by my hate towards Miles. Dad was right. I should have done better than that. I am the Queen now and I had responsibility for my people. I should look beyond my personal feelings and be fair in all circumstances.

“I feel like the worst Queen ever,” I whispered, in a shaky voice and buried my face in my hands. My heart was drowning in a deep sea of regret. I didn’t dare to look at anyone.

I heard Elliot inhale deeply. I was so immersed in my sorrow that I didn’t want to look up.

“No, babe. You are not. You are the best. And honestly, if I were in your shoes, I also would have suspected him at first. I mean, he was an a\*\*\*\*\*e for treating you like he did. What I’m trying to say is, that your hate towards him is understandable. Anyone would have hated someone who once pushed themselves to the brink of death.” He said and I found the courage to look in his direction. His words gave me some kind of motivation. I smiled through my tears, however, I still felt that I could have done better.

“Suspecting him was not the problem. The problem was, I didn’t look for proof first. Solid proof to prove that he was indeed behind it. If I made just one phone call, I would have realised that they didn’t even include wine in their pack of gifts. It was wrong and I am not denying it. I should have done better.” I told him as I sighed mournfully.

“I...I still need to apologize.” I added meekly, wiping away the trail of tears from my face.

“That we would babe. But please, don’t beat yourself. I mean, everyone makes mistakes. I am damn proud of you for realising yours.” He told me.

His words were encouraging, however, I felt my heart sink when I remembered how disappointed my parents were in me. Once again, my eyes welled with the salty liquid, which I had no willpower to fight against. I tried to

hold back a sob and a snuffle, however, in vain. I ended up crying uncontrollably. Despite his fatigue, Elliot hoisted himself up and held my trembling hands.

“Hey. Babe. Come on.” He whispered, visibly worried about me.

“Mom and.... dad hates me,” I whispered through my sobs. “They were.... very displeased .....about it.” I managed to tell him through my hiccups and sniffles and buried my face in his arms, as I leaned closer to him while he sat on the bed. I felt him shake his head as he wrapped his hands around me.

“Hey. Come on. They can’t hate you even if they wanted to.” He cooed, caressing my back. A moment of silence followed.

“He is right. How can we hate our baby girl?”

Mom’s voice startled me. Surprised, I removed myself from his arms and turned around to find both my parents looking desolate as they stared at us. They must have entered while I was sobbing in Elliot’s arms, and I didn’t notice because I was so preoccupied with my sorrow.

“We can never hate you, Carina,” Dad said in the loving tone I had heard him speak since the beginning.

“I was just....I just wanted you to be fair. Being a leader is hard. You will have to swallow your pride, ignore your nd desires, and your people will be of more importance than your personal affairs.” He sighed. Hearing them say that changed my sour mood in an instance.

“Perhaps we were being too hard on you?” He asked, woefully, making me giggle.

Hearing them say that made everything better instantly. I wiped away my tears and rushed towards them, and hugged them tightly.

“I feel better now,” I told them. “And I promise you that I will do better in the future,” I assured them.

“We are sure you will honey. This was a learning experience. But the sad thing is, this almost cost someone’s life.” Dad said, patting on my back, while mom brushed my hair using her fingers.

Biting my lower lip, I gulped.

“How is he now, dad?” I asked, slightly concerned about the answer I might get.

“He had woken up and his parents are now by his side. But the problem is, he isn’t responding to anything or anyone now.” Mom informed me and I felt as though a thorn pricked me. Wincing, I looked in her face.

“Really?” I asked and both of them nodded.

“We had come here to tell you about him waking up.” Mom said, “Perhaps you might want to see him?” She added.

Heaving a deep breath, I nodded. I glanced at Elliot who was still hospitalized with the last of the IV connected to his wrist. The healers had told us that we could take him home when that IV was over.

“I’ll stay with Elliot. You go to see Miles. I doubt he would talk, his parents are desperately trying to make him say anything, but he seemed to be deeply stunned.” Dad sighed.

“He spent the night in darkness, bound to silver chains, without food,” I murmured, feeling despair. “Maybe he went into shock.”

Dad closed his eyes and bit his lips. He took a moment before inhaling deeply and opening his eyes.

“What has happened cannot be undone. It is best if you see him and his parents.” He said. I looked at Elliot, who smiled at me in encouragement and nodded.

I’ve got this. I told myself and walked out of the room without further delay.

“Izzy?” I called. My heart kept racing as I walked closer to the emergency room.

“Yes, girlfriend.” She replied.

“You’re with me, right?” I asked. I needed all the support I could have.

“Of course, babe. We can do this.” She said, trying to motivate me.

I paused at the door and heaved a deep breath.

“Well here goes, Izzy. Help me.” I told her through our link.

“Relax. I’m here for you.” She replied.

I knew I had the support I needed, however, it took a lot of courage to face them for real. I could only hope that they understood my plight. When I entered the cubicle he was kept in, my heart broke at the sight I saw. The high luna of the Dark Howl pack was in tears as she held her son’s limp hand in hers. Miles’ eyes were open. However, he didn’t move. He simply kept staring off into space. Alpha Sam also looked as though his world had come crumbling down from its foundations. I took a moment to watch them at the entrance.

“Izzy?” I called my lycan as my heart hammered in my chest.

“It’s okay. Just be yourself.” She urged.

Heaving a deep breath, I cleared my throat, to gain their attention.

I was embarrassed to present myself in front of them. Gulping down the hard lump in my throat, I forced myself to look them in the eye.

“I am extremely sorry. I was blinded by the past. I .....

“Your highness, please come and try to talk to our son. He isn’t responding to us at all.” The luna sobbed.

“I wish I had sent him off in a better way. I refused to acknowledge that there was a fair chance that he was framed, or wrongly accused.” Alpha Sam spoke solemnly. “He did look in our direction, and it was obvious that he was confused. My conscience kept telling me that he didn’t know what was going on. But I was so angry that I ignored all those signs.” He said shakily.

“Please talk to him. I don’t know what would bring him back.” The luna was trying her best to keep herself under control.

Chewing on my lower lip, I walked to the bed. My heart plummeted when I saw his void face. His eyes were wide open, seldom blinking, yet, it was empty. No life remained in those deep brown eyes.

“What have I done?” I said, feeling remorseful.

“Not only you, your highness. We.” Alpha Sam sighed. “I am his father. I should have known him better.”

A lone tear rolled down his eyes.

“He was redeeming himself. He was trying his utmost best. He was doing better than ever. But still, we went too far. We just couldn’t trust him. I... we are not any better than him.” His mother cried. “I wish I could go back in time and change everything.” She muttered in between her sobs. Alpha Sam, placed his hand around her shoulders and gave it a little squeeze.

I paused my lips. There must be something we could do.

“Maybe therapy can help?” I suggested. “I will offer all the help possible. I would do anything.” I told them.

“I guess we can try.” Alpha Sam sighed. “He is discharged already. I guess we should go back to our pack for now, if that is okay with you, your majesty.” He said.

“Of course, if that is what you want. But keep me informed. You are welcome here any time. The royal healers will attend to him.” I said, feeling that was the best thing we could do.

“Thank you, your highness.” They bowed and started to pack their belongings.

When alpha Sam tried to lift Miles, he got up and walked with them, wordlessly.

“Miles,” I called, not expecting him to respond. However, when he stopped in his tracks, I felt that therapy might help to bring him back.

“I’m sorry,” I said, truly feeling remorseful, for what had happened.

I knew he heard me, however, he didn’t say anything. He simply walked out of the room, with his parents, who gave me one last look before they left.