

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 51

Cassy pov

“So whoever planted those wine bottles among the other things must have done it when the visitors parked their car in the garage and then left to meet you. That is the only explanation I can think of. I did go to the garage that day. But I didn’t find anything peculiar. But could it be that the wine was put in the trunk while they were in the pack without their knowledge?” Sir Harold analysed.

“Let’s ask Alpha Sam about their day. They could have made a stop at a store or somewhere like the gas station, and perhaps they were being watched while they weren’t aware.” My father suggested. I frowned. This felt more like a well-planned crime. I just couldn’t fathom who would be that eager to hurt us that bad.

“That is a good idea.” Mom agreed. “It is hard to believe that any of our staff would betray us. I don’t understand why they would.” She added, tapping on the office desk as she sat beside dad, thinking deeply over the matter.

“Should I call him?” I asked. Elliot was beside me.

We were all sitting in the office discussing trying to wrack our brains to solve the mystery behind the incident that had disrupted our peace of mind.

A week had passed since Elliot had woken up, however, we refrained from openly talking about it out loud. We didn’t know who to trust. There was a high possibility that someone close had betrayed us. When Elliot regained full health, we had started to attend to our duties in the office, and that is where we discussed the matter. Because the office is out of access to any of the servants, and it is fully soundproof. Only me, my mate, my parents, and his father were allowed inside. Because these people are those who I believed I could trust with my eyes closed. For sure, they wouldn’t want to hurt me or Elliot.

“Yes. Call him and put it on speaker.” Dad said, and I obliged. Alpha Sam answered soon enough.

“Yes, your highness.” He greeted me.

“Alpha Sam. I’m calling to ask you about the day you visited us. Can you tell us who loaded the gifts?” I went straight to the point.

“It was Miles. But I had personally supervised it myself. I am a hundred per cent sure that wine wasn’t included.” He answered. I paused my lips.

“Okay. We are just trying to analyse the situation.” I sighed. “Did you make any stop on the way? Like at the gas station or something like that?” I asked. There was a pause when I supposed he was recalling the events of that day.

“No.... We didn’t.” He replied. “We drove straight from the pack to the kingdom. I remember wanting to get it done soon because regardless of what Miles had done in the past, it was his duty.” He explained.

“Okay. Thank you, Alpha Sam.” I said and paused for a while before ending the call.

“How is Miles now?” I asked. I haven’t heard about him ever since they left a week ago. I just hope that he is getting better.

I heard a deep sigh.

“Well, he isn’t getting any worse. He still isn’t speaking with anyone. Even Nolan and Castor had started to try and make him talk, but nothing. He just sits in his room, facing the balcony. He eats when food is brought to him, but that is it. It feels as though he is simply existing. No life is left in him. He doesn’t smile, nor respond to any of us. No matter what we say. I....I wish he would talk.” There was a hint of despair in his voice as he spoke.

“We have been following the therapist’s advice. She had told us to let him do the things he loved to do. Nolan and Castor had been trying their best to help, but there isn’t much improvement yet, however.” His voice quivered towards the end.

Closing my eyes, I bit my lower lip.

“Is there anything, or anyone he used to be close with later on? Nolan and Castor had not been close to him lately, right?” I mentioned it in a small voice.

Once again, a little pause followed.

“Actually, yes. A little omega pup used to spend an awful lot of time with him lately. I couldn’t understand why, but since Miles didn’t cause trouble I didn’t care about it either.” He said.

“Perhaps meeting him could help?” I suggested. I didn’t understand what I was saying, but I had to say something.

“Yes....maybe. It could.” He said, “Thank you, your majesty. I will try that as well. Right now, I’m getting desperate and I am ready to try anything.” He spoke.

“If nothing works, come here. We can ask the healers. Perhaps they could help.” I told him.

“Sure. I will.”

I ended the call when he replied. An awkward silence filled the office. Everyone had heard my conversation with Alpha Sam. Ever since I had realised how wrong I was, I had been regretting my actions. If it wasn’t for Elliot’s continuous support, I would have believed that I was the worst possible Queen who had ever lived.

“So that could mean the wine was planted in the palace garage. That was the only stop they made.” Sir Harold muttered, breaking the silence.

“Dad, which security guard was on duty that day? Maybe we can ask him. He might have seen if someone was sneaking around near the garage.” Elliot spoke.

“Good idea Elliot.” His father said and started to check the duty roster.

The change of topic made it a bit easy for me.

We called the guard to question him. Upon questioning, we realised that only the guards on duty were around, but they were the ones who were always in the area and so he had not noticed any suspicious activities. This doesn’t sound good. We were at a dead end.

“When I went to the garage that day, I tried to sniff any strange scents. My lycan also couldn’t detect the scent of any foreigner. It could only be an inside job.” Sir Harold stated after we dismissed the security officer.

“So, any of the royal guards?” I guessed.

“Yes. The royal guards, the security officer and the driver. They are the regular ones in that area.” He stated.

“Let’s interrogate them all?” Elliot stated, furrowing his eyebrows.

“Of course. We must.” Dad agreed at once. “And let’s hurry. We have lost enough time already. We will call them in the throne room. The office will get crowded if we gather all of them here.” He said so we all made our way towards the throne room.

“Call them,” I said and ascended to the throne, with Elliot right behind me.

“Cass! Watch out!” Elliot gasped and pulled me towards him, making us both stumble down the steps and fall on our backs.

“Whaaaa.....”

I wasn’t even able to complete my question when a sudden blast blinded our sight. Its loud bang made me cower while I felt Elliot envelop me in his arms, shielding me from the debris that flew all over the place. My eyes were squeezed shut, as I buried my face in his chest, holding on to him.

We stayed like that for some time, taking deep breaths, until I felt that the chaos had died down. I slowly looked up and looked into Elliot’s face, hoping that he was okay. He had somehow taken the blow, and I was certain that he would be hurt to some extent.

“Elliot!” I gasped and hurried to check him for injuries. As expected, his shirt was torn and there were little cuts where he was bleeding from. At least, none of those cuts seemed to be deep.

“Oh God, Elliot, you shouldn’t have,” I said, feeling bad that he got hurt again, and it had been just a few days since he recovered from the last attack.

Concerned about our parents, I glanced at where they stood. Thankfully, they weren’t affected much. However, the blast had dissipated dust particles all over the place, making the whole place dusty. The guards that had been standing on duty quickly rushed to our assistance.

“Who is responsible for all this? This surely is an inside job.” My father bellowed when the guards gathered around us.

“I swear to God that I will chop whoever is responsible for these attacks against their Queen!” He was shaking in anger as he screamed.

“You must have seen something, at least someone who was here when he wasn’t supposed to!” Mom exclaimed sternly.

“I demand an answer from each of you! Right now!” My father’s voice echoed in the throne room. It was enough to make anyone cower in fear.

“Your highness, I had started my duty just a few minutes back. I swear to God that I haven’t seen anyone while I was here.” One of the guards swore.

One by one, the guards on duty swore that they were innocent.

“Looks like we must question the guards who just finished their duty,” I stated.

“Bring them in, we will not clean this place before I inspect this place.” Elliot’s father announced.

“Let’s go to the infirmary,” I told Elliot, however, he refused.

“I am fine. These are little cuts they will heal soon.” He replied, looking serious.

Oh, he is f*****g sexy when he is focused. I thought.

“Hmm. I agree with you on that honey.” Izzy purred in agreement. I held back a smirk and looked away. The matter at hand was way too serious for me to lose focus. We better find out who is behind all of these attacks.

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 52

Narrator

After the call from the Queen ended, Alpha Sam sat in the office, thinking deeply over the matter. Could the little lad help his son? He was willing to give everything possible a try, for he believed that he too was responsible for Miles to be in this state.

Nolan and Castor were continuously trying to make him talk, or at least show any kind of emotion. Miles' mother didn't leave his side. Day and night, she chose to watch over her son. Alpha Sam also spends most of his time there, albeit, he attends the pack business from time to time.

He groaned and massaged his forehead when his head started to pound with a headache. A set of knocks on the door made him sigh.

"Come in." He called. Nolan stepped inside.

"Alpha Sam. I've tried to talk him into joining the training sessions. He didn't respond." Nolan said in a sombre tone, making Alpha Sam sigh in exasperation. Everyone knew that the training sessions were something Miles took extremely seriously. Ever since he shifted into his wolf, he had never missed a session. He was passionate about it and it was something Alpha Sam had taken pride in.

When he had dismissed Miles from alpha duties, he had deliberately suspended him from attending the regular training sessions as a form of punishment. He knew it would hurt his son a lot since it was something he loved doing. Miles would have watched his men train from a distance as he did his work.

However, he was eager to never miss his early morning run, and since he was a wolf, Alpha Sam had never prevented him from continuing that.

"Did he attend a session after I had appointed him as alpha before he was taken away by the guards?" He asked the young beta who shook his head.

"No..... I mean he did attend, but perhaps he felt left out there. He said that he had a lot of work in the office and left. And that afternoon he was taken away." Nolan explained.

"Okay. Where is he now?" He asked.

"In his room. He doesn't even look at us." Nolan paused. "I am feeling really bad for him," Nolan told him solemnly.

"Me too." Alpha Sam sighed, feeling crestfallen. "We all make mistakes. I think we took too long to forgive and give him a chance to move forward." Alpha Sam gulped down the accumulated saliva. "I think I know what we could do now. I just hope this works." He said and stood up from his seat. He wanted to

look for the omega pup he had seen with his son lately. At times he had wondered why they were spending so much time together but brushed it off since he thought that most probably since Miles was now with the omegas, he must have grown fond of that little pup. After all, Miles was ignored by most of the other wolves in the pack. He had thought that Miles must have felt lonely and accepted the company of the little omega.

Alpha Sam ran out of the office and desperately looked for the omega. Perhaps, that little pup could bring Miles' spiritless demeanour back to life. As he rushed across the corridor, checking the rooms one by one, he noticed a familiar omega dusting the shelves of the library in the packhouse. She wasn't originally from his pack. She was from another pack, whose alpha was cruel enough to banish her parents, along with their young children, for a petty reason. They had come to his pack and begged him to shelter them because they couldn't afford to go rogue with two young children, and of course, Alpha Sam couldn't deny. They merged with the pack and started to work as omegas, without any hesitation. Alpha Sam had a feeling that they weren't omegas back in their pack, however, he chose to stay silent on the matter.

The pup Miles hung out with was this girl's brother, who was just a newborn pup when he took them in. The girl was in her teens already and later on, she found her mate in his pack, who was a courageous warrior who was killed in a rogue attack soon after they met.

Alpha Miles cleared his throat, to gain her attention. She glanced at the entrance, stopped what she was doing when she saw that Alpha Sam was at the entrance and hastened to bow down in respect.

"Calli, I need your help." Alpha Sam went straight to the point.

Calli led her brother towards the young alpha's room. All the while, her heart kept pounding frantically. This wasn't the first time she had been in his quarters, however, this was the first time she was going there for a reason other than cleaning the place.

She felt her wolf stir in her mind after a long time. She was not feeling normal. Her heart kept racing, her palms were sweaty and she had a strange feeling in her stomach. She followed Alpha Sam with her brother nonetheless. Ever since her mate, and parents died in that ruthless rogue attack, she had been the one taking care of her brother Cade. She has kept herself busy so that it is

easier for her to cope with her loss and it had been a long time since she had felt the excitement of her inner wolf.

Other than occasional times that she shifted to her wolf for a run, she had remained silent- almost dormant in Calli's mind. However, today she seems to be different. Her wolf certainly is agitated.

Calli sighed and chose to ignore. She wanted to focus on helping Alpha Sam, for he was the one who had helped her family when they needed it the most. When they reached the entrance, alpha Sam crouched down to Cade's level.

"Can you speak to Alpha Miles? He isn't talking to us." He spoke sadly.

"Why?" Cade asked innocently.

"I think he is too sad. Can you make him happy?" Alpha Sam said.

"I will try," Cade replied with determination.

Smiling, Alpha Sam opened the door for them to enter. However, Calli was feeling extremely uncomfortable by now. Her heart thudded, while her breathing started to come out in short gasps.

"Alpha... I'll wait here..." she managed to stutter, unsure of what was happening to her.

"Okay. I don't think it would take a lot of time." He told her and took Cade inside. When Castor and Miles' mother saw them enter, they stepped to the side and allowed them near Miles.

Cade went right up to the motionless alpha, who continued to blankly stare off into space. Instead of saying anything, Cade stood in front of Miles and stared into his lifeless face, while tilting his head to the side.

"Don't you blink, Mr Alpha?" He asked. "I think you need a hug." He stated and threw his little hands around Miles' neck.

"If you are going to sit here like this all the time, how can you save my life from the big bad wolf next time as you did before?" Cade asked while hugging Miles.

Alpha Sam and his mate exchanged glances. Castor's lips parted. Miles' saved his life? When? They didn't know about that.

“He saved you?” The high luna asked the little pup, who nodded in response.

“I was naughty and ran off to see the war. The big bad wolves attacked and Mr Alpha saved me.” His explanation left everyone speechless.

“Mr Alpha? Why aren’t you talking to me? Don’t you like me now? You said that I was like your little brother.” Cade complained when Miles didn’t respond.

His innocence made Miles’ heart palpitate. His gaze moved to Cade’s pure face and lingered on it for some time. A little smile started to curve Miles’ lips.

Suddenly, Cade’s eyes lit up, and he looked as though he just remembered something.

“I know!” He exclaimed and ran towards the exit to look for his sister, who was leaning against the railing of the balcony, while she waited for Cade to come out.

“Cade

Calli trailed off when her brother started to drag her towards the open door.

“What are you doing Cade?” She whispered, her heart hammering in her chest with each step.

“Just come with me.” Cade urged and pulled his sister into the alpha’s room. A fresh mint scent hit her nostrils as soon as she entered, like a gush of fresh air. She wanted to resist her brother, however, she suddenly felt as though her body was moving on its own. Cade dragged her right in front of Miles, who was in a state of confusion.

He was feeling weird. However, Cade’s innocent gestures had woken him up to some extent. What woke him up was the alluring scent that invaded his nostrils, a few moments ago. Inhaling deeply, he made his first voluntary movement ever since he had gone into shock. He slowly turned towards the entrance, to find the omega girl who he had spoken with, stupefied at the door. She was staring at him, with her mouth wide open. Neither of them could ignore the chants of their inner wolves.

Mate. Mate. Mate.

It was like a hypnotizing chant. They felt as though they were being pulled into a trance. Those who were surrounding them realised that something was wrong. Calli and Miles were staring at each other as if they were ready to pounce on one another.

“What is going on?” Alpha Sam asked, furrowing his eyebrows in confusion.

“Mate!” Miles growled out the first word he had uttered, ever since he succumbed into a state of shock, adding to the shock of the spectators.

Calli felt as though her throat had suddenly run dry. Mate? But...why? She couldn't understand.

“Mate.” Miles once again stated, however this time, he sounded less confident. His wolf was agitated, yearning for his other half. However, he was uncertain when he saw how bewildered Calli looked.

What if she doesn't want to accept someone as despicable as him as her mate? He thought.

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 53

Miles pov

Ever since I was shackled up in silver in the dungeon, I tried my best to stay strong. I didn't want to succumb to exhaustion. However, it was extremely hard. The silver kept burning my skin and draining the energy in me. Despite my efforts to remain calm, I couldn't prevent myself from flinching and wincing in pain.

As time passed, I started to notice a pungent smell in the cell I was kept in. I frowned. Was that..... wolfsbane?

I started to look around frantically. If there was even the slightest hint of wolfsbane in here, that would only mean hell for me. I couldn't even imagine what the combination of silver and wolfsbane would do to me. I may have drunk a smoothie with a pinch of wolfsbane in the past because I wanted to suppress my alpha wolf to make it easier for me to reject her, however, that was just a little pinch of it.

As I looked around, I noticed a vine that had grown through the wall of the dungeon. My eyes widened. Nothat cannot be wolfsbane.... please.

Slowly, night crept in. The darkness that was spreading in the blocked dungeon was not my biggest concern. I feared what the combination of silver and wolfsbane might do to me. As time passed, I started to feel drowsy. Soon it was hard for me to keep my eyes open. No, this cannot be my end. It cannot.

I had woken up. However, I didn't feel anything. I didn't feel like responding to anyone or anything. I was aware that those who had been the closest to me were with me. My parents, Nolan and Castor had continuously been trying to make me talk, or show some kind of emotion. However, I couldn't. It was as though my tongue was locked. I couldn't respond to anything on my own. I felt as though my whole body had a mind of its own and I couldn't find joy in anything. I was simply existing.

Days passed by and then one day, Cade was brought to me. His joyous conversations had always made me feel better. And when he started to complain about not looking at him, I felt my heart flutter. How could I ignore such a sweet and innocent pup? I looked at him and for the first time, a genuine smile started to curve my lips.

Suddenly his eyes lit up.

"I know!" He runs off after exclaiming, leaving all of us stunned and in confusion. I had my eyes focused on the open door, wondering about what was about to happen. Slowly, an enchanting scent diffused in the air, which seemed to wake up my sleeping soul. My wolf, who had gone dormant, started to stir in my mind. Cade came back, dragging his sister with him. As soon as she entered the door, the scent that had been waking me up slowly started to pull me into a trance.

Our eyes met, and I started to hear the chant that I had never thought I would hear again.

Mate. Mate. Mate.

She was my mate? My second chance mate? How wonderful! Does this mean that my previous mistakes were pardoned and that our creator had found me worthy enough of a second chance mate?

“Mate!” I growled, my senses now back and fully alert. I could see from her eyes that she had felt our bond.

Her dazzling pair of eyes clouded with confusion. My heart skipped a beat, and I felt my throat tighten. What if she doesn’t want me? What if she wants to reject me? Surely I had been nothing but a disappointment to those who were close to me.

“She is your....mate?” I realised that my dad also was in the room when he started to speak. Perhaps he was here all the time, but I was too lost to notice. I looked around to see the surprised faces of my mom and Castor and quickly focused back on the one meant for me.

“I knew it!” Cade exclaimed.

“I knew that you must be my sister’s mate! I just knew it!” Cade declared gleefully. I looked at the girl who was now paired with me. She was an omega, but honestly, I couldn’t care less. I have now learnt that ranks are not important. I had to learn that the hard way, and surely, I wouldn’t forget it.

I was ready to make her mine, however, what if she doesn’t want me? I was too afraid to say anything else, fearing that she might reject me. We stayed stunned on our spots until mom walked up to her and took her hand.

“Calli, uh...looks like our son is your second chance mate.” She spoke softly.

“I....I...” she stuttered, making my frantic heart plummet. She wouldn’t want to be with me, I know it. Closing my eyes, I heaved a deep breath.

“It is okay if you don’t want me as your mate. I understand. If you reject me, I will accept it without delay. You deserve someone better than me anyway.” I told her. Trying my best to hide my sorrow, I stood up and waited for her to say the words so that I could accept and let her go.

However, it never came. She simply stood frozen like a mannequin, shocked to her core.

“I accept.” She whispered finally.

“I...huh?” I blinked, not sure if I had heard her correctly.

"I accept, as long as you are okay with it." She said, confirming what I had heard earlier. Her confirmation felt like a breath of fresh air. I continued to gaze into her bright blue eyes. To me, she now was the most precious thing in the whole world.

"Umm...so I think we all should leave. Cade, let's go." Dad said, tapping gently on his shoulder.

"Why?" He asked.

"Uh...since they are mates, I think they need to speak in private," Dad explained.

"But I want to be with them!" He protested, making everyone chuckle.

"Of course you will be with us. But let me speak to him for a while?" His sister requested, crouching down to his level.

"Okay. If you agree to buy me candy!" He demanded. Calli was speechless.

"I'll buy you candy." I shrugged and heads turned in my direction. Dad looked pleased and surprised at the same time.

"So I believe you accept this bond?" Mother asked, a hint of hope in her voice.

"Yes." I nodded. Why shouldn't I? Omegas were awesome people, and I would never forget that. The whole incident had been a learning experience for me. I felt a hand pat on my back. Castor smiled and nodded at me in approval.

"I'm glad you're finally on the right track man." He said. My lips parted. Does this mean all of them had finally forgiven me? I sure hope so.

"Let's go bud, we can have some fun together," Castor mumbled, picking Cade up effortlessly.

"Fun?" I heard his little voice cheer as Castor left with him. Mom gave me a quick hug and left with dad, leaving me alone with my mate. A sigh of relief escaped from my lips before my eyes rested on the delicate beauty who stood in front of me.

I could sense her nervousness as I sauntered over to her. As I tucked a loose strand of hair, I smiled in contentment. This most definitely was the best day of my life.

I stared at her face, wanting to memorise her every feature. A small gasp escaped her lips.

“Alpha

I sealed her luscious lips using my forefinger, making her stop in her tracks.

“It’s Miles,” I told her in a low tone. Cupping her face while I traced her soft lips using my thumb, I gulped down the accumulated saliva. The sparks of the mate bond felt so good. Her beautiful aroma and her piercing blue eyes were pulling me into a trance. Before I knew it, I had her slim body pressed against mine, using one hand, while I clutched her hair with the other. Her lips parted, as though she was inviting me to kiss her.

Should I? I wondered for a while. However, the next moment, we were both indulged in our world of passion. No words needed to be exchanged, as our lips danced together. We both knew what we needed.

We needed to solidify our bond and announce to the whole world that we now belong to one another.

I didn’t wait for her to say anything. Her body language has told me what I needed to know. My heart was fluttering in ecstasy, that she was willing to accept our bond. That she was willing to give us a chance.

Inhaling her alluring aroma, I peppered kisses all over her neck. When she trembled in my arms, I felt as though my emotions would go out of control.

“Alpha...” She stammered as she lay beneath me. We had ended up on our bed, though I didn’t remember how. Her scent was enough to intoxicate me.

“Shhh...babe. Not alpha, my love. You are my mate. My better half.” I told her and gazed deeply into her eyes. They were sparkling, pools of blue.

“Calli, be my luna,” I whispered into her ear and she shuddered in my arms.

“I...”

“Do you know how dangerous it is to tremble like that? I feel like ripping this maid’s uniform off you right now.” I whispered. I could feel her chest heave as her breaths came out in uneven gasps of breath.

“Let me claim you, mate,” I whispered.

“Y...yes...” her feeble reply was enough for me to lose whatever control I had. I kept renewing my resolution the whole time. I wouldn’t hurt her. I would love her as she deserved. I would cherish her. And this time, I would treasure the bond that I had been gifted with.

Our clothes lay on the floor, as I sealed our bond. In the end, her slender body was filled with marks and hickeys. There was one particular mark, which I was damn proud of- the mark that announced to the whole world that she was now mine.

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 54

Cassy pov

Upon questioning the guards, we realised that the driver had entered the throne room, saying that he had to do some inspection. He was rather busy around the seat. Since he was one of the few who was trusted, they didn’t expect anything wrong from him.

“Driver? But why?” I frowned. Why would he want to plant a bomb in there? I couldn’t understand why he would want to hurt any of us. If he wanted to get rid of us, he could have poisoned our drinks in the royal car. Or he could have simply led us to our doom on one of our trips. I couldn’t understand a good reason for him to have anything against us.

“Woah. Now that’s a surprise.” Mom exclaimed.

“Wait...wait. We cannot conclude that it is him yet. I want to be certain a hundred per cent before we do anything. I think we already have learnt a good lesson about jumping to conclusions.” Dad stated, making me gulp.

Yup. It was a hard lesson I had learnt.

“We need to investigate.” Elliot sighed. “Maybe I and dad can look around the place? Perhaps we can take fingerprints and any other proof.” He added,

looking in my father's direction, who nodded and showed that he approved of it.

Sir Harold was lost in deep thought. A frown was constantly on his forehead, while at times he kept tapping his finger on his chin.

"Harold, what is it?" Dad asked, making him let out a deep sigh.

"There is something wrong. Why did he go there in the name of inspection? I don't think any of you had given out such orders. Not to mention that he was among the people present in the garage area that day. He is someone who would have easy access to everything in there. And yes, I don't think there is a reason good enough for him to do it unless someone else is making him do it." He said, making my mouth open in shock.

"You mean" my father trailed off, his eyes wide open, flabbergasted.

"Yes." Came the reply.

"But....."

"Open your eyes, Richard." Sir Harold cut him in, addressing him casually. "There isn't any other possibility. Why else would he do it? And how does he get all of it, the poisoned wine, the bomb.... And the heavens know what else they have up their sleeve." He stated, still frowning deeply.

My eyes widened, as I realised how true his words were. He was right. It all clicked into place. But the real question was, who was making him do it if he was the one responsible for all of this.

"But our driver had been driving us everywhere since..... forever." My father asked, bewildered about the situation. "He could have easily hurt us. I just don't understand why..... this is hard to believe." He sighed.

"And that is why we won't confront him until we have done a thorough investigation. I am going to check for fingerprints. I honestly wish that we hadn't thrown those wine bottles away before looking for fingerprints." Sir Harold uttered. "So I propose that we start our investigation now. Elliot? Let's go." He said, gesturing at Elliot, to follow him.

Even after they left, I kept thinking about it. Every word Elliot's father had said was true. So the driver is our prime suspect. I couldn't stop my mind from

wandering off to the trip to the ski resort. He was the one who drove us. And he had obeyed every order of ours without resistance. Like mom said, it was hard to believe that he might pull such a stunt.

Everything had been going smoothly, without any problems on that trip. He had even helped Elliot give me that surprise, and left us for two days to come back to fetch us on time. Everything was perfect.....until..... the rogues attacked on our way back! My eyes widened. My heart skipped a beat when I remembered that it was him who had suggested taking the route through the woods, saying that it was a shortcut. The flashbacks of that unpleasant ordeal started to flood back. There were about ten to twenty rogues in their wolf forms, baring their yellowed teeth at us, snarling and snapping their jaws. Several of them had tried to break the windows of the car, some had even left scratch marks on the vehicle, which we had to repair later on. Ever since Elliot had convinced me that the rogue attacks were nothing but a mere coincidence, I had let myself forget about that day. And not to mention the sudden rogue attack while we were in the pack. However, now it seems to me that the rogue attacks were somehow linked to this.

“Dad!” I gasped frantically.

“What if the rogue attacks are part of this? What if the rogues who attacked while we were in the pack and on our way back home from the ski resort were sent by the same person? What if there is a lot more hidden than what we see?” I asked hysterically.

Mom and dad gaped at me, their faces showing obvious signs of being completely shocked.

“I mean, it was the driver who suggested that we take the shorter route through the woods. I’m sure this isn’t the first time royals have travelled on that road. Have you ever encountered a rogue attack there? What if he had deliberately led us there because he knew it was an ambush?” I exclaimed. By now, my heart was pounding hysterically.

Mom and dad exchanged wordless glances.

“But who would want to hurt any of us like that?” He asked.

Heaving deep a breath, I slumped into my seat. Now that question was what has left a complete mystery to us.

“There certainly is someone dad. It could be someone who hates us just because of jealousy and wants to witness our downfall. And the other possibility is that there is someone who believes that we haven’t been fair to him or her, and maybe that person wants revenge.” I said.

“Yes. That makes sense to me. Ask dad to try to remember anything he could. Maybe he could have unintentionally hurt someone.” Izzy cheered for me through our link.

“Dad? Is it possible that you have unintentionally hurt someone? You have been king for a long time.” I asked, looking at him.

He frowned as he buried his face in his hands, as he immersed himself in deep thought.

We remained silent for some time when I glanced at mom from time to time. She too seemed to be bewildered by the events. Finally, dad sighed deeply.

“I...I don’t know what to say. I am completely lost here. I honestly cannot think of anyone besides Zander.” He muttered and leaned back in his seat.

“Zander?” I asked.

“Yes. My nephew, I told you about. The one who kidnapped you. But I am sure that he is no more. I mean, I had broken all of his bones and left him to bleed to death. There is no way he could survive.” He replied as he massaged his forehead.

“He is the only one who could be jealous of you, or hate our family, or perhaps believe that we had been unfair to him. But what could he do if he was no more? Even if did live, he would be completely crippled. He wouldn’t be able to do anything.” He said.

I gulped.

Just then the door opened and entered Elliot with his father.

“We have done a quick investigation, and compared the results we got with the fingerprints of our employees on the database. The driver’s fingerprints were found, along with an unknown fingerprint.” Elliot stated.

“An unknown?” Mom asked, furrowing her eyebrows.

“Yes. This means someone had granted access to an outsider, without our knowledge. And the proof is pointing fingers at the driver. Now the question is, when did he do that? Guards will always be on standby. He couldn’t have done it without being seen by anyone.” Sir Harold stated.

My father leaned back, sighing.

“Looks like it is time to drill the driver with questions. I can’t believe he would betray me. After all those years of service.” He sighed.

“Looks like we need to do some serious interrogation.” Sir Harold agreed.

“Allow me,” Elliot muttered, narrowing his eyes.

NARRATOR

The driver was asked to meet the royal Prince Elliot in the interrogation room. He obeyed at once, not suspecting a thing. He had been among those who the royals trusted blindly because he had always been dutiful. So there were times that they asked for his help while attending to different issues.

The driver sat on the chair beside the desk in the interrogation room, waiting for orders, or for the prince to come.

Elliot watched his actions from the observation room. He saw that he was rather relaxed as he sat slumped on the chair, while he tapped on the desk with his fingers. He didn’t seem to be bothered or tensed.

“Maybe he doesn’t realise that he is in trouble.” He mumbled to himself.

“Either that or he is good at acting.” His father, who was beside him in the observation room muttered in response.

“Well, let’s see what he has got to say.” Elliot stood up and walked through the door that conjoined the two rooms.

“Hey.” He said, as soon as he entered the interrogation room.

“We need your help.” He added.

“Sure your highness, I’m at your service.” He replied, and Elliot felt like rolling his eyes. However, he held back and maintained a straight face.

“As you know we have been having some attacks lately, and all of them are seemed to be aimed at our Queen. Which is something we are very concerned about.” Elliot spoke slowly, carefully studying any changes on his face.

“And we suspect that someone among us is betraying us.” He added, just as carefully.

The driver was trying his best to stay neutral. However, the little gasp of breath that escaped him didn’t go unnoticed by the sharp eyes of the young Prince.

“Do you have any idea who it could be?” He asked.

“Huh? No! I don’t know anything.....Why would I know anything?” He suddenly started to be defensive.

Smirking to himself, Elliot leaned back. “Maybe because we have found your fingerprints beside the seat in the throne room and the wine bottle.” He stated, narrowing his eyes at him.

“What? Why? I don’t u.....understand! No! I didn’tdo it! Itwasn’t me! I swear!” He started to stutter, as his eyes looked everywhere except into Elliot’s eyes.

“Hey. Look. We know you have something to do about this. Your fingerprints were found. We just don’t understand why?” He said softly.

“I...I... wouldn’t hurt anyone....” He was now sweating profusely, and continued to wipe away the sweat, with his hand.

“Why? We trusted you.” Elliot gazed deeply into his eyes, and for a split second their eyes made contact and that was enough for the driver to feel completely trapped.

“I...I....” He stammered. He suddenly grabbed the pen and paper on the desk and started to scribble on it. Elliot waited for him to do whatever he was doing. The driver passed the sheet of paper with a few words scribbled on it.

Frowning, Elliot looked at the scribbled words. The creases on his forehead deepened.

It said,

I AM BUGGED.

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 55

Elliot pov

Bugged? What the hell!!! I looked up from the writing and into his face. I saw how his face was now contorted in despair. Beads of sweat that had formed on his forehead were now trickling down from his temple.

He then frantically pointed to his shoulder. When I didn't respond, he lowered his shirt and pointed to a scar that seemed to have recently healed. My gaze lingered on the scar for some time. Still frowning, I slowly looked up into his face. His eyes kept telling me that he had been hiding a lot. That there were things that he couldn't say out loud, fearing that whoever is at the bottom of this would listen to him.

I took the pen from him and wrote,

FOR HOW LONG?

He wrote back,

SINCE THE TRIP TO THE SKI RESORT.

I gritted my teeth. Whatever the reason was, this was completely unacceptable. However, to get to the bottom of this, I would have to tolerate it.

PLAY ALONG.

I wrote back and sighed.

"You've got nothing to say, right? I am sorry to say this, but you are under arrest, for attempting to murder the Queen." I stated, wanting to let it seem to whoever was listening on the other end that we had put the whole blame on the driver. I wanted him or her to relax and think that he was out of danger.

The driver offered a nervous smile and replied a meek 'yes' right before I got up from my seat.

I went into the observation room where my father was watching everything.

"What did he write down on the paper?" He asked.

"That he was bugged," I told him, making him glance in my direction in utter shock.

"Bugged?" He asked, aghast with the new information.

I nodded. "And it looks like it has been embedded in his shoulder," I informed him.

"Wow." He was shocked beyond words.

"He had said that he had been bugged since the trip to the ski resort," I told my father what I knew.

"So is it possible that he was blackmailed by someone?" He muttered as the wrinkles on his forehead deepened.

"I..don't know." I paused to think for some time. "But he could have told us...he could have written it down instead of simply letting all the damage happen," I stated and my father nodded in agreement.

"You're right, but I think it is best to deal with what they had embedded in his shoulder. We must inform the others and quickly do the needful." He said, and I quickly informed Cass via text message.

"We must remove that bug now. Whoever is listening must think that he is being taken to the dungeon. After removing it, we will question him some more." I said and walked out of the observation room.

The driver was instructed to remain silent until we said so, to which he obediently obliged. We asked the healers to use anaesthetics to numb his shoulder so that the implantation could be safely removed.

After making sure that he was now unbugged, I met him with the others. They managed to remove a tiny device that was embedded in his skin.

"You have a lot to tell us, now spill," Cassy ordered.

“I was returning to the Kingdom for two days, thinking that I could spend some time with my own family since both of you would be in the ski resort. However, on my way, I was ambushed. The sun had already set by then, and it was already pretty dark. So when I saw an injured wolf on the side of the forest, I couldn't help but get out of the car to help him. I just didn't know that it was a trick to lure me in. I remember bending down to offer my help but that was it. I don't remember what happened. Maybe someone hit me on the head with something. When I woke up, I was bound to a chair with duct tape. I thought they were going to kill me but a masked person came. He didn't talk much. He simply told me that I was going to be used as their puppet..... that they were going to use me against you all. I resisted. I told him that even if he kills me, I wouldn't be part of it. But then, he took a picture of my family. My wife and pups. He swore that he was going to kill them all if I didn't help him.”

By this time he was crying real tears. His right arm was still numb due to anaesthesia, so he used his left arm to wipe his tears and sweat away.

“I am so sorry your highness, I have failed you all. But I was forced to.....” he cried.

“Then he took a tiny device and told me that they were going to implant it in me so that they could hear everything I do and then they could send me orders through text messages. Each time he would swear that he would hurt my family if I didn't carry out his orders.....” he was now, wheezing as he spoke.

“You could have warned us. I understand you couldn't say it out loud, but you could have written it down instead of hurting us. Do you know what you've done has almost cost us our lives?” I said I was not happy about what had happened. I could understand that he was forced to, however, he should have known better than hurting anyone.

“I... I am sorry, your majesty. Please forgive me. I feared for the safety of my family.” He pleaded.

“I want to see your phone. Do you still have those messages saved?” My father stated.

The driver nodded. “Yes. It is still saved.”

“Good.” My father smirked. “His plans are faulty after all. Doesn't he know that we can easily trace his number?” He muttered, making me scoff.

“Well, it seems to me he was so confident that we wouldn’t find out.” Cassy’s father chuckled as he spoke. “Let me see your phone.” He added, and the driver was quick to take it out of his pocket and hand it to him.

All of us were shocked to see the number of messages and threats he had received. Some of them were pictures of mutilated wolves, who I suppose were their victims. They had promised that their next victim would be his precious daughter. Those pictures must have traumatized him.

“Wow. Even I would have felt helpless.” Cassy’s mom muttered as she looked at the threatening messages.

“Help us catch him, whoever he is. We cannot let him escape. Tell us everything you know.” Cassy said, frowning deeply.

“Yes. Yes. Your highness. Anything.” The driver pleaded frantically.

“There is one missing piece of the puzzle. When we took the fingerprints around the throne and the whole area, we found your fingerprints, along with another. As you know, we have the fingerprints of all our staff recorded on our database. And this particular print was not recorded. Explain that.” My father said, raising his eyebrows.

“I...I” The driver gulped. “Actually, yes. I let one of their men in the throne room so that he could install a hidden camera and the bomb correctly. He didn’t trust me that I would do it right.” He explained.

“What? A hidden camera? In the throne room?!” Cassy almost screamed.

“Y..yes... so that they could blast the bomb off at the correct time. The remote control is in his hands...the master’s hands.” The driver said.

“This raises so many questions. How did you manage to get past the guards? And how many hidden cameras are there in the palace? How safe are we in our own home?” Cassy’s mother asked questions one after the other.

The driver sighed. “Only in the throne room, your highness. They wanted to create chaos among the royals. He wants to get revenge on you for something you have done. That is what he says. And I simply told the guards that he is a hired professional to do some minor work around the throne area.” He mumbled, with his eyes downcast.

“Good lord!” The former king groaned. “The level of deception is unbelievable.”

“We better find that hidden camera.” My father muttered.

“True.” I agreed.

“I wonder who this person is,” Cassy stated, frowning.

“Let’s trace the number.” Cassy’s father said and looked at the driver.

“Meanwhile, I’m afraid you truly have to be arrested and locked up in the dungeon. The things you have done are unforgivable. However, I understand that you have been forced into a situation where you feared for the safety of your family, so you will not be exiled. But still, you have to do your time behind bars.” He stated and then looked at Cassy.

“Dear, you are Queen now. You will decide his fate.” He said. I just stated what I would have done.

I saw Cassy look at the grief-stricken driver, who had his eyes focused on his foot.

“You are right, dad. He shall stay behind bars for five years. He can meet his family once a week and I will see that he has food and is not tortured while in captivity.” She declared.

He sighed and nodded. “Yes, your majesty.” He bowed his head a little as he said so.

We ordered the guards to take him away, as soon as his wound healed, which most probably would be within the next few hours. Then, we went back to the palace, since we had a lot of work to do.

“Elliot, trace this number. I will take some of the men with me to the throne room to find that hidden camera.” My father said. I nodded and got to work.

Cassy and her parents stayed with me as I tried to trace the number in the office. We got the signal from the unclaimed land in the woods.

“He must be rogue,” Cassy murmured. “I think the rogue attacks were linked to this.”

“Zan Tao? Who is that?” I frowned when I saw to whom that number belonged.

There was a long pause among us. None of us most probably knew.

“No....Zan Tao? No... but how?” Cassy’s father gasped.

“Do you know him, dad?” Cassy asked as I glanced curiously at him.

He looked at his mate and the former Queen with widened eyes.

“Zan! Zander! It’s him!” He exclaimed.