

Chapter 90

Blake:

My heart raced against my ribcage as different monitors kept beeping.

I squeezed my eyes tightly before forcing them to open, reminding myself of my ability to use my motors.

However, that didn't go as well as I planned for it to as I found myself squinting my eyes shut, trying to avoid the light that was in the room.

"Blake?" My mum's voice filled my ears, and though I was hurt by her and dad, I couldn't describe the pain that I felt because of them, I couldn't help but feel thankful for her presence.

"Natalia?" I said, shaking my head as I tried finding her. My heart raced and I couldn't help but frown when I saw her laying beside me, her chest rising and falling with each breath that she took. She didn't have an oxygen mask, unlike the one that I had, but I could see the bandages that were almost all over her body.

"She is just asleep right now. The doctors have instructed that she gets as much rest as she can as she would need to regain her strength after what happened." Mum explained, taking a seat beside me. She put her hand on my leg, and I couldn't help but find myself frowning.

"I'm sorry for what happened, Blake." Mum said, taking me off guard. Her eyes met mine and I couldn't help the frown that formed on my lips as I tried processing her words. My heart ached, and the fact that

they still wanted me to back down even at the last minute was something that I knew I wasn't going to forgive or forget easily. To say the least, all that I expected from them was support, and I got the exact opposite.

"How is she?" I asked, ignoring her apology. It wasn't going to be fixed with a simple one. The pain that I dealt with took more from me than I could handle and that was something that I wasn't going to ignore easily. It was something that I needed to digest to begin with, and their lack of support, appreciation, and constant anger is what led everything to where it went.

"She is fine, all three of them are." She said, and I frowned in confusion. "She was a little injured, but her body fought and she kept your pups safe,"

"What?" I asked, my eyes widening as I processed what she said. A smile made its way to my lips before I could stop it and mum's eyes welled up with tears.

"One of the children died, she was pregnant with triplets. Somehow she fought to protect them, and Crystal her eggs," she said, and I shook my head as I allowed her words to sink in. The fact that she was pregnant to begin with was a surprise to me, and the fact that she was in the games while being so pained me, but I knew to appreciate the fact that she had done.

"With everything that she has been through, I am proud that she was able to keep them safe." I said, and mum nodded. "How is Crystal? Aside from the fact of having her new hatchlings."

"She is injured, both she and Natalia injured their wings, but she would be fine." I frowned at mum's statement only to look at my wife

who was lying fast asleep, her chest rising and falling with each breath that she took. However, what caught my attention truly was the fact that she wasn't sleeping on her back as if something was truly injured there. "They grow back a few times during the day considering the injury, but she is fine."

"How?" I asked and mum shook her head.

"We did not understand either, but Alexander was the one who found you at first and he was the one who brought all of you here. Everyone else died within the games, if we could call them that until now, and the only survivors were the two of you." Mum said, making my chest ache. I looked away as tears brimmed my vision, but after what I saw, I knew that I should have expected it. The one reason that we might have survived was the fact that we were actually out of the room.

"Jaiden?"

"His heart was pierced by one of the witches. They killed him when he went to follow all of you in fear that he might end up helping you out." She said and I nodded. I couldn't help but feel bad for my beauty who would be dealing with the grief of her father. Regardless of what he has done, I knew that she wasn't the type to easily get over such things. The man was still her father and I knew that no matter how dark and hard things were, she was in more pain than she let out. To say the least, I knew that she wouldn't have been able to be the one to kill him.

"Does her mother know? Her siblings?" I asked and mum shook her head.

"We do not know." She said, avoiding my eyes. "She has not come to visit her daughter here, nor has she bothered calling. We have tried

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keeping Natalia's phone on in case it happened, but none of that did."

"Did you go to her place? Maybe try and..."

"She was seen by one of the men making cake for Natalia's younger siblings as she laughed." She said, answering my question before I could finish it. My chest ached but I nodded, knowing that right now, there was no use in lying. She wouldn't be risking a lot to hide such a thing by lying about it.

"For now, I want us to focus on my wife's and children's wellbeing. Whatever can happen, will happen no matter whether or not we try stopping it. However, I want to be..."

"Blake..." Myla's voice broke what I was saying, and I couldn't help but feel like my heart dropped before she looked at mum who closed her eyes.

"The fucking nerve..."

"I am not coming here for long nor am I coming to hurt any of you." She said, raising her hands in surrender for a second before putting them down. "I know that me being here is not something that you want. But considering the fact that I also know that I have hurt you, I came to do one last thing before I left."

"You don't need to do anything, you can fucking..."

"I killed Marissa and Mason," she said, stopping me. My breath got caught in my throat as I processed her words and she looked away from me for a second as tears fell from her eyes. "I died carrying my child, who I am still carrying inside me."

"What?" I asked, frowning in confusion as she put her hand on her

stomach.

"She will not grow nor will I. I tried everything, and they promised that I would be having her in my arms when things were done." She said, trying to explain the situation as she fisted her shirt. "I keep losing her, and I have to kill someone to ensure that she lives, otherwise, considering that her death was followed by mine, I had a choice to either kill or die. Marissa was my first sacrifice, and Mason was my second." 1

She cleared her throat as she looked over her shoulder at Ryan who took a deep breath before she nodded at him. "Ryan would have been my third, but I don't know how it happened and he managed to escape. I killed others to ensure that we both lived, but I am not dumb, I knew that this was something that had to end. They promised that this was the final task, her death meant that I would be getting back with you and we would have our baby girl. I didn't think... I'm so sorry."

She took a deep breath just as Natalia stirred and opened her eyes to find the woman in the room. My wife didn't react, and I knew that she was well aware that Myla was in the house long before I did. However, it wasn't long until she caught sight of me being awake.

Her eyes widened in surprise and she went to rush to my side to hug me, nearly tripping had it not been for dad who wrapped his arm around her, stabilizing her.

"Blake?" She said, her tears falling from her eyes before she removed the oxygen mask and connected her lips with mine. I smiled into the kiss before putting a hand on her stomach, silently letting her know that I knew. She smiled and nodded as I wiped her tears from her

face before wrapping an arm around her as Myla cleared her throat.

"I came to apologize before I left," she said, looking away from me. "Me leaving would bring back those that were lost."

"And that means?" I asked, raising an eyebrow. The woman couldn't expect me to believe that those who died would be coming back to life simply because she left.

"I am going to allow myself to die, setting their souls free." She said, and I frowned. "Me dying would be setting them free. They would be healing and would be living normally."

"Impossible," I said and she smiled.

"I came back to life, didn't I?" She asked, giving me a cheeky smile before a few tears ran down her cheeks. "Do take good care of him, Natalia. He really does love you and I can tell that you love him just as much."

Natalia simply nodded in response before getting up from the bed beside me. I frowned when I saw her walking toward the door, before she stopped beside Myla. "I will give you five minutes of privacy. Whatever it is that you want to say, you can let it out."

"Why?" She asked and Natalia shook her head.

"I'll be outside, my love." Dad wrapped his arm around her, helping her out and I kept my attention on Myla as mum followed close behind before closing the door.

I stayed quiet for a few seconds before nodding at Myla to come and sit. Her eyes studied my expression for a second before she took a deep breath and walked toward me. She sat on the edge of the bed

beside me and I gave her a gentle smile as I noticed the dagger that was in her holster.

"You know, it took me months into my marriage to get rid of your picture and stop comparing you and Natalia," I said, and she closed her eyes. "But I never, not for a second, expected that things would reach this point."

"I am a disappointment the way that I am anyway."

"Not a disappointment, I was just a little surprised." She looked me in the eye before I nodded at the knife. She pulled it out of its place and put it on her lap before tearing up.

"I am so sorry," she said, looking down at the knife before I extended my arm to her. She froze for a second before I nodded in encouragement, calling her to come again. She smiled and I wrapped my arms around her, watching as she curled up in my arms, dropping the knife on the bed beside me. "You don't even know how much this means to me."

I kissed her temple, letting my lips linger there for a few seconds. "I would have traded everything for..."

I pressed the dagger inside her chest, watching as her body froze.

"Blake?" She asked, her voice above a whisper as tears fell from her eyes.

"Whether or not they come to life, this is for my mate, my beta and his mate." I whispered before she put her hand on my wrist, wanting me to pull it away. "But I want you to know that I did love you. The last time you took her last breath, I fucking loved you with everything that

I had."

Her eyes met mine and I shook my head, "this time, I regret ever thinking of being in love with you..."

"I'm sorry," she whispered as blood filled her mouth, her blood.

"No, Myla, it is me who is sorry," I said, watching as her hand dropped as she took her last breath. "I do hope that you find your redemption elsewhere..."

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