Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 406: Discovery at the Doctor’s_Part 2[1,098 words]

"A few weeks ago, I discovered that your body was carrying a huge amount of suppressant, the kind used to keep a wolf spirit from rising. I couldn’t help but bring it to the Alpha’s attention, and he asked me to create something to counter it. I’ve been working on it ever since, and I only had my breakthrough yesterday, which is why I sent for you."

Gilbert watched her expression shift from confusion to even deeper confusion as she asked, "Are you telling me I have... a wolf inside me?"

"As far as I know, only someone with a wolf would have such a thing used on them, and I’m assuming you didn’t know you’d ever been given a wolf suppressant." Gilbert had assumed she might already know, but it was clear now that she didn’t.

Viola shook her head. "I have never taken anything like that. I would never have taken it..."

"Then that makes it clear you were either injected with it as an infant, or fed the substance a couple of times, since it’s a very effective substance, even two doses could do the job, as long as it was administered at an early age."

Viola was speechless for a moment, digesting his words carefully as she leaned back in her seat. So she had a wolf? Viola had already given up any hope of ever awakening one, ever since discovering she was half mermaid, and in such cases, only those with an Alpha parent stood any real chance of having a wolf at all. Knowing there was no way she could have come from an Alpha bloodline, that hope had died inside her long ago.

She had been so disappointed, so sad about it, that she’d tried not to think about it at all. And Sebastian knew exactly how much she’d wanted that hope, yet he hadn’t told her there was still a chance she might have one. Not only that, he had kept from her the fact that something had been wrong with her all along...

She had wolf suppressant in her blood, administered at an early age, but how had it gotten there, and since when? Why had Sebastian kept it from her, when he knew this was something huge, something they should have been working through together to figure out who could have suppressed her wolf in the first place?

Viola wanted to be angry at Sebastian, but then she realized he must have been thinking of her when he made the decision to keep it from her. If he had wanted her wolf to stay suppressed, he wouldn't have ordered a cure to be made in the first place, that was what mattered. And now that she knew the truth, she might as well get to the bottom of it all.

"I was adopted, and my adoptive parents wouldn't have given me a suppressant, because more than anything, they wanted me to awaken my wolf. I can't say whether it was given to me at the orphanage, since I don't remember taking anything like that, so I can't tell how it got inside me." Viola said quietly, knowing that piecing this puzzle together might take some time, when she didn't even know who her real parents were, only that they were a werewolf and a mermaid, and that their mother had given them away to be killed, only for them to end up in an orphanage instead.

Now that she thought about it, that memory of the blue-eyed woman telling someone to kill the cursed one if they had to, to never let her grow into the curse, made her wonder, had that person been responsible for the suppressant, or had it been their mother herself?

Viola pushed the thought aside when Gilbert spoke again. "You don't have to stress yourself over who gave it to you, Supreme Luna. The important thing is that we can get rid of it now, if you're ready."

Viola looked at the doctor with bewildered eyes. "I can get rid of the suppressant now, and my wolf will come out?" She asked, unable to keep the hope out of her voice, because a wolf meant everything to her right now. She would finally get to belong, to feel complete, and not only that, she would be able to trace her werewolf parentage and finally know where she came from.

"Absolutely, as long as you're not approaching your heat cycle, which I'll need to test for before administering the cure through an IV drip to wash it out of your blood. Everything is ready, whenever you are." Gilbert said, watching as stars practically lit up in her blue eyes.

Viola couldn't have been any more ready than she was in that moment. She had spent years hoping for a day like this, for the day she would finally have a wolf spirit, to shift and feel whole beside her husband.

"I'm ready. We can start now." She said. "What do I need to do?"

"Nothing, really. You just need to let me run a few tests, and then you'll be admitted here for a few hours until the IV bag finishes. Though... I'm starting to think maybe we should wait for the Supreme Alpha." Gilbert suggested, sensing that Alpha Sebastian might not appreciate this happening in his absence. But Viola couldn't wait any longer and quickly shook her head.

"No. If it’s going to work, I want to surprise him with my wolf when he comes back. Let’s get started now, please."

Viola was afraid that if she was made to wait any longer, she would burst from excitement and anxiety. She wouldn’t be able to rest either way.

Gilbert could see how impatient she was and knew there was no way he could stall this until the Alpha returned. He gave a nod. "Sure. If you’ll move to the bed, then, I’ll get my testing equipment in a moment." He gestured to the small bed in the room, one that could shift between a chair and a bed.

Viola made her way there on shaky legs, weak with excitement, and half sat, half lay against the backrest, her hands resting on her stomach as she watched Doctor Gilbert move around, pulling equipment from drawers. Silence fell between them, and she felt the need to fill it with the other matter she’d wanted to discuss with the doctor.

"Doctor Gilbert, if you don’t mind, I’d like to talk to you about something." She said, and he gave her a nod to go ahead.

"Sure."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 407: Discovery at Doctor’s_Part 3[1,304 words]

"It’s about my sister-in-law, Zoe." She said, watching him pause for a moment before he resumed what he was doing.

"Oh, what about Zoe?"

"I don’t want to pry, but I’m saying this because I’m worried about her. I know Zoe can still be immature at times, a little impulsive, but she’s a very kind person, and she cares deeply, loves deeply. I wouldn’t want to see her hurt. If what you feel for her isn’t as genuine as you’re letting her believe... you shouldn’t use her to reject your fated mate bond. It isn’t fair to her, and certainly not to your fated mate either."

A lot of things had clouded her head lately, along with everything Nick had done to her, but she could never let it cloud her judgment enough to neglect Zoe’s well-being, or allow her to be hurt.

Viola watched the doctor walk up to her with his testing equipment as he said, "I’ve thought about that a million times now, Supreme Luna, and... I’m stuck in a place where I no longer know how I feel about Zoe, but I still believe it’s because of the bond still intact

between Laila and me. I believe everything will fall into place once Zoe and I move in together and agree on the marking." He said, reaching out to take her hand and fasten a heat-tester cuff around her arm.

"You're planning to move in together with Zoe?" Viola asked with a frown, and he looked at her with blue eyes she couldn't help but pity.

"Yes, Luna. I don't want to hurt her, not now that I'm committed, and not being with her fully feels unfair to her."

"You'll still hurt her if you go through with this while you're uncertain. Why not take some time and think through what you really want first? A marking isn't something to rush into, and if you go into it with uncertainty, it will end in disaster and more heartbreak. Zoe has never met her fated mate, she doesn't know what that bond feels like, and there's still a chance she could meet him. What happens if that happens after you've already marked her?

"The rush of a fated mate suddenly appearing in her life could easily override your mark, and she could still be drawn to the one destined for her. Think carefully about what you're doing, and make sure it's coming from a place of love, not selfish reasons. Neither the Supreme Alpha nor I want to see her hurt, and you would be hurt by it too." Viola said, sounding every bit the Supreme Luna in that moment, her tone carrying such firmness that Gilbert kept his head bowed, his hands stilled on the equipment testing her heat cycle.

Gilbert had considered everything she was saying, but because he had already committed, he was afraid to back out now and hurt Zoe in the process. But hearing the Supreme Luna speak so plainly, he realized he needed to think this through more carefully before deciding, because for now, he didn't even understand why he had wanted to reject his own fated mate in the first place, as everything that had pushed him to want to reject her no longer made sense.

"Thank you for the advice, Supreme Luna. I'll think it over more." Saying that, he refocused on what he was testing, but a frown soon crept across his face. "It's showing that you're in heat right now, Supreme Luna."

Viola, who had been about to say more on the topic they were talking about, was pulled out of it and looked down at the machine in surprise. "But I'm not in heat."

"When was your last heat?" He asked, restarting the test again.

Viola became thoughtful for a moment before she belatedly realized she had lost track of the last time she'd been in heat, since she and Sebastian had been having sex so regularly.

Heat season for females always came with a rush of arousal and an overwhelming increase in libido, leaving them craving a man, especially their mate, with little to no control over the maddening desire.

But Viola had been constantly satisfied by her husband, so thoroughly that she hadn't even thought about her heat season until now.

"I don't remember exactly." She said.

"What about your menstrual cycle?" He asked again, as the machine still showed the same result as before.

Viola was hit with another realization and stared at Gilbert with embarrassment, suddenly remembering she had missed one cycle of her period and somehow hadn't thought anything of it. "I missed my last cycle too. Is something wrong with my body? Am I sick in a way?"

"Give me a moment, let me run another test." Gilbert said, already suspecting the reason, though he still needed to confirm it.

Viola watched anxiously as he ran another test before stepping away briefly and disappearing into the adjoining room. When he returned, he was wearing a slight smile, and she couldn't help wondering what could possibly be making the doctor smile when she was in crisis, terrified that something might be wrong with her at a time when she was so close to awakening her wolf.

She didn't want anything to interfere with her receiving the cure for the suppressant now, especially not something concerning her health.

"Well, I think we have another discovery, Supreme Luna," he said.

Viola's fingers tightened around her dress. "What is it?"

"You're pregnant. That's the reason your cycle has become fixed in a heat-like state, as often happens with many she-wolves during pregnancy."

Viola's mouth fell open, surprise, shock, and astonishment hitting her all at once. She remained completely still for a long moment before finally blinking.

"I'm pregnant?" she asked, the words sounding so foreign in her mouth that she instinctively clapped a hand over it, as though she couldn't quite believe she had actually said them aloud.

Many pregnant she-wolves' bodies became fixed in a heat-like state during pregnancy, not the intense kind of heat where a she-wolf desperately craves her mate, but a milder state where she remained perpetually aroused and craving sex. Though Viola had noticed this

in herself, she hadn’t connected it to pregnancy, since she’d always heard that conception typically only occurred when sex happened during a female’s active heat, when it triggered an egg.

She hadn’t had sex with Sebastian during her heat though... had she?

"Yes, you are." Gilbert replied, expecting the kind of joy he imagined many she-wolves would feel upon learning they were carrying the Supreme Alpha’s child, but Viola’s face showed something closer to bewilderment than happiness.

"But we didn’t have sex during my heat, is it even possible for me to be pregnant?" She asked, almost dreadfully, and Gilbert nodded.

"Yes, the chances aren’t impossible. Though roughly 85 percent of she-wolves only conceive during heat, it’s different for the remaining 15 percent."

"I’m pregnant..." Viola trailed off, unsure what to feel about this unexpected news, since she had believed all along that she couldn’t get pregnant, given that their intimacy had never coincided with her heat. How were women supposed to react to news like this when it came so unexpectedly? Was she supposed to feel happy? Was she supposed to cry?

Viola felt so confused that she suddenly wished Sebastian were here, maybe then she could have processed the news with some clearer sense of what she was feeling.

"How far along am I?" She asked the beaming doctor.

"From the looks of it, not very far. No more than a month, maybe a few weeks more. Werewolf pregnancies typically run seven to eight months, so you’ll be due sometime in the middle of winter." He declared, still smiling and making some writing on his tablet.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 408: Awakening wolf[1,253 words]

Viola sat there, processing the news of her pregnancy with such difficulty that she began to feel like an imposter for not clapping and beaming with joy, the way it seemed she was expected to feel, knowing she would be a mother. Surely every woman would be overjoyed, right? So why was she so terrified, stuck in this unreal state of mind, as though this moment were nothing but a dream she would soon wake up from?

Doctor Gilbert had given her a moment to process the news and gone back to his desk, and Viola was grateful to be alone in her corner for the time being. She slowly looked down at her flat belly without blinking, unable to believe there was a child growing inside her.

It was shocking, because she had once been a woman who didn't care so much about children, and had made very elaborate plans that if she ever had a child, she wouldn't raise it herself at all, she would hand it off to a nanny for all the trouble and chaos she believed came with having one.

She had never once seen herself as a mother, never cared for small children, until that competition, when she'd protected a little girl who had looked so distressed because of her own mother.

Viola was no longer the woman she once was. Her mindset had shifted so greatly that she would never allow even someone else's child to suffer while she stood by and watched.

However, her mindset hadn't fully shifted into that of a woman who desperately wanted children of her own, rather, she had become someone terrified of disappointing any child of hers the way her birth mother had disappointed her and her sister.

Viola feared she would never be a good mother to any child, which was why she had never really raised the topic of pregnancy with her husband again, even after he'd told her about the elders pressuring him for an heir. She had silently promised herself she would give him that heir, but had hoped it would happen at a time when she felt ready and was expecting it.

She had had unprotected sex with him constantly, believing it couldn't result in a baby, not realizing there had still been a chance all along.

Had this been the old Viola, discovering she was pregnant now would have brought a bolt of disappointment and anger, perhaps even rage, and her first instinct might have been to end it. But this Viola felt no disappointment, no resentment, no rage...

There was only fear, and a feeling of being caught between the elation of wondering what the baby would be like, and the anxiousness of wondering what if she failed it or harmed it.

Slowly, she brought her hand to her flat belly and pressed her palm against it, and like a bolt of shock, Viola felt a fierce sense of protectiveness toward a baby that wasn't even showing yet. The back of her eyes stung so badly that she blinked back tears and swallowed the large lump forming in her throat.

"Oh Lord, I am terrified..." She whispered to herself, wiping away the tears with one hand while keeping the other pressed against her belly, as though afraid the wrong movement might harm the child.

Viola took a deep, shaky breath, telling herself she could do this, that she wouldn't fail, that she wouldn't give an innocent child the kind of terrible future her own parents had given her and Ivy.

Sebastian would be beside her, and with him, she'd already discovered she could do a great many things, as long as he supported her. And she knew, without a doubt, that he would, that he would greet the news with far more excitement than her terrified heart currently held.

Furthermore, she was about to awaken her wolf, and with the strength that came with it, along with the respect owed to a Luna in their pack with a wolf, no one would dare make her life miserable again. Her child would be born into a far better environment than she ever had been.

With that thought, she comforted herself, composed her expression, and called out to Gilbert, "I'm ready." Still, she didn't remove her hand from her belly, she kept it there, as though to shield whatever was growing inside her.

Gilbert rose from his desk and came around to her side, letting out a smile. "I'd like to congratulate you, Supreme Luna. It's very good news, and certainly something worth celebrating in Silver."

"Thank you..." Viola murmured with a shaky smile. After a brief pause, she asked, "Can I take the IV drip now? I still need to return to the office and finish some work I left unfinished."

Viola was still caught in that strange sense of unreality and needed somewhere quiet where she could be alone and process everything more fully. There was also the possibility of awakening her wolf today, if everything went as planned. Her heart leapt at the thought of two enormous things happening on the very same day, and she wasn't sure she could handle the emotions that came with them all at once.

But something in Gilbert's expression made her pause.

"I'm sorry, Supreme Luna. I created the antidote without accounting for the possibility of pregnancy, and now that this is the case, we have to proceed with caution. I'd like to find a willing pregnant she-wolf to test it on first, before I administer it to you. I don't want to take the risk."

Gilbert had spent days working on this antidote, and wanted nothing more than to deliver it to her before the full moon and the mermaid sacrifice the Alpha had spoken of. But risking her health now would accomplish nothing except ending his own life, and likely his entire family's, since the Alpha would never forgive him for it if anything went wrong.

"I don't believe there would be much risk. I can be a willing test subject for my own cure, Doctor Gilbert. What's the worst that could possibly happen?" Viola said, unwilling to let this chance at a wolf slip away when it felt so close today.

"The worst that could happen is losing the child, Supreme Luna. The child is still at an early stage, and what I used to develop the cure could be harmful to a fetus at this point. I

have to be certain it’s safe first." He told her plainly. Killing the Alpha’s unborn child would, without a doubt, cost him everything.

Viola fell silent. It was either her unborn child or her wolf today. As eager and excited as she was, Viola didn’t want to risk the child’s life over her own impatience. It wasn’t as though the opportunity would vanish entirely, or that she’d lost her chance at a wolf forever, it could still happen. Just not today.

Risking it now, simply because she couldn’t wait, would cost her something far too great, while waiting a little longer would cost her nothing at all. And so she relented, even as a small disappointment settled quietly beneath her skin.

"Will you let me know once you’ve tested it?" She asked, and he gave her a firm nod.

"I will."

"Thank you," Viola said, beginning to rise from the bed. But as she reached for her shoes, she remembered something and looked up. "Can I ask you for a favor, please?"

"Anything, Supreme Luna."

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 409: Protective[1,151 words]

"Don’t tell Sebastian about my pregnancy. I’d like to give him the news as a surprise myself." She said.

With the way Gilbert had been beaming, she could almost tell he’d try to contact her husband the moment she stepped out, to share news that should come from her, because she wanted to see his reaction for herself, the very first time he heard it.

Actually, that had been Gilbert’s exact plan, to give Sebastian the news immediately. But hearing her words, he smiled a little awkwardly and nodded. "I won’t."

"Is there anything I shouldn’t do in this condition? Foods to avoid, or movements I should be careful of?" Viola asked, grabbing her purse and turning back to face the doctor.

Gilbert nodded, his expression immediately turning more serious as he slipped into his professional manner, already prepared with what he wanted to tell her even before she’d asked.

"For now, there are a few things I want you to be careful about. First, don’t skip meals. You need regular, balanced meals and plenty of fluids. Avoid raw or undercooked meat and eggs, unpasteurized dairy, and anything else you know could carry an infection, since you don’t have a wolf to heal you from that yet. And don’t take any medication, supplements, or herbal preparation without checking with me or another healer in Silver first. Your body is already undergoing changes, and we don’t want anything interfering with the pregnancy."

Viola nodded, listening carefully.

"Don’t exhaust yourself either," he continued. "Light activity is fine if you’re comfortable with it, but don’t push yourself until you’re completely drained. If your back starts aching or you feel unusually tired, rest. Your body is going to demand more from you now, whether you like it or not."

Viola frowned slightly at that. "So I’m not allowed to work?" She couldn’t afford that in Sebastian’s absence, and there was still a lot of work waiting for her in his office.

"I didn’t say that." Gilbert almost smiled. "You can work. Just don’t spend the entire day glued to a desk without getting up. Take regular breaks, stretch your legs, and make sure you’re sleeping enough. If you start feeling unwell, I want you to report anything unusual to me immediately."

"Such as?"

"Bleeding, severe abdominal or pelvic pain, fainting, persistent vomiting, a high fever, difficulty breathing, or anything that feels dramatically different from what you’ve been experiencing. Don’t wait around to see if it passes. Come straight to me."

Viola’s hand instinctively settled over her belly again, the fear rising in her chest.

"And one more thing," Gilbert added. "Until I’ve had more time to study your condition, don’t take any unnecessary risks. No questionable remedies, and absolutely no attempts to force your wolf’s awakening yourself. Your body is already doing enough work growing a child."

Viola’s eyes widened slightly. "I wasn’t planning to force anything."

"Good." Gilbert gave her a nod. "Keep it that way, Supreme Luna."

She nodded, then asked, "Do you have flip-flops, or any kind of slippers? I think my heels are too high." She said, worry creeping into her voice.

Gilbert glanced down at her heels, and though they were high, he didn't think she was incapable of handling herself, he realized her wanting to change shoes likely came from the anxious instincts of a new mother-to-be.

"I do have flip-flops. But just so you know, don't let fear push you into treating yourself like you're made of glass. Pregnancy isn't an illness. You can still live your life, work, walk around, and do most of the things you normally do. I simply want you to listen to your body and give it what it needs."

Viola looked down at her belly again, her expression uncertain. "I think I need the flip-flops," she said, not trusting herself to walk back on shaky legs without tripping, hitting her stomach somewhere, and harming the child before it was even born. If she was already willing to sacrifice her wolf-awakening injection for its sake, after all these years of that being the one thing that mattered most to her, Viola wasn't about to let something as small as a fall put it at risk.

Doctor Gilbert went to retrieve a pair of flip-flops belonging to Zoe from his inner office, having thoughtfully kept them on hand in the past since she tended to wear heels but needed something more practical to walk around in for her checkups. He handed them to the Luna, and she kicked off her heels and slipped them on.

"And you'll need regular checkups," Gilbert added, stepping back. "Especially because of the suppressant, we wouldn't want it affecting or suppressing the child as well, given how much of it is still in your system."

"That can happen?" Viola's eyes went wide. She didn't want her child, or anyone, to come into this world without a wolf and end up in the lowest rank, especially an Alpha's child.

"The chances are high. You should let the Alpha know as soon as possible, so we can start working on it. Until I know exactly how the cure will affect a pregnant she-wolf, I want to monitor both you and the baby closely."

"All right," Viola murmured. "I can do that. Thank you."

Viola left Gilbert's office with a whirlwind of emotions inside her, and even though the doctor had told her she didn't need to walk as though she were made of glass, that was exactly what she was doing. She walked slowly, one hand pressed to her belly, moving at such a careful pace that even her bodyguards began glancing at her strangely.

She hadn't even had time to fully process the discovery of her wolf before learning that she was pregnant. The news left her feeling drained and unmotivated to return to the office, but she was determined to finish her work, so she went back anyway.

But she couldn't stop her overactive mind from wandering. There was also the fact that her suppressant could affect the child. If that happened, all the terrible things that had happened to her because she was wolfless could be passed on to her child.

Even though she knew she would protect it with her life, Viola was aware that she couldn't be with her child twenty-four hours a day forever. As the child grew older, there would inevitably be moments when they were apart, and that was when bullies could get to it.

She pushed the thought aside for now, hoping that Doctor Gilbert would find a way to prevent that. If necessary, perhaps there would even be a way to administer the cure to the child after it was born, but Viola didn't want to think that far ahead yet. She wanted to let everything happen as it was supposed to and deal with each problem when the time came.

Fated: The Alpha's Unwanted Luna - Chapter 410: The Mermaid in the building[1,455 words]

When she returned to the office, Viola didn't tell Matt about her pregnancy either. No one else would know until she had given the news to Sebastian first. She acted as normally as she could, even when Matt looked surprised that she had returned sooner than he expected.

"I guess the Doc knew better than to mess with you on his silly experiments. I ordered you some food; it's on the desk, Supreme Luna," Matt said.

Viola couldn't have felt more loved by the people around her lately. She smiled in appreciation.

"Thank you."

She was forced to retire for the day earlier than she wanted when exhaustion and sleepiness began to overtake her hours later. She kept yawning, tears gathering in her eyes and blurring the screen in front of her. When she noticed that it was already 5:08 p.m. she finally gave in and turned everything off.

Viola was on her way back to her penthouse when she heard the melody echo in her head again, and she stopped dead in her tracks.

"Did you hear that?" She asked her bodyguards, and the men exchanged looks before glancing at her strangely.

"No, Supreme Luna. Did you hear something?" One of them asked in a gruff voice, a suspicious look crossing his face, as though something wasn't quite right with their Luna. First she'd been walking like a snail, and now she was looking around asking if they'd heard something. What exactly was she hearing?

Even as the men denied hearing anything, the sweet, sorrowful sound washed toward her again, and her chest tightened at the sound. How could they not hear it, when it was so loud inside her own head?

Feeling uneasy, she quickened her pace slightly and arrived at her penthouse, closing the door behind her as though to shut the sorrow of the sound out.

She didn't know what was wrong with her, not since the moment she had sung that song at the ceremony. It kept replaying in her head. Apart from everything happening too fast, there was also her earlier worry about where Sebastian had gone, and whether he had set out to hunt down his cousin.

Viola barely knew which emotion to sit with right now, was it the excitement of learning she had a wolf, one that had been suppressed by someone in her life without her knowledge? Or the fact that she was going to be a mother to Sebastian's child? Or her worry over him and his whereabouts? Or the sound haunting her, alone, inside her head?

She couldn't process it all at once that everything was starting to feel overwhelming and heavy.

Viola went to the water dispenser and was pouring herself a glass of water, hoping to cool all those emotions and feelings, when the water suddenly splashed out of the glass and she dropped it as Wave sprawled out of it, screaming, "She's here, she's here!"

"Who's here?" Viola asked, one hand flying protectively to her belly, the other to her chest, as Wave had nearly scared the soul out of her.

"The mermaid!" He exclaimed.

Viola, still shaken from the creature's sudden appearance after it hadn't answered her call that morning, looked at it in confusion as she asked,

"What mermaid?" She even turned to glance around her room, and right at that moment, the sorrowful sound came to her again. She was about to cover her ears with her palms when Wave leapt up and exclaimed,

"The mermaid is singing and calling for you! She's here!"

Viola's hands dropped from her ears, and she stared at Wave in astonishment. "You heard it too?"

She watched the creature bob its watery head, its enormous eyes fixed toward her door, as it trailed toward her couch. "I know where she is. Come with me if you want to see the mermaid. She's calling with a mermaid song!"

Viola was confused by everything. Mermaid song? Wasn't that the song she'd sung at the ceremony? And how could a mermaid be in Silver, when they knew better than to come onto land, especially into Silver, where the earliest history of their enmity had begun?

"What do you mean, mermaid song? I sang that song at the ceremony. There's no way a mermaid could be here singing it." Viola told him with a frown, but Wave kept pacing across her couch, leaving it soaking wet, and she had to bite her tongue to keep from scolding him and refocus on the more urgent matter at hand.

Wave turned his eyes to her with a dark look. "Your monster put the mermaid here. The other monsters dragged her from the water and put her inside a big thing not connected to the sea. Let's go free her, Mermaidia!"

"Sebastian caught a mermaid?" She asked with a scowl, and when Wave bobbed his head again, she let out a humorless laugh. "You must be mistaken. He has no reason to catch and keep a mermaid, especially since he doesn't even like them, and knowing his own wife is part mermaid, he'd never do something like that. Wave, stop trolling me..." She trailed off when the sound came again, and this time it was so clear she felt like she could trace it back to its source.

"Show me where she is." She said quietly, unable to deny the sound and wanting to find the real source.

Wave immediately dropped from the couch and began leading her out. The creature had no need to use doors, it dissolved through the little gaps beneath them to the other side, and before she'd even opened her own door, it had already reached the elevator, bouncing impatiently for her to get there.

Viola didn't believe her husband would ever capture and keep a mermaid; she didn't think he was the kind of man who ate the creatures' fishy part for nutrients, especially knowing his own wife carried that heritage in her blood, he wouldn't do that to her. But she still wanted to see for herself whether Wave was truly right about the sound coming from a mermaid somewhere in this building.

"If it's coming from a mermaid, why is she singing my song?" She asked once they were inside the elevator.

"Because it's the only song she's heard you sing. Mermaids call to each other through the channel of song. She must have heard you through a channel, and now she's using your song to call you to her. What color was your song, Mermaidia?" Wave asked, still bouncing impatiently, clearly displeased with the slow, enclosed human contraption that took its time opening and delivering them to their destination, he would much rather have been swimming and gliding through open water than trapped inside a magic door called an elevator.

"Do songs have colors? I don’t understand." Viola asked, still trying to digest the fact that her song had somehow reached a mermaid, unsure whether that was a good thing or a bad one.

Wave nodded. "Many colors. In the sea, mermaids sing in colors, and sometimes they can share the emotions carried by those colors or take on someone else’s color," he explained.

Seeing that she seemed too naive, too shaped by the ways of the land-dwellers to understand how the sea world worked right away, Wave rolled his eyes and continued explaining in the slow voice one would use with a little mermaid child. His owner seemed no different from the little children who were still learning the ways of their world.

If only she would leave her monster and return to the sea with him.

"When you sing in white, you share it with everyone listening, and while you share it, you naturally take their color back in return. The worst colors to take are blue and red. If you take blue, all their sadness and pain will flow back into your heart, while your white song gives them joy and happiness for as long as their sadness remains inside you. If you sing in blue, you take their happiness and give them your sadness instead, making everyone miserable.

"And if you sing in white and take back red..." Wave chuckled nervously. "Mermaids avoid taking red because all the people’s resentment, anger, and dark thoughts will flow into you, and you can become dangerous. They lock people who take in red in cages until the color is gone from their hearts. You can share any kind of color through music, but avoid singing in white so you won’t take back others feeling to give you color."

Wave finished explaining just as the doors slid open. He bounced out without waiting for her, calling back, "Hurry, Mermaidia!"