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Koko's POV 1

"So were you able to talk to Chester?" I asked him when he walked into the room and he just sighed and rested on the couch as if the whole world was on his shoulders.

I walked over to him, and immediately sat by his side wrapping my hands around his waist and resting my head on his shoulder, it was almost like an instinct, the way he immediately rested on my head.

"Do you think he ran away?"

He asked me out of the blue, as he was rubbing my arm.

"Too many suspicious things were pointing at him and he just decided to flee. I'm sure that Julianna would have gone with him, because nobody has seen her all day and it's already night."

"You don't know if he's guilty or not, all these may be nothing more than a misunderstanding..." I told him, looking up into his eyes and then he looked down into the mine.

"What if it is not a misunderstanding?"

I broke my embrace from him.

"You can't just believe everything that Scarlett says! Especially since she's nothing more than a manipulative serpent!"

He raked his fingers through his hair

"Koko I want to believe that he's innocent, way more than you do, but I can't just wave away all the evidence as if they are not glaring at me right in the face."

He sounded so downcast, it must have been devastating for him, the thought that the person that he could trust with his life could have turned around to stab him in the back, but Chester did not seem like that kind of person to me.

"Who cares about the evidence?" I said sitting up and placing my hands on his shoulder.

"Niyol, look at me, evidence can be faked and that is why a lot of people are framed today for crimes that they didn't even commit. so I want you to believe in Chester, I truly think this is nothing more than a misunder-"

As I was talking, a guard walked in, bowing his head and then said to both of us.

"There is a woman that says that she needs to see you urgently. She says her name is



Julianna."

I immediately nodded. "Please escort her in."

He bowed and left.

"If Juliana is here..." I reasoned, "that means that Chester is not far away. I will ask her to bring him and then you can have that talk with him and clear up all these things."

I could still see the doubt that was moving around in my mate's eyes and I was hoping that when Julianna finally came, we would be able to get Chester and then they would clear everything up and then everything would go back to normal.

But I was surprised by the sight that unfolded before my eyes when Juliana was finally escorted in. Her clothes were ripped and her face looked haggard and pale, her eyes were sunken and her hair looked like a bird's nest with all the branches and leaves in them. And she was soaked to the bone.

"Juliana, what happened to you?" I asked her, as I rushed over to her side.

That was a good timing, because she was about to collapse and I threw her hand over my shoulder, signaling my mate to give her some space on the couch so she could sit down and not collapse on the floor.



She thanked me for that and took a few heavy breaths, then I brought her some water and she gulped it up all at once.

"Juliana, are you just coming back from a marathon in the woods?"

She let out a chuckle, but it didn't sound like a chuckle; it was far too dry and utterly lifeless to be regarded as such.

"I guess in a way you can call it a marathon."

"Juliana what happened?" my mate asked her and her eyes fell to the floor.

When she finally looked up at us, they were filled with tears that were running down her face.

Juliana was not the type of person that easily broke into tears for the slightest things. The moment she called a familiar name with a tearful face like that, I knew that something was wrong.

"Chester...."

"What happened to Chester?!" both me and my mates asked simultaneously and then we remained still.

She heard us, her body began to shake and tremble. I was surprised that the glass in her hand did not even fall off, as I took it from her,



peeling of her fingers from it, so that it would not fall and break.

"Juliana, please you have to talk to us what exactly happened to Chester?"

She was silent for a long while, as if she had forgotten what she even came to the room to do in the first place and we were just looking at her.

"The thing is that, it's something very bad.. and even worse, I helped him cover it, even though I know I should have told both of you, but I wanted to protect him I'm so sorry..."

"What did Chester do exactly?"

Even though he probably did not mean to, my mate's voice was as cold as ice and as sharp as blade, when he asked that question, and then she looked up at him blinking her eyes and more tears began to flow.

She immediately brushed them off with the back of her hand and then dropped it down to her lap that was still trembling.

"The thing is that, we know that there are some things that Chester has to take care of as your beta, but then he wanted to go swimming in a lake in the woods and I found out about it.

I told him that I would come along with him, even though that was wrong, he should have



been attending to his duties not slacking off like that."

Irrespective of the fact that she said exactly what I wanted to hear, the weight in my heart remained unmoved, rather, for some reason I couldn't lay my hands on, it became even heavier than before.

I found myself pressing my hand harder on her shoulder as I asked her again.

"Are you sure that that is the truth?"

She immediately nodded, but that did not explain why she was drenched. My confusion did not last long as she immediately went to that part of the story, this time crying even less than before.

She further explained that she and Chester were coming back when they came across a bridge, and one thing led to another, he fell in. She begged us that we urgently needed people to go and look for him.

"Then how do we even know that he is still alive?" My mate asked in such a detached voice that I did not recognize it at all.

Then in response to his question, Julianna pulled the side of her collar till it exposed some part of her neck.



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And there was Chester's mark.

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