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Koko's POV. 1

"My sister?"

I got to the dining room this morning and I could feel how tensed the air was as I was walking in, I saw both my mate and his sister, they seemed to be having a very heated conversation, but that was not until I walked in.

They both looked at me; my mate kept his eyes on me longer until I sat on my seat.

"I'm sorry, but is there something on my face?" I had to ask him after a while, because the staring was becoming a little too discomforting to me.

"Koko..."

He called me, as he placed the fork and knife that he was using to battle with a juicy steak earlier on a serviette lying on the glass dining table.

"Your mother told me about how your discussion went yesterday,"

"Oh! she did?" I asked, cocking up an eyebrow.

"I'm sure she did..." I replied my own



question, knowing how twisted that woman could be.

"I can't compel you to forgive her, but I wish you can see how hard she is trying to just show you that she is sorry for everything."

It took every single fiber of self-control inside of me not to expose all she had done, and especially all that nonsense she spilled with her mouth. Well at least, she still had some common sense left to not come to the dining room this morning.

"Koko..." my sister-in-law called my me, making me cringe.

"You were the one that reunited us with our mother, that is exactly why we are doing this for you, because now we see exactly what you were trying to tell us back then. The bond that a mother shares with her children is one that should not be broken, you are going to be a mother soon..." She said calmly as she was dropping her own cutleries.

"Imagine if your pup decides that he or she wouldn't talk to you anymore, and that they did not want to have anything to do with you.. Koko how would you feel?"

If only they knew the truth, if only they knew that all these did not apply to the woman that



gave birth to me, because she did not give a single muscle of care about what happened to me.

She was ready to throw me into the arms of a man that had abused me because she thought that the idea of me having a mate that genuinely adored me was absolutely absurd.

"I see what both of you are saying, I'll think about it..."

My mate's fingers came over and squeezed mine.

"I really hope you do, that way we will all be happy."

No, I thought in my mind, the only way we could all be happy was if she packed her bags and left. I didn't say that out loud.

I was hoping that was where the conversation about that woman would end.

"She also mentioned something else to me about your sister..."

The fork I was trying to pick up from the table immediately fell off my hand as he mentioned my twin sister.

I looked over to him, "what did she say about her? "



He told me the story about her feeling very sad that I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to my twin sister, which was kind of ironic, because when I recalled the moment I came back to my pack and told her I was ran over by a car, got into an accident and fell into coma, but she still blamed me of killing her.

So I had a hard time believing that she actually wanted me to see her now. Before I could even protest against it, I could see that my mate and his sister were ready to defend her.. and there was really no way I could explain not wanting to see my sister.

"Well that means that we can go tomorrow."

"Actually, your mother told me that she has already arranged things for you to leave today, didn't she tell you?"

My mate asked me, and at that point I was not even surprised that she had done something like that.

After we finished eating, I went over to her room. When I got there, she was struggling to force some clothes into a bag, I almost tripped on a bag that she left at the door.

"What is the meaning of these?" I snapped, and she jumped away from the bag.

"I don't know why you would suddenly yell



like that, you almost gave me a heart attack!" She said, dramatically placing a hand on her chest.

"What are you actually planning to do? Why did you ask for me to follow you to my sister's grave?"

I threw one question after the other, then she raised her hand.

"Can you at least give me a few seconds to answer one question before you shoot me with another one?" Then she went over to the bag, still trying to force the zipper close.

"I have finally given up. I tried everything possible to separate you and your mate, but I see that your love is too strong to be broken and so I would be taking my leave..."

It was like a dream, I even had to pinch myself to check if I was actually in reality and I really was.

Her bags were packed around all over the room and they were quite a lot of them. In just the short time she stayed in the palace, she had already bought so many things, but that did not really bother me, just the thought that I would have her out of my life forever made me feel as if I was in the clouds.

"You might not believe me, but I was actually kind of touched by what you said yesterday and



at the very least you deserve to say goodbye to your dead sister, so I waited for someone to drive us to the pack and to bring you back..."

This was like the first time I was looking at this woman for so long, without having the urge to throw up my breakfast. I could not believe she was able to do something so decent for the first time in her life.

"Fine, I'll get ready. Has your driver arrived yet?"

She went over to the window, pulling aside the blinds and gestured for me to come over. I gave her a cynical look before somehow maneuvering through the maze of bags. When I looked outside, there was a black car waiting there.

"Fine, I'll be ready in the next thirty minutes..."

Then my eyes fell on the ocean of bags.

"What will you be doing with these bags? And why don't you get a maid to help you or something?"

"Help me? What if they decide to steal my jewels or dresses...?"

I decided not to waste my breath.

"I'll be out in thirty minutes and whatever



you have packed is what would be taken. It's not as if everything will even fit into that car.."

After saying that I went to take care of some things, Niyol was meeting with Chester to discuss something, so I was alone in the room.

But why was I having this pit in my stomach?

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