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Koko's POV 1

"Ready or not, here I come..."

I remember once when my sister and I were playing hide and seek. It was one of my few good childhood memories, that woman wasn't around that day.

I had crept deeper among the clothes in the wardrobe so that she would have a harder time finding me and it worked.. but it worked a little too well.

I was entangled in the clothes like a fly that had been found in a spider's web then I began to cry and cry when suddenly the wardrobe was opened and I heard my Dad's voice.

Hanola, I don't think your sister is here either..."

I tried to call out for help, but my voice was only choked by my sobs and the clothes that were surrounding me. But somehow she knew, maybe that was the bond that we had as twins... a bond that was scarred after we lost our father, and that woman used lies to tear us apart.

She dived into the wardrobe and pulled me out, but she got stuck along the way and Dad

helped us out. I was still crying when I came out, then she held the hem of her favorite gown and wiped my tears with it.

"Koko, why are you still crying? your sister and Daddy is here..."

I placed my hand on the chest of my mate, as I thought about those words that were said far into my childhood then I looked at the headstones that were in front of me.

"These are your father's and sisters' graves?"

I felt that hot tears coming from the corner of my eyes and I could feel my entire body trembling. I thought I was ready for this, I thought I wouldn't break down like a baby, but I guess this was something I never really got; closeness.

Maybe I never really would, but I will somehow come to accept it.

That was what I had been telling myself before I even woke up this morning, as we were getting ready to travel to my pack. There was a wave of memories that crashed on me as soon as I entered the borders of my home pack. A lot of them were bitter but a few of them were warm. I made my heart light with joy just thinking about it.

When the Alpha of the pack, Gad's father



heard that we had arrived, he immediately came over to welcome us and then he told us that his son had been missing for some time and he had been unable to trace him.

He had invited us to his mansion and I decided to honor it. He brought us the most expensive wine in the entire mansion but because of what I was going to tell him later I decided that there was no need to drink it.

"Koko.. I always knew that one day you would bring pride to the pack and just like I thought in my mind, you turned out that way too..."

With the way he was talking, one would think he didn't see how my mother was abusing me or how his son had neglected and hurt me. One would think that he had been blind all those times, and maybe he had been, but not in a physical way.

Well, it was not as if he had ever hurt me, it was just that he never cared about what happened to me, and I thought I was going to reciprocate that to him.

"So you said that your son has been missing for some time?"

I asked him, casually, and politely rejecting the wine for the hundredth time after he had

offered it. As he was dropping the bottle on the glass table he nodded.

"Yes, actually he said that he was going to get you, that he was even going to find someone to help him. I have a feeling that it was your mother..."

I felt like correcting him that I have never had a mother, but that was just splitting hairs at this point and it was not as if I had any need to explain these things to him.

"Yes it was actually her, in fact you will be proud to know that your son almost succeeded in kidnapping me..."

"The main reason I even came here was to make sure that he had not been involved in my kidnap, and if he was, then of course he would be punished."

I learnt from the incident of scarlet and Henry along with that woman and Gad, that instead of pretending that weeds were not growing around me, it was far far better to simply do away with them before they escalate to a bigger problem.

So when I saw his father's reaction, it was either he was one of the best actors that I would ever meet in my entire life or he actually had nothing to do with the kidnapping and the latter



idea seemed more plausible and believable than the former.

After all, if he was involved in the incidence, it would not make any sense for him to come and ask us about the whereabouts of his son. Instead he would be in hiding or at least begging to know what had happened to his son before I even told him about the kidnap.

"Your son still against all odds, tried to kidnap me."

He looked as if all the color on his face had been washed out, then he turned to me and my mate, his hands placed together, with an anxious expression on his face.

"Please where is my son now?"

Without stuttering at all I said; "he's dead... he had been warned before to stay away from me and he even signed a document, if I remember clearly, which I do and yet he discarded everything, so I'm afraid that there is nothing you can do for him..."

After tying up that loose ends, I was able to take my mate over to the graves of my father and sister, the only two real families I had my entire life, even though my sister's behavior changed towards me because of that woman and her manipulations. I knew that deep down she loved



me and deep down she cared about me.

And there was my father, all of my life. That woman had wanted to implant the idea into my head that I was the cause of my own Father's death and the worst part about it was that when I was younger I actually believed all of her lies and swallowed it in like a hook line and sinker.

"What were they like?" my mate asked me thoughtfully, as we stood in front of their graves and then I began to talk about them, and he made me so intensely hanging on to every single word I said.

And as the sun started setting, my mate and I finally said our goodbyes, then we returned to our hotel room.

If there was anything that my mate had definitely taught me; it was that family was more than just the people who were related by blood, but those who genuinely cared about each other.