

7 CHAPTER 7

To be alive 1

Koko's POV

I was still filled with surprise when the maid got closer to me, panting. What could be the urgency? What happened? It's strange for them to talk to me and even more strange to be called by my name.

"What do you want and why am I needed? I am through with my chores already." I asked looking confused. What have I done wrong again?

These people always frame me for every single thing and watch with glee how I was always punished. So I wondered what trick they had hatched up this time.

"Koko." She called out again. I heard it clearly this time around. I really wasn't dreaming.

It was the first time I had heard someone in the palace call me by my name. Come to think of it, I didn't think they were trying to punish me. I thought it must be something else, as they called my name. That means it must be something they needed my help with. But what could it be?

"You are needed at the palace infirmary..."

now!" She was panting hard, and she looked very worried. It scared me. The palace infirmary was a place where royals were taken for treatment.

"Palace infirmary? Why would I be needed there? I am not sick and I don't remember any of my family..."

"Your sister, she..." the maid tried to say as she managed to catch her breath. Hanola?

That was enough to have me on my feet and running. It can't be Hanola, right? But she was the only sister I have!

It was definitely her! But infirmary? What was going on? Did she have an accident and she needed blood or something? That could only be the reason I would be frantically summoned like this.

I prayed frantically to the goddess to please save my sister, if it truly was what I was thinking.

Hanola had been mean to me, yes, but it didn't change the fact that she was my twin sister, and my heart felt for her. To be frank, she hadn't been all that mean to me. She only changed after the death of our father.

She had always been sweet to me before the incidence. She even shared her toys and food with me. She always treated me as her younger sister, but all that changed when my father died.

I clearly heard our mother telling her I was a murderer.

That I was the one that killed our father.

I pushed those thoughts away, running as swift as my legs could carry. The infirmary was some minutes run away from the maids quarter. Due to my swift running, I got there some minutes faster.

When I arrived at the palace infirmary, my clothes were drenched in my own sweat. Standing by the emergency ward, there were some familiar faces that I always tend to avoid.

At the sound of my entrance, they all turned their gazes towards me. I was met by a small crowd of people, composed of my mother, the Alpha, the doctor and Gad. They were all looking anxious and scared.

When I looked away from them, Hanola was sprawled on the hospital bed, unconscious. Her once beautiful face was looking extremely pale and I could see some cracks on her rather thin lips. How long was she sick?

I went cold with fear as I looked at my mother. She was filled with fear and sorrow. Her tears were falling in torrents and she struggled to compose herself.

"Hanola, what...?" I managed to ask.

"She had a heart attack, heart failure. She needs a heart donor Koko..." Right in front of me, my mother broke into a loud wail.

"Poor child! She had been keeping it to herself for so long!"

I frowned. Why would she keep such an ailment all to herself? She could have been on treatment.

The Alpha king looked at her with pity, Gad was absolutely distraught. I saw his handsome face contorting into various shapes of anger and depression. He looked shaken. He must have loved my sister, right?

Even though I had trained my heart to be immuned, I still felt the pain when I saw my mate looking distressed over someone else. Even though that person was my twin sister!

I turned to look at my sister again. I was wondering what my mother just said about her illness. Heart failure? Nothing made sense to me.

"We need your help Koko. You have to help her." My mother spoke up, confusing me all the more.

Hanola needed a heart donor, what could I possibly do to help...? It wasn't like I was a doctor or something.



"You need to give her your heart Koko. You have to. We can't wait for the hospital to find a donor because it takes years, she's your sister Koko."

I staggered back in disbelief. My mouth agape in shock and horror! I couldn't even begin to imagine what my mother was asking of me.

Does she even know what she was asking of me? Mother, are...are you asking me to...?"

To give my heart to Hanola, to DIE for Hanola?

She was practically killing me so my sister could live. She didn't even think twice about it. There was no remorse. It was like she was ordering me to do. It was a must for me to do it.

I looked at all their faces around from the doctor right to my mother and then to Gad and his father. I could see a silent agreement on their faces. I was bitter deep down.

They had all made up their minds, they wanted me to give my life for her. Was I really that useless? How could they wish me death without a second thought?

"Koko, why can't you do this little thing for your sister? She is your only sister!" My mother said.



"And what about me, mother? Should I just throw my life away because I have to save my sister?"

"What kind of life do you have that you are so proud of? Your sister has a great life ahead of her. She is going to be the future Luna! Can't you do this for the pack?" My mother said angrily.

"Listen Koko, you can't let your sister die! Do you think your father would forgive you if you can't even protect your own sister?"

"You are practically asking me to die, mother!"

"And so? Are you so proud of your pathetic and shameful life? You are a disgrace and curse! This is the only way you can redeem yourself!"

"By dying?" I asked weakly.

"Yes, by dying and performing a good deed to cleanse your sins and curses. Perhaps you might have good karma in your next life." my mother spat out.

I know she would never wish me well. What good karma? She would wish I wasn't born again!

I watched as my mother demanded for my life in exchange for Hanola's own. I should have known that even in death, my mother would always choose Hanola over me.

I cast a glance at my so-called mate but his eyes were filled with hatred and...threat. It was like he would tear me apart if I dare refuse to do as told. Did he hate me that much?

That was when I began to accept the fact that I was alone in this world. I didn't have anything or anyone. I had been hated by my very own mother. Rejected by my mate. Ridiculed by my sister.

Perhaps, I wasn't supposed to be alive.

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