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Eve's POV 1

"... No no no no you can't just give up on her like this please there must be something else you can do..."

I said to Margaret desperately.

"Please do anything you can at all, that will save her. I'm begging you...."

Margaret looked at me, sweat dripping from her grey hair down to her face, which she wiped with the back of her arm.

"I can see clearly why the hospital gave up on her. The thing is that I am doing everything to fight for her, but I don't think she herself wants to fight anymore..."

She looked at me and I was surprised for the second time to see empathy in my neighbours eyes. And I could clearly remember the last time that I had seen it, it was not something I could ever forget.

She was the one that I had brought my husband to when he was sick, but the thing was that what my husband had was no ordinary sickness, no it was something far worse than that, something that steadily drained him of his



life everyday as I watched him slip away from reality.

At a young age, when I was here to be scarred and bruised by the cruel life that I was going to live, I had been quite beautiful so much so that wherever I walked I was sure to turn heads, at one point I got sick of the attention that I was always receiving some mated males even wanted to get a shot at me.

When I complained to my friends about this they agreed together to turn against me because they believed that I was bragging about my beauty and claiming that everybody wanted me and exaggerating the situation when the truth was that I was getting harassed left and right and some foolish male's took my friendliness as flirting.

But I did not want to play around. I wanted to have my mate and no one else, as years passed and as my beauty began to fade, I became a laughing stock in my own pack.

"Isn't that the cocky Eve? Look at her now with nobody to call a mate..."

Tongues wagged in my direction everywhere that I went to.

"That is indeed her. Can you believe how insolent she is? Now look nobody even wants



her anymore..."

"I don't know how she even comes out everyday. If I were her, I would have even turned into a rogue and disappeared..."

And I actually took that advice I was going to leave my pack and become a rogue that way I would no longer have to face the humiliation of living as a laughing stock everyday, however my mate that was one of the strongest warriors that guarded the borders of my town saw me that I was about to leave and then he rushed over to stop me.

As he came close to me I froze immediately even before I heard his voice telling me to do so he had the most amazing scent that I had ever sniffed in my entire life and for a moment, it was as if I was walking through a valley of flowers and I had to turn around to see the source of the scent that was turning my mind.

When he saw me I could see how his eyes glistened as he held back tears and then he reached forward to cup my cheek that a tear was running down from.

"Mate..."

We both caught each other in unison and then smiled at each other. From that moment I thought that everything was going to be alright,



that our lives were now sweet after accepting each other.

I didn't know how long I was, but I was soon going to find out we had twins and two beautiful children after years of struggling to get pregnant. It has been so difficult and people have been wagging their tongues again, because they never seem to be able to give me a break.

No matter where I went, they were heated whispers around me, and I could no longer take it anymore my mate was always so supportive, he told me that even if we never had children he was fine just being with me gently sniffing my hair, caressing my cheeks and stroking my skin. After he would say such things, I would forget my problems for the moment or at least push them to the corner of my mind.

But then it would not be long after I would hear the laughter of children running around in the neighborhood and then I would look into my own empty apartment. I did not want to acknowledge that the laughter of me and my mate was enough, rather I had to focus on what we did not have and I allowed it to break me inside and out.

My mate came from a very important family and they were always bothering him to get somebody else that would continue the



bloodline of warriors, so whenever he was away guarding the border which he usually was, they never failed to bully me and to remind me how worthless they thought I was.

Now that I'm much older I wish I had not given them any attention and just chased them away from my life, but back then, I thought that they had the right to humiliate me, just because I could not have a child at that time.

Then one day I grew so sick of it, so sick of being treated like trash and my position with my own mate being threatened... I wanted to hold my own child in my arms, when I made that determination in my heart I knew I would get what I wanted. A few months later I was holding twins in my arms with my mate looking down at me but not with a smile.

I had made a grave mistake

