

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Vanessa***

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....5 months later....

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“So how long have you and Christian been trying?” Dr. Lila asks as she sanitizes her hands and puts on her gloves.

The sterile medical room is anything but comforting but I put on a brave smile and answer her.

“We’ve been at it for months,” I lie. She didn’t need to know Christian barely touched me ever since Natalia’s lie came to light. The b***h was gone but she was still getting in my way.

“Does it hurt when you have intercourse?” she asks.

I roll my eyes at her. “No. Christian is a true Alpha. He only gives me pleasure,” I smirk.

Dr. Lila gives me an uncomfortable smile.

“Okay,” Dr. Lila nods, checking the stir ups and instructing the medical assistant to hand her the speculum. “Just relax for me. I’m just going to take a quick look inside and take a few samples. Make sure everything is okay. Alright?”

I puff out my chest in pride. “I’m in perfect health, doc. You’ll see. Moon Goddess must be waiting for the perfect time to bless me with the Pack’s heir.”

Dr. Lila doesn’t seem convinced but I could care less what the old cow thought. I would be carrying their Alpha soon enough and Christian will forget all about his little brat with Natalia.

I bite my lip uneasily and lay flat on my back, counting my breaths as I feel the cold metal tool enter me. A small whimper escapes my lips as Dr. Lila expands the tool and scrapes at my walls with a large cotton swab. She hands the samples to her assistant who quickly puts them away in glass test tubes.

Dr. Lila then inserts her gloved fingers inside and gently presses against my walls.

“Hmmm... A little swelling in this area,” she observes, moving her fingers a bit more.

I don’t like the sound of that, but quickly push aside the thought.

After a thorough examination, the doctor removes her fingers and prepares the transvaginal ultrasound probe with some gel. The probe is a thick plastic tube that will take a full image of my uterus. I remain on my back as the probe enters me, my hands gripping the sides of the bed in discomfort.

My heart pounds inside my chest as Dr. Lila surveys my uterus.

“There’s some scarring on the fallopian tubes...” she says, staring at the screen intently. “Are you sure you haven’t been feeling any discomfort in your pelvis? Any bleeding, discharge, difficulty peeing?”

“Yes, I’m sure,” I nod frantically. I was starting to get frightened.

“W-what does the scarring mean?”

Dr. Lila doesn’t answer, still scrutinizing her screen as she examines more of my uterus. I start to panic.

“Your Luna is speaking to you! Answer me, damn it! What does it mean?” I scream at her.

Dr. Lila frowns at me and sighs in annoyance. “It means... you could very likely be sterile...”

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.... One week later....

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Dr. Lila puts on her glasses as she studies my test results from the pelvic exam.

“You tested positive for gonorrhea,” She says.

“What?” I snap in indignation. “A-are you calling me a w***e?”

A blank look overtakes her face and she shrugs. “I didn’t say anything. You came to that conclusion on your own,” she replies.

An overwhelming anger boils through me. She would have never said such a thing to Natalia! Without a second thought, I raise my hand and slap her across the face.

“Remember who you are speaking to, Doc. I am your Luna,” I snarl.

“And I will not tolerate you mocking me!”

“Yes, Luna,” Dr. Lila mutters under her breath.

I settle back into my seat and wait for the doc to continue with her assessment.

“It appears you experienced no symptoms for your gonorrhea and as such, you went untreated for months,” the doctor finally says. “After some time, your infection led to pelvic inflammatory disease for which you also appeared to have no symptoms. Your infection only grew with the lack of treatment, thereby damaging your uterus and fallopian tubes.”

I didn't understand a word she was saying.

“So what does that mean? I take some antibiotics and am good as new?” I ask, a bitter taste settling in my mouth.

“Antibiotics will help get rid of the infection but the damage is irreversible,” she says quietly, removing her glasses. A bit of pity lingers in her eyes as she looks at me. “The scarring on your fallopian tubes and uterus is permanent. I'm sorry to say this, Luna, but you will never be able to have children of your own.”

I stare blankly at her, taking in the information slowly. My hand flies to my flat stomach, mourning the loss of the possibility of ever swelling with life. A small sob gets caught in my throat as I rise to my feet.

Dr. Lila gets to her feet as well and places a hand over mine. “Luna... we need to know where you got this infec-”

“Don't touch me!” I scream, tears spilling onto my cheeks. “You're wrong! You're f*****g wrong!”

Dr. Lila sighs and shakes her head. “Luna, I saw the scarring with my own eyes and the test...”

“Well run it again!” I snap, taking her tests and tearing them to shreds.
“Do it again because you are wrong!”

She purses her lips and sighs. “Luna, you can take the test as many times as you like, the results will not change.”

Enraged, I slap her again and grab her by the collar of her shirt. “Do it again,” I hiss. “NOW!”

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.... 5 months later....

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The old hag was right. Time and time again, I was tested and probed by several doctors only to be told I would never get pregnant... and I would never give Christian the pups he so craved. Rumors began to spread like wildfire of my infertility and pack members grew restless about my performance as Luna.

I was stressed out of my mind and Christian was no help. He was too busy sending scouts in search of Natalia to notice how unhappy I was. To make matters worse, I’ve been feeling pains in my stomach. They were faint like little pinches but unmistakable.

Dr. Lila could offer no explanation so I’ve decided to ask Christian for help. I just hope he’s in a good mood.

I approach his office and to my horror, find him nose deep in some lowly omega’s p***y, growling hungrily as he devours her.

“Christian!” I scream, slamming the door shut behind me.

The stupid omega jumps up from the desk onto her feet and fixes her skirt, her face flushed with embarrassment. She was one of the cook's daughters and worked the morning shift.

Christian looks anything but pleased to have his activities interrupted and orders the omega out of his office. She quickly scurries past me, mumbling an apology under her breath as she escapes.

My stomach churns with disgust at the sound of her voice and I practically shove her out of the room. I fight back tears as I turn to Christian. I had betrayed my own sister for this man. How could he think so little of me and betray our bond as Alpha and Luna of this Pack?

"How could you?" I ask, desperately trying to keep from falling apart. "After everything I've done for you, how could you turn around and do this to me? I'm your Luna..."

"And yet you cannot give me a son," he shrugs, inspecting his nails. "How could you expect me or anyone in this pack to take you seriously as a Luna when you can't even give me the one thing I need from you?"

I open my mouth but feel my words dry up in anger.

He rises to his feet, a smirk curled on his lips as he walks around his desk towards me. His long warm fingers wrap around my throat and I'm suddenly pressed up against the wall.

"I should kill you where you stand for being such an inadequate Luna," he snarls, burying his face in my neck. "I should kill you for making me believe you were better than my fated mate..." My head is slammed against the wall, little stars blurring my vision. "If it weren't for the fact that my pack needs a Luna, trust me ... you'd already be six feet under." He leans in close to my face and licks my cheek.

My heart shatters into a million pieces as he lets me collapse onto the ground like a worthless piece of trash. He bends down to my level and grips my jaw between his fingers, forcing me to look him in the eye.

“One day, I will find my mate again,” he snarls. “So don’t you get too comfortable with your title. You are half the Luna Natalia was and when I find her, you will go back to being the little slut you were.” He slams his lips against mine, forcing his tongue down my throat. “Now get dressed,” he snarls. “We have an Alpha meeting in two hours.”

He walks away from me without even looking back. The door to the office slams shut behind him and I gather my knees to my chest and scream.

Why couldn't I just be happy?

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Christian

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....Three years later

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“Alpha, we’ve found another body on the pack border. Female. 24. Omega status,” a soldier reports during the morning pack meeting. “That’s 4 bodies this month alone, sir.”

I stare absentmindedly at the floor as I remember how Jack tore open the omega's throat last night after the scouts reported no sign of Natalia. I left her body out by the border so the guards could find her in the morning.

True to his word, Jack killed a pack member every time the scouts came back empty handed. In the past four years, he had killed over 50 pack members and it was getting harder and harder to hide the truth.

It's been four years since Natalia left and Jack was almost uncontrollable, unable to bear being apart from her and our son any longer. Our son... There was no doubt in my mind that our child was a boy and the one true heir to the Alpha title. He must be about 3 years old by now...

What was his name? Does he ever wonder about his father? Has Natalia told him about me? How is she? Is she suffering as much as I am? Did she miss me too?

"We placed extra guards as you requested but.."

"But you've failed to capture the perpetrator of this attack," I snarl at the guards in the room. "Am I to assume you are all incompetent?" I snap, slamming my fist against the desk. "Is my pack safe with you idiots if a slimy rogue is able to worm its way into our territory and kill our men and women?"

"Alpha, we are doing the best we can..."

I wrap my arm around the soldier's throat and squeeze with all my might, the soldier turning bright red as he fights for air.

Jack's loud growl echoes in my mind and I know the bastard is just waiting for me to let my guard down so he can take control and tear them all apart.

“Then do better,” I warn, bringing his face close to my own. “Because if you don’t, I’ll make sure the next dead body we find is yours.”

Kill him, Jack snarls. Kill them all!

Ignoring my wolf, I toss the soldier to the side and dismiss the idiots, all of them scrambling to leave my office. Just then, Beta Derek marches into the room.

“What is it?” I snap, my mood quickly dwindling as Jack bangs against the confines of my thoughts.

Derek bends down in a low bow. “Alpha, your mother is here.”

I let out a groan. The last thing I needed was a f*****g lecture.

“Fine, let her in,” I wave, mentally preparing to receive her..

My mother waltzes in the room, the grace of a true Luna in her every step. The same grace I used to see in Natalia.

“Christian,” She smiles, spreading her arms out wide to hug me.

I put my hand up to stop her. She knows I hate hugs.

“What do you want?” I ask, settling down onto my chair.

She frowns but finds her own seat and settles down as well. “Well I guess I’ll get right to the point, Christian,” she shrugs. “The pack elders and the pack members have expressed concern over your leadership skills and that of your Luna’s.” My mother crosses her legs and lets out a heavy sigh. “And quite frankly, you should be less concerned with finding your ex wife and more concerned with your current one. This pack needs a

stronger Luna, Christian; one who can deliver an heir and Vanessa is just a f*****g disaster waiting to happen.”

*Just who the f**k does she think she is to tell me what to do with my mate?* Jack growls.

I clench my fists at my sides as I struggle to keep him from attacking my mother.

“Vanessa is just filling in until I bring home Natalia,” I snap, my mother remaining cool and unbothered by my outburst.

“And how much longer do you think this pack will last with a drunken Luna while you comb the surface of this earth for a woman who wants nothing to do with you?” She scoffs. “A woman you should have never disrespected by sleeping around with her good for nothing sister.”

“I needed an heir!” I protest.

“And Natalia needed a husband!” My mother snaps. “Do you know what it’s like to have all eyes on you waiting for you to conceive?” She asks, her voice softening. “Can you imagine the pressure she must have felt being a human in a pack of wolves all of whom at one point thought she was unfit to lead? All Natalia needed was a little encouragement from you, a little kindness but you are as big a brute as your father!”

I click my teeth in annoyance.

“That young woman had the makings of the best Luna this pack would have ever seen,” she continues. “She was intelligent, poised, determined. And you threw her away!”

“She lied to me!”

“And so did you!” My mother shouts. “You tarnished your bond by sleeping with her sister,” she snaps. “Own up to your actions and be a goddamn man. Stop blaming Natalia for what you did to her because it was all you,” she adds getting up from her seat. “Get it together, Christian, or so help me Moon Goddess, your reign as Alpha of the Silver Crest pack will come to an end.”

“Are you threatening me, mother?” I smirk. “Are you challenging my birthright as Alpha?”

“I’m giving you a warning,” my mother says over her shoulder as she walks towards the door. “Another Alpha has already been chosen by the elders. Fail to turn things around... and he will Challenge you for your title.”

The door slams shut behind her as she exits.

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*****Natalia*****

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.... Present Day

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I pretend to be asleep as the small presence beside me pokes at my face.

“Mommy?” Dakota whispers, attempting to pry my eyes open with his tiny fingers. “Mommy, I want pancakes today.”

I remain perfectly still, trying my best to hide my smile as my son continues to poke and pry at my eyes.

“Mommy,” he kisses my cheek and wedges himself beside me. “Mommy, can we make pancakes?”

My eyes burst open as I wrap him up in my arms and shower him with kisses.

“Mommy, can we make pancakes?” He smiles as I release him.

“I don’t know,” I say, forcing a fake yawn. “I’m pretty tired...”

“Please, mommy?” He pleads, giving me puppy eyes.

My heart melts but I decide to milk this as much as possible.

“What are the magic words?” I ask.

He grins back at me. “I love you.”

“How much?”

He stretches out his arms as wide as he can to demonstrate his love. “This much,” he says proudly.

This was my heaven. After several months of pain and uncertainty, I was finally happy with my frijolito.

My little boy, Dakota, was born with the help of a witch and he alone had brought more joy to my life than anything else in the world. He was my

life, my soul, my everything and I would make sure Christian never finds him.