

::::Chapter 33::::

"I think you're the most beautiful girl that I've ever met," says a voice from behind me. I turn around to face the person who said those words.

"What are you doing here?" I ask.

"I just came to see how you're doing," he says.

"So, you followed me here to my father's grave?"

"Yeah."

"Stalker," I remark. A smile plays across his face.

He walks towards me. "You really love your Dad, right?" He asks.

"Yes," I reply. "I wish he would've been alive to give me advice on how to cope with my current situation." Charles keeps quiet.

"Charles, why does Alarick hate me so much?" I ask.

"Chriselda, he doesn't hate you," he says.

"He hates me. He admitted it today."

"Chriselda, I can assure you that Alarick doesn't hate you."

"Yes, he does. That's the reason why he wants to break his bond with me."

"Chriselda, there's something you should know," he says seriously. "Alarick saved your pack because he-because he ca-Ugh!" He exclaims in frustration. "I really want to tell you but he ordered me to not tell you. No matter how much I want to go against his order, you know I can't."

I can totally understand him. When your Alpha orders you to do something, you cannot go against his order no matter how much you try to. I turn back to my father's grave. "Dad, this is Charles and I consider him as one of my best friends," I say as I pull Charles to my side. He smiles at me.

"Hello Mr. Turner," he says while looking at Dad's grave. I can tell that he's not making fun of me but is genuinely trying to make me feel better. "You've got a wonderful daughter, sir." I can't help but laugh.

"Why are you laughing?" He asks.

"Because you're talking to my Dad as if you're my boyfriend who's meeting my Dad for the first time," I say. He laughs along with me. A er sharing a laugh between us, we go silent.

"Chriselda, you're brave," Charles says all of a sudden.

"Why do you think that I'm brave?" I ask.

"You're brave because you continue to visit your father's grave even a er so many years," he says. "I last visited Rebecca's grave at her funeral and a er that, I couldn't bring myself to visit her grave again. Her grave is a constant reminder of my helplessness as I watched her die right in front of my eyes. I couldn't do anything to save her. Everyday, I think of visiting her grave but I know that I will break down at the sight of her grave. I don't want to go through all that pain again." He wipes his tears away. I know he's trying to be strong.

"I think you should visit her grave," I say.

He shakes his head. "I won't be able to."

"Charles, I can tell that you're trying to run away from reality. You know that your mate is dead but you don't want to believe it. You think that all this is a never ending nightmare but you need to realize that this is reality. You need to face the harsh reality that your mate is dead. You should visit her grave. You will feel better. Trust me," I try to convince him as I put my hand on his shoulder. He looks at me and slowly nods his head.

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Charles and I are standing in front of Rebecca's grave. Charles has a pained expression on his face as he looks at his mate's grave. "I cannot do this," he says and turns around. I grab his arm when he tries to walk away. I turn him so that he faces me. I see a tear rolling down his cheek. I wipe that tear and grab his shoulders.

"Charles, listen to me. You can do this," I tell him. He looks uncertain. I gently push him towards his mate's grave. "Go on," I tell him. He slowly walks towards Rebecca's grave. When he reaches her grave, he looks back at me. I give him a reassuring smile.

He looks back at his mate's grave. "Hello, baby," his voice quivers a little. I can tell that he's trying hard to not cry. He suddenly falls at his knees. "I miss you so much. Please come back to me, baby," Charles literally begs. Watching him in this state is heart-shattering. "I need you," he whispers and then he starts crying. I go to him as my eyes too brim with tears. I'm feeling so emotional and weak right now a er witnessing Charles' love for his mate. I kneel beside him and start rubbing his back in a soothing manner.

"You are visiting Rebecca a er a very long time. I don't think that she will be happy if she sees you crying," I so ly say to him. A er hearing my words, he stops crying. I get up on my feet. It's time to give Charles some privacy with his mate. "I'll be waiting for you by your car," I tell him and walk away.

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A er leaning against Charles' car for a few minutes, I see him approaching me. When he reaches me, he hugs me. "Thank you so much," he says against my shoulder.

"You're welcome," I say as we pull away from the hug. "Are you feeling better?" I ask him.

"Yeah," he replies.

"Charles, you're brave," I tell him.

"Why do you think that? Is it because I just visited my mate's grave a er a very long time?"

"No," I say. "It's because you cried. Not all men dare to cry. They think that crying would make them look weak. It was brave of you to cry, Charles. You weren't afraid of anyone seeing you crying. You were just expressing yourself. You know, crying once in a while is okay because it makes you feel good, it makes you feel better, it gives you time to think about things and helps you to cope with them." He nods his head. "I think we should head back to our respective packs," I say to him.

"Yeah."

I turn around and head towards my car. "Chriselda!" Charles calls from behind me. I turn around and see that he's walking towards me. "Can you do me a favor?" He asks.

"What favor?" I ask confusingly.

"I want you to help me make the cure for wolfsbane," he answers.

"Charles, there's no cure for wolfsbane."

"And that's the reason why I want to make the cure," he tells me.

"Do you want to make the cure because you couldn't save Rebecca?" I question him even though I already know the answer.

"Yes," he answers. "But I also don't want to feel helpless again when I see people die because of wolfsbane. It's the worst feeling when you see someone dying and you can't do anything about it."

"But how will we make the cure?" I ask.

"Books and research," he says.

"But Charles, as far as I know, there's no cure for wolfsbane written in any of the books."

"But there are books written on wolfsbane. We can use them to make a cure."

"I don't understand why do you need my help. I'm not a doctor or a scientist that can help you discover the cure. Why don't you get help from Alarick or Daniel?" I ask.

"A er Rebecca's death, I was very depressed. When I came out of depression, I decided that I would make the cure. I told Alarick and Daniel about it and they were very supportive of me. With the help of some selected doctors and scientists, we started a research for making the cure but since we were not able to figure out the cure, we stopped the research. Now, a er visiting Rebecca's grave a er so many years, I want to resume the research and I need your help," he explains.

"If doctors and scientists were not able to figure out the cure then what makes you think that with my help, you'll be able to discover it?" I ask.

"I don't know whether we'll be able to discover the cure or not but I just need all the help that I can get. If you want, we can also involve Alpha Matthew and Gamma Darius in this research."

"I'll ask them about it."

"I'm sure they'll be interested in this research," he says.

"When should we start?" I ask.

"What about tomorrow?"

"Okay," I say as I nod my head.

"Okay. Then, you, Alpha Matthew and Gamma Darius can drop by my pack house tomorrow."

"Can we do the research in my pack house?" I ask. A er all the things that happened today, I don't want to face Alarick again. I know I keep on saying that I don't want to see him but circumstances always bring me face-to-face with him.

"I know you don't want to come to my pack house but we don't have any option. We need equipment for the research and the equipment is kept in the laboratory of my pack house."

"You have laboratory in your pack house?" I ask as I'm utterly surprised.

"Yeah," he replies.

"Why do you have a laboratory in your pack house?" I ask curiously.

"Because Daniel was studying science but he le it a long time ago. But he still continues to do some experiment in the lab," he answers. "Wow! I didn't know that Daniel is a scientist."

"Well, he isn't a scientist. But he has knowledge of science," Charles tells me. "So, I hope that I'll be seeing you tomorrow."

"Yeah." We both say our goodbyes and drive towards our packs.

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When I enter my pack house, I see Matt and Darius sitting in the living room with serious faces. They're so deep in thought that they don't even realize that I'm back. "Why are you guys so serious?" I ask them. When they look up at me, both of them stand up and Matt approaches me.

"Are you okay?" He asks.

"Yeah," I answer. "I need to talk to you guys. But before that, I'll just wash my face and come back here." I'm sure that I'm looking like a wreck now a er all the crying. I head to my room and get in the bathroom. A er washing my face and combing my hair a little, I return to the living room. "So guys, are you interested in making a cure for wolfsbane?" I ask them.

"Why do you want to make the cure?" Matt asks.

"I don't want to make the cure but Charles does and I'm going to help him. Do you guys want to help him too?"

"We cannot help him make the cure because there's no cure for wolfsbane," he says.

"But we can try to make a cure," I say.

"I think that trying to make the cure is just a waste of time and e ort because we won't be able to ever make a cure for wolfsbane," he reasons.

"Matt, it wouldn't kill you to be a little optimistic, you know," I tell him. "If you don't want to help Charles then it's fine. I will help him. What about you, Darius?" I ask as I look at him.

"I'm sorry, Chriselda but I'll have to agree with Matt. I don't think that there's a cure for wolfsbane," he says.

"Okay," I say. "I guess I'll be going alone to Charles' pack house tomorrow."

"What! You'll be going there even a er what happened today?" Matt asks as he's shocked.

"Yes," I simply say.

"Will you be okay?" He asks. His face shows that he's concerned for me.

"Yeah, pretty much," I give a vague answer.

"Can't you tell Charles to come over here?" He asks. I can clearly tell that he doesn't want me to go. I don't blame him. He probably thinks that I'll break down if I see Alarick again.

"For making the cure, we need some equipment and Charles has the equipment in his pack house. So, I don't have any option other than going there," I tell him.

"If you're going over there then I'm coming with you," Darius says to me.

"Darius, if you're worried that I'll break down then let me assure you, I won't," I tell him. I'm very sure that I won't break down when I come face-to-face with Alarick. I'll be prepared for tomorrow.

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Next day, when it's time, I head to the Dawnfall Depths Pack alone. Darius wanted to come with me but I had stopped him. I didn't want him to come just so that he could babysit me. When I find myself standing in front of the pack house, I knock on the front door. Charles opens the door and gives me a very bright smile that almost blinds me for a second. He's too happy to see me. He opens the door wide for me and I enter the pack house. "It's good to see you," he says with a smile.

"I can already tell that," I remark. Just then, my so-called mate emerges from the kitchen and enters the living room. It's because of him that I broke down yesterday. And now, I'm going to irritate the hell out of him for that.

Author's Note: I really wanted to update this chapter soon but my internet was working at a snail's pace. Anyway, I want to tell you guys that you are crazy (the good kind) because I never thought that this story would get 1000+ votes within two hours. You guys are amazing! :)