

The Silver Hope

Chapter 5 Lemuria

(Alexander POV)

Lemuria is a fine dining restaurant located at a 5 star hotel and resort near Lake Chelan. My hotel and resort.

I arrived at Lemuria early with Oliver and was escorted to the private room I had Oliver reserve earlier. I wanted everything special for my mate. I didn't mind if I had to wait though I was already starting to miss her and I was praying to the Goddess she would arrive soon. Echo, my wolf, had his ears up anticipating the arrival of our mate.

When I was at her home studying their family photo, I noticed the locket around her neck. The locket of famed Priestess Adella, who was murdered along with her mate Alpha Davis Brandt of The Crescent Moon Pack as well as most of their pack members. While most of the wolves believe her to be dead, there are rumors the daughter 'escaped the slaughter and is in hiding. Is Hope she? She does look like Adella. If not, how did she get that locket? It was foretold the Destined One, the child of a Priestess and an Alpha, would kill The Rogue Lord.

I felt a tug in my chest. My mate doesn't know the burden she carries on her shoulders if she is this so-called "Destined One."

I smiled thanking the Goddess for giving her a happy life with such caring parents. The Alarie's were well-loved in this town. They were always willing to help people in need. Apparently, even a pup in dire need of a family. Oliver, coughed and motion to me they have arrived. I mind linked him to tell our warriors to keep a look out for rogues. If it is true Hope is The Destined One, The Rogue Lord may not be far.

I stand up and walked to the entrance as they were walking in and usher them into our private room. Hope was stunning. As Hope walked by the other tables, the heads of other men turned to watch her as well as the women. The women eyed her with envy and jealousy while the men... I knew what the men were thinking and I wanted to tear the heads from their bodies. Hope walked without even noticing the heads that turned to stare. She was looking at me. I smiled. She has eyes only for me. Echo growled his frustration. "Easy Echo. We have to pacify her parents first. They are not wolves and do not understand how we 'operate'."

"Mr. Ulrich, this is so much. We can dine out there with the regular folks," Jim said.

“No need to worry about anything Jim. Just gives us some privacy and it’s Alex. No need to be formal,” as I shake his hand.

“Mrs. Alarie, you are absolutely stunning.” She giggles as I help her into her chair.

“Dear, call me Mirasol.”

“Mirasol. Filipina, I presume?”

“Yes. How did you know?”

“I’ve been to the Philippines a couple of times. Such a friendly country. On one of my visits, I met a woman named Mirasol. You remind me of her. Always smiling.”

“As for you Hope, you sit here beside me.” I kiss her hand and her eyes widen. She was absolutely beautiful. The most beautiful woman I have laid eyes on. If she were to join a beauty pageant, she would definitely win the title.

Her long black raven hair flowed with her every move. Her simple bodycon black dress showed her long legs and hug every inch of her curves. The black of her dress made her skin glow. Her gold eyes danced with the light as well as the freckles along the bridge of her nose. Resting on her chest was the locket which glowed against the paleness of her skin.

She smiled sweetly and said, “Thank you Alexander!” after I helped her with her chair.

When we were all seated comfortably, the waiters served us our drinks and gave us some appetizers, salad and soup before we start with the main course.

“So Hope, that’s a beautiful locket. Is there a story from where it came from?” I asked nonchalantly hoping I could get some answers to the questions that were plaguing me.

Jim and Mirasol both coughed and looked away. I think I struck a nerve. I apologized to them for brazenness. I didn’t know certain things shouldn’t be talked about.

“No dear. It’s ok.” Mirasol sighs. “It’s not hidden from anyone,” Mirasol started, but Hope here, my darling daughter, isn’t my biological daughter. I wish she were, but I wouldn’t have it any other way. She is my daughter even if she isn’t mine.” I saw tears form in Mirasol’s eyes. So, Hope is adopted. I felt bad. I shouldn’t have asked.

“Mom, I know that. I love you,” Hope reached her Mom’s hand and pats it.

“Wouldn’t have it any other way either. This locket is the only thing I have of whoever left me with my Mom and Dad. Maybe if someone recognizes it, I would at least know where I came from. Have a better understanding of who I really am. At the end, I would still choose you, Mom and Dad. I love

you both. I can't imagine my life without the both of you." Hope looks down. I see a tear fall down her face. I rub her back to comfort her. Great, I ruined the mood.

"You are such an ass," Echo says. "You even made our mate cry."

"Thanks, Echo. Now I feel really really bad." I told him. Echo sniffed. "You should."

"We allow Hope to look for her parents. Not right not knowing who you are," Jim said drinking some sherry.

"I might have some information for all of you," I said to the three of them, their eyes widening with shock. "But let's eat first." I motion to the butler to serve us the main course. "I hope everyone loves steak." I hear "Aaaaahhs" all around and look to see the big smiles on their faces.