



Chapter 12

Verena

"It will be troublesome for her to live in a different pack with her new mate if she's still attached to this pack, don't you think?" Nixie asks, fluttering her eyes like she is the most innocent girl on the planet.

My gaze shifts towards Elijah, waiting for his answer in anticipation. Will he change his mind now? There is a part of me that believes he won't. He literally fought with Carlisle to keep me here, so he definitely has a reason to not let me go. Not that I expect it's because he still has feelings for me. I would be a fool to believe that.

A look of hesitation crosses Elijah's chiseled face. "That's absolutely ridiculous. This pack is her home, so there is no need to banish her." My heart skips a beat. I knew it. He wouldn't be cruel enough to kick me out of my home.

Nixie's brows furrow in disappointment. She steps closer to him, and wraps her arms over his neck like a snake ensnaring its prey. "But her home is where her mate lives. Also, it's in the law that as the new Luna, I will be granted a few wishes."

My palms grow sweaty. According to the pack's law, the new Luna gets to make a wish. I had the chance too, and back then, I wished to alleviate Elijah's pain and suffering. He was going through a lot, battling his family to protect his pack. That was my wish, and it came true.

"This is my wish, Elijah. I want to free Rena from this pack," she declares.

Elijah's eyes cloud with contemplation. I hope he won't grant her wish. Even though I have a mate now, I don't want to be banished from the



Iron Claw Pack. Not only will the banishment affect me severely, it could also harm my child in the future. The herbs aren't strong enough to shield my child from the effects of banishment.

"Do you not trust me? Or is it because you doubt me?" she asks, taking a step back, her lips trembling. Elijah growls, and my heart aches knowing it's because he wants her close to him. Mates tend to stick together, like an addiction they can't resist.

For the same reason, I sense Carlisle's presence close to me. He has been silent all this time, listening in on the conversation. I wonder what he's thinking about all of this, as his face remains unreadable. 1

Elijah's jaw tightens. "Fine! The new Luna's wish will be granted. Verena will be banished from this pack."

My world collapses beneath me. He's truly going to cast me out of this pack, my homeland. My eyes are too exhausted to shed tears. I didn't expect him to love me, but I hoped for a little kindness, especially now, for the sake of his child growing inside me. But even that was too much to ask for. 1

Something wet touches my face, but it's not my tears; it's rain. Rain begins to fall on the pack grounds, and people hurry back to the packhouse to seek shelter.

Nixie shouts at one of the men, "Why are you just standing there?! Get me an umbrella!" It's Derek who nods and retrieves an umbrella for Nixie. She then turns to Elijah, "Baby, you'll catch a cold. Come under the umbrella."

Elijah remains motionless, his gaze fixed on me. He signals to Joshua, who's holding a black umbrella, to step back before he can offer Elijah



shade. Joshua nods and steps away.

Carlisle grabs my arm, gesturing for me to seek shelter, but I stay rooted to the spot. I lock eyes with Elijah, his features obscured by the downpour, his dark hair sticking to his forehead. Thunder rumbles overhead, echoing the tension between us. It was raining heavily like this when Elijah and I shared our first kiss.

I want to demand answers. Why? What have I done to deserve such treatment from you, lower than an omega? But I lack the strength. He never loved me. That first kiss in the rain meant nothing to him, not like it did to me.

He takes a step closer. "As the Alpha of the Iron Claw Pack, I, Elijah Donovan, hereby banish you, Verena."

The pain of rejection pales in comparison to the way my body convulses at his words. My legs can barely support me, and my head spins as I feel myself being pulled towards the ground. Strong arms catch me, Carlisle's

Wait, no. I feel the grip of another arm too—Elijah's. They both support me, their gazes weighing on me before everything fades to black.

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