



## Chapter 13

Verena

Indistinct voices greet me as I open my eyes and find myself in bed. Drake and Dory seem to be engaged in an argument until they notice me stirring. Dory quickly rushes to the bedside table and hands me a glass of water, which I eagerly drink.

Wiping my mouth, I look at them. They both wear crestfallen expressions. It's over now. He banished me, so I am left in a packhouse that no longer belongs to me.

"Please don't leave us," Drake breaks the tense silence. He looks like a sad puppy, and it brings a smile to my face.

"I don't have a choice. How much time has passed?"

"Half an hour. Since you fainted," Dory answers.

"That means I only have one and a half hours left before the effects of the banishment start to take place." It takes two hours for the effects of the banishment to fully initiate, and once that happens, I will be forcibly thrown out of the pack by Elijah's men.

"I know that, but..." his jaw wobbles as he holds back tears. "Who will scold me when I sneak out of the packhouse for late-night parties?"

My chest tightens at his words. Drake is fifteen years old, balancing studies and training to become a warrior for the pack. Since he's so young, I take on the role of his guardian, keeping him in line. He's like the younger brother I never had, always getting scolded by me for his reckless behavior. Dory is the same age as him, but more introverted.



"I didn't know you had a thing for being scolded," I tease, hoping to lighten the mood, but it only makes him burst into tears as he hugs me from the side. Dory joins in, and soon I'm sandwiched between two crying teenagers.

"Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on both of you even when I'm away. Just promise me you won't do anything foolish, or it'll really hurt me," I say, ruffling their light brown hair.

I'll miss them dearly. They're the only family I have here, and I'm concerned about how they'll be treated after I'm gone. As omega orphans, they may not receive the best treatment in the pack. I changed that rule by taking them under my wing, showing that orphans like us have potential too.

They both nod, and I notice most of my clothes placed on the couch. They are the ones that Nixie didn't let me take.

"The Alpha brought them here," Drake answers. "He ordered you to take these with you." I purse my lips. Isn't he going to give them to Nixie?

Dory scoffs, "He probably wants to get rid of the Luna's scent from his packhouse." That explains it. He wouldn't want my scent around him anymore now that he has Nixie.

I ignore the pain in my chest and say, "Donate them to the orphanage. I don't want them either." Most of the clothes were his gifts, so I don't want to take them with me.

A while later, I walk down the stairs with the only trolley I have while Drake and Dory follow me. The servants downstairs stare at me and whisper amongst themselves as I exit the grand foyer. I don't let their harsh stares undermine me and find Carlisle waiting for me outside the



gates of the packhouse. He has changed into a blue polo shirt that hugs his muscles.

He smiles upon seeing me. "Are you alright?"

"Yes," I nod, offering a half-hearted smile in return.

Dory chimes in, "He's the one who carried you to the room and seemed really worried about your health." Her eyes sparkle with excitement as she gazes at him.

"Thank you for your kindness, Alpha," I express my gratitude sincerely. Without his help, I don't know what would have happened.

His smile widens, his dimples reappearing on his charming face. He reaches for a strand of my long hair and plants a soft kiss on it. "I should thank you for coming into my life."

Feeling a bit uneasy with his cheerful demeanor, I rest my hand on my belly. He doesn't know about my pregnancy. No one wants a mate who carries another man's child. If he finds out, he might also reject me. I'm not ready to raise my hopes yet. For now, I'll keep it to myself until I find a place where I can live peacefully with my child.

Beside me, Dory lets out a little squeal and whispers, "You both look great."

Drake pinches the bridge of his nose in annoyance. "Stop with your nonsense. You're overthinking," he chides. I agree with him because I'm unsure if I have a future with Carlisle. Then, he directs his gaze at me. "There's something else I wanted to mention, Luna."

I meet his gaze with a questioning expression.

"It's about Nixie. I've noticed men from a different pack, not sure which one, building camps near the border, and it all started after she joined our pack. Let's hope I'm wrong, but I fear we may be on the verge of war." 1

My eyes widen in horror. War? That confirms my suspicions about Nixie. She has ulterior motives beyond winning Elijah back. But I lack the mental strength to worry about it now. I'm no longer part of this pack, so it's not my concern. 2

"You should inform your Alpha about this and try to gather evidence to support your claim," I suggest, and he nods. "And don't trust anyone except Dory," I add as a warning. He frowns but decides not to question me further since I'm leaving soon.

One of Carlisle's men takes my trolley, and Carlisle opens the car door for me. Pausing before the car, I feel someone's gaze on my back and glance back at the packhouse. A figure stands on the balcony of the second floor, obscured by the darkness of the canopy. Elijah.

I swallow the lump in my throat and slide into the backseat. From the car window, I sense his gaze on me. Carlisle takes the passenger seat, and the driver starts the car. I don't know what fate awaits me, but one thing's for sure—I never want to see him again. 3

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