

Chapter 14

ELIJAH

"What the fuck is going on here?!" I growl. "My clothes are a mess, breakfast is awful, and my room is chaotic! Look at this!" I motion toward the bed. The sheets are all crumpled, and the pillows are scattered. "Don't you know how I expect my room to be?"

I'm very particular about how I like things organized, especially in my room. When it's not up to my standards, it's really frustrating.

Maya and the other two maids look like they're about to faint as they stand outside the room. What were they doing all this time? Don't they understand my preferences?

It's only been a day since 'the incident,' and things have already gone to hell. I don't even want to think about what went down during the rejection ceremony. Just remembering it makes my stomach twist with all sorts of emotions.

But there's no time to dwell because everything around me is a fucking disaster. Nixie said that she can't do anything as she feels sick again, and is in bedrest.

I turn to Maya, who's keeping her head low, almost like she's begging for mercy. "You've got thirty minutes. If I come back and things aren't in order, you're fired."

The color drains from Maya's face, and she stammers, "I swear it won't happen again, Alpha." She turns to the other two girls. "What are you standing around for? Get moving!" She barks, and they scurry off to get to work.

I rattle off some instructions on how to get everything sorted properly. Rena would've never—

No, don't. I cut off that train of thought. I'm not going to dwell on her anymore.

I should pay more attention to work.

As I settle into my black leather chair in the office, the silent, dark gray walls greet me. I reach for a file from the neatly stacked papers on the right side of my desk, intending to dive into work. My hand skims over the smooth table in search of my blue-light glasses, but I come up empty-handed.

"Rena! Where are my glasses?" I call out instinctively, only to be met with the harsh reminder that she's no longer here. A sense of emptiness grasps my chest, and the silence reminds me of her absence. The image of her walking out of the packhouse gates with that skunk Alpha flashes before my eyes, her green eyes devoid of emotion but filled with loathing towards me.

Suddenly, the crumpling sound of paper interrupts my thoughts. I glance down and realize that I've been unconsciously strangling the document sheet in my hand.

Footsteps approach the door, and someone knocks. I smell the aroma of warm coffee on the hands of my butler Liam when he carefully opens the door with his free hand. He brings the tray to my table, and hands me the brown mug. As soon as I take a sip of the hot coffee, the terrible taste hits me like a sting.

My head snaps to Liam who turns stiff, "What the hell is this? I told you to bring me my black coffee."



"T- this is black coffee, Alpha," His shoulders tremble, and he jumps when I throw the cup, and it crashes to the floor, shattering into pieces. Just like the arrangement of my room, I like my black coffee in a very particular way. If the concentration of the coffee is too high or too low, I can't drink it.

I shoot a glare at my butler, "Tell Rena to make my coffee again. She knows what I like."

"B-but, Alpha. She's gone." He says, and takes a step back as he sees my fist clench. I don't know what makes me more agitated — the fact that I won't get to drink my regular black coffee or the fact that Rena is not going to be here to make it for me. 1

My entire body feels like it's on the verge of crumbling. Why? Why do I feel like this?

Liam stands in a corner, watching me cautiously as if I might explode at any moment. I sigh and jot down the recipe for my perfect black coffee. "Here, get me another cup," I instruct, handing it to him.

He nods, and fifteen minutes later, he returns with another steaming cup on a tray. I taste it while Liam sweats nervously. This situation reminds me of the time Rena made me coffee for the first time after she became my Luna.