

Chapter 0002

Verena

It's alright.

Things will get better.

Elijah will change his mind, afterall he loves me—

My trembling hand freezes halfway as I reach for the plate on the dining table. Tear droplets splatter on the polished darkwood, and the sight of our signatures on the divorce agreement brings me crashing back to reality. We're divorced, and tomorrow he will reject me.

Not being able to pretend anymore, I break down into sobs. My fingers curl on the edge of the table while I look at the hardwood floor with tears streaming down my eyes. He really divorced me.

My relationship with Elijah hasn't been a bed of roses. When we married, he was cold and distant. But I started to witness the softer, emotional side of him that he tried to hide from the rest of the world. I made his pain my own, and tried my best to keep him happy. He was gradually warming up to me. But then Nixie returned and he pushed me away like those years of our relationship meant nothing to him.

My chest squeezes painfully at the thought of it. I just can't accept that he doesn't want me anymore. But the untouched food on the table, and the red velvet cake with Happy Third Marriage Anniversary written on it is a reminder that it's true. It took me almost four hours to bake this cake, in high hopes of seeing a smile on Elijah's face when he returns.

"Are you finished with your nonsense?" Maya, my maid's voice, draws my attention to the door. She stands there with an annoyed expression, gesturing towards the wall. "Unlike you, I actually have work to do, like cleaning up this mess."

I wipe my face, and take a step back, "Yes, go ahead." My voice sounds dry. Maya rolls her eyes, her lips curl in disapproval as she walks over and eyes the table.

"Such a headache," she mutters while shaking her head.

Despite being Luna, I am not liked in the packhouse. It's because I am an orphan who did not shift. Even an omega has a wolf, so it makes me appear way beneath in rank. So the people don't approve of me as their Queen. Someone without a wolf can't lead a pack of wolves. That's what I have always been told.

I have learned to live with it because that is how I have always been treated. And forcing people to like me through fear of my position goes beyond my values, so I try to make up for my weakness by putting my best efforts. But Elijah has punished anyone who has tried to misbehave with me, always taking my side when things went down. He was very protective of me. Was.

I wonder if he believes now Nixie will be a better Luna than me because of having a wolf. She comes from a family of Gammas, so she has a strong wolf and anyone will choose her over me.

Rip!

My body jolts at the sudden sound of something being torn off, and I notice Maya ruthlessly tearing the fairy lights and red balloons off the wall behind the table. With each delicate adornment being stripped away, I feel a prick in my chest. My friends Dory and Drake helped me set up the decorations last night, and we were so proud of it.

Maya does not hold back on the food either, and I flinch at the way she just dumps the cake into the dustbin. I feel like that cake, dumped into trash.

My head feels dizzy at the overwhelming emotions. I need a shower. I walk out of the dining hall, and my legs feel heavy for some reason.

Now that I think about it, I've been feeling quite sick since this morning. My throat itches, I feel nauseous, and I've been unusually tired lately. Maybe it's because of Elijah.

Not paying any attention to my surroundings, my hand subconsciously reaches to open the door to the bedroom. But the moment the door swings back, a pleasant musky scent hits my nose. There's another scent with it that makes my nose crinkle.

My body freezes in place when I notice Elijah sitting on the bed. With Nixie on his lap.

With brown hair that brushes her shoulders in curls and a floral print mini skirt riding up her slender, milky white thighs, Nixie looks like any man's wet dream. Compared to her, I look basic in my plain blue dress and straight midnight blue hair. They seem to be having a moment as her arms are wrapped around his neck, while his hand is on her slim waist.

Elijah notices my presence, "Rena," he takes my name with his deep, velvety voice that tugs at my heart and lets go of Nixie's waist. Nixie gets off his lap and stands beside him, fixing her skirt.

"Oh my Goddess, Rena. I-I didn't know you would be coming," her pale skin turns red as if she's embarrassed.

Even when I don't have a wolf, I can still feel the sting of their intimacy. My heart pounds painfully in my chest.

"Rena, why are you here?" Elijah asks, staring at me with his cold obsidian eyes. I can't tell what he is thinking.