

Chapter 0003

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Verena

"I...um..." the words feel stuck in my throat. My legs feel weak. I can't believe he started to get so intimate with her after a few hours of our divorce. If he's this affectionate with her, then it means that he has already moved on. Though maybe he did not need to move on in the first place.

"Rena?" He takes my name again, and I regain my composure. I need to get a hold on myself. He's no longer my husband, and soon he'll reject me from the mate bond. So I shouldn't be feeling anything.

"Did I interrupt something?" I ask, my gaze sliding to Nixie who stares at me with her big doe brown eyes. Anyone would fall for the innocence those eyes portray, but I can see the malice behind it.

Elijah narrows his gaze, and places a hand over his mouth. He does that when he's curious, and annoyed. "You did," he replies sharply, and I'm struck by his words.

"I—"

"Rena, you should remember that you need to ask for the Alpha's permission before entering his room."

My lips part in shock, and my brows lift. "What?"

"You heard me. Still, I'd let this go because we aren't officially rejected and you are my mate." His voice puts me in an icy chokehold. Just a few hours, and our relationship has completely changed. Where is the man who waited for me every single night in bed to fall asleep together? Who is he?

"Wow, I did not know that it was your room now, Alpha. The same room we shared for three years," I retort, crossing my arms. My eyes flit to the bed where he was sitting with Nixie on his lap.

His jaw clenches at my words. "We are divorced now. So isn't it obvious that we won't be sharing the same room anymore?" He tilts his head, gauging my reaction.

I smirk. "Sure. I mean, you won't like me barging into your 'room' while you spend some quality time with your mate," I emphasize the last word and my gaze shifts to Nixie.

"Rena, before you say something to insult Nixie, I'll warn you. I have been lenient with you, but I won't this time. So choose your words wisely." He speaks in a low, commanding voice, reminding me of who's in charge.

His words crush my soul. It's as if I am the problem in his life.

"Elijah, it's alright," Nixie moves closer to him, and slides her hand over his shoulder. "I can understand that she's hurt so I am fine with it."

A growl leaves my lips as I stare at her hand placement. Elijah raises a brow, and I realize what I have done. He's still my mate, and it's not easy for me to watch someone else touch him, even if that person is his first mate.

"I—I am sorry if I made you upset, Rena," Nixie looks at me with quivering lips, "But you have to understand that I love him and can't stay away from him." Tears fill her eyes, and she starts to sob.

"Nixie, don't cry. It's not your fault," Elijah gets up, and wraps an arm around her. My insides scream at that sight, but I don't let a word out of my mouth. I silently watch him comfort her when I am the one in need of comfort. "Rena and I have come to a mutual agreement, so it's our decision."

I scowl. It was never my decision to get separated from him.

Elijah looks at me with a pointed look, "You did not tell me why you are here." His voice is gentle as always, but I can tell that he does not want me here. He feels that I will sabotage his relationship with Nixie.

My jaw trembles, "It's nothing. I am sorry for interrupting whatever you both were doing," I storm out of the door while the tears trickle down my eyes. The paintings and furniture on the hallway start to look unfamiliar as I rush past them. Why? Why do I have to go through this?

My head starts to throb, and I stop in my steps. I feel dizzy. The nausea grows, crawling up my chest and through my blurry vision, I see two figures on the other side of the hall. They look concerned as they walk towards me.

"Luna, are you alright?" I recognize the voice. It's Dory, "You look sick—"

I don't hear the rest of her sentence as the air shifts, and I grace the floor. Shadows dance in my vision before everything turns dark.

Beep. Beep.

My eyes flutter open on hearing a sound, and I find myself in a hospital bed. A dull ache throbs in my head.

"She's awake," I feel Dory's warm hand on my back as I slowly get up. She helps me sit.

"Thank fuck!" Drake exclaims as he stands beside her. They are twins, and work for me in the pack.

I groan, feeling the same throbbing sensation. "I passed out,"

"Yeah. We brought you to the hospital as soon as possible. Are you okay now?" Drake asks.

I nod, "Yeah."

The door opens, and a woman walks in wearing a white coat and holding a clipboard. "Oh, you're awake. That's good," she says with a smile as she approaches me. My gaze falls onto the tag on her coat.

Dr. Shalini, Senior Gynecologist.

"Is it an infection?" I ask.

Her smile widens, "No, Luna. I have good news for you. I hope that the Alpha throws us a party after this," she says and my frown deepens. My gaze shifts to Drake and Dory. Drake shrugs while Dory shakes her head.

"I don't understand," I say.

"Congratulations, my Luna. You are pregnant," she replies.

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