

Chapter 0005

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Verena

His gaze lifts from the display screen and darkens with disappointment, “Is this your new trick to get me back?” he retorts, and the corner of Nixie’s lips curls into a smirk.

I blink in confusion. Trick? “Why—why would I trick you with something like this?”

His jaw clenches, and the air turns cold with his icy gaze, “You tell me, Rena. You want me to believe that without having a wolf, you can carry the child of an Alpha?” I flinch at his words. I am not proud of my condition. But it's out of my control.

“I know it's hard to believe. I did not believe it either. That’s why I ran two tests to confirm the report. I really am pregnant.”

I take a step towards his desk and hand him the file. He flips through it, his eyes going over the report. Nixie leans in to also check, and her face turns pale. It makes me a little happy. This child will be the one to save our relationship and this pack.

“I get it now,” he says, staring at the table in thought, and I breathe in relief. “You went to Shadow Den after the divorce for this reason. To create a fake pregnancy report.” He adds, and suddenly it feels like I have been punched in the gut.

“What?! What are you talking about?” I ask, my eyes wide in horror. Shadow Den is a shady place at the borders of the pack where all kinds of illegal activities take place, including creating fake documents. A dignified lady will never step into that place because it reeks of crime and rogue trafficking.

“I told my men to keep an eye on you, and they reported that you went to Shadow Den. At first, I couldn’t believe it and punished them for lying to me. But now it seems that they were telling me the truth.” The look Elijah gives me completely shatters my soul. It feels like the respect he had for me is broken now.

I shake my head frantically, “No! I did not go there, Elijah. Please trust me!”

He scoffs, his eyes swirling with hurt. “How can I trust you when you are doing things behind my back? You know how much I have desired a child. It pains me to think you have gone this far.”

“That’s not true. I will never do something like this, you know that,” The corner of my eyes prickle. How can he believe that I will fake childbirth? “I can prove myself this time. Call the hospital and ask if I had done a test there or not.” I raise my voice, holding my ground as much as I can.

Elijah dials the number on his phone. He puts it on the loudspeaker and places it on the desk for me to hear. With each ring, my heart beats with anticipation. This has to work. The clinic keeps records of their patients.

“Larsen's Clinic speaking. How may I help you, Alpha?” The female receptionist’s voice comes from the receiving end.

Elijah places his hands on the desk and asks, “Is there any record of my wife Verena Donovan getting a USG test done today at your clinic?”

“Give me a second please, Alpha,” the receptionist answers politely. Patient records are confidential, but since it's the Alpha asking for information, the hospital has to obey his orders. I fidget, waiting for her to confirm it. Each second feels like an hour, making me grow nervous. Her voice finally comes through, “There’s no record of her checking in our clinic today, Alpha.”

My heart drops, and for a second I forget how to breathe. No, this can’t be possible. I was there. They saw me. Then, why?

Elijah hangs up the phone. Nixie’s eyes glint with victory as she stares at me. The walls around the office feel like they are closing in on me. Why did the clinic lie? Is someone else behind this? My gaze shifts to Nixie, who has a smug look on her face. It is strange how she has been so silent and did not try to stop me from showing the reports.

He sighs and takes off his glasses. “Rena, look. Your excuses are not going to work on me. This rejection is going to happen because as an Alpha, I have to be with my rightful mate.” He rises from the chair and approaches me. Standing close to me, he adds “And I am letting you stay here. I won’t banish you from the pack, so you don’t have to use these cheap tricks.”

Cheap tricks? My hand goes to my belly. The man I have spent my life with for three years did not try to believe me for once. This proves that he never trusted me in all these years, and I thought that we had a good relationship—one that was built out of mutual love and respect. It was all in my head.

“This is the extent of my kindness, Rena,” Elijah adds, “Don’t test my patience any further.”

I don’t need his kindness. The only thing I wanted from him was to take my side, to have faith in me. But he pushed it all away.

I decide to leave silently and walk towards the door. When I grab the handle with my shaking hand, his voice stops me. “Rena.” I look over my shoulder and find him staring at me. There is something in his gaze.

“I hope you remember the time of the rejection ceremony tomorrow. Don’t try to bail on me because then I’ll have to force you to join me at the training grounds.”

My chest tightens at the lack of empathy in his voice. “I won’t,” I hold back the tears that threaten to fall by clenching the doorknob tightly.

He wants to get rid of me so badly. But I am worried about my child. I can only pray to have the strength to protect my baby from his rejection.