

# Rejected Mate's Secret Baby

## Chapter 15

ELIANA.

"Adam."

The sound of my Grandmother's voice drifted me out of my thoughts and as I raised my eyes to meet hers, she tried to sit up. "Where is Adam?" She asked again as if I hadn't heard her the first time.

I did. Getting the words out of my lips was just the difficult part.

My throat was dry and sour with a hard lump throbbing inside of it. I reached for her tender hands and just as I was about to speak, the door opened. I turned my eyes to Ivan, one of the Pack nurses who usually stopped by to give Nana her medicines.

Immediately the door opened, a burst of sunlight filled the room.

"You didn't come home last night" She yawned. Ivan walked up to her bedside, took her temperature and dished out about three different colored pills. He also brought her a plate of porridge to go with. Nana loved oatmeal and porridge, they were her favorite meal.

We all had one in the Pack. Ever since we were little, my father trained us to be satisfied and content with natural foods rather than fall prey to our instincts and primal desires to kill. It taught us the self-control that made us different from all the other Packs.

But what would all that matter if Jaxon ends up Alpha?

All of that would go down the drain. He was one of few who went behind father's back and still fed on wild animals, still drank until he no longer knew his name and then all those years, in the peak of the night, he'd stumble into the dungeon where I laid and force me to stay with him.

I shut my eyes at the painful memories that seared behind them and I pushed a hard lump down my throat. Jaxon was a monster, I couldn't even imagine how much worse he'd have gotten over the last six years.

It was the reason I was scared that Nora would tell him that she saw me the night of the Moonlight Ball. I was scared because I had no idea what he would do. As if that wasn't enough worry, there was also Adam.

And the whole ordeal with Denver. I wanted to believe that this wasn't him but he also wasn't the calmest six years ago. For the months I stayed with him, I watched him slay his enemies without wasting a second but although he ruled with an iron fist, I knew how much he still loved his Pack and that he never for once killed an innocent person.

Adam was innocent.

It couldn't be Denver.

"Eliana," My Grandmother called my name and I batted my lashes back at her. "Where did you go?" She asked softly. A scoff escaped my lips. "I saw your eyes zone out from here. You know you used to do that a lot as a kid" She beamed a gentle smile and I just exhaled from my lips.

"What is it? What is the problem?"

"You know you can always tell me" She whispered. How could I tell her what had become of Adam? That not only was he killed last night but his limbs were drawn out of his body. The flashes from last night made my stomach tie in a knot.

"Is this about Adam?" She asked.

But my eyes shifted to Ivan. He was about to leave with his bags when I sharply got up. "I'll be right back, Nana" I muttered, catching up to him. I did remember her saying he was the only other person I could trust.

And since Adam wasn't here, he was also the only other person that could help me. I dipped my hands into my pocket and pulled out the plastic bag from it. It contained the powder that Nora had poured into my father's drink last night. I was able to get a hold of this before I left.

"Can you do me a favor?" I asked. When he turned around, there was an arch between his brows. His eyes fell to what was in my hands. "Can you have this tested for me?" I ran my hands through my hair.

"Tested for what?" Ivan asked. I cleared my throat. "I think uhm...I think it might be poison or something but I'm not sure. It's really urgent that I get it tested. Please" I bickered. Only after a minute of hesitation did he reach to collect the bag and a sigh escaped my lips.

"Thank you" I heaved. "And one more thing," I stopped him in his tracks yet again. "Could you not tell anyone that I'm here?" I whispered. "I already promised your Grandma" He replied. "No, it's different now. Jaxon might already know I'm in town. I just need to buy some more time."

Ivan looked to the ground before he nodded.

"Yeah sure. I won't tell anyone" He said. "Thanks" I whispered softly, running my hands through my hair as the doors closed. I heaved in a deep breath through my lips and it wasn't up to a second later that I heard a voice call from behind.

"Mummy!" It was Elijah. I turned to find him at the apex of the stairs and I watched him scurry down. "Careful!" I exclaimed, ultimately catching him in my arms and he jumped on me. Nana chuckled from a distance and when I lifted my eyes to her, she said.

"He was waiting for you last night" I held tighter around him. "Is that true?" My voice cracked as tears welled up in my eyes. I hadn't been away from my son for that long, at least never a whole night.

So it dawned on me how this was perhaps my new reality. Even with what happened last night, there was just this profound gratitude that I got to hold him again. Knowing he was safe was everything I needed.

"I was, are you okay mummy?" Elijah pulled away slowly and his hands attempted to wipe my tears. "I am now" I sniffled into my arms, drawing him closer to Nans. "She read me a bedtime story so I was able to fall asleep!" He chanted and I smiled at her.

"Thank you" I mouthed.

"Yay, porridge!" His eyes fell into her plate and I had to hold him back. "That's for Grandma" I cautioned. "Silly!" She refuted, already drawing him close for a spoon. I had to stand to get out of the way but before I could leave, Grandma's hands fell into mine.

"But really," She paused. "Are you okay?" Already sensing that something not so good happened last night, she asked again. I just pressed my lips together with a light scoff.

It was only a matter of time before she knew anyway.

"Go get some rest, I'll take care of him" She let go of my hands and I flashed a meek smile. "Thanks" I replied before walking up the stairs and into the room on the other end of the cabin. I fell into bed in no time and somehow even with everything going on, I was able to fall asleep.

And the next time my eyes shot open, it was to sheer darkness creeping into the room. Looking around, I sat up with my back against the wall and couldn't shake some sort of eerie tension that filled the air.

"Grandma?" I called out, only for the walls to return an echo. There was a distant creaking sound that immediately caused my heart to race. Something was off. Something was wrong.

Someone was here.

"Hello!" I raised my voice, climbing out of bed and reaching for a bat across the nightstand. A cold sweat trickled down my face and I tried my best to be as quiet after that. I could smell the danger in the air, as much as I could smell someone else.

Someone cold, and dark whose presence haunted the room and at that moment all I needed to know was that Elijah was okay. I stepped out of the room as quietly as I could, walking across the corridor. The walls were bathed in a sinister, silvery moonlight that cast long, eerie shadows.

My footsteps creaked against the wooden floors as I inched closer to the room and alas, when I pushed his door, there he was, laying peacefully—although I was rather quick to heave a sigh of relief.

Because at that moment, a soft ominous scrape against the floor drew my attention and I knew someone was behind me. Far before I cast my eyes on a dark figure in the corner.

"Oh my God" My breath got caught in my throat as I fell backward. I recognized him from that moment in the forest when I'd barely arrived in Oakland. This was the same person—or judging from its silvery eyes and glistening ivory teeth—the same thing.

"What do you want?" I called out with the bat defensively in front of me.

There was a crack in my voice as I tirelessly stepped in front of Elijah to protect him. "What do you want from me?!" I yelled again and this time there was a scowling growl that filled the room.

"I'll put that away if I were you" The voice stomped my heart and my pulse quickened as I placed my hands in my pocket, a desperate attempt to reach

for my phone and call Denver at least. But I wasn't quick enough because in the flash of a second, the figure appeared right in of me, darting the bat out of my hands as well as the phone.

His hands grasped around my neck and he lifted my feet off the floor. His claws dug into my skin with malice as I shriveled.

"Please!" I blurted out in fear. "Please, you have the wrong person" His eyes were so stoic and emotionless and even though I couldn't make out his entire face, I knew it wasn't Jaxon.

He wasn't as tall, and neither was he as strong.

"I said put that away!" The voice growled again and I raised my hands in the air as if my throat wasn't closing up. My vision started to daze a second later as he constricted my airways. I knew I didn't have much time and he didn't exactly want me dead.

We'd been through this in the commune where I trained as a warrior. So I did the one thing that could set me free, which was summon the last of my strengths to kick him in the shin. His grip around my neck immediately fell and it was just enough time for me to escape.

I clung to the windows, fighting to keep it open as I threw myself out. At least taking him further away from where Elijah was. My knees grazed against the ground as I thrust myself forward.

But he was faster.

In a second, I felt him behind me and his hand clamped over my mouth to stifle my screams. It was then I noticed for the first time how abnormally large they were and furry. This wasn't just anyone, it was a wolf.

"Don't you dare try to run away from me." His voice was a chilling whisper, carried by the eerie winds. I trembled in his arms as he held me closer to him, this time his claws digging into my skin until I started to bleed out. Terror flashed in my eyes as I struggled to break free.

But my chances weren't looking good. All I wanted in that moment was to see my son, Elijah if it was for one last time. But just when I thought it was the end, there was a bowl that echoed in the skies and immediately he looked back, someone pounced on him, tearing him to the ground. I fell forward too, gasping for breath and in search of a shed.

Now, I could see him clearer in the moonlight—the man that held me.

He had raven black hair and a very sculptured face. His eyes, sharp and colorless like glacial ice immediately found me as he struggled to stand to his feet. But there was someone else.

My eyes dilated and a wave of relief washed across my face.

"Denver?" I called his name as he came to light. Now faced with the man who'd harmed me, his fist started to fold up. "How dare you!" He growled and I knew that look in his eyes.

"Denver!" I threw myself forward but he held me behind him. "Stay there!" He ordered. "Relax," The other cooed. "It's merely a family reunion" An arch came between my brows as I reached for Denver's arm.

"Family?" I echoed. His eyes met my terror-filled ones.

"I said stay there."

"Isn't this the part where you introduce me, brother?" My jaw dropped at the revelation. He now faced Blake squarely who struck out his clawed hands. "No," He gritted through his teeth.

"This is the part where I kill you."