

The Rejected Mate

chapter 31 : decisions

* 2 years later *

Leaning against the balcony of the New York pent house I and Matthew shared, with a hot cup of coffee in my hands while I watched New York life go about below me. People rushing into work, some walking without a care in the world. So different from Beacon Hills with its forest and landscape.

"Guess who's got a date tonight baby!?" A voice interrupts my trail of thoughts. I roll my eyes at his antics. Two years went by and he still hasn't changed a bit.

"Let me guess, Mr. Antern who lives down the street? Please tell me its with Janet across the street, I mean I kind of knew that they liked each other-" I stop talking when I look at Matthew's face, looking at me with a deadpanned expression.

He seemed unimpressed with my words. I snicker under my breath.

"HAHA, you aren't as funny as you think you're" he sneers at me, his face becomes red with frustration. Making me burst out laughing this time. There wasn't a day were we went without pulling eachothers leg.

I shrug "but the expression on your face made it worth it."

Matthew moves towards the kitchen island, filling the kettle with water to brew some coffee.

"You know I was thinking about something." I trail off.

"About what?" He asks me with his back turned towards me.

"I think it's time to go back" I reply back.

My words make him halt in his actions, slowly turning towards me I watch a smile take over his features, lighting up his face.

"About damn time" he finally says making me chuckle.

* 2 days later *

He looked out of the window, finding the warriors training hard. Some sparring while others fought in their wolf form. Fortunately, everyone had fallen back into the routine

faster than he'd thought after the attack. years went so painfully slow though. Looking up at the grandfather clock across his office, he finds that it's time for him to leave, his son might be waiting impatiently for his arrival. Walking down the path, his mind travels towards a certain she-wolf with brunette hair and honey colored eyes. He hadn't seen her in over two years, it took a lot of restraint on his and his wolf's behalf to not to reach out to her. She wanted her space, and he wanted to respect her choices. But he'd never thought it would take her this long, making him think that she'd moved on. His trail of thoughts makes a small pang to go through his chest.

"Dad" the four year old calls out his father. Elijah has been the light in his darkness, his son made him stronger and willed him to be his best version. He would do anything for the little boy. He was a ray of sunshine after all.

The father and son duo walked hand in hand towards the clearing, this had been their ritual for the past two years. They visited the clearing where Damien's mother had planted a beautiful garden. Also where her and Emily's grave was. They both plucked flowers daily, changing the old ones from on top of their grave every single day without missing a beat.

It didn't hurt as much as it did all those years ago, guess time did him good. He had matured and thought more rationally before taking actions. He had come to peace with his demons over time, sure it took time but it was worth it at the end.

They both gazed at the butterflies as it circled around the flowers, with Elijah running his hands through the soft petals of the flowers, his face a mixture of awe and fondness.

The wind picks up and brought along with it a new scent, immediately alerting Damien. A scent he hadn't smelled in a few years. Strawberries.

At first he'd thought his mind was playing tricks on him but the snapping of the twigs somewhere made him believe that he wasn't.

He did think he would ever see her again but there she was, looking older than the last time he saw her, hair flowing till the middle of her back. Honey colored eyes shining brighter. She had changed. She looked more confident. She was no longer the timid little she wolf. Five years had done justice to her beauty.

His was full of awe, slowly taking her in.

Serenity smiled at him, he looked handsome, even more than she remembered. He looked older and more matured. He even looked more buffed up than the last time she saw him. A figure moving beside him caught her attention. Turning her gave towards the little boy, she couldn't take her eyes off of him. He was beautiful just like his father.

He was a small baby when she'd left, now he had grown up, an exact replica of his father with those same piercing grey eyes and brown hair. The only thing was that Elijah

had an air of innocence surrounding him. Her heart warmed when his eyes lit up with recognition.

"Serenity" the four year old yelled excitedly. His father had never failed to mention her along with his mother. Infact he'd tell him everyday about how she'd taken care of him when his father couldn't. He never got to meet his mother so hearing his father talk about another woman so fondly, made him secretly wish that he'd too get the chance to meet her once, seems like his wish was coming true and he couldn't be any happier.

Elijah's small arms circle around Serenity's neck, who had crouched down when she saw his small body rushing towards her.

"Miss me?" She speak up with a smile.

Her eyes trails towards the older man, causing his lips to curve up. Even though she'd asked Elijah the question, they both knew she also meant to include him in the mix.

Good things take time.

You can't rush something you want to last forever.

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