Rejected Mate's Secret Baby

Chapter 32

ELIANA.

"What the actual hell was that about?" As soon as the doors closed, I leaned my back against it. Looking it up my Grandma, she was almost just as surprised as she was puzzled. My face scrunched up in intense worry, especially when Carys started banging on the door again.

I fastened my body to hold firm against the hinges but her banging became more and more incessant and powerful. I was confused.

"What's going on?" Nana asked, wheeling her chair to face the stairs.

"Go find Elijah, and make…" Carys banged. "Make sure he's safe" I wasn't sure what exactly the witch wanted from me but I needed to make sure that my son was safe before anything else. One hit through the door caused a piece of wood to fall to the ground and as Nana made her way up the stairs, Carys was finally able to burst through.

I fell to the ground with my hands as a tornado of winds broke through the door. And when I looked up at Carys, her eyes had turned pitch black. Her feet no longer grazed the ground and her hands were summoning whatever power she was about to hit me with.

"Carys!" I yelled. There was a crack in my voice.

"You don't have to do this!" I crawled on my back as she entered into the house. Somehow, it hit me that this wasn't the Carys we'd saved that day. Of course I barely even this girl but something was off. And the track record of my unfailing gut feeling was often impressive.

With a flick of her finger, Carys suddenly sent me flying into the wall. I groaned as my arms spread out before I fell flat again to the ground. My gut feeling may have been wrong this time.

Damn, she was strong.

But not stronger, I thought.

A spearing pain ravaged my back as I tried summoning my wolf. I pinned my fingers to the floor with the hopes of my claws tearing through but before I could even shift, Carys attacked again. This time, she used her hands to send a deafening and intense screech that pierced through my ears.

"Ah!" I exclaimed in pain, trying to shut it out but the sound made it into my head already and was driving me mad. "Fuck!" A drop of blood fell out of my nose and then the windows started to shatter.

"What do you want?!" I called out to Carys who was only now above me.

"You, Eliana!" Her voice was deep and almost unrecognizable. Her eyes were filled with blackness and she had a dark aura enclasp around her body. With her clawed hands, she grazed up my chin.

"They want you" She muttered.

"Who?" The piercing sound still rang through my head as she lifted me into the air. Her hands suddenly gripped around my neck and my eyes widened. A bolt of panic flashed across my powerless face. Not only did I just learn of witch's existence, but that was the moment I also realized that they were stronger than us. Werewolves.

If they were able to stop us from shifting, that was it.

"Carys!" I called out to her. "You don't...you don't have to do this" I choked with her fingers clawing into the sides of my neck. I began to gasp. "I'm not Carys!" But alas, she gritted through her teeth. My eyes fell open as my brows still managed to arch.

"Then who are you?" I raised my voice. "And what exactly do you want from me?" I asked. "I want your blood, Eliana." She hissed and her breath slapped into my face alongside those words.

"What?" I could only ask softly when all of a sudden, she let me go. I fell to the ground with a thud and surprisingly, her too. Carys started to gasp as she pulled out her hair.

"Help me!" She called out to me, her voice was different now. Like the same one I'd heard that day in the forest. And when I looked back up, her eyes were now the shade of crystal blue. There were tears in her eyes as she pulled at her hair.

"I don't want to do this!" She cried. "But it's making me to. This isn't me. I just...I just want to leave. I don't want to hurt you. I don't want to hurt anyone anymore!" Carys wailed and even with the arch between my eyes, I crept closer to her.

Surely, my gut feeling wasn't entirely wrong after all.

I knew this was more than Carys.

"It's?" I echoed. She lifted her eyes to me. "Who is it? What is making you do this?" I asked her, my fingers cradling her face.

"It wants you, Eliana" She replied. "Who?!" I yelled. "It wants you, Eliana" Carys said again. "There's no escaping. It must have you. You are the only way. Everything leads back to you" I knew those words and as her voice started to grow deep again, I backed away.

But Carys was fighting it off, desperately. "Help me!" She'd say.

"Help me, Eliana. Don't leave me" She shook her head as if she was running mad but obviously, it was because whatever power or entity she was trying to fight off was a lot stronger.

It was messing her head, and in turn fucking with her mind.

"This isn't you, Carys!" I shook my head. "But I'm sorry" I inched backwards on my hands. All of a sudden, her head dropped and a cackle slithered through the air. I gasped with fear in my eyes.

What was it now?

"Carys?" I called out to her. She still faced the floor. Once the cracking died down, a creaking silence ravaged the air. I tried to move closer to her. "Carys...Carys?"

"I said don't leave me!" A screeching scowl escaped her lips as she arose in the air again, summoning the winds all around her. It blew harshly through the spaces that once held the now shattered windows and the breeze started to ravage the house.

Chaos ensued in a second, blowing through and through.

And when my eyes met Cary's, hers were pitch black again and her lips curled into a malicious smirk. With the whole cabin falling apart, I crouched low to the ground, struggling with my feet.

I heard the door open from upstairs.

"Mommy?" Elijah called. My heart sank as I threw my head over my shoulders. "Get him inside!" I yelled at my Grandma. "Now!" Carys plunged me across the room and back before lifting me in the air. Her fingers stretched towards me as she wove them in the air.

All of a sudden my ankles cracked and then my wrists.

"Ahh!" I screamed because of the excruciating pain. "Mommy!" Elijah called out again. "Get ins—Ah!" I turned back to Cary's. "You don't have to do this" I muttered. Then she smiled.

"But this is the only way, Eliana. There is no other way" Her eyes fixated on me as she geared to do the worst. Then all of a sudden, what was left of the door came down. Denver burst through and wasted no second in lunging him at the witch.

He grabbed her wrists, disrupting her concentration on me. I fell to the ground weakly, and my body was in pain.

Carys may have been stronger than me. But she had nothing against the Alpha who was inches away from ripping across her throat.

"Don't!" I called out to him. He eyed me in disbelief for a moment.

"It's not her. She's being controlled by something else. Something more powerful. All Carys wants is help and she doesn't deserve to die" I added.

"Look at you. She hurt you...of course she deserves to die" Denver hissed and I wiped the blood from my nose.

"Don't" I whispered softly. "Don't kill her" Denver then heaved a deep breath from his lips before twisting her neck. "No!" I watched her body fall to the ground with a thud and then he stood up.

"Relax, that was only enough force to knock her out. All she's going to have is a sprain when she wakes up" Denver walked across her body and towards where I lay. "A witch can handle a sprain, right?" He helped me up and a groan escaped my lips.

"Not so much a werewolf" I muttered, limping forward with my wounded ankle. "Are you okay?" Nana appeared into the room and I tore my eyes back to her. My brows knotted, even though I couldn't say those words.

Even though I couldn't ask of Elijah.

But she understood and all Nana did was nod for me to reassure me that he was safe. Relief washed over my face.

"I should you something for your bones" Nana sauntered away as Denver helped me into a chair. He fell to his knees with my feet cusped in his hand. "I need to put this back in place." He muttered and my eyes widened with fear.

"No..." I whispered.

"I'll be gentle, I promise" A hard lump went down my throat. "Do you trust me?" He darted his eyes to lock into mine and even though I was a bit hesitant, I nodded my head. "Then, let me." He massaged around the area of my ankle before slowly shifting it into place.

The pain only lasted a second pain, after which I just felt numb. My Grandma was already standing there with the ointment in her hands which Denver collected.

"What are we going to do about Carys?" I asked immediately my eyes fell upon her. "Keep her locked away in the basement, chained. I have a lot of options—" "This is the second time she's messed up my house" Nana hissed and I let out a soft chuckle.

"I'm just glad you're okay" She said before pulling away. Denver still held my feet in his hands as he applied the ointment softly. "Shouldn't we get to her first?" The sight of her just laying there filled me with discomfort.

"We have time, roughly five to seven hours before she wakes up" He replied. "You know I would've killed her" After a pause, Denver continued.

"She hurt you, Eliana."

"But it wasn't Carys" I whispered. "I saw her, it was like she was possessed or something" I added. "How sure are you about that? She's a witch, you know right?" Denver met my eyes as my lips fell open.

"How do you know that?" I asked him.

"The tattoo on the inside of her wrist, it's the mark of the Oakland Witches" He replied. "Only just knew today that Oakland had witches" I said. "That's because they don't stay here" He soothed my feet.

"So whenever they do come around, it's never for something good" He added and my heart throbbed in my chest. "What is it?" He asked, perhaps seeing the worry flash across my face.

All I could think about was what Carys said.

"Did she tell you anything?" Denver asked. "Come on, Eliana" Only then did I look at him and a sigh escaped my lips.

"She said IT wants me. That whatever was inside of her wanted my blood. I was the only way, that there's no other way" I whispered and Denver rested back with a furrow between his eyes.

"No other way...how?" He asked.

"It tried to kill me tonight, Denver" I said as my eyes stung with tears. He instantly roped me closer to him. "Hey, hey" He nodded. "It's okay now. I said I won't let anything happen to you and so far, so good, I've kept to my word. Haven't I?" He added.

"At least now I know better than to leave you alone at night" His hands left my legs and slowly reached for my hands.

"What happened tonight won't happen again, I promise" He whispered, squeezing my hands while intensely looking into my eyes. And for a moment, my heart throbbed in my chest. I felt blood rush into my cheeks as our eyes met. I wasn't sure what was going on until Denver leaned in.

And my breath hitched in the back of my throat.

"Oh my God!" I arose, ignoring the searing pain in my ankles. "Careful. Jesus Christ, it was just a moment, Eliana!" Denver stood, resting his eyes on me but this wasn't about the near kiss.

It was about—"Elijah!" I promptly called as he scurried down the stairs and Nana right after him. But he was faster.

"Mommy!" He threw himself at me and as my arms wrapped around him, my heart shuddered in my chest. "Are you okay, Mommy?" Elijah asked and at that moment, I caught Denver's stunned eyes which he then lifted to me. 'Shit' I pressed my lips together.

Now, he knew.

Denver knew of our secret baby.