

Rejected Mate's Secret Baby

Chapter 44

DENVER.

A storm took the room as the doors banged shut and the curtains wavered in the winds. The moonlight poured into the attic of the cabin where Eliana's Grandmother, Abigail sat cross-legged on the floor.

Her eyes closed in deep concentration and her hands upon her thighs, she began to mutter an incantation that caused the candles around her to flicker and the lights to go off by the winds.

She was trying to find Eliana, she said—the only way she knew. But most of all, I was still shell-shocked about what she'd just revealed to me. All this time, her Grandmother had been a witch.

It was hard enough trying to process what that meant for the both of us but I couldn't imagine how Eliana would feel when she finds out her whole life's been a lie. I was between worrying about that and her own safety.

Either way, it was hard to stay calm.

Not when the possibility that something bad had happened to her was still up in the air. Ivan was a lot calmer than I was, strutting behind me. Something told me he knew of Abigail's secret far before me. He was her doctor so I understood. But I knew Eliana didn't know.

She was all I could think about at that moment.

“Per lumen argenteum lunae et umbras profundasa—“ Abigail gritted through her teeth, summoning the winds into her hands and her long, grey hair cascaded around her like a waterfall.

Eliana's necklace was clutched firmly in her grasp, as a way to summon her spirits and draw us closer to where she was. The map rustled in the storm but didn't necessarily move an inch. Abigail jerked forward with her head falling backward. She carried on.

"Li susurratis et secretis servatis"

"Voco vias antiquas, mysticum cursu" The storm intensified and the room seemed to him with an otherworldly energy. Then she started to bleed from her nose. Immediately, I stepped forward.

Ivan held me back.

"Is she supposed to do that?" I asked him. All he did was shrug because she didn't look so good. Her eyes had rolled all the way to the back and there was blood dripping across her lips. Yet, she was speaking firmly and

jerked forward. "I don't think this is—"

"She warned us about stepping into the circle" Ivan reminded me and my eyes fell on the score of candles that surrounded her. I pushed a hard lump down my throat because I didn't want to be the one to tell Eliana something had happened to her Grandmother.

But Ivan was right. She had warned us to stay meters away. I wasn't quite sure I could move further, even if I tried.

Then the blood from her nose dropped to the map and as soon as that happened, Abigail's voice deepened so much that it was haunting before her lips sealed and her neck snapped back in place. The winds died down and the candles remained steady.

Yet, there was still something eerie lingering even in the quiet.

"What happens now?" I whispered to Ivan who shushed me. The air around her seemed to shimmer with an ethereal glow as my eyes fell on the map. Slowly and magically, her blood started to trail across its ends, marking the towns and cities in Oakland. Abigail opened her eyes, her hands moving gracefully in the air.

Wow. There was only one thing that could come to mind. Wow.

With a determined gaze, she brought her eyes to rest on the piece of paper and held the map in her hands. The map where one section was clearly marked with her blood. And then Abigail stood up.

“Did you find her?” I asked. With a soft exhalation, she nodded her head, still holding tightly to the broken necklace. “Yes,” Her eyes welled up with tears and she’d already lost her voice. Relief washed across my face as a sigh escaped my lips.

“Yes, I’ve found her” Abigail said, turning the map to me but there wasn’t something in her eyes that still told me that things were far from

normal. “What is it?” Ivan asked, inched forward and she pushed a hard lump down her throat. “I know where she is, she’s at the Haven” Abigail added and an arch appeared between my brows.

“The Haven...what is that?”

“Is that where Sienna has her or what is that, Abigail?” I stuttered and she shook her head, immediately grabbing the car keys. Ivan helped her into her wheelchair and as soon as she stepped out of the circle, all the candles went out.

“It’s not Sienna that has her” She threw a look over her shoulders. “Then who?” What I didn’t know was the one other thing that she forgot to mention. “It’s my sister” Abigail whispered.

“It’s Elyndra” Slowly, my jaw dropped and even until we got my car, I was still speechless. Elyndra, I’d heard that name before and it wasn’t just from Abigail. The whole town knew of the Queen of Witches, and if there was one person we Werewolves feared, it was the immortal Elyndra.

But tonight was the first time I knew she had a sister. And not just any sister but Eliana’s Granddaughter. This meant Elyndra was her Great-aunt and Eliana wasn’t just any witch, she was a full hybrid.

“Hey!” Ivan’s voice roped me out of my thoughts as I looked out of the window at him. “Good luck out there” He muttered. “Please, take care of Elijah.” I replied. He was the one person who could watch him.

Which meant it was only Abigail and I going on the journey. Preparing myself for some long-overdue nasty sisterly reunion, I pushed a hard lump

down my throat as I started the car. We drove out of there but luckily, Abigail said the Haven wasn't so far away from here.

It was at the center of Oakland, a century-old building where the Witches once convened.

“Are you okay?” As I drove further, I turned my eyes to Abigail who was so stricken by fear that her face was crimson. “She wants me to know it's her. She wants me to come. She wants me” She stuttered.

“I don't understand how she's your sister...”

“It was so long ago, so long ago from this life...”

“Elyndra hurt my people, everyone says the Great Fire was because of her” I interrupted, some certain rage that I had to hold back in my veins.

Abigail shook her head.

“I knew of the Great Fire—“ She whispered with a pool of tears in her eyes and my jaw fell wide open. “That means, Eliana's Grandfather, he was one of us too,” I had barely even completed my sentence when she nodded and then Abigail cowered her head.

There was a sting in my heart once I found out she was just another Aurora. “I can't believe it” I muttered. “I knew it was wrong and I tried to stop it. I tried to stop it because in the few months I spent in your Packs, I realized you weren't so terrible people after all. You were just looking for a home. The Witches had been in Oakland, we had been here since the beginning of time but it wasn't my home” Abigail said.

“I found my home when I met Eliana's Grandfather. I had been so lost since I could remember. And Elyndra, she was the perfect firstborn child and future queen. She was blameless, I hated my life so much but when I met him, everything changed. I loved for the first time and someone loved me. I always thought I was so hard to love until I met him” She cried her heart out and there was so much pain still brazen in her voice.

“Then why didn't you stop it?” I asked.

“Why didn’t you do anything to stop it? You know the one thing I don’t understand is how you still let him die in that fire” I said, darting my eyes for a moment at her and she scoffed lightly.

“Don’t you think I tried? Don’t you think I tried everything to save the man I loved? Hell, I even betrayed my own people” She replied. “The day the Fire was supposed to happen, I told him. I warned him not to go to that temple. I tried to save the few people that I loved.”

“But it didn’t matter because it was too late. Because Elyndra found out, she found out I was in love with a Werewolf and something about that was so rageful and despicable to her. She found him that day, he wasn’t going to go to the temple but she found him that day and she compelled him to. That was her power—“

“What she did to Carys” I whispered, putting two and two together and Abigail nodded. “It’s what she does, she gets into your mind and poisons it and she won’t leave you until you’re dead” Abigail said.

“When I found out what she did, I was so angry that I wanted out. I wanted nothing to do with the Witches. They wanted nothing to do with me and they even tried to take away my powers. What’s left is what I tried I use tonight and that’s why I got so weak my nose started to bleed” She added.

“But they didn’t...they didn’t take it all away, did they?” I asked and then she nodded. “I was the one who created the Curse that she’s trying to break now. It was my revenge for them killing the man I loved. And I wasn’t thinking about anything else when I did”

“I wasn’t thinking I was pregnant at that time, for a baby that was his and that action—my action would have repercussions that would hurt generations to come. I’m the reason she has Eliana. I’m the one who did this. It’s all my fault” Abigail buried her face into her hands.

“Eliana won’t ever forgive me. It’s no use because I won’t ever forgive myself if something were to happen to her because of me” She continued. “But if you created the Curse, isn’t there some other way to break it? Without Eliana’s life?” I asked and she shook her head.

“There’s no other way and even if there was, she’s doing this mostly to punish me too. She knows I love Eliana more than life itself. She knows how much she means

to me so she's doing this to hurt me. All these years, that's all she's ever done. All they've done" She replied.

"And I thought keeping it a secret from Eliana would somehow be able to protect her from her messy and complicated dark past but it's only hurt her even more" Abigail said and there was some dryness in my throat as I looked to the roads. My heart thumped.

"Yeah," I croaked. "Secrets do hurt when they come out, don't they?"

At that moment, my mind went back to Elijah and the possibility that he was mine. But I shook my head again. It couldn't be, I told myself.

Eliana would've told me. She would have, wouldn't she?

"I won't let her hurt Eliana, I'll make sure of that" Abigail whispered and I looked at her again. "I'll die before I let Elyndra hurt someone else that love—"

"Nothing's going to happen to you both. I'll make sure of that" I reassured her as I brought the car to a halt.

My eyes trailed up the abandoned building in the center of the forest and I reached to hold Abigail's hand. There was no use holding onto a war for this long. She may have done some things in the past but she wasn't the enemy. Elyndra was, for daring to hold Eliana hostage was more than enough reason for me to want to kill her.

I pushed open the door before I alighted. Breaking in, there was this odd stench that oozed into my face. "This is not the Haven" Abigail said. "The Haven is the basement, where we convened. That's where she has her" She continued but her hands reached out to me.

"Careful," She whispered. "There's a chance she's already scented us from when we pulled over—" "Then I need to make haste" I broke down the door that led into the basement and using my super-speed, I entered into the dark room. I may not have been able to scent Elyndra myself.

But I knew at that moment that Eliana was here. Minutes ago by how manifested her presence was in the air. But I looked around, there was nothing but chains and candles and a piece of sandwich laying across the floor and then I heard something from behind.

And it was a gasp.

When I turned around, I was faced with the most shocking behold.

“You’re a tad bit late to the party” Her gritty voice poisoned the air and I wasted no second to charge at her. Only to grasp air instead.

“Where is she?!” I yelled. “You don’t want to make an enemy of me twice, Elyndra” I seared between my teeth and her cackle filled the air before she appeared opposite me now.

“Like I said, you’re late to the party” She replied and at that moment, my eyes met someone else, laying across the floor, lifeless. Her body was massacred beyond recognition and left in the pool of her own blood.

“You’re sick, do you know that?” I turned to Elyndra once I realized it wasn’t Eliana. “Where the fuck is she?” Rage filled my voice and bloodlust in my eyes.

“Someone already took her, unfortunately” She shrugged. “He got here before you” She said so lackadaisically that my fist immediately folded.

“I’m not here to play your games, Eliana—“

“She’s right,” Abigail’s voice pierced from behind as she walked into the room. With her hands wedging against the wall, she locked eyes with me.

“Someone else has her. That same person killed Luciana” My eyes darted to the person on the floor and then back up at Elyndra. Her eyes narrowed at Abigail after which she pursed her lips. “Well, Hello sister” I inched closer to Luciana’s body, wondering who else wanted her.

Who else would do so much to have her?

And as I saw her vicious wounds and the claw marks across her face, it hit me far stronger than deja vu. It hit me like a storm. I lifted my eyes and there was so much anger in them as I muttered.

“Blake.”