

Chapter 17

Verena

Today is my first official day off since I started working at the hotel, so I decided to spend some time away from the place where I work and live.

Since I moved here, I haven't really had the chance to walk around this part of town, so today I am exploring a bit. I start off with a gorgeous breakfast, then I spend my morning walking in the Botanic Gardens to clear my head a bit.

Then I had a spa appointment at one, and after that I went for lunch and just tried to put the last two months out of my head.

I honestly don't think I've had the time to process what has happened to me at all. All this time I've been in straight up survival mode, thinking about how I'm going to destroy Lucan by using Alpha Niklaus and the information I have.

I never stopped to think about myself ... and as I stand at Brooklyn Bridge, overlooking everything that's now my home, I feel myself breaking. Leaning with my elbows on the rail, I breathe out a sigh as a tear streaks down my cheek.

Everything feels like a mess. I'm all alone, my mother is refusing to live with me, Alpha Niklaus wants me for some reason, but I don't want to be a Luna ever again. And now I may have been responsible for so much more.

What's the point in this now? Where do I go from here?

"What am I doing?" I murmur, shaking my head. I'm way in over my head, I know this. Playing with fire has never been my forte, but now it feels like I'm getting burned whenever I'm near Alpha Niklaus.

It's my fault Beta Dimitrios is dead. One of his siblings had to die and since I saved Kristina, I suppose he was next. And now that everything has changed, I find myself asking if Alpha Niklaus will even need my help now.

Things are changing. The future is changing, so from what point does my intel become useless? I know Ares is itching to kill me, so maybe I should just do them all a favour and leave on my own.

"It's not worth it, you know."

My head snaps toward the voice and my heart starts pounding when I realise I didn't even hear someone sneaking up on me. This is where I hate not being a shifter anymore!

"W-what?" I stutter, taking a step back and he offers me a sad smile

"Whatever you're thinking about, whatever reason brought you to this bridge, it's not worth it," he says.

I stare at the man, who is clearly more handsome than he is clever. All soft blonde hair slicked back and wearing a black t-shirt and ripped jeans, and I nearly laugh in his face. Well, actually, I do start laughing.

"You think...?" I say between laughing and shaking my head. "

You think I was going to jump?"

He frowns. "Well, normally when people have the same desperate look on their face that you're wearing right now, I would think so," he says, crossing his arms. "Especially since I can tell you've been crying. Is it safe to say I was wrong?"

"Yes!" I say and place a hand on my belly. "I wasn't about to kill myself, don't worry. I have too much to live for and fought too hard to get where I am now."

He seems to visibly exhale and a look of relief crosses his face. "Oh, thank God. I don't know how many people I've had to persuade to not end their life here," he says, then he leans his elbow on the rail and looks at me. "But I hope you don't mind me standing here until I'm 100% sure you're fine."

In another life, I would have thought him nosy or annoying, but when I nod and turn away from him, I find myself being thankful. There's not a lot of people out there with enough compassion to care about someone other than themselves.

"Thank you," I say as I take in the scene in front of me again. "But I promise you, I'm good. I'm just thinking about a few things before I head home. I haven't really had much time to myself to just ... think."

"That can be dangerous," he says, and I turn my head to face him. "Just make sure you don't get trapped there."

I nod, because the past is a dangerous place to get stuck in. But unlike others, I have a chance to change my past, even if I had no choice in the matter. I still can't figure out who

wanted me back here and for what reason, and I have no idea where to start that search, anyway.

With a sigh, I make up my mind. "Well, this has been nice. But I think I'm gonna head on home," I say, throwing my thumb over my shoulder. "My car is over there. Thank you again for trying to stop me from throwing myself over."

He laughs and his cheeks crinkle, showing dimples. Oh, wow, that's cute. "You're welcome, but like I said, I'll be waiting for you to drive off just so I can make sure you're okay. Unless you want me to follow you home?"

"Alright, hero, let's not go that far!" I say as I laugh out loud. "You went from Superman to Bundy in five seconds there. Don't make me get out my gun."

He holds up both of his hands and chuckles. "She carries a concealed weapon, duly noted. I'll have to not be so brazen with my people saving next time."

"Yeah, some might not warn you," I say and take a few steps backward. "Thank you again. Have a good night—"

"Eli," he says and nods. But all I do is smile as I head back to my car.

He seemed a little too pushy with getting personal, so after I get inside my car, I make sure everything is locked. He's still standing there and waves to me as I put my key in the ignition, and then drive off.

Either that was coincidental, or that man has been watching me, but I don't stick around to see if it's the former or the

latter. Thank Gods I'll never see him again.

What's that they say about never say never?

I run to hide behind a pillar as I see the same man from the night before walking out of one of our conference rooms with a group of people. He seems pissed off and I can hear him arguing with someone about how them coming here was a waste of his time.

And he's still arguing as they walk past my hiding place and round the corner. After ten minutes, I run to the front desk so I can find out what the hell that was about. There's no way he was here for me, right? I didn't even give him my name!

"Hey, Michael," I say, leaning on the counter. "Those men who just walked out, the ones who booked conference room 5, who are they?"


Michael raises an eyebrow. "You don't know who Elijah Yarrow is?"

"No, should I?" I ask, confused, and he chuckles.

"The man is a fucking tech billionaire, Verena. He's always at odds with Alpha Niklaus for some reason or another," Michael says, rolling his eyes. "They're rivals, but also childhood friends."

My heart stutters. "Is he an Alpha as well?"

Michael shakes his head. "No, surprisingly he's human—" he


 +20 BONUS

says, then he rolls his eyes again when the phone rings. "Sorry. Chat later!"

I nod and offer him a fake smile before heading back to what I was doing before my world was turned upside down.

You're telling me a billionaire tried to save my life last night, and I basically called him Bundy?

 Comments

 Vote (725) 