

### Chapter 33 Tell Me The Truth

ELIANA.

I gazed down at Elijah, laying him to sleep for the second time that night. My fingers swept through his hair and a sigh escaped my lips.

I pulled towards the door, knowing as soon as I stepped out, I'd run into Denver and his million questions. I knew he'd have even more. I saw his eyes and how he looked at Elijah when he walked across him.

When he hugged me.

And they were full of questions and calculations in his head. It may have been silent at that moment but the unsaid words between us were deafening. I tore my eyes from him, taking Elijah upstairs.

I could only dodge Denver for so long and even at that moment when I stood with my hands against the door, I didn't even know what I was going to tell him. My heart was pounding against its sternum and my mind was racing with a million thoughts.

I pulled the door open.

There he was, leaning against the wall across the corridor. His eyes instantly met mine and the tension was palpable.

"I don't...I don't even know what to say" He stuttered. A man who was always so stern and confident, for once he wasn't so sure.

"Denver" I called.

"You have a son?" He asked and an arch ravaged his brows. "All this time?" He made out a scuffle through his lips. "I didn't know how to tell you, Denver" I muttered.

"Now it makes sense you know, all those times you didn't want me to come into your house or the days you'd force me to stay downstairs. You were keeping him from me but you see, the thing is I don't understand,"

"I don't understand why, Eliana" There was a crack in his voice and a dawning realization that hit me like a storm. "Why?" I blurted out. I don't think Denver knew the whole truth.

I don't think he knew Elijah was his son.

"Yes why," He nodded. "What the hell happened to trust and 'no more secrets'? I told you, Eliana. If this has to work, we must come clean about everything. Including our pasts. Including the last five years. I told you" He broke away from the wall, inching closer to me.

"Who's his father, Eliana?" He asked the obvious question and I felt a sting in my throat. Maybe I should've told him. I should have.

But alas, I didn't.

Maybe it was because of the fear that he might take Elijah from me or because my son would end up heartbroken when Denver ended up leaving.

Or maybe it was a combination of both.

My Nana's voice crept into my mind but I shook it off. I didn't think I was as brave to tell him the truth so I did what I've done for the last six years and I lied.

"You met someone, didn't you?" It was Denver who asked. I'd never seen him this oblivious. "I did" I whispered, shutting my eyes to the tear that dropped. "I met someone in Tuscany."

"Tuscany?" He echoed. I nodded.

"You see it's the first time you're even telling me where you were" He replied. "I knew about the cult and the whole training to be a warrior thing but I didn't know about Tuscany..."

"It was in Tuscany" I interrupted. "That's the thing, don't you get it?" He asked. "I know these things but at the end of the day, it feels like I don't know you. Like you've just kept a lot of things from me" He added.

"Do you blame me, Denver?" I asked.

"Because there was a time I did tell you everything. A time I trusted you with my whole heart and whole self. A time I loved you more than life itself but you," I halted. He shook his head.

"This isn't about that time, Eliana."

"It's always about that time, Denver" I cleared my throat.

"I'm talking about now!" He raised his voice. "Now that we're finally mates. I'm talking about now but you can't keep bringing up the past" He said and I pushed a hard lump down my throat.

"Yeah that's really convenient for you" I remarked.

"You know that's not what I mean, Eliana" He said calmly now. "Then what do you mean?" I asked. "It's...It's complicated" He muttered. At that moment, I just shook my head with a light scoff.

"Sure it is" I kicked my feet forward but he held my hands. Somehow, I was able to look into his eyes. "You know for someone who says no more secrets, you sure do have a lot" I whispered.

"Because Denver, I could say the same, I don't know you. I never did. Your guard was always so up and you were always so unpredictable and stoic and..." I pressed my lips together.

"So forgive me for keeping this one thing," I snarled through my teeth. "But I will only trust you when you start to trust me too" I freed myself from his clasp and brushing past his shoulders, I walked into my room. I could feel his gaze burning intensely behind me until I slammed the door.

And only when my back leaned against it did I finally heave a deep sigh.

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An hour had passed and I was sitting by the edge of my bed with my hands folded across my chest. I couldn't sleep, even if I tried. Dinner felt like it was yesterday when it had only been a few hours.

It was then I heard a knock on my door.

My eyes lifted to Denver as he walked in. He halted for a moment, closing the door behind him and then he walked up to the bed. Taking a seat beside me, he still hadn't said a word which only left me to wonder.

"What are you doing here?" There was a crack in my voice.

"My brother and I weren't always like this," He said and I looked at him with an arch between my brows. "In fact, there was a time when we were inseparable. He was like my best friend, it's what our mother wanted but everything changed when she died" Denver narrated.

"You're right, my guard has been up for so long and I have secrets of my own but I want to tell you everything, Eliana. I should've done that for a while now. I should've trusted you,"

"You don't have to..." I heaved, knowing how Blake was a difficult topic for him to discuss. I didn't want to force it out of him. "No, I do" But Denver shook his head, hellbent on telling me what really happened.

"Because it was never because I didn't trust you. I've just had a really hard time opening up to anyone. One of the not-so-good things that come with being an Alpha. You're held to a certain standard and when so many people betray you once, you spend a lifetime making sure it never happens again" He pressed his lips together.

"My family is the way it is now because of betrayal" When Denver looked at me, it felt like an entrance into his soul. It was beyond genuineness in his eyes, there was a certain softness and vulnerability I'd never seen before.

"Your mother?" I echoed.

And it was only always when he talked about her.

He nodded his head and that loss that still lingered across his face was something we shared. "Yeah" His voice went low.

"You said she died in the Cold War?" That was all I knew of his mother's demise, all he told me. But at that moment, he scoffed while he shook his head. "Yeah, she did. But it wasn't the war that killed her"

"She was one of the people that died in Oakland's Great Fire," Denver said and my eyes widened. "The fire?" Denver looked at me.

"My Grandpa died in the fire too" Yet another thing that was common to the both of us. All Denver did was cup his chin as if replaying all the daunting memories he had of that day. I wasn't born then, but he was.

I wasn't even sure sometimes how old he really was and how long he'd been alive. The thing with being a werewolf, at least one of the things is that you don't really age as long as you keep shifting and taking the form of your wolf. You age until you first see your wolf and then it stops.

Until you stop seeing your wolf before you continue to age again.

Like my Grandma now who was nearing eight decades but in reality, she'd been on earth for much longer than that because the years she was a shifter don't really add.

Werewolf maths, really. It's funny when I think about it.

Especially when I think about the fact that I'm now immortal since I've come into my wolf. Denver too.

"A lot of people died that day" He drew my attention back to him and I fluttered my lashes. "The Cold War, it was between the werewolf tribes and Packs, wasn't it?" I asked.

"No, it was more than that" Denver replied. "It first started between the Packs when we all lived together and before we separated but in the heat of the war, there was another tribe." He continued and I arched my brow.

"The Witches."

"The Witches?" I echoed, unconsciously looking to where we had Carys but by now, Denver had dragged her into the basement where she was tied and chained. At that mention of that name, I saw the rage pulsate in his eyes and Denver clenched his jaw.

"The witches have been enemies since the beginning of time. All they have ever wanted was to destroy the werewolves and so when they saw an opportunity during the Cold War, they took it. They did everything to pit us against each other and we didn't even know it was them."

"They camouflaged so well, mixed as spies between us, driving us even more mad and tearing us apart" Denver said. "I was nineteen then, Blake was a year older. My dad was a farmer, he was also the new Alpha of Black Mountain when the tribe decided to divide into Packs."

"So he rarely spent time in the Pack anyway so during the war, the only person we had was our mother." He added.

"She would take care of us and shield us as much as she could. She wasn't a warrior or a soldier but in my father's absence, she was strong for both Blake and I. And as long as we had her, we realized we were okay. Blake was especially close to her, although he wasn't exactly the easiest of us, my mum loved him. I, on the other hand was close to Dad"

"Then, what happened?" I asked softly, intrigued by his narration.

"Then we met Aurora."

"Aurora?" I repeated. A scuffle escaped his lips.

"Aurora, she was..." Denver pushed a hard lump down his throat. "She was the first person I was with—the first woman I loved. The only thing, was that Blake loved her too" Denver said and I softly gasped.

"That wasn't even all," What more could they have been?

And as Denver looked at me, his eyes went glassy before a tear dropped. I had never for once seen him cry until now.

"Oh Denver" I reached for his hands as I whispered. He looked away.

"Aurora was a witch" He later said. "She was a spy who was sent to destroy my family and she's the reason everything happened the way it did" He added. I framed his face to look at me.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"She's the reason my mother died in that fire. And the reason your Grandpa did too" He muttered and at that moment, my heart dropped.