

Chapter 50 The Prophecy

ELIANA.

The rhythmic beeping of the heart monitor echoed incessantly through my ears as I sat beside my Grandmother. The scent of hospital antiseptic hung in the air and fluorescent lights up above.

After a whole night, she finally opened her eyes, managing to sit up on the white crisp sheets. At that moment, I squeezed her hands as I sat up. It had been a very long last few hours. I'd known things that I didn't my entire life and come to terms with a reality I had no idea of.

Yet at that moment, after pondering for hours on what I wanted to say, it was hard to feel any other thing but happy. Happy that my Nana was alive. That she was breathing and that the stupid monitor wouldn't stop beating. I was happy because I defeated Elyndra.

"Hey" She softly called, stretching her frail hands to caress my cheeks. Her eyes narrowed with a million unsaid words and I moved closer to her.

"Hey" I whispered. Tears shimmered in my eyes, and in hers.

"I'm so glad you're okay" Nana whispered. I nodded. "I'm glad you're okay too" Sniffing through my nose, I replied. The trauma of being tied and chained up for so long finally got to me and the tears cascaded along my cheeks. "I killed Elyndra," I said to her.

Not sure how my Grandmother would feel about her sister's demise, I just ripped the bandaid off. But then, a sigh escaped her lips. It sounded more like one of relief.

"I know" She replied.

"I felt it."

My hands wrapped around the necklace as I looked at her. There was something that flashed in her eyes before she whispered. "You used the necklace?" She knew but her tone was still sort of questioning. I let go of the necklace. "I did" I muttered.

Her lips curled slightly into a smile.

"Why didn't you ever tell me about it?" I asked her. "The necklace and its powers?" I had so many questions but that was a start. She pushed a heavy lump down her throat. "I did tell you to never take it off. I had my reasons and I told you as well how it would always protect you."

"But you still kept the main reason, ma. You still kept a lot of things from me. Even when I asked you" I interrupted. Her hands fell into mine.

"Every secret I kept was to protect you, Eliana"

"No, ma. Because I was always going to find out. I just feel my life would've been a lot easier if it was sooner. If I didn't hate myself so much growing up" There was a sting at the back of my throat and she heaved a painful sigh.

"I'm so sorry" Nana whispered.

"I really am, I didn't want you to look at me differently. Because my past was complicated and messy and the things I did. Your Grandfather, I really did try to save him but it was too late and I've blamed myself forever for that. I didn't want you to blame me too. I couldn't handle that" She said.

I looked into her moist eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Eliana" She whispered. "My mum...was she also," I asked, an incomplete question but that was because Nana already nodded. "She was" She heaved. "She was a hybrid."

"Why couldn't the necklace save her then? If you gave it to me and it was able to bring me back from the bed and you said you gave it to her, then why couldn't it bring her back?" I asked.

"The necklace, I made it because I knew ultimately that my bloodline would be the only way to break the Curse I made. I knew Elyndra would come after Susannah or maybe the child after or the child after. So I made the necklace to save whoever it was in case it was ever too late."

"I deposited a chunk of my remaining powers inside of it that hopefully, if whoever wearing dies, the person might come back. I didn't want an instance when it was too late again. Not after your Grandfather" She said. "That night your mother gave birth to you, she had to take it off."

"She was in labor and she had to take off her rings and jewelry, including the necklace and I wasn't there. Of course I wasn't there, unless I would have stopped her because my greatest fear happened again and I lost her that day. It was too late again" Nana narrated.

"I decided to be extra careful with you. Your mother knew the truth and because of that, she was always so scared and paranoid and anxious. It took so much of her to know that Elyndra would come one day. That's why I decided to do it differently with you. What you didn't know couldn't hurt you. I wanted you to live like a normal teenager until I was ready..."

"Until I was ready to tell you the truth and until you were ready to handle it but each time I wanted to, I got more and more scared. Scared mostly that you wouldn't forgive me. But all I did, I did to protect you from the Curse and its repercussions" She muttered.

"So what happens now?" I asked. "What happens now that Elyndra is dead? What happens if another Witch comes to try to break the Curse?"

"Because they will. I doubt they like the fact that they have to spend the rest of eternity banished to the darkness. So what happens then?" There was a crack in my voice.

"And there is no other way to break the Curse?"

Her frail lips flatlined. "Not that I know of. I was young, reckless and stupid and acting on impulse. After your Grandfather died, my whole world crumbled and my head was a mess. All I wanted was revenge, over anything else. I was exiled, cast aside and left alone but looking back, I shouldn't have done that. I shouldn't have made the Curse" She cried.

I blinked a tear out of my eye too.

"Yes, you shouldn't have" I shook my head. And with a hard lump slipping down my throat, I stood up.

"You have to find another way to break this Curse because if not my life, it puts Elijah's own at risk too. The blood of a hybrid? Well he's a hybrid" I shrugged, letting my eyes fall on her. And I made sure she saw how deadly serious I was when I said.

"I may have forgiven you for not telling me the truth but I won't forgive you if something were to happen to my son because of that Curse" I seared through my teeth before turning around.

Her gaze lingered up until the door closed. And for a moment, I rested my back against it, wiping my tears. After that, I took the stairs to the ward above where Denver was with Blake.

Blake had been admitted after collapsing in my arms earlier that day. His fever had skyrocketed over just a few hours and he'd been complaining of pain and hallucinations. Denver stayed with his brother, I was there earlier but I'd only excused myself to check on my Grandma.

While Ivan played with my son, Elijah in the pediatric unit.

I crept closer to the door and with my hand against it, I was just about stepping in when I heard Denver's voice. And then Blake's. "They're finally talking" I heaved, biting my fingertips with a smile. His voice was low but because the door was already open, I could hear him clearly.

And I wouldn't have eavesdropped if I hadn't heard my name first.

A stint of curiosity prompted me to stay by the door. "Being an Alpha," I heard Denver's voice. "It just makes you into this person that you aren't. You turn off your emotions and your ability to feel because you're constantly trying to protect yourself from something. And your guards are up most of the time, it really does more harm than good" Denver said.

I listened.

"I'm just tired of that bullshit, I'm tired of that life. Aurora stole something from me that night she left, she stole my humanity and I blame myself for letting her take that much. Because of her, I haven't been able to give myself fully to anyone else. I haven't been able to trust and there's no one I want to trust but Eliana" Denver continued.

"I've been an asshole to her for so long but I wish it wasn't so fucking hard to tell her how I feel. Tonight, when I found out she was in danger, the thought of losing her drove me mad and it made me realize how much I cared about that. How much I never stopped."

"You should...tell her this man," Blake's voice was shaky and wounded.

"I'm telling you because I also don't want to be that person again with you. We turned off our humanity and like where it got us. I don't want to be that person anymore. The ruthless, malicious Alpha who everyone fears. Ever since I found out I was a father, that's all I want to be now."

"And I want to feel, I want to feel it all with Eliana" I clutched my heart which melted in my chest. A smile curled my lips and tears welled in my eyes. I just wish he said that to me instead. There was a flutter in the depths of my stomach, wings of butterflies that batted up to my chest.

I loved him.

I still loved Denver.

"All those years, I blamed you for Aurora but I was wrong. No one forced me to love her. It was my own choice, I made the wrong choice. You didn't force her to love you..."

"Aurora didn't love any of us" Denver interrupted. "Don't you get it? She used us and whatever it was that day that we swore we felt, it was not love. Now, I know what love is and it was not that. It didn't feel like that and one day, you're going to feel it too" Denver whispered and a harsh cough echoed from Blake's lips.

"One day" His tone was bridled with sarcasm.

"I'm not sure I'll make it last today, brother" My heart sank in my chest as they locked eyes. "You heard Elyndra, she spoke of the Prophecy again. I think this is it, I think it's time." Blake said.

"No, brother!" Denver's voice deepened and I wondered what this Prophecy was and what it meant.

"It was always going to be me who dies." Blake said. "I've been useless the past century but you have the Pack. You are their Alpha, you have people who care about you. I have no one, so it doesn't really matter" He whispered and there was a crack in his voice.

At that moment, I walked into the ward just as he sat up.

"No," Denver argued. "You're not going to die, Blake" He said. Blake's hands ripped across the hospital scrubs that he was wearing and he turned his chest to Denver. There was a spreading sore across his skin, red with blisters and blood. It was all over his chest and his arms. Legs.

"Oh my God!" I blurted out, drawing both their attentions. He turned to me immediately. Blake. "Is it that bad?" He questioned. My eyes darted to Denver who shook his head. In turn, I did the same.

"What is that?" I asked him softly. "It's death" Blake replied flatly and I arched my brows. "Is that the Prophecy—that one of you will die?" I put two and two together and it was my most outrageous assumption which their silence confirmed was true.

My lips fell loose with my hand clutching it.

"Maybe I deserve this!" Blake echoed, wearing his shirt back. He folded his arms, an attempt at finding peace in what was coming. Even though I didn't understand why. Why now?

Why, after defeating Elyndra and redeeming himself, did this have to happen?

"Maybe I deserve to die" He turned to Denver who gripped his hands tightly and I'd never seen him show that much emotion. "You're not going to die, Blake! Not today. He gritted his teeth, grabbing his coat.

"Where are you going?" My hands struck his chest and his gaze towered over me. "To meet your Grandmother, if anyone knows what is wrong with him and how to stop it, then it must be her!" He replied. Without a doubt, I followed him behind.

"I'm coming with you." Denver didn't halt until he entered my Grandma's ward. He was out of breath but he still managed to get some words out.

"Something is wrong with my brother, and it's because of Elyndra. She did something to him when he killed her and I need to know how to stop it" He said. My Grandmother was taken aback with shock in her eyes.

"Killed her?" She echoed. "I thought it was Eliana who killed her?" Nana turned to me but I shook my head. "Blake was the one who stabbed her with the Aetherbane arrow, the only thing that could kill her" I replied and horror flashed in her eyes at that moment.

"No..." Her lips parted as Denver and I exchanged glances.

"What is it?" He cooed.

"No. No No. Elyndra," My Grandmother shook her head. "She knew you'd try to kill her or at least someone. Elyndra. It's the Aetherbane arrow" She added. "So what? She's not dead?" I questioned frantically.

"No, she is. Elyndra is dead because the Aetherbane arrow would kill it but it would also kill the person who stays her, if that is, it's a Werewolf or a Witch. That is why you were the only one who could do it" Nana explained and I looked at Denver who ran his hands through his hair.

"And you're only just mentioning this now?!" He raised his voice, slamming his fist into the wall. "Denver!" I drew his arms to me but he flung my arm away.

His chest rose and fell as he turned to my Grandmother.

"How can we stop it? How can we stop him from dying? Surely there's some spell or whatever..." He growled and my Nana shook her head. "I'm afraid the only person who knows how to reverse it is Elyndra. She's the one who spelled the arrow. She's the only one who can unspell it" Denver turned back to me and his eyes were filled with bloodlust and rage.

"That bitch!" He cursed but I stepped in front of him. "Denver!" My hand met his chest and I could feel his erratic heartbeat. "Look at me," I whispered. "We'll find a way" I assured him once he locked his eyes into mine. I nodded so confidently.

"Don't worry, we'll find a way to save Blake."