

## Chapter 51 The Past And The Future 1

ELIANA.

The winds swept through my hair as I entered the gates. My feet brushed against the blooming flowers that glittered underneath the morning sunlight. The air smelled sweet and a soft breeze was as magical as the birds chirping in the ancient trees.

Butterflies danced in the air, every little thing captivated my attention. I forced myself to stay and feel at that moment, more than I ever had before. Because it felt like a dream here, the only place in the whole of Oakland that hadn't been ruined or deforested.

My mother was buried here, alongside my Grandpa and some of the wolves that lost their lives during either the Cold War or the Great Fire.

As I kicked my feet forward, I breathed in a lungful of fresh air. God, I wished life could always be this beautiful and calm. I brought myself to my mother's graveside for the first time since I got back. For so long, I didn't think I could handle it. I didn't think I could handle seeing her like that. I feared I just might burst into tears.

I didn't want her to see me so weak so she wouldn't be ashamed.

But after everything that had happened over the last few days, the last few weeks, months, all I wanted was just to sit there. I didn't want to be anywhere else. I was lost, disheveled and devastated at that moment.

Stuck between my newfound identity and moving forward with Nana, trusting her again, Denver finding out about our child and now, a dying Blake.

It was just so chaotic in the real world that I desperately sought an escape. My hands brushed along the fallen leaves on her gravestone and tears welled in my eyes which I fought to hold back.

"Hi" There was a subtle crack in my voice as I batted my lashes. "I'm sorry I didn't come sooner Mum but I'm here now" I whispered. "And I really need your help because I've never felt so lost. I've never felt so down and...I don't know what to do."

"I came here with a plan but it's like since then, I've only watched my life fall more and more apart. I'm failing the Pack, failing Denver and it feels like I'm failing Elijah and the reason I haven't come here was because it felt like I failed you too" I couldn't hold the tears that fell at that moment and there was a sore sting in my chest.

The winds filled the trees as I cupped my chin, beneath my lips was a whisper.

"I really wish you were here now."

"I really wish you just came back now. It would make everything so much better" I said. Alas, it was only wishful thinking and there were no shooting stars in the skies so I lifted my eyes, wiping my tears to face the reality of it. I'd always done that.

But not today.

"Elly," I didn't have to today because something extraordinary happened at that moment. My eyes widened with disbelief as I turned around. She was standing there, in a long flowing white dress and a smile etched to her lips. Her arms apart and her feet soaring just above the ground. There was an ethereal light that beamed behind her.

And an aura that swept me off my feet. I stood up, literally. I couldn't believe my eyes—it was her, it was my mother. Her long brown hair cascaded upon her shoulders and her eyes beamed a bright blue. It took more than a few seconds to close my mouth.

And I looked behind me and then back.

"Mom?" I let out a shrill whisper. "It's me, Elly" She replied. I blinked my eyes, my heart racing in my chest. I feared I'd already lost my mind. "It's really me, Elly." Her voice echoed again. This time, I scoffed lightly.

"This isn't possible, I'm going to get Grandma" I turned around when she whispered. "Don't waste your time. Only you can see me, for now. And I won't be here for so long" My mother whispered. I stopped in my tracks and when I turned back, tears filled my eyes.

"I...How is this..." Words failed at that moment. It was the first time I saw her in person and God, she was so beautiful. She was...she was my mother. "Mom" That name was so strange on my lips that it hurt to say it. "It's really you" I cried and she nodded her head.

"It's really me" She sauntered inches closer to me and I fell in her arms, they weren't physical. It was more of her aura that clung to my skin and I felt safe right there. A river flowed from my eyes and even after several minutes, it was still hard to believe. Hard to believe that she was here.

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"Didn't you make a wish?" Susannah asked. I sat on the grass, my fingers brushing against them as the butterflies moved to dance around her. I lifted my gaze and our eyes met.

"Do wishes really come true?" I threw the question back at her. "What are you now, are you like a ghost or in my mind or something?" I asked. She chuckled and her laughter was melodious.

"I'm your mother" She smiled. "I can also be anything and anywhere you want me to be" It was me who chuckled this time. And she moved closer to where I was, sitting right next to me.

"I can't believe it. I can't believe you're here" I muttered. I felt her hands go through my hair. "You're so beautiful, Elly. Even more beautiful than I pictured. And you've grown into this strong woman that I'm so proud" She said. I looked over my shoulders.

"Elly?" I echoed. "Would that have been what you called me?" Susannah nodded with a grin. "It hasn't a nice tone, doesn't it?" She asked. My cheeks flamed up. Having cute nicknames was one of the many things in my childhood that I missed out on.

Having someone call me Elly felt so nostalgic.

At the thought of my childhood, the smile across my face vanished and my mother noticed. For the first time, someone noticed. "It broke my heart," She whispered. I turned to her. "It broke my heart to see the way they treated you and not do anything" She said.

"How do you know?" I asked her. I felt my hands slip into hers.

"I know everything because there hasn't been a day since I died when I wasn't with you. When I wasn't right beside you, watching over you. The tedious days in the sun and cold nights in the dungeon while you fell asleep. Hearing every name they called you. It shattered my heart into pieces knowing that it was because of me" She said.

"No, mum" I shook my head. "It wasn't because of you. It wasn't..."

"And to see you still have the heart of an angel. Coming back here after what these people did to you to help them..." She paused and her tone went a little sour. "To face Jaxon," She continued.

"I knew I was right when I held you in my hands even if it was for that one second, I knew without a doubt that you'll become someone great, someone who's going to change lives and help people and fill the world with the empathy it so desperately needs. I knew and that's why I called you Eliana. I told them it was what I wanted" She narrated.

"Child of the Sun. The light. Child of love"

Tears shimmered in my eyes yet again as it struck me how much this so-called empathy had hurt me in the past. Feeling so much, falling in love so easily. Getting my heart broken.

"And then you had a son too!" My mother beamed with a wide smile. I blushed. "His name is Elijah, he's my Sun, my light. He's my love" I said. Susannah squeezed my hands. "I love that name" Our eyes met.

"You'd love him too. I really wish you could meet him" I continued but she sighed. "Oh I already have. Each time he has those nightmares, I'm always beside him when he wakes up, he only doesn't know" She replied.

"Then, I wish he could've met you" A soft gasp escaped my lips as I tilted my neck to rest on her shoulders. "And Denver?" My mother asked.

"What about Denver?"

"I was only waiting for you to bring him up" She teased. I forced my lips into a pout. "You and him, the whole mate arrangement huh?" I nodded.

"Nothing still changes even after you heard his confession earlier?" Susannah asked. I looked at her with a sigh. "I don't know, ma" I said.

"You can lie to everyone else but you can't lie to me" She whispered.

"I don't know where we stand or if we can even be together. If there was a world where we could finally get out happy ever after, if I can. I don't know if he's ever going to hurt me again because there's just always going to be something. Always one shoe about to drop" I said.

"And this whole time, I've just spent it waiting and waiting and waiting. It hasn't disappointed me once. He could say he loves me and obviously I do too but is that enough? Is that really enough?" I asked. She arched her brows delicately and there was a pause for a brief moment.

"It may not be enough. I'm proof that love is sometimes just not enough, look at your father and I, we were so in love with each other, on the cusp of forever. We had all these plans and everything set out. But then, life happened. I ever had can be devastating and harsh."

"And it can throw a lot of things at you to see if you'll be able to survive it. When I died, I had just a single thought—would I do it all over again if I knew it was going to end this way?" She paused. "And at that moment, I was struck with all these emotions."

"Pain, hurt, heartbreak and the guilt because I knew that I would selfishly say yes. Yes, that I would do it all again with your father if I knew the end. Because when I found him, I found love. I found happiness in the rest of my life. And life was already tough but we had each other."

"We found each other and we chose each other. And I wouldn't have met you even if it was just for a moment" She whispered and her eyes were glassy. "Yes, I told myself. I would do it all again. Even after knowing he remarried someone else,"

"I think he was just lost too. He's been lost ever since that day, trying so hard to fill a hole" I replied. She nodded. "But he really did love you" I said. She nodded again. "I know" There was a crack in my voice.

"I just wished he loved you too."