

Chapter 18: PROPHECY

Elena closed the door and came down the stairs, and walked towards where the men were seated, eating and drinking.

She knew where she would find him.

He was outside with his horse, gently taking care of it and the moonlight shown on them.

She watched him and could see his heart. Filled with hate and despair, But there was a part of him that could care. He could take care of an animal with so much affection, and yet he tried to take away any show of humanity in him.

She walked up to him.

He looked at her. He wasn't going to ask the question, but she knew what he wanted to know.

"She is fine." She said. "She is awake now and resting."

He said nothing for a while as he brushed out the hair on his horse.

"Well, we're going to be on our way now." He said.

She stopped him right in his tracks. "You will do no such thing."

"You said she was awake." He said. "We've been here for one fucking week! Doing nothing! Waiting for sleeping beauty to wake up, and now that she is awake, you won't let me leave?!"

"You were rough with her." She reminded him.

When they had brought her almost to the brink of death, Elena had been so furious and disgusted.

Especially after she had examined the poor girl! She had wanted to lash at him, but she had controlled herself and went on healing her with her abilities.

"I didn't get the chance to speak to you, but now that she is awake, I can." She said. "How could you do that?! Rape an innocent girl?!"

"Innocent?! Have you forgotten what her father did to my mother?! To my family?! To my mate?! To you?!" He sneered.

She felt the pang, and when the memories came back, she pushed them away.

"She isn't her father." She told him.

"To hell with that! She is his seed! And I will ruin her for the rest of her life! I bonded with her! She belongs to me till death!" He spat. "I will do whatever I want to do with her!"

"You are becoming Bale himself!" She said.

His onyx eyes glowed, and his inner wolf howled so she could hear it.

In a split second, his hands were around her neck.

"DON'T YOU EVER CALL ME THAT!" He snapped at her.

She could hardly breathe, and then his eyes dimmed, and as if realising what he had just done, he quickly let go.

Guilt was written all over his face.

"I... I...-

She knew he couldn't say sorry. But she knew he was. He had never said sorry in all the twenty years she had known him.

She cleared her throat. "You need to control it. Or it will take over you."

He said nothing and turned away. "You can't deter me, Elena. Nothing you do will deter me. I've made my decisions."

And that was what hurt her the most.

She walked up to him and cupped his cheek.

"You're still the little boy that I found dead in those ruins." She told him.

He had been such a child. He was dead, but his soul had been clinging.

His wolf had refused to go, and she had brought him back and raised him.

He had only been seven.

Now he was a man who had grown with vengeance, and all her teachings of forgiveness had gone to waste.

She knew that no matter what she did, he had already made up his mind, and that was what hurt her the most.

He had been like a son.

The son she had lost.

"Regardless of what you think," She said. "She is innocent."

He pulled away from her and spat.

She sighed. "The girl is nothing like her father."

"Did you have a prophecy?" He asked sarcastically.

She was quiet, and she said that to him. "You hate her, but one day she is going to be the one you need the most. I promise you."

And with that, she walked back into the house.

