

## Chapter 7

Elena POV

The walk back to his quarters...our quarters, is silent with Draven and I both lost in our thoughts. This situation was so much more different from what I had expected. I glanced down at the charms the witch doctor had made into a bracelet, and given to me.

'It won't do much but it will reduce the pain when the seal loosens again. Come to me immediately, if you notice any cracks on the charms.' She'd said patting my hands.

I clutched the bracelet tightly. Any help I could get was appreciated no matter how small. A few hours ago I hadn't even known that I had any abilities.

Abilities used to be common in the old days but they were rare now. There were less than ten people in the world with abilities and Draven was one of them. Even though I didn't know what his was, I knew it helped enhance his fighting greatly.

After the Great War and separation, people with abilities had slowly trickled out until they stopped existing. Many of them had fought in the war and died.

People say that's why the moon goddess was angry at us, she has turned her back on us because we killed her children.

I don't even know what to think or to feel. If I truly had this great power inside me, why hadn't I ever felt it before? Why had the moon goddess

left me to suffer for ten years without even knowing anything?

And who placed the seal on me? I've lived in the pack my whole life and the only person who could have had the seal placed on me would have been the witch doctor or my mother. But I don't remember ever meeting the witch doctor privately, and my mother would have definitely mentioned something of such importance to me.

Besides, such a matter couldn't possibly have been kept secret from the pack. If they had known they would have tried to use me in some way. But they didn't, so they had no idea. I don't know if I should feel grateful for that, only goddess knows what they would have done to me if they had known I had an ability.

Draven suddenly stopped walking and I bumped into him full on. I rubbed my aching nose. It felt like I had fallen face first into hardened concrete. I glanced up at him resentfully. Why did he suddenly stop in the middle of the path?

"You were sighing." He said, coldly.

I blinked up at him, I had no idea what he was talking about. He stood quietly for a moment, watching me, before he turned around and continued walking.

My thoughts were pushed to the back of my mind as I hurried my pace to catch up to him, panting fiercely. Why were his legs so long? I would probably die of exhaustion if I had to walk with him everyday.

We were in the palace now and, despite how rigorous it had been, I

realized I'd actually enjoyed walking. It was freeing being outside, without the disgusted looks of pack members falling on me or having to be cautious to avoid being pranked on or beaten.

Here, pack members actually looked at me when we passed, all greeting Draven and me in passing. Unlike before in my old pack where I was ignored as if I didn't exist or looked at because they were trying to figure out a new way to hurt me.

Their eyes lingered on my bruises, but I could tell there was no malice in their gazes, they were merely curious about why I was so injured.

Draven didn't stop walking until he got to what I assumed was his room. I didn't know if I was supposed to follow him in or not so I just stood watching him. When he turned to me there was an irritated look on his face. What was he angry about this time?

"Do you need something?" He asked gruffly, his voice booming in the halls.

I jerked, surprised. "No Draven, I just thought..."

He cut me off, his tone getting darker. "If you don't need anything then go back to your room. He gave me a once over. " You don't need me to carry you there, do you?"

I could feel the heat rising in my cheeks. "No, I don't."

"Good." He replied. "We may be mates but don't overstep your position. I will give you the protection and comforts you deserve as my mate but that's it, do not hope for anything more. There is nothing more."



I did not wish for this. I never wanted a mate. I never wanted you. I don't care what you do here but my rooms are off limits. Is that clear?"

"Yes Alpha." I whimpered, suppressing the urge to fall to my knees.

He opened the door and stalked in, slamming it closed.

I wanted to explain myself, to tell him I wasn't hoping for anything else. I understood my position and I accepted it, it was more than I had expected. I wanted to tell him how grateful I was that he had not rejected me despite not wanting me, but when I opened my mouth, words refused to come out.



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