

The Rejected Mate

chapter 21 : mother's love

I spent the next day working in the kitchen, helping the omegas of the pack with preparing for the lunch they've to serve to hundreds of hungry wolves with the appetite of an elephant. I also got to a lot from the omegas a lot, how the pack has been in a better condition and how they're treated like any other pack member with Damien as their Alpha

I'm currently in the play room, where the parents usually drop their kids off before they go to run errands or the warriors for the pack training, its more like a nursery if not. I was bored out of my mind and decided that I could spend some of my time with these little munchkins.

I watch as the children play among eachother, some chasing eachother around, toddlers either being handled by nannies, some chewing on their toys, or babbling to themselves in an adorable way, Making me smile at their adorableness. I feel two hand wrap around legs, only to look down and find a pair of grey eyes staring up at me with a toothless smile, making my smile to widen.

"Hi baby" I pick Elijah up and place him on my hip. I place a kiss on his chubby cheeks, making him giggle out.

"How is my favourite person doing?!" I say and Elijah looks at me with his big grey eyes and babbles in reply by moving hands and pointing at the playground, make me laugh out at his adorableness. If anyone were to see me now, they would think I've lost my marbles for talking with a toddler. I squish his cheeks making his lips to pucker out in a cute way.

I tuck the long hairs out of his face and tuck it behind his ear, I feel small arms wrap around my neck and he rests his tiny head on the crook of my neck, and I realize that he might be sleepy. So I decide to take him along with me.

I'm about to leave the nursery with Elijah when someone across the room calls me, I turn around to find a girl with blue eyes and raven hair heading over to my direction.

"Hi, I'm Raven. I saw you interacting with Elijah, and I was pleasantly surprised to see him approach you the second he saw you looking around, and he isn't really found of strangers" her words make he realize how much Elijah takes after his father, her eyes move from Elijah back to me with a smile and I smile back at her "if I may ask, how do you know eachother?".

I pause, not knowing what to reply. Who am I? His father, The Alpha's rejected mate? Or a packmate who happens to share a special bond with the Alpha's only son? Now that I say it in my mind, she would think I'm lying since Damien isn't exactly known for his socializing skills. So I decided to say "I was a friend of Emily's" Raven's eyes become sad when she hears Emily's name.

"Ahh, I see. It makes me sad to think that Elijah has to grow up without a mother in this cruel world" her words makes me wonder what would've happened if my own mother was alive?! I had too grow up too fast for my own good. Living in this world without a mother was tough for me. "I mean no one can love a child like his/her mother" she continues "Alpha makes a point to take time out of his busy schedule to spent atleast three days a week with Elijah and also drops him here and picks up Elijah himself."

She sounds proud and talks highly of her Alpha. I mean why wouldn't they? He was a great Alpha, protected the pack and valued the lives of his pack members more than his own.

Honestly speaking, I was glad that Elijah atleast a fatherly figure in his life, I admired Damien for taking time out of his busy schedule and Alpha duty to spend time with his son. I wished mine did too back then.

I smile at Raven "it was nice meeting you, I hope to see you around. I think the little guy is tired and I'll take him along with me for a nap" I rub my hand across his back absently, Raven smiles at me in understanding, says that we should hang sometimes and takes her leave.

Having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world. I walk pass the the Alpha's office with a sleeping Elijah in my arms, I hear someone calling my name from inside "Serenity" a deep voice calls out. I halt on my footsteps realizing that its Damien. I turn around and find him already looking at me with those intense eyes of his making me squirm, his eyes moves to the sleeping figure in my arms.

"Hey, he fell asleep in my arms. So I thought I'll take him with me" I say.

"It's okay, I'll take him" Damien says and I nod my head in reply. He goes to take Elijah from my arms, he tries to detach the hold Elijah had on my neck which makes him stir in my arms. I try helping him, trying to detach Elijah's linked arms.

Elijah stirs again in my arms and says a word leaving both me and Damien staring at eachother in shock.

"Mommy".

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chapter 22 : dear no one

I and Damien both stare at each other in shock, I'm not going to lie but Elijah calling me his mother did stir some unknown emotions in me, I was honestly shocked since I've never told him nor has he ever called me that before. Which also made me realise that Elijah never had a motherly figure in his life, just like me. Which saddened me.

"I- uh, I will take him myself to your room, If that's okay with you?" I ask Damien so I could totally avoid this awkward situation.

Damien just nods his head soundlessly all the while staring at me with those intense eyes of his.

I immediately scurry out of the office with a babbling but sleepy baby in my arms. I climb up the stairs onto the top floor where all the rooms of the high positions of the pack situated.

I enter the room to my right knowing who exactly it belonged to, and also which smelled strongly of him.

I slowly place my hand on the back of Elijah's head and bring him forwards, only to find him on the verge of dozing off with him occasionally opening and closing eyes trying to fight the sleepiness, but he seemed to lose.

"Let's get you to bed little man" I place his small body onto the bed and smile when he wraps his little finger around mine in a tight hold. I slowly but carefully detach my hand from his hold. Keeping to pillow on either side of him, to prevent him from falling of the bed like the first time I found him.

When I turn around, something sitting on the night stand catches my attention, I reach forward and my hand comes in contact with a rough surface, picking the object up I realize it's a black leather diary of some sort. Opening it up I find "Damien" written inside with a cursive hand writing.

I wasn't a snoop person, I believed everyone deserved their privacy but seeing the diary with with mates name on spiked my interest, my curiosity gets the best of me when I slowly turn the pages to find that the first entry had been written three years ago.

11th October, 2017. The day after I left.

Dear No one,

I wakeup with a jolt, I realise that I'm dripping with sweat. My breath uneven with the nightmare I just had. I heave a sigh and run a hand down my face. I thought they were

gone, gone for good. But I should've known that nothing good lasts forever. Like her. I know why the nightmare has started once again, the one that kept my being sane left, my mate left. I know I have been nothing but an Asshole towards her. but I couldn't help myself. I didn't want to hurt anyone else again in my life, being with me would cost them their lives.

The nightmares are back to torment me, to bring back the sleepless nights I spent training or either running in my wolf form so.

Its the same nightmare all the time, playing in my mind like a broken recorder for years on loop. Those brown eyes, light draining from their very being.

**** the nightmare****

My five-year old self swings back and forth on the swing at the pack playground. I watch as kids my age play with eachother with a carefree look etched onto their faces. I tried approaching them once thinking that I could also join them on in their fun, but their faces twisted with fear the moment they saw me, causing them to scurry away from me. My shoulders slump with sadness and I go back to swinging myself back and forth.

A hand places itself on my tiny shoulders, I turn to find warm brown eyes looking at me with a spark in their eyes.

"What's the matter?"

"No one wants to play with me, am I that bad mom?!" I ask her in a small voice fearing her reply, my eyes cast downwards.

I feel her move infront of me, she crouches down infront of me so that she was eye-level with my little frame.

"Hey, look at me" she softly grabs my chin and tilts it upwards so my grey eyes met her warm brown ones. My mom was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life, with brown hair that shined under the sunlight, eyes that sparkled with life. Face chiseled to perfection that made everyone in the pack jealous of her beauty, men and women alike. She was really kind to those around her and the pack loved their Luna very much.

"You aren't bad at all. They fear what you could do. look at you, you're so strong even though you're just five. You're going to be their Alpha one day. People tend to run away from a powerful authority. And you my son, are going to be a powerful Alpha one day" a smile breaks out onto my face hearing her words.

She smiles at me and tugs my small hands in her big ones, my small loops with hers as I get up from my seated position on the swing.

"Mom, where are we going?" I ask her in curiosity.

"To the clearing" I squeal in delight when I hear that. The clearing was just near the pack borders, Dad didn't let me or anyone from the pack go there since rogues tend to lurk their often.

I break my hand out of moms hold the second we reach the clearing, running as fast as my short legs would take me. I stop when I see then garden, made by mom herself.

Mom loved gardening and father let her do whatever she liked here. I look at all the flowers ranging from big to small, and of all colours like yellow, pink, red and purple.

I crouch and kneel near a pink flower, I see a butterfly sitting on top of it. Lightly swaying its wings back and forth in a beautiful motion , making me feel mesmerized. I reach forward to capture it by its wings when my moms words stop me.

"Damien" I turn towards her when I hear her disapproving voice.

"Butterflies can't see their wings. They can't see how truly beautiful they are but everyone else can. People are like that aswell. You should never try to ruin someone's beauty" she says softly.

A clapping sound echoes through the clearing , both me and my mom turn towards the voice to find three men covered in filth standing before us.

"words of wisdom from the pretty little luna herself" the guy standing in the center sneers, flashing his rotten yellow teeth at us. Mom pushes me behind her back and takes a protective stance, ready to fight.

Mom instantly transforms into her brown wolf and lunges at the guy that was standing near to her, her jaw gripped his neck which he didn't see coming and was caught off guard, twisting and snapping it instantly. His lifeless body falls to the floor and blood pools around his body.

Seeing that they've lost one of their guys, the guy who stood at the center becomes angry, his beady black eyes turn red, indicating ti other his status as a rogue in the werewolf world. He instantly shifts into his grey wolf, his body littered with scars, certain parts of his fur were missing, showing the scars he had aquired over the time and he looked filthy to say the least. He instantly claws at her sides drawing blood making me move from my spot to somehow help her, I was five which meant I haven't even shifted into my wolf yet.

I wanted to her help, an idea popped into my mind. I looked around my sorrounding and found a stone. Gripping it in my hands I flung it into the wolves face, making it sneer at me. My moms wolf instantly lets out a growl at the threat directed at her pup.

The third rogue who had been watching from the sideline had somehow sneaked up on me and brought a knife upto my neck.

"Shift or else he wouldn't live to see another day" the guys says maliciously grabbing the attention of my mom and the other rogue.

I could see worry flood into her eyes at the sight before her.

She instantly shifts back into her human and stands naked. It all happened so fast, one minute she was standing and next she was being knocked down by the grey wolf and with a deep cut on her neck, blood oozed out in fast motion making my eyes to tear up seeing her like that. He instantly shifts back into his human form.

The guy that was holding the knife to my throat, holds my face in a tight grip so I could only look at the scene infront of me and nothing else.

My five-year year old self watched my mother got raped, they did things to her body my little mind couldn't comprehend. I watched as her body remained immobilized, her eyes on me with tears leaking through them along with mine, i trash around and try to escape but my small body could do only so much. I watched as the spark she carried in her eyes dimmed until they turned hollow and lifeless. I was thrown onto the floor after they were done, all alone.

I crawled on my all fours over to her lifeless body, I tried waking her up and everything I could possibly do, but she didn't respond. A pack memeber had found us hearing my waling and cry for help. Help was called and the Dad was reported about the attack on his mate and son immediately. Dad had found his dead mate lying naked in her own puddle of blood and a five-year old clutching onto her body like his life depended on it. .

That day an Alpha lost his mate, a son lost his mother, a pack lost its luna and I lost my childhood.

I slam the book close, tears stream down my face as I clutched onto the leather covering of the book. My wolf kept whimpering in my head constantly. Feelings sad for our mate and what nightmare he had to live through.

Suddenly I hear rattling noises of a door being closed and I hear footsteps. Realising that its coming towards my direction I hastily place the book where I found it, on the night stand like it was never touched by someone. I wipe the tears away from my face.

I turn around and place a small blanket over Elijah's sleeping figure, just in time for the door to the room to open, I meet Damien's eyes and find his eyes moving back and forth from Elijah to mine. I couldn't help but Imagine a five-year old Damien in his place.

"I think its getting late and Matthew would be here anytime soon" I say and start moving towards the door. If I stay any longer I would burst and being with him in the same room, staring at me like he was looking into my soul wouldn't help the case.

I'm about to leave when I feel a firm grip on my wrist, I turn my head over my shoulder to find Damien staring at me. My heart beats fast like its about to jump out at any given moment due to nervousness. Does he know that I read his diary?

"Thankyou for today" he rasps out in his deed voice.

I nod and smile, not trusting my voice to give him a verbal reply. I close the door behind me. When I reach my room, I couldn't help but feel a heaviness. I slid down the wall, knees to my chest. Minutes passed and the pain in my chest went out to the five-year old who had to watch his own mother be defiled and die before his eyes, for an Alpha who lost his mate too early and the pack for its Luna.

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chapter 23 : killian

Today was a good day; the clouds covered the sun, making the air cool and it felt nice on the skin. Since werewolf are normally warm, and a sunny day means you'd be sweating bullets like crazy.

I was in a good mood, which was honestly weird for me to be in, since nothing has been going the way I want it to since I came back home three months ago. I decided a walk through the stream would be calming for me and my wolf.

The dry leaves on the ground scrunch under my boot claded feet, hands buried deep inside the jacket I decided to wear last minute, extra measures for if it got more chilly than it already was outside. Walking calmed me, hearing the birds chirping, the occasional spotting of a squirrel or rabbit running away.

Eventually my footsteps come to a stop, I could make out the soothing noise of the fresh water flowing through the stream. The stream was one of my favourite places to come to when I wanted some alone time to myself, helped me to think about things.

Removing my jacket and folding pants so they wouldn't get wet, I dip my legs into the stream, sitting at the edge occasionally moving my legs back and forth and amusing myself by scaring off the small fishes swimming by.

The calmness of around me made me relax, which didn't last long when I felt a another presence. No matter what, I couldn't shrug off the feeling of being watched

Discretely turning my head to the side, not wanting to alarm whoever was out there that I knew about their presence, my sweep the edge of the forest. My eyes look over the tall trees that stood proudly, moving towards the slightly raised ground which almost resembled a cliff, but in this case a small one.

My breath hitches in my throat, I could hear my own heart beat wildly in my chest, which felt like it was likely to jump out of my chest at any given minute when I spot the huge black wolf that stood on top of it.

Scrambling up without a second thought from my seated position on the ground I stumble back in shock, eyes wide and heart beating wildly.

Looking at the beast eyes, I find them filled with slight amusement. looking closely I realise its Killian, Damien's wolf.

I roll my eyes at myself, feeling extremely stupid. but you can't blame me for my actions, my lunatic biological father was out there ready sprung at the chance to kill his beloved daughter, I think sarcastically.

Killian had similar eyes to his human side. Damien's wolf side stood proudly on the cliff, looking like the powerful wolf he is. Radiating his Alpha power. Killian was a huge wolf, almost as big as wild bear.

black coat shining under the sunlight.

"You scared me, you know?!" I mumble looking down at the ground, feeling slight embarrassment course through me.

I don't look up and almost stumble back for a second time today when I realise he had moved closer towards me, taking advantage of my distracted state. he stood a few feet away from me, eyes filled with amusement,

Which irked me.

Killian almost was a big wolf, which was expected since he's an Alpha. he almost came up to my chest in his wolf form.

Narrowing my eyes at his wolf, I move towards his wolf form without a second thought, wanting to run my hands through the shiny black coat, wanting to know if it felt as soft as it looked from my position.

Killian stood upright on his front paws, staying alert and in anticipation of my actions.

Reaching a shaky hand forward, I don't know if it's because I'm scared or because of the tingling sensation our skin contact makes me feel, my body immediately relaxes which was previously tensed in anticipation. Warmth spreads throughout my body.

What shocked me more was Killian's reaction to my touch, I look in amazement as his eyes closes on its own accord, a small purr like sound to come out from his throat, making me jump back in shock.

Opening his cloudy grey eyes when he misses my touch, he whines at the loss of contact.

This just makes me more surprised.

Moving forward, he nudges my hand continuously in an attempt to pet him again, but I don't budge, amused and wanting to see his next move

Growling in frustration he nudges my hand a little hard this time, my hands comes to rest on his head. I scratch him behind his ear and he purrs continuously. His head leans forward in pleasure and I laugh.

My heart fluttered in my chest at his reaction to my touch. Which also makes me curious as to how the both of us still feel the matebond even after me accepting the rejection three years ago

Almost as if snapping out of the trance, he backs away, I watch as his eyes cloud over making me realize that someone might be mind linking him.

'I'm needed at the border, I'll see you later at the pack house' Killian's voice sounds in my head and I just nod in understanding.

Silently walking back to the pack house, thinking over my recent encounter which continuously plays on loop inside my head. I smile at the memory.

I don't look where I'm going and almost collide with someone, a small "oomph" releases from my mouth when I realise I'm going to fall flat on my ass.

Arms wrap around my waist at the last minute, I'm only a few inches from kissing the ground. I thank the heavens above for that.

"Couldn't help falling for me? Huh" recognizing the familiar voice I look upto the strangers eyes to find hazel eyes filled with amusement.

Standing upright from the awkward position, I roll my eyes at his cockiness.

"I'd rather step on a pile of shit" I retort back and Matthew pouts at me, looking hurt but we both know he's just mocking.

"You wound me" he says sarcastically.

"Please, I'm sure you will survive just fine" I reply to him with a wave of my hands.

"Where have you been? I haven't seen you in a while now" I ask curiously after a few moments of silence, now that I think about it I haven't seen him in a week, I mean I do occasionally see him around the pack house but we haven't been spending as much time with each other for a while now. "I have been training with the pack warriors for the past few days." comes his reply almost immediately.

I just nod my head in reply, I have a sneaky suspicion that he's lying since I have been going out for walks for the past few days as well, and never once have I seen him training with the pack warriors. I shrug my shoulders maybe he might be training with another batch and not the one I come across on my way to the stream.

"Well, let's go before it gets dark outside" saying that I grab his hands tugging him towards the pack house.

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chapter 24 : meeting kaya

The chilly wind whipped strands of my black hair as I ran through the forest, the pale crescent moon shone like a silvery claw in the night sky. The stars spread around the sky glittering like small diamonds in the sky.

Tall trees swayed as the wind picked up. I relish in the feeling of wind whipping in my face bringing forth a thrill in me.

The night was quiet just like how I liked it, there is something about this serene time of the day that makes me relax. I'm the type of person who likes staying up late, because in those hours the world is so quiet and nobody expects anything from me. I could stare at the wall for all I want and there wouldn't be any consequences. It's so silent and calm, just how I like it.

Usually I like to let loose at this time of the night, when the moon is up and bright. But today is different, today I'm out here for a purpose which I intend to complete as soon as possible. At this time in my life I've come to realise to never take any chance and screw yourself over, and later regret thinking about how things would've gone if you didn't take the chance at protecting your loved ones.

I halt in my steps when the familiar cave comes to sight. It's dark and usually no one would spare a glance towards the dark cave, but I knew better than to ignore things that hid in plain sight, past mistakes teach you better.

It was an old cave in the middle of the no man's land, covered in moss and hidden behind branches that helped hiding it a bit better, it would probably go unseen to a naked

human eye but thank god I wasn't a normal human being, thanks to my werewolf genes that played a great part.

Immediately shifting from my wolf side to human, bones snapping in the process. I wear the only article of clothing I had with me for the time being, slipping on the jeans I take careful steps towards the old looking cave.

Upon entering everything appears to be dark, but I knew it was all a trick to hide what was really inside. Stepping in further a dimly lit makeshift room appears before my sight.

I look around I find candles over every corner of the cave, their flames casting a shadow onto the stony walls of the cave. Upon further inspection I see a lot of liquid stuff, probably the potions, herbs, plant like things and elixir the witches used in their witchcraft, and this wasn't far from that. At the corner, there was a perfectly made single bed. The place smelled of all the different herbs and whatever the witch had used before.

"Ahhh, I thought I'd never have a chance to meet the Alpha about whom I happen to hear a lot lately, thought you'd never come." A voice breaks the silence.

"Kaya" I address her seriously.

"Oh loosen up, will you? I promise I wouldn't do my witch craft on such a handsome young man" she states trying to flirt.

"Good, you wouldn't like the consequences of messing with me otherwise" Ignoring her last words I reply to her, a clear warning behind my words. Its true, I wouldn't think twice before retaliating especially since she's a witch

I should've snapped her neck for helping out the rogues and Roman specifically, but if I do that then I wouldn't be able to do what I came here for today.

Werewolves and witches aren't the best of friend but sometimes they join

forces in time of need and mutual agreement, like an ally.

Honestly speaking Kaya doesn't look an age over thirty, even though she's hundred of years old and experienced so much in this world. She was African-American descent maybe a bit of Asian as well in the mix. She has dark cat like eyes and sharp cheekbones and caramel skin accompanied with a toned slender body and long thick black hair in long corn braids. She's wearing a long maxi dress with different patterns on it that oddly fits her look and hair.

She's holding some kind of herb and paste in her hand, which smells heavily of some kind of plant I couldn't name.

"How's that mate of yours?" she asks and my body immediately stiffens up with tension.

"How do you know about her?" I almost growl out, I feel Killian wake up in the back of my mind. Prowling around and waiting if anything gets out of hand.

"You forget about the fact that along with being a witch, I also happen to have intuitions about the future as well as the past."

"And what are your 'intuitions' about me?" I question her, I need to know what she knows about me and Serenity, I can't put her life I'm danger not more than I've.

"That's for me to know and you to find out Alpha Damien" she addresses my name this time making me realise that she's serious, but that doesn't help with the frustration I feel flowing through me.

"I also happen to know that you are here for her" she states with a knowing look on her face.

"Very well, then I don't have to waste my time and explain what I want from you."

"I can help, you and I both know that. But who said that I'm going to do it for free?! I need something in return" she looks at me with a slick face, eyes gleaming under the glow the candles casted on her face. I should've known. These witches never did anything without expecting or asking anything in return.

"What is that you want? Is it money or something else?" I ask her straight forwardly. I don't have time to play and want her to get to the point as fast as she can.

"Or something else" she replies and takes a few steps forwards so that now she's standing before me.

Trailing a long nailed finger down my shirtless chest, her finger slides down and stops at my torso, just where the bands of my jeans are situated.

My tensed form starts shaking and in a fast motion I have her hand in a tight hold preventing it from travelling any further and another on her throat, squeezing it enough to show her that I'm not joking around with her. Her eyes widen slowly with shock and goes back to normal.

"Do that again and I wouldn't hesitate to break your damn wrist or even snap your pathetic little neck you fucking witch" I bring my face closer to hers so that I can look her directly in the eyes.

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chapter 25 : my angels

My voice sounds more deeper, meaning that Killian is in control. My eyes flash black as I take deep breaths in to calm myself. I feel my eyes going back to their normal color.

I retract my hands from her throat and from the death grip I had on her wrists.

"Geez, remind me never to do that again" she rolls her eyes as she speaks.

"I wouldn't keep you alive if you pull a stunt like that again" A dark smirk crosses my features knowing that I got my point across.

"Now where were we before you decide to choke me?" She asks sarcastically ignoring my last words.

"I want you to cast a protection spell on m Serenity" I state, now serious.

"And where do I find the source? Where do you expect me to channel the power to cast such a powerful spell?" she asks me with her face scrunched in confusion.

"You will channel it from me" I say without a hesitation in my voice, I knew what I had to do and I was ready to risk it. After all it was worth it in the end.

Kaya's eyes snap towards mine and she looks at me with an unknown emotion in her eyes.

"You know that is a huge risk on your part, right? it can weaken you maybe even take your life if it drawn too much of your power!" She asks me incredulously with that same unknown emotion swimming I her dark eyes, which I couldn't place a name.

"I'm aware Kaya, I'm no fool" I reply keeping my eyes on hers showing that I'm completely serious. She shakes her head at me and says something along the line of 'young love' under her breath, I couldn't be too sure.

"As you wish Alpha" she motions towards herself, asking me to stand before her.

I'm skeptical at first then I see it. The wooden bowl like things in which she was pouring some dark potion and crushed herbs, muttering some spell under her breath.

Standinv before her she motions me to bring my right arm towards her and I do as asked, taking my wrist in her hand she brings a sharp blade forward. she looks at me for permission and I nod my head in reply.

She bring my hand above the wooden bowl and slowly glides the sharp blade on my skin, causing it to pierce into my skin and dark blood to immediately ooze out of it.

It doesn't hurt, this is nothing compared to the things that caused the scars I have on my body. This wound would heal in no time.

She cleans my wrist with a damp cloth and cleans the sharp edge of the blade as well. I watch as my blood mixes with the other ingredients on the bowl, turning into a dark red color of my blood. Kaya mutters another spell, and mixes the potion again and I watch as the ingredients in the bowl starts to glow a green color, meaning that the spell worked. Just then, I feel a pang in my heart making me realize now that it's finally done, and relief to flood through my veins as I heave a sigh. "It's done" She declares and looks at me.

"I know what you need Kaya, you need my protection against Roman and the bunch of rogues he's controlling. I will protect you as long as you keep your end of the bargain, if anything happens to her or the spell breaks, then Roman would be the least of your worries because I wouldn't hesitate to snap your neck in two" I say knowingly with a hint of warning again in my voice as I speak the last sentence.

Kaya rolls her eyes and nods her head.

"Thankyou" I say genuinely and she looks shocked for a second, everyone knows that I don't indulge in pleasantries and common curtsies.

"Good luck" she replies and looks yet again with that unknown look her eyes.

Turning towards the entrance of the cave, I transform into my big black wolf form, looking back at Kaya to find her looking at my wolf in awe, I nod my head in acknowledgment and takeoff towards the pack house.

As soon I reach the pack house I walk towards the side towards where all the windows were situated. Climbing with help of the pipes and my werewolf reflexes I immediately climb towards the window situated at the second floor, leading towards a certain room I had made a practice of climbing at this time of the night.

Don't ask me why I don't use the door instead, I just made this a habit and it's easier to reach, since I don't have to walk across the rooms of all the other pack members and hear them do things I preferred not to.

Slowly pulling the window, I realise that it's unlocked which works in my favour. Climbing into the familiar room I find the small crib placed in the middle of the room. Toys are spread all around the room, when I peek into the crib my heart halts it's beating when I don't find the tiny body I usually did, I only find some soft toys and pillows.

I start panicking when I don't find him, a movement towards my right catches my attention, I sigh in relief when I take in the scene before me.

On the bean bag I find Serenity holding Elijah in her arms, his tiny hand circling around her as she has a hand wrapped protectively around his back. The scene before me melts my heart.

Taking cautious steps towards them, carefully not to make any noise that I don't wake any of them from their peaceful slumber.

I place a kiss on Elijah's forehead. I move towards Serenity, moving the stray hair from her face and tucking it behind her ear.

I place a kiss on her forehead as well and move away, I manage to catch the small unconscious smile that takes over her face when she felt my touch.

"Goodnight my Angels" I say in a low whisper and leave the room just like I came in, possibly for a run.

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