

## Chapter 16 History Must Never Repeat Itself

ELIANA.

"This is the part where I kill you."

At the sound of Denver's deep voice, there was a rumble in the skies. The air was charged with tension just as he swung across to where the other was. Blake, he'd said. That was his name.

Up until this moment, I didn't even know Denver had a brother. Throughout my stay in Black Mountain, I didn't see him once, and neither did I hear that name. Which could only mean that they weren't so close. But watching them tear each other apart wasn't even on my bingo card.

Denver had transformed in a split second, so did Blake. And as soon as the moonlight bathed across their furry skin, the ominous growls of the two wolves reverberated through the night. My eyes charged open but I didn't leave the shed where Denver had told me to stay.

He lunged himself at Blake, slashing across his face with sharp claws. His arms clamped around his neck as Denver aimed to sink his razor-sharp fangs into his brother. But the other, a silver-furred werewolf, a darker shade than his brother's. He evaded the attack with a sidestep and drew Denver to the ground instead.

There was a loud thump and my heart sank in my chest. Denver arose a second later. The two of them bled.

"What are you doing here?!" He growled.

"God forbid I decide to show up for my family" Blake spat. "Bullshit" Denver cursed. "Why did you kill him?"

They circled each other with their intense gaze buried into each other's eyes. Blake attacked next without saying a word. With his eyes burning with fury, he tried to tear Denver to the ground once again.

But he was quicker this time, defending himself by propelling the other like the missile. With a guttural growl, Denver reached for Blake and snapped his jaw. The fight raged on even as their blood spilled across the ground and cries of agony mixed with jarring animal noises.

I clamped my hands over my mouth, forcing myself to stay still like Denver had instructed, rather than plunging myself between them. I put two and two together and realized Blake might've been the one who killed Adam. I didn't even know him, there was no telling what more he was capable of. At that moment, I began to worry about Denver.

I thought he'd be able to fight him off but Blake was no easy feat. It was almost like Denver himself wasn't as strong. It didn't make sense because I'd almost never seen him bleed the way he was right now.

"Ugh" He fell to the ground with a thud and his eyes glistened as he lifted his gaze up. He was weak and Blake wasted no time in pouncing on him. With his elbow against his neck, he made sure Denver wasn't able to stand so easily as he kept striking him.

He howled in pain as Blake's claws raked across his chest. And then his eyes locked into mine from a distance. He shook his head but I knew exactly what I was meant to do. I sprang forth from the bushes and instinctively leaped onto Blake's back.

He struggled to fight me off but not before my fingers made it into his eyes and he screeched. Denver made it out from beneath him but in a fit of rage, Blake shoved me off from his shoulders.

I flew into the dusty ground, coughing out blood. And the leaves and dirt kicked up in his wake, adding to the chaos. For a moment, I couldn't see, although I heard an even louder groan echo in the blur. Alas, when I stood and was finally able to see, my eyes only rested on Denver.

"He's gone" I whispered, looking around. Denver was holding a bloody stick in his hands. "I was able to get him though" He seared through his teeth, panting heavily from his lips.

"But he's gone now" Bravely, relief washed across my face. I wondered why it didn't on Denver's but that was before he shook his head. "It doesn't matter," His voice was deep and decadent.

"He's going to come back" Bloodlust filled his eyes. "He's always going to come back" Gritting through his teeth, Denver then looked at me.

"Do you believe now that I wasn't the one who killed Adam?" He asked. It was like my tongue got caught up in my throat.

Nursing his wounds, Denver sat on the cabin's front porch. I walked out with even more ice after first confirming that Elijah was okay. He was in fact still tucked up in bed. One of the few upsidies that he was a heavy sleeper. The night was at its peak and I highly doubted that I could sleep.

So I retired right next to him, handing over the ice. He grudgingly collected it from my hands and barely darted me an eye.

"How was I supposed to know?" I asked.

"You never mentioned you had a brother." Only then did he look up at me. "Well, if you weren't so busy accusing me of being a murderous monster and shunning me whenever I tried speaking, you know maybe we could've had a conversation" He hissed.

"I'm not just talking about now" I rolled my eyes.

"Six years ago, you mentioned nothing of your brother and we were supposed to be married. So whose fault really is it?" I asked. Denver covered his head with an exhale.

"I don't want to bicker with you right now."

"Bicker?" I echoed. "Is that what this is? Your brother killed one of my people, is there really any difference from what I insinuated before?" I scoffed out of my lips. "Make no mistake, Blake isn't one of us."

"Well, what does it matter?" I shrugged.

"You see this is what I'm talking about, this back and forth with you" He arose from the porch, running his hands through the air. The night was chilly. I somehow managed to press my lips together and there was a brief moment of silence between us.

"Here," He was the one to break it and I looked at the ice in his hands.

"You're bleeding from your head, you need this more than me" He said. I stubbornly scoffed. "I'm fine."

"If you had obeyed my instructions to simply stay still, this wouldn't have happened, so take this from my hand" He ordered in an authoritative tone. He cast a glare as cold as ice upon me and I knew it wasn't a suggestion. I reached for the ice and pressed it into my swollen temples.

"You could've said a simple thank you" I muttered.

"For what?"

"For jumping in to save your wife. Something I almost regret doing standing here now. Blake was about to slit your throat and the only reason you got the upper hand was because of me—"

"Did you hand me the stake I struck into his back?" He sarcastically remarked and I rolled my eyes again. "You know what I'm talking about"

I replied. A slight chuckle escaped his lips.

"Where did you even learn how to fight, or whatever you thought you were doing?" He asked even though I could tell he was impressed by his eyes. "The Eliana I knew eight years ago could barely stick up for herself" He added. The ice had run thin and I threw to the ground.

"Was that why it was so easy for you to walk all over me?" I asked him and his lips curved into a smirk. There was a pause. "Good thing I'm not the Eliana you knew back then" I nodded.

"What changed?"

"You can't tell?" I threw the question back at him. Denver leaned against the side of the building with his arms folded. "I'm really intrigued as to what you've been up to all this time" His hands slipped into his pocket and I faced the direction of the winds.

"I trained as a warrior in a commune" I told him. By the chuckle he let out, he almost didn't believe. "You, a warrior?" He laughed. I faced him squarely. "What's so funny?" I asked.

"Huh?" And in a split second, I maneuvered my way around him, holding his arms from behind. Denver used his super strength to flip my back to the ground before crawling between my legs. He pressed his body into mine and it all happened so fast.

Now, our faces were inches away from each other and our heated, heavy breaths mingled in the air. I let my eyes fall to his lips and then to his eyes and he was distracted for a moment. A moment I used to my advantage before turning him over.

My hips pressed into his torso as I held firmly around his neck.

"No cheating" I heaved. "No super strength" Because if he was human, I might as well have killed him at that moment. He knew that, which was why he clapped as he stood to his feet.

"You were saying?" I muttered proudly beneath my breath as he smirked.

"You never seize to surprise me" He said. "That's because you always underestimated me" I replied. "Can we just put all that behind us?" He asked. "I'm tired of you bringing up the past at every slight opportunity"

"Is that what you're saying about today? About Adam?" I folded my arms.

"Or do you think I've forgotten?"

"Look, I'm sorry for what my brother did" Denver inched closer and the winds swayed through his hair. His moss-green eyes silvered in the moonlight and I could see some genuineness in them. It didn't take away the fact that Adam was brutally and unfairly murdered though.

"You're sorry? Does that magically make it okay?" I questioned.

"I'll do anything to make it up to you but you can't tell anyone about Adam, okay?" His hands reached for mine as I gnashed my teeth together. "As for Blake, I'll handle him and I can assure you that it won't ever happen again. You know what's at stake, Eliana."

"You know why I'm asking this of you. History must never repeat itself"

"How are you sure it won't happen again? You said it yourself, Blake's back" I muttered. "And I'll make sure he goes back to wherever he came from. There must be something that brought him here and I'll make sure I find out what that is" Denver squeezed my hands assuringly.

"There's no place for that monster here in Oakland. It won't be hard to keep him away again" He added and an arch came between my brows. There seemed to be so much history strained between the two brothers.

No wonder he never mentioned him.

But as far as my curiosity could go, I didn't ask him any more questions. There was just one last thing on my mind.

"So what are we going to do about Adam?" I asked him and he swallowed a hard lump down his throat. "The only thing we can do."