

## Chapter 5 Eliana Is Gone

DENVER.

The cold air blew past the curtains, filling the room with an eerie atmosphere. I turned around before opening my eyes, she wasn't there. It was a fortnight and usually the morning after, Eliana stayed in my bed.

She would've somehow managed to squeeze herself into my arms, cuddling tight like a monster was going to get a hold of her. And when I would open my eyes, they would be on her forehead. Her hair would get into my mouth and her vanilla fragrance would fill the room.

"I'm sorry!" Her voice was usually so soft and delicate, especially in the mornings, she would say that before pulling away as if she wouldn't end up in my arms the next time we spent the night together. I would scoff but a smirk would cripple my lips when I turned away.

However, this was the first morning after a fortnight that Eliana wasn't in my bed. It was Claire who was, a hooker slumped by the edge about a distance from me. I cringed the moment I opened my eyes.

The room felt so empty, my arms were. Eliana was nowhere to be found.

Then as I got up, rubbing my eyes, I remembered last night. Giving her the divorce papers had been long time coming—today made it a full two years since our engagement and Eliana was still without a child.

Everyone was talking, my father himself was growing impatient and most of all, I couldn't risk her falling more and more in love with me. It was evident that she already had. I didn't believe in love, I didn't think I would ever fall for just one person so I had to let her go.

My eyes darted back to Claire and a heavy sigh escaped my lips. I got out of bed, Eliana's cologne still lingered in the air, settling in the depths of my stomach. The room, the hallway, everything felt so empty without her. Even in the kitchen, by now she would have already made breakfast.

Presenting them with a gleeful smile, she wasn't the best cook but she told me she learned while she was a slave in her pack. She was the one who usually cooked for everyone, and cleared and washed the dishes.

Sometimes I didn't think it was fair how they treated her, Eliana wasn't my enemy, her pack was. It was the reason I saved her that day, that and marrying an insider into Blood Hound. She was broken and wounded, slumped to the ground. Only later did she tell me about her stepbrother.

And the vile things Jaxon had done to her.

It might have been two years since then but I knew it still haunted her. Some nights, she still even nightmares.

He was the biggest asshole and I should have treated him as a lesson, only that she begged. She just wanted to leave everything behind her. I remembered everything Eliana told me since the night I rescued her.

It just unconsciously remained in the back of my mind. But most of all, what stuck and kept echoing in my ears up until this morning was what she said last night. "You're my mate!" She claimed.

It couldn't be.

It clearly wasn't true. I'd searched for many years before for my mate, even before my wolf grew feral without a connection but I didn't see her. Everyone said I didn't have a mate because you ought to meet her before turning twenty-five. It wasn't odd to have been skipped by the Moon Goddess, I'd only just accepted my fate that I was meant to be alone.

So how could Eliana Jacobs say that I, Malik Denver was her mate?

I didn't feel any sort of way with her, nothing special, not with anyone in my entire life. It was only an arrangement with Eliana you see. Often times I thought that I wasn't born to love but to rule.

Those things could never mix and when it did, it was a recipe for disaster.

My father learned the hard way when he held my mother's lifeless body in his hands the night after the Cold War. It was the last time all the werewolves in the world were in one place. We all lost someone that day and he lost the love of his life. I lost my mother.

Seeing how shattered he was, even after, I was convinced love was a terrible thing because you aren't guaranteed eternity, are you? It was selfish enough that the Moon Goddess would give you someone and then take that person from you. Most days, I remember my mother.

She was cheerful with a smile that could light up a room, she was caring and devoted to my father especially. She could step in front of a bullet to save the ones she loved. She was all that a Luna was meant to be—the first and only woman I'd ever loved.

But then she died a horrible death and it was messed up. I was messed up for so long. And when something like that happens, it's hard to believe love exists. After the war, the whole werewolf kingdom decided to separate, not only into packs and clans but far apart from each other.

Black Moon stayed in Tombsdale and Blood Hound was in its outskirts. We were not so far away from each other so there was always a sense of rivalry between the two packs especially when it came down to land and societal hierarchy. But it's been many years we've been here now.

Nothing so contingent to cause a battle and it better stay that way.

I didn't feel anything for Eliana Jacobs, not only was she in a rival pack, but she was also an omega, the lowest level of a werewolf. An Alpha like myself could never be mated to an Omega slave. So Eliana was wrong.

"Eliana!" I called out her name as I stormed into her room and when the doors flung wide open, I was met with the echo of my voice. It was eerily silent, her windows were taped shut and so was her wardrobe.

Her bed was as neatly laid as she hadn't spent the night there. And on the top of her dresser were the divorce papers. My heart shuddered as soon as I saw her signature penned at the bottom of the page. It was just a surprise to see that she had already signed it.

Attached to the document was another thin sheet of paper and I could recognize her handwriting even from a mile away. I realized it was a letter after I opened it and my eyes read along the lines.

'Hello Denver,

It's funny how I can't even bring myself to write your name anymore. I've already packed my things but here I am, sitting and hoping that you would walk back into the room and tell me it was all a lie. Tell me you didn't mean anything you said just now.

But I know you won't. I realize now how delusional I've been the last two years. I mean you're Malik Denver, how did I ever think you could love someone like me, an omega slave?

It was only an arrangement so I've signed the divorce papers.

You asked me last night to decide what I wanted and although it wasn't easy, I've decided to leave. I'm leaving Black Moon and I'm leaving you. I don't exactly know where I'm going but it will be somewhere far away from Oakland. Somewhere for a fresh start.

To start a new life, and I owe it to you. I owe it to you because you saved my life that night and you took me in. I hope I've been able to repay my debt over the last two years and I'm sorry I wasn't able to give you a child. I hope I never see you again. Goodbye, Denver.

With Love, Eliana'

I read through the letter and I felt a hard lump form in the back of my throat. I didn't feel anything for Eliana Jacobs—I had to remind myself—because I was immensely moved by her letter.

My fingertips trailed the edges of the white paper and I could feel a certain level of rage pump through my veins. She had left, she had run away like she did from her own pack. I stormed out of her room, meeting a few of the maids already gossiping in groups.

They dispersed at the sight of me, but I knew it was only long before they realized what had happened.

"What happened" My father suddenly appeared out of nowhere and I pushed the lump down my throat. My hands folded into a tight fist and I gazed into his eyes.

"Where is Eliana?" He asked and I shut my eyes. "Eliana is gone."