

Chapter 2

ELENA

"What do you mean she has to stay here with us?" I ask as I pace around the room while Drake sits across from me, his legs crossed and his devilishly handsome face poised with something indescribable.

"I'm only going to say this once, Elena," he gives me a bored look that makes my heart clench before he concludes his statement, "Rosa has been through a lot and I have to be there for her."

"How does that concern moving in here!?" I snap, "there are other ways to be there for her!"

I know I shouldn't be so irritated but I can't help it. When Drake speaks about Rosa, there is a glint in his eyes, the type that makes me believe he is still in love with her. He goes on about her for endless minutes. She's been a dark shadow cast over my marriage and now she is here, boldly telling me they will nally be together.

I shouldn't be scared, I shouldn't be insecure but I am, how can I not be? When it is clear that it is Rosa he loves and not me.

"Calm down," he says with that voice that I hate. The one that makes you feel unreasonable.

"I am calm," I speak through gritted teeth even as my heart thumps, beads of sweat pooling around my forehead showing I am anything but calm.

He sighs and leans forward, a more serious look on his face.

"She suffered so much at the hands of her ex husband. He was abusive and cruel and the fact that her kid was also taken away from her for a long time? She's traumatized and shouldn't live by herself, have some sympathy, Luna."

I scoff and shake my head in disagreement, knowing what he is trying to do. Maybe if she hadn't insinuated more earlier today, I wouldn't be so on edge but even then, what is he saying?

"I understand that you're the Alpha and it's your responsibility to care for members of your pack including her but why here, in our home, she can live in the pack house, there's over a hundred people there that she can—"

A plangent scream tears through the room, causing my entire frame to whip in the direction as the voice registers.

Halo.

"Halo? Oh my— Halo!" I drop to my knees as I catch the trickle of blood peeking through his tiny hands slammed across his head as I rush into the living room.

"What happened to you?" I grab him gently as he continues to sob, his shoulder shaking as he holds rmyly to his head.

I hear a soft movement behind Halo, and my eyes latch onto them: Liam and Rosa.

Liam breezes in, an action gure in his hand as he moves quickly, holding it in the air while making whooshing noises. I squint and I see it, a drop of blood on the head of the gure: he hit my son!

Rosa walks behind him, a wicked smile perched on her face. Liam's eyes skitter across the room and latch behind me.

"Why did you hit him?" I glare at him, holding myself together from going into a rampage. They are kids, it might have been a misunderstanding.

"Halo hit me rst!" He cries loudly as Drake walks in, scanning us all and trying to access the situation.

"He's lying mom, he hit me with that thing for no reason," Halo snies and looks behind me at his dad.

"I'm sure it was a mistake Ha—"

"It's no mistake," Rosa cuts Drake off, "I saw the whole thing happen. Halo pushed my son rst because he wanted to steal Liam's toy, and Liam only defended himself. Halo, you need to stop lying. Is this how your mom is raising you?"

I shoot a deadly look at her as I pull Halo behind me, rising to my full height. I know she is lying. Halo will never do something like that. He never plays with toy gures ever, so why would he push Liam for his? The tons of unopened action gures collecting dust in the upper room are a testament to the fact.

He prefers solving puzzles and complex math problems and even if he wanted Liam's toy, he wouldn't be so violent.

"Watch your tone with my child. I believe he's telling the truth," I reply curtly.

"That's enough Elena," Drake frowns at me, "you shouldn't take his side just because he's your son and Halo, it's not nice to lie about other people, especially after hurting them. I'm not raising you to be that kind of boy. Apologize to Liam, now."

I feel like my entire heart is vacuum-sealed tightly as his words register to my hearing. He's taking their word over ours, his family? My eyes widen, and I pan toward Drake, whose eyes are coldly demanding the apology he just asked Halo to give.

"But, Dad! I didn't do it, I swear—" he heaves, the sound slapping against his throat. He clutches his chest as he draws heavy breaths and leans forward. I grab his hands and pull him down quickly, placing him on his back before he has another stress attack.

Halo's sick, really sick and he can't handle many bouts of stress of any kind.

"Drake," I look up, calling him softly but he just stands there unaffected by the sudden change in his son's breathing, still waiting for the apology.

"He's even pretending so he won't apologize," Rosa scoffs with pure disdain and disgust, "such a bad child."

I snap my head towards Rosa, bile rising up to my throat and out my mouth as my feet move towards her. It's one thing to connive against a helpless child but to mock his health? I won't have that.

"You're not welcome in my home, get out now!" My hand juts goes into the air, my ngers itching to wipe that proud smirk off her face but a rm grip stops my movement as I lift my hands up and I know who it is.

Drake.

The sternness of his initial gaze fades like morning dew as our eyes settle into each other and he slowly leaves my hand but they don't fall lazily to my side like I expect them to; they remain frozen, like a statuette.

"She's my guest and she stays," he says coldly, making Rosa's smirk widen all the more, "take the boy inside and do a better job of teaching him some manners."

Suddenly, a heavier thud follows and an even worse scream. I turn dully toward Liam, clutching his back and writhing on the oor.

"Liam? Liam! My poor baby! Drake, there's something wrong with Liam!" Rosa falls and grasps his frame, running her hands around his body much to my discomfort but I hope the boy is ne.

"We need to take him to the hospital, please," she pouts, and Drake immediately jacks Liam into his arms, rushing out the door without sparing me or Halo another glance.

My heart clenches with pain and I ght back the sting of my eyes, seeing the actions of my husband.

His own child is gasping for air on the oor and he showed no concern yet he carries another woman's child out in such a frenzy?

She walks toward me, slowly tossing her hair over her shoulder.

"You aren't welcome here. You're old news, and it's even more ridiculous that you can't see that. Do me a favour, and leave." Her eyes icker toward Halo, who's now resting gently on the oor., regaining his breath.

"And keep your f****g child in check," she spits before turning and running toward the duo. I swallow, closing my eyes and trying to catch my shuddering breath.

I walk back to Halo, holding him gently, glancing outside the door to see Drake driving off.

It's ironic how the world keeps shoving opportunities at Drake to do something he has always failed to do for us, the task of showing up and he never does, just like the night Halo was born.

Drake wasn't there, or rather, he was at the beginning but he suddenly left. He left when I needed him the most. Without my wolf, it was hard enough to carry an Alpha's pup, impossible was what the child bearing process was. I needed him there beside me, for strength, for encouragement, our pup needed him too but he wasn't there.

It was only later I found out that Rosa and I had gone into labour at around the same time and my dear husband had left my side to be with her. He just came back to a loyal wife and a new pup with no idea what his absence made us suffer.

Maybe Rosa is right, I should leave.