

Chapter 5

ELENA

The sun saunters into the room, the rays bringing with it the memories I had slammed outside this room. My eyes utter open, and the first thing I see is Halo's perfect face. His steady breathing, his lips parted as he breathes quietly.

I can't imagine my life without him. Waking up every day with this thought in mind, of how my husband is slipping from my fingers, would have killed me by now. But the fact that I have Halo gives me all the strength I need to go again.

I sigh, pushing myself gently from the bed and moving toward the door. I cast one last look at him to ensure he hasn't stirred. He remains perfectly still, save for his chest that moves in a rhythmic pattern. I don't know what to expect when I step out of the room and climb the stairs toward my room.

Just as I curve into the hallway, a scream tears through the quiet halls pulling my attention in the direction of the noise. Drake stands before me, his back rigid and his eyes falling into stoic nothingness as soon as he sees me.

I clear my throat, "Good morning," I tighten the gap between us. He doesn't respond, he remains still like concrete, but I am very sure he heard me.

"Good morning," I repeat, louder this time in case he had developed some morning deafness. He doesn't say anything.

I know he normally doesn't regard me but at least we still greet each other in the morning unless he is still mad about last night.

Can he blame me? I was hurt after all he did yesterday but he seems to still be mad about it. Am I even doing the right thing pushing him away, what if I just push him into her hands which is what she wants?

These thoughts pummel me into silence. I swallow the remnants of the pride I have left and stare at the end of the hall where our bedroom is. He glances toward it and shakes his head before heading down the opposite end.

His steps are brisk and quick, almost angry even. He brushes by me, but I expertly evade his shoulders that almost knock me down. He glides through the halls, down the flight of steps, till the patters of his steps fade out. I whip just in time to catch the door open once more, and Rosa stumbles out.

"Alpha?" She calls out, fixing her gaze around the hall as if she doesn't see me. She has a blanket clutched firmly around her chest, water dripping from her hair and down her body like she just had her bath.

Did something happen between them last night? Is there a way for him to do anything with her, and I feel nothing?

"Have you seen the Alpha? I wanted him to wash my back for me since I couldn't reach it," she smirks, the arrogance spilling from the corners of her mouth.

I fold my fist, digging my nails into my palm. I've always regarded myself as someone with a decent amount of self control but this woman is making me realize I have much more than I thought.

I ignore her, shaking my head and moving toward my room when she steps out fully, blocking my path.

"Where are you in a hurry to, to pack your bags and leave, I hope?" She crosses her hands above her chest.

"Step aside, Rosa."

"Or what? You'll hit me? Do you think Drake will like that?" She wriggles her brow, and for a split second, I think about it. Drake will take her side. If he can take the side of this woman against his son, it will be as easy as swatting a fly away. I move to step around her when she shifts quickly, and the blanket unlatches, falling to the ground.

"Oops," she choruses.

I throw my gaze away, disgust bubbling in my chest. Is this her plan? Is she trying to seduce Drake? I roll my eyes and brush past her, letting her cackles usher me into my room. One day, I will ensure I bury my fist in her face and keep her down.

There's a soft knock on the door a few minutes later. "Come in," I reply softly, too tired to find out who it is.

"Good morning, Luna, do you think this dress will be better or would you prefer this?" The familiar voice of Nadine fills the room.

"Dresses for what?" I quiz, confused by the rack of clothes she pushes in.

"For the party? With the Kristoff family? They are throwing a party in celebration of their son's return?"

Warren's coming back? I feel my heart race excitedly but then I frown, why am I just finding out?

"I gave the Alpha the invitation, and I assume he told you..." her voice fades out, putting me out of my misery. Of course, Drake forgot, he never cares for such things or he doesn't just care to inform me.

I crack an involuntary smile remembering I will be seeing Warren soon. It has been ages since we spoke or even saw one another. The Kristoff household was my home as a slave up until Drake found me as his mate, I served there for years.

They are a wealthy family, owning up to if not more than fifty percent of the workforce in the pack under their employment, directly or indirectly but I don't feel indebted to them because of their wealth, but of the hand of kindness they extended to me when I lived there.

My fingers had become sore from the amount of work I did every day: the cleaning, the scrubbing, for five years. It felt like my life was in an orbit, a revolution that had the same goals until I was ten, and the Kristoffs took me into their home. They were kind, but their son, Warren, was even kinder.

Warren basically adopted me like his little sister. He taught me to read, write and gave me a lot of books and quizzed me to be sure I was learning. He even revoked all of my duties after a while so after a number of years, I even forgot what it was like to be a slave. I lived like a princess, having my own room and even servants at my beck and call but all that ended the year he left to finish his education abroad, and I was carted away into this marriage a year later.

I scan the dresses and point toward a black one that glistens, "...that dress here, I'll be back." I smile at her and leave the room, walking purposefully toward Drake's office. He could have just ditched our invitation somewhere in his office, and it won't be his first time.

I push the door open and move toward his desk, scanning the table for anything that looks like an invitation. I walk toward the drawer and pull it open, sifting through the papers. Nothing. I pull the second and do the same.

I catch a red bow attached to a white paper, gently pulling it out, and I see a request to attend the dinner and I take it out and just as I am about to close it, I see a folder with words inscribed boldly across it.

I squint, pulling it out and the document reads: 'DIVORCE AGREEMENT.'