

## Chapter 28 Kiss Gone Wrong

Alana

“William!” I excitedly greeted him at the doorstep of the cabin house that night to tell him the good news.

The queen luna said that I should already start to pack my bags because I will leave anytime this week. But I will do anything unless I tell him.

His face brightened up when he saw me as he scooped me in his arms and kissed my head abruptly. The gesture got me frozen for a bit before I regained my composure.

Every time he does that, I am still left blushing knowing that the alpha prince who’s been known in the country to be the most charming, appealing, and handsome is doing this to me, never making me feel special and beautiful each time.

“Why are you so excited? I bet something wonderful happened today, am I right?”

He sat on the floor and leaned his back to the wall, his face exhausted but with a light glow on it already as I settled for the chair in front of him ready to tell him everything.

I gasped. “How did you know?”

He reached for my face and playfully pinched the side of my eyes. “Your eyes smile and your whole face is lit up. So, tell your mate, what happened?”

I scratched my neck first before telling him everything.

“The queen luna invited me to see her and she asked me for a favor. She told me that she knew I am good at painting so she asked me to be an art teacher for the kids in the rural area! William, I will be able to help them! I will be teaching kids who are just like me!”

“Really? And what did you answer her?” he said, a little bit in a low voice.

I recognized the pain and exhaustion in his expression.

“I said yes! I immediately agreed. One month will just fly by.”

“W-What? One month?!” he reacted and moved towards me.

“Yes, that’s what the luna queen told me to.”

“Alana, I cannot bear for you to be out of my grasp for a month!”

Dragging the legs of the chair towards him, he rested his head on my thigh and sniffed them. “Maybe one week? Three days?”

I snickered while playing on his hair. “The queen luna told me it will be a month or even longer.”

“Fuck it!” he muttered but quickly retracted it right away, face flushed and head kept shaking. “I’m sorry. It’s not for you. I am not cursing you, Alana!”

I just smiled at him.

“I know, William. You are frustrated so am I.” My cheeks blushed upon saying that not because I am shy to tell him my feelings but because it overwhelmed me so much that I want to hug him.

Can I hug him? Will it be okay for a lady to initiate to hug a man? I can only bite my lower lip while thinking about that. My hands are also itching from keeping it from moving.

He looked so adorable looking up from me on the floor while squeezing his chin on my thigh that I just had the urge to kiss his head like he did this to me.

I can feel my whole face and ears burning at the thought. Are my thoughts appropriate? According to my teachers, a lady should be demure but why does my mind think of inappropriate things to do at William?

“Knowing that I won’t be able to steal a glance from you every day is already excruciating. I want to see you every day.”

I cleared my throat when the need to touch him intensified. “Me too,” I answered while clenching my hand on his hair. I was so thirsty and my body felt like being set on fire.

“I will see you every day,” he whispered, moving his inch an inch closer towards my stomach. “Do you really want to do this?”

Feeling distracted and only hearing a part of his question, I bobbed my head repeatedly. “Yes, but I also want to hear your thoughts.”

He fell silent for a few seconds before raising his arm to tap my head. “What you are going to do is a very noble thing to do, Alana. You don’t have any idea how proud I am of you.”

Our eyes met and the sparks around the flames heated up. William closed his eyes, cursing himself once more.

“I’m sorry my baby but I don’t think I could hold on for too long.”

In an instant, he was able to gently grab my arm and pull me straight into his lap supporting my back in a firm grip.

He pressed his forehead on mine and took a long harsh breath as if still trying to control himself while his hand hotly caressed my back, his touch seeping through the fabric of my clothes.

“Alana... my Alana... I don’t think I can hold back anymore. Can I?” he asked for permission but it sounds like he will still do what he wants to do despite it all.

I just slowly closed my eyes as an answer. I still heard him heave a long sigh before he seized my mouth and kissed me torridly.

My hands clenched around my lap as he angled my head to kiss me better, the expert movement of his lips and tongue against my closed mouth gouging me to respond in a way that I have never known about.

I relaxed for a bit and let my mouth slowly open up for him but before I could do that, he already stopped.

Panting for breath, he sighed apologetically drawing me into his arms.

“I’m sorry. I’m really sorry,” he murmured against my head.

Cold water washed down on me. Why did he stop? Did he find me ugly? Do I smell?

Maybe because he thought that my body is ugly. It’s full of scars!

“Don’t worry. I will come for you every day, okay? I will always see you,” he said, tightening his arms around me.

I did not answer. I just felt so down for a moment. I felt so undesirable.