

The Cursed Alpha's Mate Chapter 21

I am not good at a lot of things but I'm especially bad at lying to myself. I hated to admit it but my disposition left me no choice. I was nervous and scared at Clover's arrival.

Her beauty was well-known all over the world. She had the mannerism of a princess and the hidden strength of a hundred seasoned warriors. In comparison to her, I was nothing but chicken sh!t. She was the perfect person to be his mate and I feared that with her arrival, my deficiency would be even more pronounced.

I was so distracted throughout that morning that I stepped on Astrid's toe as I took a tray of food meant for 'her men' from her. The slap I received made my ears ring for a full hour.

"Where have you left your mind!?" She exclaimed. Claudia chuckled from behind her but she didn't say anything.

If anyone else said something or laughed while she spoke or bitched, the person would have been in equal trouble with her but she liked Claudia. Claudia liked to gossip and although Astrid acted all high and mighty, she also liked to gossip. She made the perfect pair with Claudia.

She had treated me like she did with everyone else until recently and I knew Claudia must have told her about the story of my parents. Everyone would find me repugnant after that. Valens may hate me more if he knew. It was

something similar to what my parents did that cost his parents their lives and ruined his.

“I’m sorry,” I apologized but she wasn’t having any of my apologies. She screamed and screamed some more, pushing me so that the tray she gave me went flying out of my hand and then she had a reason to really have a go at me.

“Sorry for what? Can you apologize for your blood? Get out of my sight, shameless thing.” It was then she pushed me and the tray fell from my hand. No one had the guts to laugh after that.

Astrid came with fancy china sets that she used in serving the top men from the Alpha Pack and I’d just broken some of them.

“My mother gave me those plates!” She screamed, charging at me like an angry bull. My wolf pulled me out of the way before she collided with me. “You nasty b!tch! I will ruin you today!”

The kitchen door opened just then and Beta Jabari walked in with Clover glowing radiantly at his side. Astrid paused in a moment from chasing me.

“Jabari, Clover!” Her mood changed in an instant and she flew at the goddess standing beside the beta.

Jabari cut me a look to assess if I was fine but he didn’t take a step forward. He must know that the alpha claimed me already but he must be keeping it a secret as I was

because he didn't come forward to talk to me in order to avoid suspicion.

The beta had a lot of work but his duty first and foremost was to protect his Luna, even before the alpha. If anything happened to the Luna, the alpha took out his frustration on the beta after he dealt with the culprit.

The minute Valens and I went public with our mating, preparations would start to make me the Luna of the Alpha Pack and all other packs that he headed. On the day of my appointment as the Luna, beta Jabari would give me his blood in form of a blood oath to protect and serve me till the day he died.

“What are you doing here, Clover?” Astrid asked, clinging to the goddess.

“I missed you guys so much that I had to visit.”

“Oh, please, just say you missed the prince. What use do you have for an old cargo like me?” Astrid laughed, the sound loud and boisterous. “Have you seen the prince?”

“I have. It is as if this pack agrees with him.” I still stood to the side but I felt Clover's eyes pass across me.

People close to prince Valens must notice that our scents were now similar. People from my pack may notice my scent changed but they wouldn't know it had anything to do with the prince since most still didn't know him or his scent.

Did Clover notice?

“Who is she?” Clover gestured to me with a nod of her head in my direction.

“Nobody. Just a stupid girl that broke my antiques.”

“Oh dear. You’re a little clumsy. Astrid has had those sets for as long as I’ve known her.” She smiled at me but Astrid came to block me from her sight before I could say anything.

“My mother gave them to me for my wedding.” She gave me a harsh glare. “Although they were worth more than the man I was marrying. Clean that up and serve another batch for the men.” She led Clover away after one last evil look at me.

“She’s so pretty.” One girl sighed once the door closed behind Astrid, Jabari and Clover.

“I’ve never seen someone prettier. She has such a perfect bow lips and her eyes, goddess, they are heavenly.” I bent down to gather up the broke pieces of plates when I heard something that made me stiffen.

“How can she not be the prince’s mate? They are perfect for each other and I’m sure they must have boned a couple of times.”

“I think I’m prettier.” Claudia piped in. The girls didn’t notice I’d gone stiffer than a board at their words. “If the prince wanted looks, I’d be a better fit for him. Clover looks

like she'd break if someone with the king's size took her but look at me." She twirled as she spoke. "I have all the right curves for a man like him. I can accommodate him." Glass crunched in my hand. The girls stopped talking at the sound of the glass breaking.

"Be careful." One girl said as Claudia exclaimed.

"Use your sense and find a broom!" The way she spoke to me – the way she spoke to me angered my wolf. I wanted to hit her.

Blood dripped out of my injury as I stared at my hands in wonder. I wanted to hit someone and my hands actually itched to do that.

Everything else went by in a blur. I packed the broken dishes and threw them into the trashcan before serving up another tray and taking it into the dining room to serve. After than, I ran into Lucien who was the last person I wanted to see in this lifetime.

"What – don't tell me you did that." He growled into my face, yanking me into an abandoned corridor.

His left eye was swollen shut and his lips were cracked. His face looked all shades of bruised and battered but his half open eyes held immerse anger.

"Why is your scent different?" He demanded, making me squirm.

“What is it to you?” I pushed away from him but he didn’t let me be.

“How could you do that to me? Who am I supposed to mate with now?” He almost screamed in my face, spittle flying out of his mouth.

“You rejected me. What is all this nonsense you like to spout, Lucien!?” I too shouted at him, annoyed and frustrated. “You rejected me and I accepted your rejection. I’m no longer your mate!”

“Shut up! Just keep quiet let me think.” His strong grip on my hand ensured I couldn’t get out of his grip no matter how much I tried. “I can’t let you be with someone else.”

“You don’t have a choice in this.” I pulled my hand but the more I pulled it, the tighter he held on.

“There’s no way I’m letting you be with that man. Have you no shame, Aysel? He banished our alpha and took over our pack. He is an invader. How can you choose him over me?”

“Don’t speak ill of my mate, as*shole! There’s nothing about you that would interest me. You’re not and will never be half the man he is. You put me through hell and you still think I would want to be with you? Stop deluding yourself!”

“I told you I loved you. I’m your best friend, your first mate and you chose a cursed prince over me!?”

“You seem to be living in the past. You’re not my mate. You’re not my best friend and you certainly do not love me.

You just hate that you have nothing against me anymore. You lost me. I mated with someone else. Accept it and let me be, you piece of sh!t.” I felt my eyes sting as he hit me hard across the face.

“You should not have done that.” Jabari came upon him like an evil conjuring and shoved him to the ground.

I watched in savage satisfaction as he pummeled him over and over again. He beat the hell out of him while I watched and it didn’t occur to me to ask him to stop.

“I misjudged you. I’m sorry.” Jabari gave a small bow after he wiped his knuckles on Lucien’s shirt.

“It’s okay. I’m misjudged a lot.” I gave him a small smile. I wished that apology was coming from my mate.

The Cursed Alpha’s Mate Chapter 22

Why are you here?” It wasn’t like Clover to disrespect me.

She had been my good friend since my teenage years, second only to Jabari who was born to be my best friend and beta. She didn’t disrespect me or disregard my orders ever and I explicitly told her to stay at the Black Valley pack after a group of men thought she looked weak and easy enough to target. She took them all down without help but she’d sustained life-threatening injuries after that.

She was the kind of woman I expected to spend the rest of my life with. The kind of woman that everyone thought would make a fine princess and a powerful queen. She was

beautiful both inside and outside but she wasn't my curse breaker.

"Valens, you know I get itchy when I'm far from you." She wrapped her hands around me.

"I didn't plan to stay long here." Which was the truth but it had changed now. I may have to start all over from here since I'd found my mate here. It only meant this land would break my curse totally.

"How do you like this place?" She took a seat, pulling away from me.

"It's alright." There was nothing special about this pack. Nothing drew me to it and nothing ever drew me to anywhere. I just wandered like my curse made me do.

A vengeful witch cursed me never to find my mate, to ask, seek and knock without getting whatever I wanted. My wolf without a mate turned into a wanderer. He wandered the world in search of the little omega girl. Up until I saw her eyes, I had been colourblind from the day of my curse. The witch may have cursed me with total blindness but it only worked partially because Jabari had run a sword through her to stop her from uttering more nonsense.

'...You and your people will die and the rest of you will wander...'

Those were her last words. Her curse against my people. No one took her seriously until the next day when war broke

out, when everything she said began to manifest one after the other and colours faded from my eyes.

“Your scent changed.” Clover, the ever clever girl mused.
“You can’t say you didn’t find your mate.”

“I found my mate.” I had no reason to deny my mate with my people. They would respect her and treat her as their Luna and curse breaker.

I closed my eyes with a sigh, letting my shoulders drop forward. No one else was allowed to see me like this but Clover and I had gone through a lot together. She had been born and raised as a dainty omega but being with me forced her to toughen up. Being with me forced everyone to toughen up. It was a long hundred years.

“Are you ashamed of her? Why haven’t you publicly claimed her as your Luna?” My wolf snarled at the insult.

“Never mention the word shame in the same sentence as my Luna ever again.” My wolf snarled.

“Sorry, Alpha.” She apologized at once, the wrath in my words making her stiffen. I sighed again.

When I looked at my mate, I felt she was perfect but that was a subjective stance. She was a traitor and though I found her untouched, I knew she had something going on with her first mate. Even thinking of him made my blood boil.

“She tried to poison me.” Clover stilled and then laughed.

“What awful thing did you do to your poor mate to make her hate you enough to poison you?” I shrugged. “Does she not know that you’re immortal? A little poison wouldn’t hurt you in any way.” She hadn’t known that. Most people didn’t.

No blade or claws ever penetrated my skin. Poison could not kill me. If I jumped down from a skyscraper, my legs would break, my spine would break but I would not die. I was cursed to wander the world forever. I could not die.

I answered Clover’s question with another shrug. She didn’t know I couldn’t be killed but that first betrayal already set the tone for our relationship, even before she went out to k!ss her ex, after she pestered me about rejecting her.

She wanted me to reject her so she had no issues going back to her first mate. If I rejected her, I would have no reason to be upset if she turned around and mated with the first man the moon goddess gave her.

I wasn’t a fool. I didn’t expect companionship from anyone except those who bore my curse with me. I didn’t need a companion. I just needed a curse breaker. Unfortunately for her, she was stuck with me whether or not she wanted to.

She could never be with another man. Her body would not enjoy any touch asides from mine and if she even tried, I would feel it in my guts and the heavens and hell would not stop me from tearing out her partner’s head from his neck.

“She loves another.” Clover sucked in a sharp breath. She stayed quiet for a long time after that and we both basked in the silence of the room as we went deep into thought.

“Is this another manifestation of the curse?” She asked in a voice quieter than usual. It wasn’t another manifestation of the curse. This was nothing but my ill luck.

“My curse is mostly broken. You will have a chance to find your mate now.”

The many oracles and mages we contacted after my curse started to manifest assured me that once I broke my curse, my people too would be free from theirs, one after the other. They assured me I wouldn’t wander the world for a long time and I held on to their words even when it felt as if their words were lies. I held them as the only hope for change in my life and after a hundred and four years, it finally happened.

I found my mate. I could see colours. The urge to wander, to leave and find a new home after conquering a pack always hit after about three months, becoming impossible to ignore after a year so I had to wait to see if that part of the curse had been broken too. I think it must have because my wolf wouldn’t want to leave his mate to conquer senselessly.

I couldn’t father any children with the women I was with after my curse so I added barren to my list of curses but I knew that I would have a pup with Aysel. My spirit convinced me of that.

My curse was mostly broken and once I broke it finally, my people would be free. The burden on my neck would lessen but first I had to place some of those burdens in Aysel. She had to finish what she started.

“All this while, I held out hope that we would be mated,” Clover said out of the blue. I turned to look at her. The incredulity I felt must have shown on my face because she reddened.

“It’s been a hundred years.”

“I know it’s stupid but I’m your lucky clover.” She poked my arm with a sad smile. I used to call her that as a joke when we were younger and I fancied her. Things changed.

“You haven’t been my lucky clover for the last century. You’re just Clover now.”

“A little bit of empathy would go a long way, Valens. Take this advice from a woman. We don’t want you driving away your mate before our curse is fully broken.”

“Let me worry about my mate and how I treat her.” I didn’t need any such advice as it sounded like a lecture.

She hissed something under her breath after I shut her down but she was not to be deterred as she continued.

“What’s up with the little omega that ran into me this morning?”

“What about her?”

“She has the scent of an alpha.”

“She’s my mate.” I knew I couldn’t hide forever and I had no plans to do that. She may not be worthy of being my mate but my wolf recognized her as his. After a full century of wandering restlessly, Zino finally found his rest.

“Why are you letting your mate work the kitchen?”

She had to learn. I couldn’t have a mate that got pushed about at every slight chance. I didn’t want her to be an easy target for the millions of enemies I’d gathered. She may not be worth the thought, seeing how she wanted me dead so she could be with her ex, but I couldn’t help that I cared for her.

The Cursed Alpha’s Mate Chapter 23

“You look like shit. What happened to you?” Skylar said, closing the door to her room behind her.

“What do you think?” I snarled at her, collapsing into one of her seats in exhaustion.

“Stand up!” She shrieked. Her sudden loud voice startled me up like a soldier responding to a command. I flew out of her seat at once before glaring at her. “I don’t want you to get blood on my seats.”

“You really are a b!tch,” I muttered under my breath. Her eyes narrowed dangerously.

“What did you say?” She hissed, her eyes darkening in a second.

“Nothing. I came here for a reason.” I could feel a pulse all over my body. My eyes were swollen but my left eye was worse. I could not see through it as I spoke. I walked with a limp and a sharp pain in my left leg with blood trickling down countless parts of my body.

“Does the reason have anything to do with why you’re all bruised and bloody?” I shrugged in response.

Skylar was a very smart girl. Smarter than people gave her credit for. I knew she already knew why I came here before I even did. She must have known what the alpha and beta did to me after catching me with Aysel.

I can’t believe the bastard stole my mate from me!

“What do you think?” I asked in reply to her question.

“Before you say anything further, I want to ask one thing. Just one thing. How angry are you?”

“I want to kill him.” She smirked as I snarled the words from the depth of my heart.

I wanted Valens’ head severed from his body. I wanted his tongue cut out, his eyes gouged out! I wanted him to suffer like no one else ever suffered before. I wanted him to know pain worse than any man ever thought of before.

The bastard stole from me!

Aysel was mine and mine alone. So I made a foolish mistake two years ago by rejecting her but it didn't give him the right to come and steal her from me and my wolf. We were both livid. As if he hadn't caused enough destruction, he wanted to have the one person the goddess herself made for me?

Because of him, I would never be the Beta of Redville pack; a position that had been mine even before I was born. He threw my alpha out, disgraced him like a commoner but it didn't anger me as much as his mating with my mate did.

"Good enough for me." Skylar grinned and took a seat while I leaned against the wall. She complained about me staining her fresh pink wall paint but I pretended not to hear.

How could I leave my mate for such a selfish, self-centred girl? It felt as if someone had put a film across my eyes to deceive me. Sure, Skylar was beautiful; drop-dead gorgeous, but Aysel's innocence and purity were more attractive. The innocence that the alpha prince had stolen from me. My fists clenched at my sides.

"He stole from me. Aysel is mine." She waved my words away with her hands decorated with many rings.

"Do you think it's wise to talk about another girl with your girlfriend?" Her words were calm. Neutral. I couldn't tell if she was joking or not but she had to be.

"What girlfriend?" I asked, bewildered. "Skylar, we broke up!"

“We can never break up, Lucien. You promised to be with me forever.” She must be joking because she had a semi-smile on her lips. “You said you’d marry me. If I couldn’t be the Alpha nor the Luna, I’d be right by your side. Have you forgotten you said that to me?”

“I was seventeen.” I reminded her. Sure I said those words but that was only because her beauty blindsided me then.

Even while I was with her, a part of me had still been with Aysel and she made a big deal of it so I had to promise her something. Maybe I thought I could pretend with her forever but obviously, I learnt I couldn’t.

The minute my wolf sensed something amiss, he’d started calling out for Aysel. It was unfortunate that I didn’t realize in time that the goddess was trying to warn me about a cursed prince stealing my mate.

“Are you telling me what you said to me doesn’t matter because of your age?”

“Skylar, I was young and stupid. You and I both know you don’t want me. You only dated me to hurt Aysel and I foolishly let you use me but we are past that now. I forgive you for everything but don’t hold words I threw out without thought against me.”

She said something in a low voice that I couldn’t hear then she laughed; a quick bark of laughter that sounded both disturbed and disturbing.

“You’re still foolish, Lucien. You want Aysel back but she’s mated to the conqueror. Not just that, she doesn’t want anything to do with you.” She laughed again, this time her laughter mocked me but I didn’t care.

Call me desperate or whatever but nothing could hurt me as much as Aysel leaving me could. We were best friends for the better parts of our lives. We shared our secrets with each other and loved each other. I knew she loved me more than friends. My mother speculated about her being my mate but not in a good way.

In a sense, I had known and believed that Aysel would be with me forever, whether as a mate or not. I know it sounded selfish but those were my thoughts before. I chased away any guy that had the slightest interest in her because she was mine. I rejected her but she was still mine.

I didn’t think much of it then but I realized now that it was selfish of me to want her to remain with me when I was with Skylar. I realized now and I regretted my actions. I wanted to apologize to her and get back together with her but whatever I did, she didn’t listen to me. She didn’t believe in me anymore but I knew I could convince her. I just had to get her away from the man that took her from me.

‘I’m so sorry Aysel. I’m sorry I hurt you. I’m sorry I left you. I was a stupid boy, chasing a title that means nothing compared to you. I’m sorry. Please forgive me. I love you. I love you so much it hurts to breathe knowing you’re not

with me.' I wanted to tell her exactly that but she wouldn't believe me. No, she wouldn't listen to me.

"That's why I'm here, isn't it?" I snapped at her, wincing because my mouth still hurt from all the blows Beta Jabari dealt me for reasons he never mentioned but I wasn't a fool. I knew she mated the alpha which now made the beta her protector and bodyguard. "You hate Valens. I hate Valens. We both want him dead. We could work together."

"What makes you think I hate Valens?" She raised a cool brow but I could see right through her.

"He disgraced your father. He took what you always wanted."

"How do you propose we kill Valens?" She didn't drop her brow, crossing her hand and feet as she held my gaze in an unflinching, unwavering stare.

"If I had a plan, I would have executed it myself and I'd have done that already. I don't have a plan but I know you do. I'm going to help you."

"You're not all stupid, Lucien." She laughed. "I know how to frame omegas and get out of trouble but do you think I can take down the cursed prince? What plan do you think I can come up with to kill someone that has taken over forty packs?"

How do you think I can stop someone whose word is the law and has the backing of thousands of hefty men to carry out his bidding!? What do you think I can do to a man that

has never lost a battle in his life!?” I blinked at her as she continued to scream. It occurred to me then that she may not have a plan. For the first time since knowing Skylar, she didn’t have a plan to destroy her enemy.

“We’ll figure something out.” I stepped closer to her and put my hand around her. She was fierce to the world but she broke down easily.

She didn’t want anyone to see her as someone weak because she wanted the pack to see her as more suitable to lead than her brother. It was the only reason I still stayed with her because she needed someone whether she admitted it or not.

“Won’t your words change tomorrow?” She sneered. “How can I trust you when you easily admit to making empty promises?”

“I’m doing this for Aysel.” I reminded her. She knew what Aysel meant to me. “Let’s take down the cursed alpha prince together. I want my mate back.”

The Cursed Alpha’s Mate Chapter 24

The penthouse suite of the pack house which the prince now inhabited had a full-length mirror. The only times I saw a full-length mirror were the few times I went shopping with Celeste.

I took my time to look at myself in the mirror, appraising myself from head to toe. My clothes were blander than my

face. Brown eyes and dark brown hair, a small nose, pouty pink lips and a slim jaw.

My chest was a handful at most but I suppose it would be half a handful to the prince. My stomach was flat not because I worked out but because I never had a full belly. No pronounced hips but I think they would have to do. Maybe they weren't wide and full like Claudia's but they were fitting.

I shook my head, wondering why I was doing a body appraisal when we had to ready lunch soon. Claudia's words got to me when they shouldn't have. She could never be with Valens whether her body could accommodate him or not. He couldn't be with another woman besides from me since we mated. His body would not respond to another's the way it responded to me.

I shuddered to think of what would happen if – if he met a woman who his body responded to like it did to me. It didn't always happen but sometimes even wolves that were already mated met someone who wasn't their mate but made them feel comfortable and relaxed enough to break the sacred bond of mating.

My mind flashed to Clover and my heart skipped a beat. He'd been with Clover before. There was no way a man like him would be with a woman like her without knowing her body intimately. The way she spoke to him even showed they had a much deeper relationship than I would like. She was more informal with him than Jabari who was his best

friend and asides from a tangle in the sheets, how else could they have developed such a relationship?

“What are you thinking of?” My eyes snapped up to catch tumultuous grey ones.

The legend said he had dark eyes like coal but he didn't. When he was relaxed – which he rarely ever was – he had beautiful grey eyes. When he was disturbed, the grey turned cold but anger – anger made his eyes turn pitch black almost like a demon possessed him. It made me wonder how that legend had been formed; how many people had seen him angry to the point where they assumed his natural state was anger.

“What do you think about my body?” I asked in a quiet, soft voice.

“It is suitable.” I swallowed at his rough, emotionless words.

“Suitable?” I looked at myself in the mirror. Maybe if I ate a little more, I could put on a bit of weight and gain some curves to ‘accommodate’ my mate.

“When the time comes, you will carry my pups.” My heart fell at that.

“Is that all you care about?”

“What more should I care about?”

Me! I wanted to scream at him. ‘Care about me.’ But I said nothing because I wasn't used to making any sound. I made

myself available when people needed me and I disappeared when they didn't need me. I didn't speak when not spoken to even if I wanted to.

"My legacy is important to me," he added after a few seconds of silence.

"Do you not desire me as a man desires a woman?" The words escaped from my mouth before my brain could catch up. His brows raised at that point as I kept looking at him through the mirror. He stood so close to me that I could feel his body heat against my back, so warm and inviting to the point where my wolf wanted to burrow herself into his arms.

He looked at me with uninterested eyes. We hadn't been together since the night he took me and made me his for the rest of our lives. He never looked at me as if he wanted me, as if he desired me as more than a curse breaker.

Didn't they say wolves spent weeks locked up in their room once they mated, exploring and getting familiar with each other's bodies? Weren't we supposed to feel the urge to be intimate at every point?

"I want to be buried inside you all the time. When I'm working, I'm thinking of you. When you pass by, I'm instantly hard because of your scent. Standing here behind you, I want to bend you over and sink into your warmth." My heart beat from my throat fast and hard as he spoke with his usual calm voice but I held his gaze and I could see his eyes darken with desire as every word dropped from his mouth.

“Then – then why don’t you?” I stuttered, feeling overwhelmed and hot all over.

“Because that’s just the mate bond speaking.” It felt like someone dumped a bucket of ice water on me, drenching me from head to toe. Tears stung my eyes at his cold words. His eyes were back to their normal cold ones as if I imagined the desire in them a few seconds ago.

“So you don’t want me.”

“Would you like me to tell you how many different positions I want to put you in or did I not just tell you your body is suitable?” He sneered at me.

“What I mean is – What you mean is I am not your type.” When I looked at myself again, I wondered what man would be attracted to me, skinny as I was.

Claudia had all the right curves. She had a full chest that she never shied away from showing the world, making sure one or two of her buttons were popped on her shirt before she stepped out. Her hips were wide and round. She was the perfect height too. She was the type of woman men wanted.

He didn’t answer me, just kept staring at me until I smiled an awkward smile.

“I may not be your type but the goddess knows us better than we know ourselves.”

“Whatever.” He turned to leave but I gripped his hand. His brows raised again, no doubt marvelling at my audacity.

“Tell me something. How many pups will you put in me?” He sucked in a sharp breath or it must have been my imagination because he looked no different from how he did a few seconds ago to show if he was shocked at my words or not.

“You will give me a boy and a girl first.” I shuddered at the conviction in his words. He sounded as if he could decide or dictate what child I had first.

“Is that so?” My core warmed when he put a possessive hand on my stomach as if he could feel a baby flipping in there. “Do you want to put them in me right now?”

“If you’re horny, you don’t have to use such tactics for me to take you.” His words were raspy as he spoke, pushing my shirt to one corner to show the mark he put on me. His mark. “Open your legs.” His hands probed my thighs. I widened my stance at his command.

He pushed my panty to the side, touching me. “As I thought.” He buried his face in my neck as he said that. “You’re wet for me.” His middle and ring finger rubbed lazy circles against my cl!t as he spoke.

He left open-mouthed k!sses along the back of my neck as his fingers worked me. “I love how responsive you are to my touch.” I jerked when a finger slipped through my wetness into me. “I love knowing no other man can coax these sounds from your l!ps.” I realized then that I was

panting, muttering his name and 'please' at intervals. "Especially your bastard lover." He remembered something nasty, pushing another finger roughly into me.

He pulled off my dress, flinging the material away. He worked off my bra with his fingers jackhammering into me. His leg kicked my feet further apart as he bent me forward.

I braced myself with my hands against the wall in front of me. I heard rustling and the sound of a zipper then I felt the head of his erection. He rubbed himself all over my opening after withdrawing his fingers.

"Goddess – please –" my words were a messy blur. Sweat formed on my forehead despite the strong air conditioning in the suite. Rather than penetrate me, he continued to rub his erection against my opening until I was screaming my pleas, my legs quivering on the ground. His hand on my waist held me up firmly.

He pushed into me inch by inch until he was completely sheathed inside me. I felt him deep inside me, pulsing. His hand locked around my waist, his other hand squeezing my breast. "Fvccck." He moaned when he was fully inside me.

The Cursed Alpha's Mate Chapter 25

When I reported for duty at the kitchen the next morning, Astrid stiffly told me I wasn't allowed to work in the kitchen anymore.

“I’m sorry about your antiques. I had no –“ I tried to apologize to her but she screamed before I completed my sentence.

“Get out of this kitchen, you incompetent fool! Your lackadaisical attitude has gotten to the prince and he doesn’t want you anywhere near the food he eats. Go! Just go!” She bent forward as if to take off her shoe so I exited the kitchen at the speed of light before the shoe came flying at my head.

I pressed my back against the wall when I got out of the kitchen, tears stinging my eyes. I knew Valens wasn’t bothered about the work I did in the kitchen but his mind still wasn’t at peace with me working with the food he and his people ate.

How would I make him believe it wasn’t my intention to poison him in the first place? If I came out now to say Skylar made me do it, he wouldn’t believe me because my words weren’t worth anything to him.

I’d tried to poison my mate. They say first impressions matter and I’d failed to make a favourable first impression with him. Would we live like this forever? It made my heart hurt to think of him being suspicious of me throughout our lifetime. Surely with time, he would see I wasn’t the villain he thought I was?

“Good morning, Aysel.” Pearly white teeth appeared in my line of vision; pearly white teeth that belonged to a goddess.

“Good morning, Clover.” I fought the instinct to bend my head in submission to her because I knew she was an omega. Over the years, the members of the Alpha Pack started to carry the power of an alpha because they were conquerors with their prince.

“Valens wants to see you.” Artemis snarled at the casual familiarity with which she called the alpha but I said nothing.

“What for?” I muttered to myself but she heard me and gave me a bright smile.

“I don’t know if this is too forward but I’d like to be your friend, Aysel. I know you’re the Luna and way above my status but –“

“He told you?” I asked in surprise. It shouldn’t have surprised me, really. She could have figured it out herself based on our scents.

“He tells me everything.” She grinned but whatever she saw on my face made her grin fade. “Does that offend you?” I shrugged rather than answer. “Valens is my best friend. I have known him since I was a child and you’re his mate. That makes us the two most important women in his life. I feel we should be friends.”

‘What gives this bitch the right to claim the same status as me in my mate’s life?’ Artemis snarled while pacing. She was unnecessarily possessive but I saw Clover’s point. A friendship of over a century wasn’t something to be taken

lightly. In fact, I was happy that she took the initiative to reach out to me.

“Okay.” I shrugged as I spoke. Her eyes lit up but she quickly schooled her expression to her usual dignified one.

“It’s an honour to be your friend, Luna Aysel,” she said, barring her neck. My heart skipped a beat when she added that honorific to my name. Artemis stopped her snarling and pacing almost as if in a trance.

If anyone ever told me ‘Luna’ would ever be put before my name, I wouldn’t believe in this life or the next. If anyone told me I’d be the Alpha Prince’s Luna and that a woman as dignified as Clover would bar her neck to me in respect, I’d consider it painful ridicule.

The Alpha’s office had undergone a drastic change since the last time I saw it. The door which once read ‘Alpha Xavier, Alpha of Redville Pack’ no longer had a name tag on the door as if Valens expected everyone to know just who to expect behind the doors, which, really, everyone should.

The interior was still as large as ever but it seemed even larger without the clutter of the frivolities Alpha Xavier once decorated it with. The office had only a large black mahogany desk with chairs. At a corner was a long seater opposite two smaller ones and a dark coffee table. The black blinds were drawn and the light was dimmed as if he was a vampire and not a werewolf.

He raised his head from his computer when we walked in but promptly went back to his work. It took Clover

announcing our presence for him to acknowledge our existence.

She walked over to him with the confidence of the owner of the office and took a seat opposite him.

“I found her.” She leaned into the seat while I stood at the entrance of the office, awkwardly wondering what to do with myself.

“Why are you standing so far away? Come over.” Clover waved me forward. I caught Valens’ eyes, waiting for him to tell me not to dare take a step but his expression remained blank as usual. I took a tentative step forward. When he didn’t say anything to scold me, I walked forward and perched on the seat next to Clover.

I didn’t know if his sudden intense look was supposed to mean something to me but it didn’t.

“I don’t like your clothes,” he said after a long silence during which he scrutinized my appearance.

Ah.

“That’s not a nice thing to say to a lady,” Clover cut in with a frown. He turned to her with a look that made her sit upright and shut her mouth.

I wasn’t wearing anything fancy today although I suspected they would consider my fancy clothes shabby. I dressed for a normal morning of cooking and serving the pack their breakfast, not a morning to visit the alpha.

“Celeste.” I paused when he mentioned my friend.

I hadn’t seen Celeste since the day Clover arrived. We didn’t see each other often before the invasion but it felt like these days, I saw her less. I’d never gone more than two days without seeing Celeste. No, Celeste hadn’t gone more than two days without seeing me because she was the one who always came to see me. Then she hadn’t started volunteering at the hospital.

“She is your friend, isn’t she?” I nodded slowly to answer his question. He reached into a drawer and pulled out a black card. “Get her to get you a new wardrobe.” He stretched out the card to me. I looked at it as if it would bite me.

“You don’t have to – I can –“

“It wasn’t a suggestion. Don’t keep me waiting.” I snatched the card from his grip before he got further upset.

“I think I’ll go with her, Val. I’m her new friend.” Clover stood up, urging me out of my seat. “Come on, Luna Aysel, let’s get you some new clothes.”

“She doesn’t leave until I say so. You don’t either.” He turned to Clover with a piercing look. “It’s not something you should forget.”

“Sorry, alpha.” She bowed her head. I did too. My hands shook so I clasped them on my thighs. He really didn’t tolerate disrespect. It was disrespectful for a person to

leave a room before the Alpha or before he dismissed them. Alphas overlooked it a lot of times but not him.

I remembered then that I'd run out on him not once but twice. Who knows what he would have done to me if we weren't mated?

"Leave." He directed his words at Clover. She left the room without further ado, leaving me with the chilly alpha.

"Your body is suitable for me alone. Don't get anything revealing." I nodded at his stern words. He held my gaze and I forced myself not to look away. "Except you're wearing it for me." He paused in thought. "Get some lingerie." My cheeks flamed.

"The most revealing ones you can find." I looked away in embarrassment. How could he say such words so shamelessly? "I like red." My eyes snapped to his and jumped away. I was as red as a tomato as he spoke. "And lace - that's what it's called, isn't it?" I nodded. "I have work to do." He turned back to his computer and I considered myself dismissed.

I rushed out of the room, feeling the heavy weight of his gaze on my back as I fled the large office.

"Aysel." I paused, turning to face him halfway to the door. "You - " He paused while I waited for him to finish so I could run to our suite and hide my face under the covers. "I need coffee. Try not to poison it." I felt - no, I knew that wasn't what he wanted to say to me but I nodded anyway and ran out of the office.

