

The Cursed Alpha's Mate Chapter 36

“Celeste, will you stop for a minute?” I continued following her. “We need to talk, please.”

“I can’t talk to you, can I? I don’t want to mistakenly put my hands on the Luna and earn myself a death sentence!” She snapped, walking faster. The people on the street openly stared at us as I chased after my best friend.

A large mass appeared from nowhere and blocked her path. She almost ran into Jabari as he blocked off her movement.

“You! Why have you been following me about?” She exclaimed at him, not minding the fact that he could crush her skull with his palms. Turning to me with a glare that made me step back, she asked, “Did you put him up to this?” I raised my hand in surrender.

“I never mentioned anything about you to him,” I said truthfully but I didn’t think she believed me.

It seemed our friendship had been ruined after all because the way she looked at me, it was clear that she hated the air I breathed. I suspected she would reproach me for hiding my mating with Valens from her and then getting her father locked up, possibly to be executed, but I held out hope that she would forgive me.

“The Luna wants to speak to you,” Jabari said in a soft voice. I’d never heard him speak in a soft voice to anyone in Redville before.

“Great. So the Luna wants to speak to me and I have no choice but to listen?” She went toe to toe with him, wagging a threatening finger in his face. I expected him to break the finger but he looked nothing but amused at the small lady threatening him.

“Yes. She’s the Luna.” Jabari may not know how much worse he was making things. He didn’t need to remind her of my new status because it upset her enough already and she didn’t like big men in general based on her past trauma.

“Thank you, Jabari but you can let her go. It’s fine if she hates me now.” I may sound dejected but I didn’t care at that point. All that mattered to me was that I’d lost the only friend that stuck with me through everything. I’d lost a friend once so I could bear losing another.

“I don’t hate you but if anything happens to my father, I’d never forgive you.” She stalked away with that.

“Your friend is cute,” Jabari said in his deep voice. I nodded without saying anything in response.

I met Valens changing his shirt when I got to our suite. I spared him a glance before going underneath the covers, waiting for him to leave so I could nurse my wounds in silence. The thought of losing Celeste hurt too much to bear.

“My shirt –” Valens turned to me, pausing when he realized I’d buried myself underneath the covers. “What’s wrong?”

“Can I have Beta Strauss released today?” I emerged from the covers. I didn’t need to do that anymore. He was my

mate and he had the power to fix my friendship before it was completely ruined.

“I’m still considering whether or not to make him a scapegoat. No, he cannot be released now or anytime soon.” He buttoned his shirt without an ounce of care in his voice.

“He’s Celeste’s father,” I reminded him.

“He is also Lucien’s father. That’s a double offence against him.” He ran his hand down his shirt before looking at me. “There’s no chance of him getting released. He put his hands on you. That’s a disrespect to me, my status and my wolf. I’m not letting it go.”

“If you cared about me in the slightest, you’d let him go today.” He gave me a weird look.

“Your argument is not valid. You are my mate and I care about you but he is not getting released. Don’t speak to me about it again.” He turned, about to leave the penthouse.

“Wait!” I scrambled out of bed.

“What is it? I have a meeting now.” I rushed to stand before him.

“I know you don’t care about me but I have only one friend – there’s only one person who has loved me without conditions. Celeste is the only reason I had the strength to go through it all. If I lose her then I’d have lost everything. It’s not something I’d ever forgive.”

He leaned into me, his breath fanning across my face as he whispered, "I am still your Alpha." His lips caressed mine in a soft kiss before he strode out, leaving me perplexed. I stared at the door after it shut for a long time before I walked out of the suite.

Today, I would test my authority as the Luna of over forty packs.

I flagged a cart to the sketchier parts of the pack where we had the dungeons. I hadn't been here in a long time but I'd been here often enough for the place to still feel familiar. I entered the building that housed the dungeons. The front of the place advertised it as a 'defence' store but the stairs at the back led to a vast basement that could hold at least a thousand prisoners at the same time.

The store's receptionist lowered her eyes and bared her neck respectfully as I passed while she explained the workings of a keychain that had a small decorative thing on it which was really a weapon.

"Beta Strauss," I said to the man standing at the door that led to the dungeon.

"Welcome, Luna Aysel," he greeted me as he led the way. The corridors of the dungeons were dimly lit as we proceeded. They were mostly empty as usual but I noticed they were more heavily guarded and some of the doors had been changed to more sturdy ones. There was the prickly feeling of silver in the air and other little renovations that showed work in the dungeons - preparations, really.

The warrior stopped at a cell door and a man with long, wavy black hair that was sprinkled with grey raised his head slowly.

“Have you guys been feeding him?” I asked in a small voice. I hoped the people had not heard my squeak at the glare Beta Strauss gave me.

“Yes, once in two days according to the Alpha’s orders.” The warrior guarding the door replied.

Despite the Beta’s weak state, his anger and hatred reflected in his eyes, harsh enough to knock me off my feet.

“O – open the door,” I said to the warrior. The big man unhooked a small bunch of keys from his waistband with slow and deliberate caution.

The Beta, I noticed then, may have had silver in him a while back because he had angry red circles around his wrist that did not look like they would ever heal.

Silver had the ability to cut through a man’s skin, down to his bones. Silver burned when it came in contact with a werewolf and it slowly burnt through flesh and veins and bones and everything between. It could amputate a man’s hand if it stayed for only a day.

“This is a risky thing to do.” Jabari materialized beside me.

He’d been following me since the minute I stepped out of the pack house. He was good at following people without them knowing but my wolf recognized him as her guardian

so she felt at ease every time he was close. It was the only reason I knew when he was following me.

“I am the Luna,” I said in response to his words. My voice shook as I spoke but I held my head high. “I can release a prisoner if I want?” Instead of being declarative and authoritative, I sounded like a schoolchild asking for permission to do something that wouldn’t end well.

“You are the Luna,” Jabari affirmed with a nod of his head.

“Open the doors,” I said more firmly and Beta Strauss’ cell doors were pushed open. “Come out,” I said to the prisoner nestled within.

“Your Luna is speaking to you,” Jabari called at Strauss with pure menace in his tone.

“I’ll make you regret what you did to me.” Strauss spat on the floor of the cell room as he stood and strode out. “Your wrongs will not be forgiven.” Jabari seized him by his collar before he was fully out.

As a beta, Strauss was built larger than other wolves but Jabari picked him like a piece of linen, his own mass making the other man look like a joke.

“Look at me.” Strauss was compelled to look him in the eyes. Whatever thing he saw in them made him shudder. “I am her beta. I will tear you apart limb for limb, keep you alive for the longest time so you can understand what pain means. I can get creative and I will get creative if you dare ‘think’ to threaten her again.” He dropped Strauss like a

sack of potatoes. Strauss, being emaciated, looked like a rag doll on the floor.

“Can we not mention this part to Valens?” I whispered to Jabari who grunted. If Valens heard I’d been threatened, he wouldn’t spare Strauss for a second time.

“He said he wants you in red,” Jabari’s grumbled. My cheeks flamed as I understood the message.

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“She is moving towards the dungeons,” Jabari’s voice called through the phone. The people at the meeting tried not to stare at me as I took my call. “She wants to release the douche.”

“He’s allowed to leave. Take him to his family and make sure Celeste sees him. After that, I want him to disappear within the next twenty-four hours.” My fingers drummed on the table as I awaited confirmation that he understood what I meant.

“Where do you want him?” Jabari asked.

“Dead if I find him within ten feet of my mate in his lifetime.” I clicked the end button and went back to my meeting.

The men and women around me wanted me to consolidate the packs under me into one. It wasn’t something I had not considered before but I put off a lot of things for when I found my mate. Now, I’d found her.

It would take a lot of work to combine all packs, considering the fact that they were spread out in different parts of the world and none of them was close to another. I put in my men to rule in my stead and I knew some of them would have to be conquered again because when you leave people on your seat for too long, they start to think of it as theirs.

The meeting ended without us making tangible progress. If I didn't speak, then no one else did and I didn't speak much while I thought of my mate. My mate was changing and I realized I didn't know her well enough to relate with her before and I was not sure how to do it now.

Clover was sat waiting for me in my office when I got back. She took my jacket when I shrugged it off, putting it up for me.

"Have you seen Aysel today?"

"You're rather fascinated with my mate these days." I flipped open my computer to get into work.

"I saw her talking to Lucien, that's why I'm asking." My hands closed the computer of its own accord.

I'd told her to stay away from that man.

Whether or not he'd been her best friend at a point in their lives didn't matter. It should not matter to her because he was her ex. He would forever be her ex and their relationship made me uncomfortable. She was obedient but this was one thing that she refused to obey me on.

“Did they seem close?” Clover shrugged, stacking the things on my desk and then unstacking them.

“They did. I assumed they were best friends from the way he hugged her.” My brow lifted on its own. “They seemed like regular best friends, you know? But I was concerned since I knew it was Aysel and I know you don’t like sharing your women.”

“How did she react?” My fingers drummed on the table.

“She seems relieved. I was about to approach her when he came from nowhere and bundled her into a hug and she seems to sag against his body as if he was her rock and she was grateful to be held by him.” My hands slammed into the table and it made her flinch. “Goddess gracious, Val, you scared me.”

“Do you know what you’re telling me?” Her eyes widened and she leaned back into her seat.

“I didn’t mean to offend you. I just thought you’d be happy to hear about your mate since you seemed stressed when you walked in.” I blew out a breath.

‘I want his head. Lucien’s head, I want it!’ My wolf snarled in anger, his voice loud and deafening in my head.

“Are you alright, Alpha? People are usually calmed by talk of their mate, that’s why I told you that.” Clover placed a hand on the fist I had clenched on the table. I pushed her hand off mine.

“Would you be calm if you heard your mate was hugging her ex?” My words were unnecessarily harsh to her. I wasn’t angry at her but she was the unfortunate bearer of bad news.

“She has an ex?” Clover’s face transformed to a comical one of horror. “But – but she seems so virginal though.” I let out a harsh chuckle. “You let him live knowing he got to your mate before you? You’ve become more gracious than I recollect.”

I became hot with fury. There was no reason for that man to still have his head. There was no reason for me to let Beta Strauss go today after he insulted me by putting his hands on my mate. Why did I let these men go?

“Wow, I remember how you retaliated when you found the man who broke me in without my permission.” Her tone had a wry quality that made my head snap back to hers.

“Don’t go there.” I didn’t want to remember the things Clover had suffered because she chose to stick with me. The women in my pack had been harassed one way or another.

I blamed myself for what happened to Clover. I asked her to stay behind in one of the first packs we conquered. She didn’t want to stay because she drew strength from me as her Alpha, but I thought it was more sensible to let the women settle in a place rather than for them to wander with the men.

Clover begged, pleaded and cried to go with us but I thought I was helping her by forcing her to stay behind. The former

beta of the pack where I left our women did things to them that they never spoke about. Not even to me their Alpha. When they tracked us down, I was furious with them for wandering when I told them to settle. They'd seemed terrified but it didn't occur to me then that anyone would dare harm my people.

I was wrong. Bitterly wrong. The women never told me. I would never have found out if I did not develop non-platonic feelings for Clover. She was interested before but when I put in the effort to pursue her, she withdrew. When she finally agreed to be with me, her legs shook so badly that night and she cried. I would be a prick to go on so we ended up doing nothing that night and for the next three times we tried.

It took weeks for her to tell me what had happened, why she'd been so scared of intercourse. He penetrated her with everything from a pencil to vegetables, but he made sure to never use his p*nis. When I tracked him down, the bastard claimed he never assaulted her because he never entered her.

'It was only harmless fun. I never took her. I am certain it is something you understand, my prince.' He had the guts to laugh with me after that as if we were alike.

I made sure other men showed him how fun it was to be used like that before I slit his throat.

"Aysel has never been with anyone else," I said to Clover, dispelling the bitter taste in my mouth. I would find that man and kill him a second time if it was possible.

“Are you sure?” I paused at the absurdity of her question.

“I am a man. I know when my partner has had other partners.” My wolf snarled at the subtle insult to his mate. “And Zino does not like your insinuation.”

“Oh, I’m sorry.” She raised her hands. “I’m not trying to question your intuition or anything like that.” I didn’t correct her. I didn’t tell her he was offended at the insult to our mate and not his intuition. I didn’t need intuition to know I’d been her first.

‘But will you be her only?’ I ignored the nagging voice at the back of my mind.

She was not stupid. She knew that if she opened her legs for anyone else, I’d have their head.

‘I don’t like having her out of my sight.’ My wolf had a point which was exactly why I needed to have her out of my sight as often as possible. The longer I stayed with her, the harder it was to allow her to walk away.

I would not lie. I was a possessive man. My alpha nature wanted me to keep everything I called mine shackled to my side, especially my mate. I wanted to possess her in the most animalistic way possible but I understood it would frighten her if it didn’t break her first.

“I do not know much about this Lucien except that he was her first mate –” Clover opened her mouth to speak, looking scandalized but I stopped her. “I believe he would be stupid to try anything with her but I don’t trust that bastard.” I

didn't trust the bastard but I would trust Clover with my life.

She had been through hell with me and rescued me from the bottomless pit a number of times. "I want you to befriend Lucien. Make him trust you with his secrets and find out the ones that relate to my mate."

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I waited for Valens but he was taking longer than usual to arrive.

After I surprisingly succeeded in freeing Beta Strauss, I ran into Lucien. He was frankly the last person I wanted to run into in this lifetime or the next. I tried to pretend he wasn't there but he rushed at me and engulfed me in a bone-crushing hug that made my back crack. Thankfully, training with Valens taught me how to get out of his hold. I wriggled free of his hold just as Jabari showed up. Jabari glared at him so hard that he scampered off.

I tightened my robe around myself as I waited for Valens. I wanted to get into my pyjamas and just go to sleep but I felt I had to appease him for releasing Beta Strauss against his orders. I had to soften him up for when I broke the news to him and if I knew Valens, the thing he liked most in the world, more than his duty and his pride, was sex.

At around midnight, when my eyes were dropping from exhaustion, I heard our suite door open. I sat upright, my

skin heating in the dimly lit room, while I held my robe, closed with my hand.

He dropped his jacket into the chair by the door once he came in, then his eyes raised to look at me. I held my robe tighter, feeling self-conscious. The lock clicked softly as he closed the door behind him without saying a word to me, his eyes on mine.

His stare was so intense but I didn't take my eyes off him. I couldn't take my eyes off him as I felt as if he'd captivated me with just his looks, magnetizing me to him and drawing me into a world where only him existed.

“Did you obey?” His words were low, sultry, and coupled with the heat from his stare, they made my body heat up. There was nothing sexy about his words but the domineering way in which he said them made my throat close up and my breath shorten. My wolf p*nted inside me, breathless.

I nodded in reply to his questions with my heart doing backflips and leaping about. I couldn't tell if I swallowed in fear or excitement when he strode forward. His long legs ate up the distance in a few strides and then he was standing before me.

He got into the bed, kneeling, and took my hand off my robe. It didn't immediately fall open so he spread it himself. I felt him freeze when he caught sight of the flimsy lace material covering my breasts. His hand fell to my chest, dipped into the lace material to fondle and caress me.

He leaned forward. I leaned backwards until my back hit the headboard. My eyes started to flutter shut when he leaned closer. I felt his breath on my face and my heart thudded faster and my skin heated the more.

Then he k!ssed me.

It wouldn't be the first time or the tenth time we k!ssed but it turned out to be the most memorable of all the k!sses we had shared. His l!ps covered mine in a soft, tentative manner as if he was shy and had never k!ssed anyone before but I knew better.

His k!sses were always dominating but when he k!ssed me then, he took things slowly, his l!ps whispering against mine, tongue touching mine in a sedvctive dance. My heart threatened to burst, as did my head. I couldn't breathe. My body shivered beneath his touch. His hand rubbed my n!pple in lazy circles as he stole the breath from my lungs.

I pulled away first, unable to breathe due to the intensity and lack of oxygen that made my head swirl. I pulled away with a gasp. I heard him chuckle when I took a much needed breath. When I raised my head, I was once again caught in the intensity of his gaze.

“You're mine.” He'd said the same words to me countless times but they had a more forceful tinge in them. A frightening look crossed his eyes but it passed before my brain registered what it was.

“You're mine,” he repeated, his hand holding my face up, his thumb stroking my jaw.

“I’m yours,” I affirmed. A small smile drew up the side of his lips.

“I know.” He withdrew from me and my wolf let out a low whine. I’d been trapped between him as he knelt on the bed but he moved to sit up in bed beside me.

“Model it for me.” He spoke to the space in front of him.

“What?” I blurted out before my brain processed what he wanted me to do. Earlier self-consciousness sprang up and coloured my cheeks, burning me from inside.

“Take off your robe and get off the bed. Put on a show, Sagira.” He turned to me with a familiar small smile. His smile unnerved me because it had no joy in it.

Shrugging off my robe, I got out of bed. He put his hands behind his head and gave me all his attention. My wolf purred at the attention but I wished he’d look somewhere else so I felt less self-conscious.

There wasn’t any reason to be ashamed. I didn’t have a bad body. I had a few scars on my back which he never complained about. He liked my body, had moaned that into my ears as he released in me countless times.

No reason to be self-conscious.

I took a deep breath and straightened up. Confidence was easier thought about than projected.

Feeling awkward, I walked from one side of the room to another, mimicking a slow strut.

“Stop.” I paused at the blatant order. “Turn around.” I started to obey again when he added, “Slowly.” I turned around as slowly as I could, feeling my cheeks warm but not from embarrassment this time. When I faced him again, he was unbuckling his belt and unbuttoning his trousers, a bulge straining against the black material of his trousers.

“Take off your br*a.” His words were thick, his eyes hooded.

This time, he didn’t need to tell me to take it slow. I reached behind me to unclasp my br*a, working it off slowly. His eyes did not once stray from my movement as I slid the straps down my arms and let the material flop to the ground.

He cupped his e.rection for a second before he moved, his eyes still on me as he got out of bed and came to stand behind me. One hand came up from behind to fondle my bre*asts while the other dipped into my lacy red p*nties.

A breathy gasp escaped my throat when he pressed his l!ps into my neck. His l!ps flicked against my mating mark and my body quivered from head to toe. Asides from my cl!t, my mating mark was the most sens!tive part of my body and it was only sens!tive when my mate c.aressed it. Anyone else touching it would only cause me to be irritated.

“Are you enjoying this?” He asked and I gave a slight nod. “You don’t need to answer that.” His fingers breached my opening, pushing into me. “My f!ngers are coated in your ju!ces.” Two of his fingers played inside me, his thumb rubbing my cl!t, his other hand squeezing my bre*ast and

his mouth sucking at his mark on me. The stimulation was too much. My legs went weak underneath me. His hands withdrew from my breast to hold me up by my waist.

Just one more.

I just needed one more firm rub and his mouth on my mark to tip me off the edge but he withdrew and left me hanging, panting his name.

“Why did –”

“Get on the bed,” came his hoarse command, cutting me off. I moved on shaky legs and scrambled into the bed. “Spread your legs.” I obeyed without thought, my womanhood clenching. The cool air hitting my sex dulled a bit of the pre-orgasm frenzy.

My heart beat from my throat when he reached into his pants and pulled out his member. I swallowed thickly. His member jutted straight out, leaking in his hands. I watched in anticipation as he stroked it.

“Touch yourself,” he said to me.

“W – what?” My body already readied itself to receive him but he –

“Touch yourself slowly. I want to watch you pleasure yourself.”

Pushing my soaked panties aside, my right hand dropped to my womanhood while the left grabbed my breast, my eyes fluttering shut.

“Open your eyes.” His hoarse words were a seductive command that made my eyes fluttered open to hold his as I rubbed my clit with him jerking off at the edge of the bed.

Soon, we were caught in a frenzy as we neared the edge. I rubbed faster, crying out his name, while he muttered harsh words, his hand moving faster up and down his erection.

“Fvccck.” He drew out.

I came first, screaming his name, my eyes closing as I exploded. Then I heard footsteps, another expletive before I felt him.

His release landed on me, coating my stomach and thighs. Ropes and ropes of cum marking me as his. He muttered, groaned, cursed, jerking faster, squeezing out the last drop of his release on my thigh.

“You’re mine, Aysel.” He collapsed beside me, his erection still straining.

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Celeste, can we talk for a minute?” My sister paused on her way out. She looked concerned when she turned to me.

I didn’t need her to say it because I already knew that I looked like hell. I hadn’t shaved in close to a week. I needed to trim my hair and maybe sleep a little but it seemed impossible to sleep when my mate was in someone else’s arms.

“You look like hell,” she blurted out, shutting the door.
“What happened to you?”

“Where have you been? It’s been a long time since I saw you.” I diverted the question from myself as we walked towards the dining to have our talk.

“I’ve been home. You’re the one who hasn’t been here in weeks.” I pushed my overgrown hair out of my face.

Since the pack repossessed the Beta’s house after Valen’s takeover, we had to move into the pack house for a while before we cleared the house our mother inherited from her mother. It was smaller than the luxurious home we lived in as the Beta’s family but it was better than staying in the pack house with hundreds of other wolves.

“Forget that. I need your help.”

Sleep eluded me as I tried to find ways to make Aysel mine again. Skylar was frustrated that her plan wasn’t progressing as Clover didn’t return like she predicted. We had to ditch that plan for a new one.

“What do you need my help with? Say it fast. I have someone waiting for me.” She flipped her hair. I noticed then that she was all dolled up for a date.

“You’re still friends with Aysel right?” I asked. Her face turned red and she looked guilty all of a sudden.

“I don’t know if she will want to be friends with me after the nasty things I said to her the other day.” My wolf

growled in annoyance at her. She'd insulted our mate and he didn't like it.

"What did you say to her?" I unintentionally growled in her face.

"What I said to her is none of your business. What do you want? I have a date with Luca so you better speak fast. He's picking me up soon."

Celeste and I weren't as close as we used to be as kids and I had myself to blame for that. People used to think we were twins as kids because we had a strong bond. A bond I broke when I chose Skylar.

Goddess, Skylar wasn't even that pretty! Why did I ruin the perfect life I had just to be with her? Had she used black magic on me or what? It would certainly explain the idiocy that made me choose her over my mate.

"I need your help with Aysel."

"What do you want with her? You should know that you can't bully her anymore because she is our Luna. The Alpha already hates our family enough without adding the fact that you bully his Luna to the mix." She checked her watch. I didn't have her full attention yet but I knew how to get it.

"She's my mate. I want to get her back," I blurted out. Her jaw dropped comically when I said that. Then she burst into loud laughter.

“What the hell have you been smoking?” She snorted as her laughter died down. I pushed my hair out of my face again. I didn’t like her derisive laughter. It made my heart ache.

“She’s my mate. She has been my mate since she turned eighteen.” I closed my eyes, raising my face to the ceiling. I wouldn’t have to say all these to be believed if I didn’t make that stupid mistake all those years ago. I would be happy with her now if I’d just accepted the blessing of the Moon Goddess. We’d be together and maybe she’d be pregnant by now. Bile rose in my throat when I imagined her pregnant with someone else’s baby.

“Are you serious?” Celeste asked but she didn’t look anywhere close to believing me. Doubt still clouded her eyes and I could understand.

There’d been no reason for her to think there was anything between Aysel and me besides from a small, one-sided crush. I remember how well I threatened Aysel.

‘I’ll make you regret the day your parents f*cked and had you if anyone hears we’re mates,’ I’d said to her when she excitedly mentioned we were mates. Funny, I was the one with the biggest regret now.

“I rejected her,” I admitted to Celeste. The colour drained from her face in a split second. In the next second, her face started to redden. She looked like a balloon ready to blow. A very red balloon.

“What do you mean you rejected her?” She shouted, jumping out of her seat.

“I was with Skylar then and I didn’t want –” She smacked me before I could finish. I deserved that. I knew I deserved that.

“Do you know how much pain she would have been in?” I didn’t need a lecture from my baby sister about how I treated my mate. I knew how much pain she went through because I went through it too when she accepted my rejection.

“Celeste –”

“No, don’t call my name.” She paced, her finger pinching the bridge of her nose. “I am so ashamed of you right now. So angry. How stupid do you have to be to reject your mate!”

“Celeste –”

“No, shut up, Lucien! How can I have such a stupid brother? Oh, goddess.” She stopped pacing to glare at me. “You hurt my best friend and now you want her back? Are you dreaming?”

“Dreams do not hurt this much,” I said, miserable.

“She’s mated now and there’s nothing you or anybody else can do.”

“That bastard stole her from me!” My temper flared when she said that as if Aysel’s mating was irrevocable. I would have my mate back. There had to be something I could do.

“Watch how you talk about the Alpha Prince!” I was taken aback by the force of her words. “It’s no wonder he hates our family. It’s all your fault. You and dad. Goddess, you lot are the same! Aysel is the Luna now so you better set your sights on someone else.” She grabbed her small white bag off the table to leave.

“You know, I saw Luca the other day.” I needed to hurt her the way she just hurt me so I made her pause. “Pretty boy with the curly hair, right? He was holding hands with this blonde chick with nice tan skin and a firm round butt the other day.” I snickered as colour started to leave her face again.

“Shut up, you stupid liar. Tianna is his cousin and they are very close.” She snarled at me.

“Yeah, they seemed pretty close to me, especially when he grabbed her a*s while he k!ssed and rutted on her behind the pack house this morning. If you’re wondering why he’s late, it may be because he hasn’t finished with her.” She got out her phone and dialled him before I finished speaking.

“Hey, Luca are you –” He started speaking before she completed her sentence.

I had to strain my ears to hear through the phone when he spoke. “Love, something came up. Can we reschedule for tomorrow?” I snickered at his excuse.

“Yeah, his d*ck probably came up when he saw his ‘cousin’ in her panties.” I butted in. It was a cheap move but it worked.

“This is the third time we’re rescheduling, Luca.” Her voice came out broken.

“I know, babe, but Tianna –”

“Do you want to be with me or Tianna?” She demanded.

“Babyyy, I told you she’s my cousin. I haven’t seen her in a while and I don’t know when next I will.” It was an overused excuse that she may have bought if I hadn’t already told her about his infidelity.

“Are you sure she’s your cousin?”

“What does that even mean?” He didn’t sound bothered when he asked.

“Weren’t you k!ssing her behind the pack house this morning?” He didn’t reply immediately and his silence said everything she needed to know. She hung up, turning to me with big, watery eyes that made my heart fall.

“You knew and chose to tell me like this?” I raised my hand in surrender even if my conscience pricked heavily. “I hate you so much, Lucien,” she said calmly before leaving the house, slamming the door.

“Watch out for Jabari!” The Beta was too interested in her.

I buried my head in my palms after she left. She distracted me a bit from my problem but once she left, all I could think about was Aysel and my loss. Goddess, I messed up big time!

A knock sounded on the door a second later. “Why are you knocking? Come in!” I was expecting Skylar but Clover sauntered in.

“How badly do you want Aysel?” She asked, taking a seat while I stared in shock.

The Cursed Alpha’s Mate Chapter 40

The next day, I couldn’t make it to the training grounds because I couldn’t walk. My legs had been bent in every direction throughout the night. Even my trainer slept in, his head on my chest and legs tangled with mine.

We didn’t have an alarm because we didn’t need one. We were both early risers but since we’d been active till the day was semi-bright, we slept almost till noon. I woke up first with my bladder bursting and a small ache in my lower back. Valens was half atop me and I didn’t want to wake him so I held myself stiffly until the urge to pee reduced.

“Valens?” I called his name softly when the urge returned. He didn’t stir. “Valens?” I called again, trying to wiggle free this time. His hands clamped around me like iron cages while his face moved from my chest to my neck. He muttered something and it tickled me.

“Valens, you have to work and I have to pee.” He muttered something else and I had to hold my legs together not to wet myself.

“Valens!” I yelled. His body stiffened and his head raised.

“What is it?” His voice was hoarse and it did funny things to my insides.

“Can you get off me?” I asked, my legs still clenched together.

“Why?” His eyes started to drop again, his voice was lazy, obviously still sleepy.

“I have to pee,” I answered, shoving him off and dashing out to the bathroom. I made it to the bathroom in the nick of time.

When I came out, he was sitting up in bed, his back against the headboard and his legs spread atop the covers. My skin heated when I glimpsed his half-hard member. His eyes were still sleepy but I could see him fight off the sleep.

“Will you be going to work today?” I wished he would say no. I suddenly felt an insane urge to spend the day with him but I knew his work would never allow him to.

“It’s like I have a century of sleep to catch up on.” He yawned into the back of his palm, laying back down.

I remembered then that he once told me that he didn’t need much sleep. Was that another part of his curse that I’d broken? I felt as if I’d made him vulnerable. He didn’t heal as fast as he did when he was cursed and now he needed sleep. Breaking the curse was slowly stripping him of his enhanced abilities.

He got out of bed with a lagging body. I pulled a robe over my body while he showered. I couldn’t sit without a sharp

pain in my backside so I lay on my stomach and pretended to be asleep when he emerged from the bathroom.

“What are you doing today?” My eyes opened when I heard his voice that made my body tingle for no reason.

“I haven’t decided yet,” I answered. I’d planned to practise knife throwing and let my wolf run free today but besides from that, I had no concrete plans.

“Stop by my office at four.” He said the words as if they were unpleasant to him but I knew better than to question him. He’d been very lax with his rules but I wouldn’t forget he hated being questioned as it came off as a challenge to his authority.

“Do you want me to bring anything?” I asked like a proper omega.

“Bring an appetite.” Someone knocked on our door when he was knotting his tie.

We had never entertained any guest in the penthouse since I moved in. No one would dare come up here to disturb the Alpha’s peace except Jabari.

I was still in my robe and Valens was bare feet. It went without saying that I had to open the door but when I finally struggled out of bed, my robe had fallen open and Valens looked at me as if I planned to greet the visitor with my breasts hanging out of my robe.

The person continued knocking, much to Valens' obvious annoyance and when I took a step forward, his cutting look made me freeze.

"Aysel, are you in? It's me Celeste." Valens turned to glare at me as if I'd invited her over.

"I didn't invite her." I raised my hand almost in surrender. He ignored me, walking over to open the door for Celeste. I heard their muffled voices as I picked up his shirt and my discarded panties, rushing out to greet her before he chased her away.

"Hi!" My words were breathless when I rushed out of the bedroom after dressing.

Celeste didn't look good. Her eyes were red and puffy and the way she stared at Valens, it was clear he terrified her and he had his back to her as he put in his shoes. His eyes glowed when I rushed out in his shirt, a possessive look flashing in his eyes.

"I can - I can come back if I'm interrupting. I didn't expect -" she glanced at him. Of course she hadn't expected Valens to be home by noon.

"I will send someone to prepare a bath for you," Valens said as he walked toward me. He turned me so I faced him, then he pressed his lips to mine in a dominating kiss in full view of my best friend.

"Ah -" My brain short-circuited.

“Four o’clock. Not a second later.” He pushed my hair off my forehead and pressed a kiss to my head. “Have a lovely day.” I was too stunned to speak as he grabbed his case and left the suite.

Wow.” Celeste pulled me back to the present when she spoke. “Wow,” she said again and my mouth snapped close.

What just happened?

Valens had never been affectionate like this before. Kissing my forehead? Did he do it because of Celeste? Or were we actually progressing?

“I’m sorry I interrupted you guys.” She stood awkwardly beside the door before I offered her a seat.

“It’s nothing. What’s up?” I took the seat opposite her.

“I just – ” she paused. “You guys are so sweet together,” she mused.

I knew from the look on her face that she didn’t come here to talk about Valens and I. I desperately wanted to ask her what she meant by sweet because I didn’t think we looked sweet together but I pushed it aside to focus on her.

“Are you alright, Celeste? You look like you’ve been crying,” I probed. She stared at me for a second before tears started to stream down her cheeks.

“I’ve been horrible to you.”

“No, you haven’t.” If there was anyone in this pack that never treated me like trash even when I behaved like trash, that person would be Celeste.

“I – We’ve been friends for so long but I never even noticed how much you were hurting. I can’t believe – Lucien – He –” She hiccuped and I knew that she knew.

I wasn’t surprised he had told her. In fact, I expected he would have told the world by now considering how much he chased me. I expected him to tell everyone, trying to seek validation, to find someone who agreed with him that I was his mate and that Valens had no claim over me.

“He told you then?” I asked, chuckling to myself even though I didn’t find anything funny.

That bastard! He was set out to ruin me.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Celeste sniffed.

“Because he said he’d hurt me if I did and no one would believe anyway.” I chuckled again.

Remembering really hurt me even if I didn’t want it to. I wanted to chuckle and laugh at Lucien for his desperation but this discussion brought back unpleasant memories that made me bitter.

He really hurt me. Deeper than I wanted to admit.

“But I’m your best friend,” Celeste accused.

“It doesn’t matter. He was ashamed of me. He didn’t want anyone to know and there was no reason for anyone to

know. It hurt enough when he rejected me. I didn't want to add your pitiful gaze to the pain and I knew you would have confronted him. I didn't want that. I accepted his rejection immediately it came and that was that."

I hadn't wanted to accept his rejection. I wanted to plead with him and believe that with time, he would come to see me as a blessing rather than a burden but he never gave me time for that.

He cussed at me that day. He insulted me. Called me worthless and then he spat in my face. I knew that nothing would change his mind after that. He was too proud to settle for a nobody like me so I accepted his rejection with his saliva coating my left eye.

'You're worthless, Aysel. You are only good for a useless omega like yourself,' he had said to me after he rejected me.

I didn't want to think of that anymore. I'd moved on.

"Can you - Please, tell me what happened. Why - how?" I decided to tell her. It was torture recounting the events but I didn't want to hide from my best friend anymore.