

## The Cursed Alpha's Mate Chapter 66

“Your mother’s service to me exempted her from her family’s curse,” the calm voice returned after a few seconds of silence. “Her lineage was cursed for shedding innocent blood but she escaped her fate and ran to my sanctuary. I kept her safe in my sanctuary for many years, preserving her.” I blinked because I was not expecting that.

“What – What do you mean by preserving her?”

“Time is a teardrop to me but an ocean to your kind. To me, she had spent less than a week in the sanctuary but she told me one day that she had spent decades. She had not aged in those decades but she wanted to leave to see the world outside.”

I – It was a lot to wrap my head around but I had a goddess in my head. I was listening directly to the he voice of divinity so nothing seemed too big to wrap my head around.

If my mother’s lineage was cursed, did that make me cursed too? “Who cursed her lineage?” I asked.

Cursed.

I had played around with that idea all my life. I had called myself cursed with bad luck. I’d suffered enough to assume my bad luck was not ordinary. Yet, I never actually expected to be cursed for real.

“I did.” I looked up, forgetting that she wasn’t sitting in front of me.

“What?” Things just kept getting worse and worse the more I listened to her voice.

“Her grandmother spilt innocent blood so I cursed her and everything that came from her, including magic.” Some pieces were moving into place to form the giant puzzle before me. “I annihilated the others like her who aided in spilling innocent blood.

They served two deities so it was easy for them to hide from me but the earth goddess cried out when she was muddied with the blood of the innocent.” Realization hit me and with it came discomfort that bloomed into horror.

Surely, she didn’t mean –

“Queen Valencia was a good queen. She was faithful in her duties and served me well. It was not her time to die but greedy men collaborated with wolves blessed with magic. They killed her and altered the future terribly.”

“Are you saying – are you saying that – that –“ I stuttered.

“My dearest, your great grandmother worked with traitors that killed the ones I blessed to rule over my people. I cursed the magic tree after that and took away magical abilities from those that still lived. The traitors would have failed if they didn’t have magic.”

I buried my face in my palms and then I cried. For my mother who had suffered the illest fate. I thought my life was bad but she must have had it worse. I couldn’t imagine having to flee my home to avoid the wrath of the people my

family had hurt only to end up in the same situation as before.

My blood.

I had the blood of a traitor. I always thought it was an insult meant to get me down but it was true. My great grandmother had been a traitor and my parents too. How soon would my traitorous gene manifest to haunt me?

“I am a traitor. I have the blood of a traitor,” I whispered to myself, raising my head to look at my hands as if expected to see blood.

“The bitterness in your heart,” the goddess said in a subdued tone. “It is spreading.”

“And if I – so Valens –“ My mind travelled back to the day I heard him discussing vengeance against those that wronged him. I didn’t understand at first because I thought he’d killed them all but I did now. He knew my mother fled and he was searching for whatever family she may have started.

I was the one he was looking for.

If I wasn’t seated already, I would collapse into a seat.

We were so terribly matched that it didn’t make any sense for us to be mates. He hated me!

“Miriam was dear to me and as her daughter, I will give you this perk. He will never find out if you don’t tell him.” I laughed out loud at that.

“A perk? Why – why would you even make me his mate when he hates me?”

“It is the only way to save the two of you.” I was doomed. “I created you for him.” The goddess went quiet. “I made you and gave you Artemis. Artemis and Zino have been mates in all their lifetimes.” I blinked at her as if I was stupid.

“I did not turn away from my prince during his curse. I put plans in place to free him but as I said, time is not the same to me and your kind.” She paused. “His heart – his heart is black and coated in bitterness. I could not break him from his curse with such a vengeful heart.” She went quiet and sadness wrapped around me.

“I hid Miriam because she served me and because I did not want Valens to continue his revenge with her. I gave him time to get over his loss and forgo vengeance but the more time that passed, the more bitter he got.” The sadness around me spread through the room.

“Once, he cursed my name but he repented before I reacted. I had my plan set out but I knew I had to do something urgently to save him. I made you and gave you the other half of his soul. I made you from Miriam because I know a mate bond is the only thing stronger than my prince’s thirst for vengeance.”

I looked at a curtain dance softly in the windless room. I stood and walked over to the window. Drawing the curtains and opening the louvers, I leaned out to watch the people passing. I looked to see if there were people like me out there who the goddess had used as mere pawns.

“What of Lucien? He was my first mate,” I said.

I didn't see anyone who had been created for the sole purpose of helping a vengeful prince. I didn't see anyone who had suffered like I had because the goddess chose me as a pawn. No, she hadn't chosen me as a pawn; she made me to be a pawn.

“Lucien was a mere distraction. In another life, with another wolf, you may have been together but I gave you Lucien to calm you.” I turned, forgetting again that I couldn't see her. “Artemis has always displaced initial signs of latency in her previous lives. I did not want you to question if you were truly my creation so I gave you Lucien. He was never in your future. I tried to hint at you that there were better things ahead but you took it the wrong way, sadly.”

Sadly? Sadly!?

“You are admitting that you condemned me to a life of suffering because you wanted to stop your ‘dearest prince’ from walking the path of vengeance?” I wiped tears from my eyes. “You are admitting that I suffered for nothing because I was born a mere pawn? A way for you to get back into your prince's good books?” This time, I fell into a seat because it was all too much.

I'd suffered for nothing. Every moment in my life had simply been leading up to when I mated with Valens and he fell in love and abandoned his vow of vengeance.

“Your lineage is cursed,” the goddess reminded me.

“You cursed my lineage. I am part of a cursed lineage because you specifically made me to be a part of a cursed lineage!” I screamed.

“I understand if you are angry.” Angry? Angry didn’t begin to cut it. I was feeling too many things all at once and they made me feel like I was about to explode.

“I have not been fair to you so I am offering to grant you one unconditional wish. You can take your time to think –“

“My child! Give me back my child!” What was there to think about?

“They had no wolf yet so I cannot do that. I am sorry but that child was never in your future. You will have children in the future but –“

“Children? I can’t even stand the sight of my mate! Give me my child back or you can forget everything. I will curse your name here and now. I will desecrate this temple and laugh when you strike me down because then everything you’ve put in place would be ruined.”

“It is not in my power to do. Your bitterness is radiating off you. I am watching your heart turn black with every passing second. I want to halt that darkness but the child had no wolf. It cannot be brought back. Choose something else.”

“Then magic.” I laughed. “Give me back the magic you took from my people.”

I knew I wouldn't get it because she was a useless goddess. Her eyes flashed as if she heard my thoughts. She was in my head and could see my heart so she must have.

"I took away magic for a reason."

"If you cannot give me magic, you cannot give me anything." I stood as if I could walk out and evade her voice.

"I can give you a child. If you want it, you will conceive this night with as many children as you want in your womb at once," she whispered as if it was a good deal.

"You will give me a child anyway. No, you will give your prince a child because you are eager to atone for the years you left him to wander but I am nobody so you cannot grant me a wish." I sighed. "You know what? Now that I know all these, I am going as far away from him as possible. He may not hunt me down if he finds out who I am but he is a deserter Alpha. He will leave once again and my pack and I will have to deal with the calamity he causes. Do you even think I want to lay with him anymore?"

"Very well." She seemed resigned. I picked my way to the door but her next words made me pause. "I will grant you your magic but only when you love your mate."

"You granted me an unconditional wish. I owe you nothing," I reminded her.

"Fair enough." She sighed again. "You will have the magic you would have had if I never cursed the magic tree but let me make you a deal this time." She paused and I raised a

brow to show I was listening. “I will restore magic to werewolves through your lineage. Your children will be born as princes and princesses with magical powers and their children will be the same but I will only do this if you give your mate a second chance. If you leave him, you will never find happiness and whatever magical powers you get will die with you.”

## **The Cursed Alpha’s Mate Chapter 67**

‘Valens – he – When Redville needed an Alpha, when I needed an Alpha, when my baby needed an Alpha, he wasn’t there. He is the Alpha that abandoned his pack.’

Those words played in my head as I sat outside of the inner shrine. The oracle sat facing me, her eyes closed and head lifted to the ceiling as if she was in a trance or asleep.

I was reaping the fruits of my lack of foresight.

‘Is it just a lack of foresight?’ Zino asked, yawning. I ignored him. He didn’t get to feel the brunt of her anger so I didn’t expect him to fully understand. I, on the other hand, felt the anger simmering just beneath her skin. And it was more than the anger; there was also resignation, sadness and an obvious lack of trust.

‘You subconsciously wanted to punish me!’ She’d yelled at me and I knew that was what she believed.

I searched my heart, my mind, and even tried to see into my soul. No part of me wanted to punish my mate when I saw those pictures. I’d been hurt and betrayed. I didn’t trust her



enough to reconsider but I'd not once thought of punishing her. My main thought then was getting out. For the first time in a long time, I'd felt overwhelmed. I lost control of my wolf and the only thing to do was to go far away.

I ran for hours without getting exhausted. My anger in the face of what I called betrayal, served as an enduring energy source for running. I ran till the skies darkened and I was still running when the skies started to lighten. I only paused for a short time before I continued into one of the packs under my control. I booked the next flight from there and in my mind, it was goodbye.

'You knew of her history with the past Alpha but you didn't care when you left,' Zino said but still, I ignored him. We wouldn't start the blame game.

"I warned you this would happen." I looked up at the oracle who was still looking at the ceiling.

"When did you warn me?" Her cryptic words never helped me. She never spoke directly. I wasn't an oracle. I couldn't decipher the meanings behind cryptic, supposedly divine words.

"When you came here, I told you to let her wear the crown but you refused." Exasperation made me finger my neckline.

My mother's crown had been returned to its original place despite the oracle's advice but I didn't see how it would have averted the crisis as we hadn't even had our Mating Ceremony!

“We haven’t had the Ceremony yet,” I reminded Selene. I’d often heard that oracles tended to mix up the past, present and future, as well as reality and visions.

“And you would never if the goddess didn’t love you so much.” She opened her eyes and stared straight at me with her disconcerting eyes. My heart slammed against my ribcage at the implication of her words.

“For the things you have done and the things you may do, you should start apologizing.” Again, more cryptic words! “You heard me when I said you needed to understand each other, to know each other. If you listened to anything I said that day, you would not be having these little misunderstandings growing into ginormous rifts.” I got the distinct feeling she was offended or angry with me.

I’d known Selene before she became an oracle. I did not know her well enough then but for ten years, she had been my oracle. She travelled with me from pack to pack and acted as the pack’s official oracle whenever there was a takeover.

“I listened, but there isn’t much I can do when I do not fully comprehend your words.”

“The goddess communicates as she sees fit. Let me, as her oracle, independent of her voice at this moment, tell you something. You should never discard your mate especially when she opens up about who she is,” she said, preparing to rise.

“Who is she? Those aren’t very clear words, you know.” It seemed more mystery awaited me in the future but I would try to avoid mistakes.

“She is Aysel but before everything else, she is your mate, your predestined. Love her, Alpha. It is your best shot at this point.” She walked to the door.

She got to the door just as Aysel opened it. The two women stared at each other for a while and I felt a silent understanding pass between them while I sat to the side.

“Are you alright?” I stood as she approached me.

My heart ached when I saw her tear-stained face. Her eyes were red and her shoulders slacked as if she returned with all the weight of the world weighing her down. “I’d expected you to return less burdened,” I said.

I wanted to reach out to her, to wipe her tears and hold her close but I remembered how she recoiled from me all those nights ago before Clover sent me those abhorrent pictures. I reached out to her anyway. I wiped her tears and I pulled her into a hug.

She stayed stiff in my arms, making me feel my touch was unwelcome. I felt as if I was pushing her boundaries which was something I swore not to do. I wanted her to heal at her own pace and reach out to me when she trusted me again but I admit that my personality hindered me from giving her the space she obviously craved.

I thought she was to see the oracle for prayers. I expected the goddess to take a bit of her burden but the opposite had happened. When the oracle announced the goddess wanted to speak to her directly, I'd been unsettled. The goddess' voice, I'd heard, could break a person's mind. If it was something I could stop, I would have stopped it but I lacked the power to stop the goddess.

The hug lasted a long time. With time, she relaxed in my arms. I felt her body quiver against mine and I heard her sniffing. I held her close until she pushed away from me, wiping her eyes with a teary smile. Then she turned and walked out, leaving me to follow.

We got into to car. Rather than start the car, I turned to her. "What did yeh goddess tell you? You are sadder than you were when you went to see her," I probed.

She looked at me then looked out through the window next to her. It felt as if she didn't want to look at me and it stung but I refused to dwell on that emotion. I'd failed her. I was the Alpha that abandoned his pack; his family. Even I could not bear to look at myself.

"She said -" She turned from the window to look straight ahead. "She said a lot of things." I waited for an elaboration but she didn't say anything else. I didn't want to push so I started the car. Read more free novels at [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com)

"Do you know what happened to my parents?" She asked all of a sudden.

“They died?” That was about as much as I knew about them.  
“Why?”

“They didn’t just die. They were executed.” My mouth almost dropped open in surprise. I’d thought of how they died a few times but I never imagined it would be by execution.

“For what?” I asked, sparing her a glance. She remained silent for a while. It made me wonder if I was not supposed to ask that.

“I’ll tell you about my parents,” she said after over ten minutes of silence. “If you’re going to hate me, it’s better you hate me now.”

## **The Cursed Alpha’s Mate Chapter 68**

I waited till we got back to the penthouse before I said anything about my parents. Throughout the car ride, he kept shooting me questioning looks as I’d gone completely silent after my declaration.

I went into another room in the penthouse when we got there. I didn’t have anything in this room. In fact, I could count the number of times I’d had anything to do with a room in the penthouse that wasn’t Valens.

My eyes closed the minute I fell into bed but not because I was sleepy. I closed my eyes in a bid to block out a bit of what I was feeling which I knew wasn’t possible. If I could close my eyes to my problems, if not seeing them meant

they weren't there, I would have gorged out my eyes at this point.

'Tell him. Tell him now,' Artemis urged me.

There was very little Valens did not already know about me but what he didn't know about me was more significant than what he knew. My discovery earlier in the day exhausted me. It turned out that I hadn't known myself either.

I got out of bed, smoothed down my dress and went to the door. I pulled the door open to see Valens about to knock.

"I'm willing to give you everything but space," he said once he saw me standing at the door. "I understand that you need it. I want to give you space but the last thing I can bear at this point, after everything that has happened, is to let you out of my sight," he declared. His words were firm and his eyes were hard.

"I said I would tell you about my parents." I stepped out of the room, walking past him. "Let me tell you now."

"There is nothing you would say to me that would make me hate you," he said, following behind me.

If he knew who my mother was he would not say all these things. He would not declare in such a confident tone that he would never hate me when he already hated me. He just didn't know I was the one he hated.

“When I was eight years old, my parents betrayed Alpha Xavier and his Luna.” I turned to face him as I uttered those words. The shock on his face would have been comical if it wasn’t already expected. I waited for the anger I knew would come after the shock but his expression blanked.

I continued walking to the living room and then I took a seat. “You may want to seat for what I’m about to tell you.” I motioned to the couch facing me. He settled into it without once taking his eyes from me.

“Alpha Xavier was born the leader of this pack. His forefathers found this land, established it, and secured it.” I took a deep breath. “This land became his the day he was born but my father wanted it.”

My mind went back to the days of my childhood, of the random strangers that would be in our home when I came back from school, of the days before I realized what had happened. My parents never involved me. The people that were present were always introduced to me as uncles and aunts who were working on my father’s latest project. My father had been an engineer and he was always working on one project or another. Nothing suspicious there.

“My dad was – Alpha Xavier and my father were born to siblings.” I just had all round bad blood. “My paternal grandmother was older than Alpha Xavier’s father but despite being an Alpha, she could not succeed her father.” This was a problem that Skylar too faced.

Now, a few packs had women as their Alphas but it was a completely new situation and some packs still could not

accept it. Like mine. Redville had never seen a female Alpha and although we all knew Skylar was better suited to leadership than Bethel, we weren't surprised when Zavier announced Bethel as his successor.

"If women could be Alphas, then my father would have been the Alpha after his mother, rather than Zavier. He felt his birthright had been stolen and he wanted it back." I looked at Valens to gauge his reaction but he remained impassive.

"Your father was a traitor," he said but with little to no emotion in his voice. What little emotion that managed to leak out of him was unidentifiable.

"My father was a traitor. My mother too, and by extension, me." I took a deep breath while I waited for him to say something but he didn't. "He got a few people that didn't like Alpha Zavier to support his cause. One of them was his best friend who was going to be his Beta."

I'd called that man 'uncle.' He was good to me but he ultimately did not have the guts to follow through with his initial plans and bragging and he also lacked the guts to step back from them.

"His best friend chickened out at the last minute and went to Alpha Zavier but he never told my father he had switched camps. He never told my father he no longer supported the movement because he started to sell the Alpha information. What my father imagined would be a glorious takeover lasted a few hours during which he realized he would not succeed."



Much of this story hadn't clicked in my head as a child. I never understood what my parents were planning even though I heard bits and pieces of the plans by accident while my parents discussed them. It wasn't as if they carried me along and told me they would be taking over the pack.

It wasn't until that day came. I'd been in school when they launched their attack. When I returned from school, it was to see our home ransacked and people pointing and glaring at me. Alpha Zavier had been in our house. The look he gave to me when I called him 'uncle' like I usually did would never fade from my memory.

They did not let me see when my parents were executed but they let me know they had been beheaded in front of everyone. Even my father's best friend who leaked the plans could not be spared. He too was killed for conniving against the Alpha. I was outside my home when they set it ablaze, Zavier's Beta holding me in place to watch what became of traitors.

Everything I owned, every memory I'd made in that home, everything. They'd all been destroyed while I watched. It was the cruellest thing to do to an eight-year-old but no one spared me.

"They beheaded my parents and I watched them burn down our home," I told Valens. I still walked by my childhood home sometimes. It was marked off from the public: a ground that had bred traitors.

My life got worse from there. Without a home to stay in, I had to move into the pack house but the Alpha would not allocate me a room. I stayed in the living room most times but with time, I realized people didn't want me to be in the living room with them. I started to wander a lot during the day, and then I would return to the pack house at night. One day, I discovered the basement and it became my home from then on.

The kids in school didn't want to be seen with me. Celeste and Lucien no longer became as accessible as they were before because I could no longer go to their house to play and they could not come to mine. They now had to sneak out to see me.

I told him everything, cutting down on all the bad experiences which would have taken me hours and a bucket of tears to recount. When I was done, I took a breath and watched him. He'd been silent throughout. Every time it felt as if he was about to say something, I didn't give him the chance. I wanted to get everything off my chest at once and I feared if he said anything, I would not be able to continue.

"I wondered how your father would like me if I ever got the chance to meet him," he said after a long pause. "I would not have liked him." He didn't hide the truth, didn't mince it. "But you are not your father so I don't see why you would think I would hate you."

If I was someone else, if I wasn't his mate, and he heard of what my parents had done, he would look down on me. He had suffered a horrible fate from people like my parents.

“Your parents were betrayed. My parents are like the people that betrayed your parents. I’m sure I disgust you now.” I looked away after speaking, feeling my skin heat.

“I hate to lie.” He paused. “I never met your parents but I do not pity them. I cannot lie; I hate traitors. Your parents disgust me but you did nothing wrong. They made you suffer for their crimes,” he spat and I saw his eyes darken.

“Don’t you see? My father killed Zavier’s Luna. That’s why his family hate me. They were quick to behead my parents after which they didn’t gain any satisfaction so they continued their punishment by targeting me.”

“You were innocent. They were cruel to target you,” he said.

“How about you?” I asked, gingered. “You have promised to visit vengeance on even the third generation of those that hurt you even though they are innocent.” I tested the waters. I wanted to know if it was safe to tell him about what the goddess said. “Doesn’t that make you a cruel man?”

He laughed without joy at my question. “I am a cruel man,” he admitted. “I lost my family, my friends, my life. Everything. I am a cruel man and I must get my vengeance.”

## **The Cursed Alpha’s Mate Chapter 69**

There was no point telling him anything if he thought like that. The goddess wouldn’t lie to me so I could pretend I didn’t know that he was searching for my mother and he would never find out. I felt I wouldn’t care if he hated me

but just imagining him looking at me in disgust changed my mind.

“Marcus and Balthazar were my parent’s good friends. They were nobodies before my father picked them up from the gutter, brushed them up and made them a part of his table. Filth favoured by the king.

My father respected their intellect and they screwed him over with it at the end of the day,” he laughed, then he pinched his nose. “Nothing of them remained when I was done but Andromeda, that bitch.” He left his statement hanging there.

“What did she do?” He’d never willingly spoken about his past before.

“She accused my father of dishonouring his words to the magic folks so she used that to justify her involvement in his betrayal. When I took vengeance into my hands for her clan’s involvement in regicide, I became her enemy. She cursed me for killing her people after she killed mine.” He laughed, and this time he sounded amused.

“My curse is broken now and it’s all thanks to you.” He wore an expression that I hadn’t seen on his face since the day we discovered we were mates. He looked at me in awe and adoration.

“I didn’t do anything. It’s all the goddess’ doing.” I looked away from him, dispelling the tingling feeling in my gut. “She broke your curse, not me.”

“Right, the goddess. I waited for how many years before she did anything?” He asked without expecting an answer. “You broke my curse, little moon. I realize now that I haven’t treated you in the way you deserve to be treated.”

Right. I wouldn’t deny it. I was his curse breaker. I was born for that and yes, he had treated me as if I was nothing more than a traitor.

“You can make amends by finding me a trainer,” I said with a shrug as if it was just a passing thought and not something that I had dwelt on for the better part of the last week.

“I am not finding you a trainer. I can train you myself and I plan on doing just that.” Frustration tightened my guts and clogged my throat.

“Why are you so averse to my getting a trainer? You can’t be there all the time!” I pulled my hair in frustration.

“That.” He motioned at me. “That is the reason I will not let another man train you. You do not believe me when I say I made a mistake that I will never make again. I can be by your side all the time and I will be. You can depend on me, Sagira.”

I thought it was fair to train with someone else, someone who wouldn’t have other duties taking their time. That thought may have been born from the recent development but I wasn’t saying this to spite him or anything like that. I needed to train seriously.

He was right when he said a lot of people would target me because of him. I had no way to defend myself, at least I couldn't do it properly now. I couldn't protect myself and ultimately, I couldn't protect my child.

"This isn't about you," I told him. "This is about me. You said it before. I am an easy target and after weeks of training with you and Jabari, I haven't improved. I just need someone who has done this before, someone who has training others as part of their job description. It has nothing to do with me depending on someone else."

"My wolf doesn't see it like that." He stood from opposite me to squeeze himself into my seat. "There is none other more skilled in the art of combat than I. I have conquered since I was fourteen." The setup with him squeezing into my seat was uncomfortable but before I could mention it, he raised me from the seat and into his lap. I may have let out a squeak.

"But you have better things to do that train me," I reminded him, stiff on his thighs.

"I gave you that impression in the past. It is wrong. You are my priority. I have nothing better to do." And with that, he pressed a wet kiss to my cheek. I fought the urge to wipe them.

I didn't feel strong all the time. I felt particularly weak most times but I liked to think that a part of me was strong enough to forgive. At least, to forgive my mate.

The next day, I started to pack my things. It surprised me how many possessions I now had compared to the single bag that had been moved from the basement just a few weeks ago. I had more than two boxes full of clothes now. Hair products that I had forgotten, jewellery, much of which Clover convinced me to buy, random gifts that people had sent me when Valens announced we were mates, bags, shoes, things that seemed like a luxury before, I had them all.

Octavia helped me pack. She kept shooting glances at Valens who was putting away his things. He'd already piled his shoes into a box and I packed his products with mine. He was done a few hours after we started while I was still working my way through a pile of clothes that I had never worn and knew I would never wear.

“Do you need help?” He turned to me and Octavia, breaking the enduring silence in the room. Octavia bent her head lower while I shook my head with a frown. I'd just discovered I owned one top in three different colours and I hated the shirt.

“Why are you frowning?” Valens asked. “What have I –“ I held up the three tops for him to see.

“I own three of these.” It was even more annoying to note that the tops were open-backed. I would never be comfortable wearing them due to my scars. “And I hate them.”

“Give them away then,” he said. I looked at them in awe. I'd never had clothes to give out before! “I'm going to get

something to eat. Do you want anything?" He asked. Octavia perked up.

"I can get you something to eat if you want, Alpha, Luna." I knew Valens' presence had been uncomfortable for her throughout and she was looking for a way to leave, but he didn't give her that chance.

"No, I will get it myself." He left with that.

Octavia let out a dramatic breath once he stepped out.

"Your mate is really scary, Luna. I could barely breathe with him around," she admitted. It wasn't as if I hadn't seen her hyperventilating when she first came up to help me. I offered her a way out but she was determined to be of help.

"He wasn't even doing anything." I laughed at her drama.

After the incident, Octavia was the only person who didn't treat me different from before. She didn't look at me pitifully or crack random jokes to force me to laugh. She continued to be herself and that was enough for me. I appreciated her more for it. Celeste asked 'How are you?' after every sentence. Although I was lucky to have her support, it felt good not to be reminded of what happened every second.

"Oh, he was doing something." Octavia laughed too. "He was glaring at me."

"No, he wasn't."



“He was glaring at me like an intruder. Did I interrupt anything?” She asked.

“No, I don’t think –“ I threw a pillow at her when she wagged her brows obscenely. “Don’t be nasty!” I laughed.

Valens brought some snacks and when we were done packing, some men came to haul off our things, the bulk of which belonged to me by some miracle.

Octavia dropped by the next day to help me settle, something I’d started to dread considering the size of the house. The house and everything inside was white, which was too bland for me. It was cold and felt nothing like home. The eerie silence around scared me, in fact.

We were hanging up my clothes when someone rang the bell at the gates. I grabbed Valens’ tablet to check the camera at the gates like I’d been taught. Valens had work to pick up from the office so it was just Octavia and I at home, putting away my things and stopping sometimes to marvel at the luxury in the house.

When I saw who was at the gate, I grinned, then I laughed loudly, piquing Octavia’s interest. She peaked at the screen I was looking into.

Of course, it would be weird if she didn’t come to see her best friend’s new house, wouldn’t it?

“Oh, it’s Clover.” Octavia didn’t sound the least bit impressed or excited.

## The Cursed Alpha's Mate Chapter 70

I could let her in from where I was standing but I'd told her to stay away from me. What was she looking for? Except she didn't expect me to be in and had actually come to see Valens. Whatever her reason for coming here was, she could state it at the gates.

"I'm going to meet her outside." I took the tablet with me to open the gates when I got there. Octavia halted me with a hand on my hand elbow.

"The gate is far and – and –" she didn't look comfortable at all that I was going to meet Clover at the gate. "Maybe you should call the Alpha," she suggested. I snorted.

"Why do I need to call Valens? It's just Clover. What would she do? Leak my nudes?" She'd done the worst she could and it hadn't turned out the way she expected.

"Then let her leave then. She can come back when the Alpha is in." She looked nervous all of a sudden, twiddling her thumbs. "I don't think you should confront her."

"I am not confronting her. She's visiting me so I'm going to meet her at the gate to know what she wants." My words weren't reassuring her in any way. "Are you afraid of Clover?" I asked my new friend. She shrugged.

"She's a good person. At least, that's what she makes people believe." Octavia looked away, rubbing her bicep.

“What do you mean? She’s a jealous person but she’d be stupid to hurt me.” I was positive that I was right.

She was still standing at the gate, even stretching to peer into the camera but I was in no hurry to let her in.

“You may not know this but she used to be involved with the Alpha.” I shrugged to let her know that it was old news. “She gets really possessive of him and she can be really mean. She must hate you right now so it isn’t wise to meet her alone. Maybe let her leave when she’s tired of waiting?”

I’d already become too lazy to go out to meet her anyway so I could pretend the house was empty until she went away. Yet, pretending didn’t sit right with me. It felt like I was hiding from my bullies and I’d vowed to never let myself be cowed ever again.

“I’m letting her in.” I pushed the button to open the gates for her. “I’m not afraid of her,” I said, taking a stance once and for all.

“I’m not saying you should be scared,” Octavia fixed her eyes on the door as if expecting Clover to walk in immediately. The gates closed behind her as she drove into our home. “I’m saying you should be cautious. You don’t know what she’s capable of.”

“I know some mean girls. I have firsthand experience with bullies but she’s at my house. If she’s here to bully me, I will throw her out.” I gave Octavia a smile I hoped would settle her but it didn’t work.

There was no way Clover could be worse than Skylar. That bitch was pure evil. She must have a special place in the devil's heart because she loved to do his work.

"Come, let's let her in." Octavia followed beside me as we went to open the door for Clover right as she was about to ring the doorbell.

"Oh, hello," she beamed at me. She didn't notice Octavia at first but when she did, her smile didn't dim. She gave my friend a beaming smile. "I didn't know you had someone with you already. Valens told me you guys moved and I saw him at work so I assumed you would be alone."

"What do you want?" My words were neutral. My feeling was neutral, actually. I'd expected to be angry every time I saw her or at least for a while but looking at her then, I felt indifferent to her existence, as if she hadn't almost ruined me.

Maybe the talk with the goddess changed things. I stopped blaming people for my misfortune when I knew I was just an unfortunate inheritor of a family curse. Clover and the rest were just the people being used as instruments to torment me. They were like pawns the same way I was.

"As I said, I assumed you would be alone so I thought I could come and keep you company." She continued to beam at me but her smile dimmed a little when I didn't return it, only staring at her.

"I told you I want nothing to do with you but you still show up at my house," I emphasized the possessive determiner

and watched her face for any signs of change but she maintained her smile.

“Don’t you think we should get along?” Her smile finally fell from her face, leaving her looking solemn. “We are the two most important women in Valens’ life. It would be best for us to get along,”

She’d said the same thing to me before but it pricked my skin now more than it did the first time she said it to me. The way she said it made it sound as if we were co-wives and I was the jealous one trying to keep our husband to myself. Valens was mine, darn it!

“You can get along with Valens but not me. I don’t want to have anything to do with you.” Her expression turned dark and clouded in a split second. Her eyes looked like they would rain any second from then.

“I have apologized but why can’t you forgive me?” A lone tear fell from her left eye. My attention moved from her to the gate when it opened and Valens’ car drove into the house. “I told you I was just being a good friend to someone who has been there for me all my life. Why can’t you understand that?” She cried. I watched her in silence, wondering if this was what she wanted.

“Aysel, just forgive me. I am sorry.” To my surprise, she fell on her knees, and then she grabbed my legs. My mouth fell open and I turned to Octavia in shock. The other girl laughed behind her palms.

“What is happening?” Valens jogged over after he parked. His eyes fell on Clover and they darkened. “What are you doing here?” He pulled her off me and in response she buried her face in his chest and cried.

My fists balled.

“What the f\*\*k is your problem?” He pulled her off him like a dirty rag, his expression grave. “What are you doing in my house?”

“I’m so sorry, Valens. Why won’t you or your mate understand that I’m sorry? I was only doing it to protect you. I know you would have done it to protect me too. When did it become a crime to look out for one’s best friend?” She sniffed, wiping tears from her face.

I watched in annoyance as Valens’ expression softened. For a split second, it look like he had taken pity on her and wanted to hug her to his chest. I crossed my arms. His eyes cut to me and his expression when he turned back to Clover was vexed.

“I told you to stay away from her but here you are, in her home.” He glared at her and she shrunk back. “You have overstepped your boundaries countless times and you still continue to do so.”

“It’s because –“ She interjected, putting away her handkerchief after she finished wiping her face.

“Do not interrupt me.” The steel in his words had me stepping back. “You have disrespected me for the last time.

If you try to go against my words ever again, you will be banished,” he promised her in a hard, venomous tone.

I looked at Octavia to see I wasn't the only one shocked at his harsh tone. He'd never spoken to Clover like that in my presence. And from the look on Clover's face, I knew she'd never expected him to speak to her like that either.

“Get out.” He motioned to the gates.

“Yes, Alpha,” she answered in a monotone, and with her head bent, she walked away. She almost forgot she'd driven in as she left.

“Did you miss me, Sagira?” He pressed a kiss to my lips as if nothing just happened.

“I - yeah - “ I blinked, dazed.

“I got some snacks.” He wasn't holding anything. “They must be in the car.” He held up a finger and jogged back to his car.

I turned to Octavia who had a small smile frozen on her face with her eyes blown wide open. She looked comical. I laughed, regaining a bit of my senses.

“Wow, I haven't done anything but I am terrified as if I did something awful,” she said, scrubbing a hand over her face.

As an omega, I related to that. I knew he wasn't yelling at me but I was too in tune with the emotions around me that they always felt directed at me. The anger now was palpable and it still made my heart race.

“Well, she wouldn’t be disturbing me anytime soon,” I said.

“Clover?” Octavia snorted. “No one ever tells Clover no. Be ready for her.”