

Chapter 106

The witch who threatened us was Lilian, my sister. She wanted to destroy me and take away everything I held dear, including you. Asha's betrayal was fueled by her jealousy, but it was Lilian who orchestrated the plan to destroy me and take control of the Dark Moon."

Nicole listened intently, her brow furrowed as she tried to grasp the gravity of the situation. "So, if Lilian was defeated, what more is there?" She murmured.

Liam wanted to hold her close. He wanted to hug her until she was imprinted with his scent again. He wanted to touch his mark on her.

"What do you mean?" He asked, still trying to comprehend her reluctance.

"If Lilian was defeated and the threat is gone, what do you want from me now?" she questioned, her voice tinged with confusion.

Liam felt a surge of frustration rising within him, his emotions threatening to spill over. "What do I want from you?" he repeated, his voice edged with a mix of anger and hurt. "Nicole, we are mates. Our bond goes beyond defeating a witch. I want you, all of you by my side. I want us to rebuild and strengthen our connection."

Nicole's expression shifted, a flicker of uncertainty crossing her features. "But I don't feel anything, Liam," she replied softly, "I don't remember our so-called love or the depth of our connection. I don't remember the love we shared or the bond we had. So I can't feel it."

It was like a sword through Liam's chest. He wanted to hold her. To touch her, but he couldn't, not when she stared at him like he was a predator.

"Nicole..." he started.

"And I thought I was supposed to leave Dark Moon after the witch was defeated." Nicole cut in. "I remember that clearly."

The frustration in Liam's heart intensified, his patience wearing thin. "You think love can be erased just like that?" he retorted, his voice laced with a mixture of anger and desperation.

"Our bond, our love, it's not something that can be erased by magic. It's deeper than memories, Nicole. It's a force that transcends time and circumstances. I won't give up on us."

Nicole shook her head. "You're not listening to me. Liam, I was supposed to leave Dark Moon after the witch was defeated," she argued. "I can't go back to a life I can't remember. I need to find my path."

Nicole couldn't fathom the type of hurt she was putting him through. Liam clenched his fists, trying to rein in his emotions. "Your path?" He gritted out. "You are mine, and I am yours, Nicole. I won't let you slip away. You belong with me."

"But Liam, I need to find myself. I need to understand who I am outside of this chaos. I can't just go back without knowing who I truly am."

Liam's frustration reached its peak, his voice resonating with determination. "You think you can just walk away from me?" he demanded, his tone harsh. "I won't let you. You are mine, Nicole, and I won't leave without you. You are a part of the Dark Moon, a part of me."

I won't let you go. We will find a way to navigate through this together. I refuse to leave without claiming what is rightfully mine. We will face the challenges together, and I will do whatever it takes to help you reclaim your memories."

Nicole's eyes flashed with defiance, her voice firm. "I am not an object to be claimed, Liam," she declared. "I won't be coerced into a life I don't remember. I can not go back to whatever that was. I hated it!"

Liam sucked in a breath. "No, you didn't," he muttered.

"I did. I won my freedom fair and square, and you're too selfish to even give it to me."

Liam was totally wrecked. His emotions were in overdrive.

"Listen, you were free."

"Oh please," Nicole countered. "You were using me like everyone else."

Unable to bear the distance, he crossed the gap and pulled her into his arms. Her scent and touch did wonders to his mind and body. He could also feel her relaxing. He missed her more than anything, but the last thing he wanted was for her to be unhappy and hurting.

He realized for the first time what it meant to be her. She was right. Nobody had asked her what she wanted.

The hug didn't last as she wrestled out of his arms. He saw it in her eyes that she felt a spark.

Liam's eyes softened as he realized the depth of her turmoil. He took a deep breath, his voice gentler. "I'm sorry," he said, his voice tinged with a mix of regret and determination. "I'm sorry for the times I've been an asshole."

I'm sorry that it is taking me this long to realize all this. It sounds selfish, but please, give us a chance. Let me show you the love we shared, the bond we forged. Together, we can navigate through this darkness and find our way back to each other."

Surprise, then, awe flooded Nicole's face. This would have been a perfect time to taste the lips he missed, but he restrained himself.

Nicole met his gaze, her eyes searching for answers. Uncertainty lingered in her expression, but a flicker of hope danced within her. "Promise me," she whispered, her voice barely above a breath. "Promise me that you will give me the time and space I need to understand all this."

Liam reached out, his hand gently cupping Nicole's cheek. "I promise," he vowed, his voice filled with sincerity. "I will be patient and understanding. I won't force you into anything you're not ready for. But please, remember that I love you and I will always be here, waiting for you to come back to me."

Nicole looked dumbstruck, and he understood it. He could see her fighting to believe that he wasn't playing some trick on her. He understood it, too. This wasn't the first time she had asked for space. He knew how to give her space. All he needed was for her to come back home with him.

Now, he was more curious to know what transpired when Nicole was in Crimson. He was certain that it must have damaged her badly. But first, he wanted her home. Not only did he want her, but he needed her home, and so did Dark Moon.