

Chapter 8

NATALIE

With my heart hammering in my throat, I pull the door open slightly.

"What are you doing? I heard noise coming from your room." She blinks at me, her droopy eyes screaming that she woke up from her deep slumber.

How good is her hearing to be able to pick up noise from a soundproof room even in sleep?

I swallow hard and look around.

"I – I was in the bathroom, taking a shower." I have never lied so confidently before, I can guarantee.

Unconsciously, I fix my wet hair to hide the mark over my neck.

"At this hour?" She narrows her eyes in suspicion.

Fuck my life!

"I – Mom." Come up with something, Idiot.

Finding me at a loss of words only confirms my Mom's doubts. Without giving me the time to regain my composure, she pushes the door open with great force.

The door hits my face, making me stumble back and cup my

nose instinctively. Pain stabs my whole face. I wince and close my eyes.

"There is someone here, right? You are lying again." She accuses and strolls inside.

My heart drops to the pit of my stomach. Uncovering my nose, I blink open my eyes.

She will be able to sense his scent. She will go right to the curtains.

I watch everything in slow motion, feeling my heart drowning lower and lower, threatening to leave my body altogether. I gulp my saliva and leap behind her.

"Mom! There is no — no one!" I squeak.

The moment my hand lands over her shoulder, she pushes aside the moving curtains. Closing my eyes, I prepare myself for the upcoming disaster.

Mom jerks my hand off her shoulder, humming.

One moment passes in complete silence. No sign of an outburst or loud yelling.

I open my eyes. They become wide.

There is no one here. A frown etches between my brows.

Mom peeks through the open window to scan the surroundings but like the room, there is no one around as far as her sight goes.



I loose a sigh of relief and step back.

Where did he disappear to...in mere minutes? What is he?

Mom turns around, facing me. Her eyes are red rimmed now.

" I told you...Mom. There is no one here. I was taking a shower. " I mumble under my breath.

Shameless.

" Go to sleep. " She commands me.

And then leaves my room.

I slump down on the bed, heaving a heavy breath. My eyes take in my room.

He left. Without answering my questions.

When did I even made the efforts of asking questions?
Fucking heat season!

Groaning, I cover my face with my palms and drown myself in guilt again.

At least Mom came when the scent of sex has faded from the room or she would have known what happened right under her nose.

My cheeks burn at the thought.

Getting up from the bed, I rush to the door and lock it.

Then, I run back to the bed to pick up my jeans from the

floor. Taking out my phone from the back pocket, I instantly dial Giana's number. She picks up at the first ring as expected. This girl never sleeps. If she was not a she—wolf, I would have said she is a zombie.

"Something happened?" Her voice grumbles before I get the chance to get any words across.

"Yes." I breathe.

"What?" She yawns, pretending to be bored.

She is expecting some Enzo story, I know.

"He came." I blurt.

"Enzo came again?" She yawns louder.

"No." I shake my head.

Now, I wonder how he knew me or even knew where I live? My heart skips multiple dreadful beats at the thought.

"He came. How did he find me?" I gasp out aloud.

"You were having a wet dream, weren't you? Go back to sleep." Giana coos at me.

"Natalie. We will find him soon. Don't worry and go to sleep." Anne's voice appears through the speaker.

As usual, Anne must be having a sleepover at Giana's house. They do this a lot but my parents...don't allow it.

"We don't need to find him anymore." I mumble, sitting at

the edge of my bed. " He found me. "

" What are you talking about? " Anne's voice appears closer while Giana fakes another annoying yawn.

" When I came back, he was already in my room. How was he here? How did he know which room was mine? How did he come inside? How? " I shoot up from the bed and begin pacing around.

It's creepy as fuck.

" You are not kidding? " Anne asks cautiously.

" You were not dreaming? Are you sure? " Giana adds.

" I had sex with him. Again. " I utter. " Do you think I was dreaming about it? He was fucking here! "

Silence falls between us. I tangle the fingers of my left hand in my hair, closing my eyes and taking deep breaths.

" Oh. I can feel my skin crawling now. " Giana hums.

" So...who is he? " Anne sighs.

Are they not even the little bit anxious or angry that I made the same mistake again?

" I didn't ask. " I tell her truthfully. 2

" Wonderful. " Giana mocks.

" Giana! " Anne hisses.

“ What? She is saying her mate came over, they fucked and she didn’t even ask his name? She is breaking my records. ”
Giana barks back.

I stop by the wall and place my forehead against it.

“ I was in heat. ” It’s embarrassing to say this.

Silence ensues before I hear them both snickering in the background.

“ This is...not funny. ”

And their laughter only becomes louder.

Sighing, I hang up the call and lie down on the bed.

Why is this happening to me? I glance at the open window.

Shall I tell them that he ran away? That it only took him minutes to simply disappear?

The first time. He marked me.

The second time. He came. Had sex with me. And ran away.

Who is this man?

I feel so angry right now. It’s like he thinks of me as a toy with whom he does whatever he pleases.

Closing my eyes, I rub my feverish forehead. 1

I cheated on Enzo again. 1



I don't know what kind of situation I have gotten myself into.

I was supposed to wait for my wolf to surface. Then, Enzo and I were going to mark each other.

But this man has fucked up all my life plans — the only plans I had.

My phone vibrates in my hand, but I don't pick up. It's useless telling anything to Giana and Anne. They both simply want Enzo out of picture and for that, they can do anything but...I can't lose him.

I...should probably tell him the whole truth.

Squeezing the phone between my palm, I make my final decision.

I will tell Enzo everything tomorrow. I should have told him when it happened instead of running away.

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