

## :::::Chapter 13:::::

**Author's Note: Two weeks ago, this story was ranked at #676 in the hot-list. So, I want to thank all the people who voted on this story. :)**

a<sup>1</sup>

But when Anne was telling me everything, I felt as if she was speaking carefully like she didn't want me to know certain things that may slip out of her tongue.

"You said something about History not repeating itself," I say to her. "What History were you talking about?" She turns her head away, avoiding my gaze. "Answer me," I press her for an answer.

"I don't think I'm the right person to tell you," she says, still avoiding to look me in the eye. I'm tired of hearing that. Why do people always tell me that they're not the right people to tell me anything?

a<sup>9</sup>

"I think you should leave," I say to her as I proceed to the bedroom door and open it for her.

a<sup>4</sup>

She gets up from the bed and says, "I know you are angry at me for not answering your question but trust me, it's not even my past to tell you."

"I admit that I'm little angry but that's just because no one is willing to tell me what I want to know," I say. "I know that things are being kept from me and I also know that you all will tell me all those things when the time is right but today, after seeing Mrs. West cry, I want to desperately know what happened in the past, about what this so called History of yours consist of."

a<sup>6</sup>

"Firstly, it's not even her history to tell," a very familiar voice says from behind me. The coldness in his voice gives me a clear idea who that person is. When I turn around, I'm greeted by the sight of Alarick standing at my doorway. How come I didn't notice his presence behind me? "Meet me in my study within five minutes," he says to me without any emotion on his face. How can a person be so emotionless? Doesn't he get tired of wearing the same passive expression on his face every time? He doesn't wait for my reply. He just walks away.

a<sup>3</sup>

"Your brother needs to stop ordering around," I say to Anne.

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She gives me a small smile. "He's an Alpha. It's in his nature to order around people," she says. "But this time, he didn't order you. He just told you to meet him in his study."

a<sup>6</sup>

"I should better go to his study before he loses his cool," I say and leave my room, heading towards Alarick's study. With a slight knock on the door, it opens and I see that the study is in darkness with the only light coming from the lamp kept on Alarick's desk. And the man himself is sitting behind his desk with his head placed on his intertwined fingers. He looks scary considering the fact that his study is almost dark while being dimly illuminated by the lamp's light. The dim light is highlighting his sharp features.

a<sup>0</sup>

"Why is your study in darkness?" I ask.

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"I like being surrounded with darkness," he answers. "Close the door behind you. I don't want anyone to hear what we're about to talk." I close the door and walk towards his desk. He unclasps his hands. "Do you realize how much my family was worried about you, thinking that something bad happened to you when you were just exploring my territory?" He asks slowly. I can really tell that he's trying to push down his anger. "Do you realize that a Luna has responsibilities? Going missing for hours doesn't count as a responsibility of a Luna."

a<sup>9</sup>

"By saying that, are you implying that I'm the Luna of your pack?" I ask mockingly as I cross my arms. "Last time I checked, you weren't even ready to believe that I'm your mate and now you're telling me about responsibilities of a Luna!"

a<sup>3</sup>

"You are not my mate," he says with clenched jaws as he stands on his feet. "But my parents think otherwise. They think that you're the Luna of this pack. So I suggest you start acting like one for the sake of my parents. And that means informing them before going to one of your adventures" He's referring to my decision about exploring his territory and getting lost in the forest as "adventure." Which angers me even more.

a<sup>8</sup>

"I wouldn't have gone to one of my adventures if you hadn't argued with me in the a er moon!" I say using air quotes.

"What has our argument have to do with you roaming in the forest?" he asks.

"After our argument, you left and I thought that you must be going back to the pack house and since I didn't want to see your face, I decided to explore your territory instead of returning to the pack house," I answer. An expression crosses his face. Before I can recognize that expression, it vanishes. Somehow, I have a feeling that the expression on his face was of hurt. But why would he feel hurt? I shake away that thought.

a<sup>6</sup>

"Couldn't you have informed someone before proceeding with your exploration?" he asks.

a<sup>5</sup>

"I was so angry that I wasn't in a mood to inform someone."

"You are in desperate need of anger management," he comments.

Why is he so hell bent on making me angry? I take a deep breath trying to push down my anger.

a<sup>9</sup>

"So do you Mr. Alarick West," I calmly say.

a<sup>3</sup>

"You should leave before we end up arguing again. I'm done arguing with you for today." He dismisses me. I exit his room without saying a word to him. When I enter the living room, I find Charles, Daniel and Anne sitting on the same couch. I go on to sit on the empty couch. They avoid looking at me and that's enough to tell me that they heard my and Alarick's conversation. Sometimes I regret werewolves having enhanced hearing. Obviously, now they are feeling sorry for me.

a<sup>7</sup>

After a few minutes of silence, I can't bear it and speak up, "Why are we sitting in silence?" They all look at me but don't answer. "Stop feeling sorry for me," I tell them, looking at their face expressions.

a<sup>8</sup>

"After the events that happened today, I didn't think that Alarick would talk to you like that," Anne says. "I thought he would go so on you considering the fact that you went missing for hours," she later adds.

a<sup>6</sup>

A humorless chuckle escapes my lips. "I can't imagine him going so on anyone."

a<sup>8</sup>

"But he is supposed to be so towards you! You're his mate!" She says, her hands moving due to frustration.

a<sup>9</sup>

"Try explaining that to him," I say. Anne doesn't say anything to that. I get up from the couch and proceed to the kitchen.

a<sup>4</sup>

"Where are you going?" she asks.

a<sup>4</sup>

"To make dinner," I reply and resume walking towards the kitchen.

a<sup>4</sup>

"You should rest," Anne says as she approaches me. "I'll go and make dinner."

a<sup>4</sup>

"I don't need rest," I say to her. I'm not at all tired. My tiredness vanished after taking shower. "I'll help you make dinner." She smiles at me. We both enter the kitchen and start preparing dinner.

a<sup>4</sup>

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a<sup>2</sup>

Charles, Daniel and I sit around the counter with our dinner in front of us. Anne has gone to call Alarick for dinner. Within seconds, she enters the kitchen with Alarick following behind her. She decides to sit beside me while Alarick sits far away from me. I thought that he would have a problem with me being in the same room as him. But I'm left astonished when he doesn't throw any rude comment in my way to make me leave. We all start eating in silence. The moment the meal enters Alarick's mouth, he starts looking at his food with suspicion. Then he looks at his sister. "Who made the dinner?"

a<sup>3</sup>

"I did," Anne answers.

a<sup>4</sup>

"Anne, I know how you cook so don't lie to me," Alarick says and I can tell that he's getting angry.

a<sup>6</sup>

"I didn't entirely make the dinner," she starts saying. "Chriselda helped me."

a<sup>4</sup>

The moment Alarick hears my name, he pushes his plate away. "I won't eat anything made by her!" He says venomously.

a<sup>9</sup>

"Technically, the dinner is not made by me. It's made by your sister," I say as I continue to eat while others have stopped eating. Alarick glares at me as he stands up. Before he can leave the kitchen, I say to him, "You should know that your sister worked hard to prepare this dinner and you refusing to eat just because I helped a little will make her hard work go to waste." My words stop him. He looks at me impassively. I see him sitting back in his place and he resumes eating. I raise my brows in amazement. I didn't think that my words would stop him from leaving the kitchen. Maybe he stayed because of his sister. I see Anne giving me a warm smile. I smile back at her and we all continue to eat in silence.

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a<sup>6</sup>

After finishing dinner, we all retire to our respective rooms. I lie on my bed, my room consumed in darkness. As usual, I'm not able to sleep. Few minutes pass by and I'm still watching the ceiling. Suddenly, I hear a knock on my bedroom door. Who could it be at this hour? I thought everyone was asleep. Who could be on the opposite side of the door?

a<sup>2</sup>