:::::Chapter 34:::::

| Just then, my so-called mate emerges from the kitchen and enters |
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| the living room. It's because of him that I broke down yesterday. And |
| now, I'm going to irritate the hell out of him for that. "Hello," I greet |
| him with a smile. He doesn't say anything. He just continues to look |
| at me passively. "I know you hate me but can't I even get a hello from |
| you?" I ask. |

| "No," he says rudely. | ć |
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| "Will you ever stop being rude to me?" I ask. | |

| "No," he says again. | |
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| "No," he says again. | |

"It wouldn't kill you to talk nicely to the Beta of your neighboring pack," I say. He rolls his eyes.

Before we can further converse, Charles grabs my arm. "Okay, Chriselda, enough with the talking. Let's get to work," he says as he pulls me to a room. It's only when I get inside the room that I realize that it's not a room but a laboratory. I look around. There are bookcases that reach the ceiling, there's a computer and various equipment that I don't know the names of. Also, there's an experiment section where I see Daniel pouring a colorful liquid into another test tube. He, then, places the test tube in the test tube stand. When he realizes my presence, he looks at me and gives me a smile. I smile back as I walk towards him.

"You're looking like a scientist with your white coat on," I tell him. He laughs.

Charles says, "When I came back yesterday and told Daniel about my plan of making the cure, he was so happy that he had immediately rushed to the lab to do experiments."

"That's good to know," I say.

"So, shall we start working on making the cure?" Daniel asks us.

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It's been over a week since we started our research. Even a er reading a number of books on wolfsbane, we weren't able to figure out the cure. And even if by chance we are able to make the cure, how will we able to check its e ectiveness? How would we know that the cure works? "Guys, I give up," I say to Charles and Daniel. "We cannot make the cure for wolfsbane."

"If we try, we can," Charles says with hope.

"I know this means a lot to you but to be honest, we are where we were a week ago," I tell him. "We're not progressing. Making the cure for wolfsbane is like trying to find a drop of water in a desert. I'm sorry, Charles. But I cannot go along with this research anymore."

"Charles, I think Chriselda is right," Daniel says. "We're not even sure of what we're doing. We don't even know what we're doing is right or wrong. If we continue with this research then chances are that instead of making a cure, we may make a deadly poison." Charles stays silent. I know that he's thinking whether to go on with this research or to stop it.

"Okay," Charles finally says. I can hear the defeat in his voice. "We'll stop this research."

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A er exiting the lab, we head to the living room where I find Alarick sitting on the couch reading the book titled "Breaking the Bond." Well, I'm not surprised. Whenever I used to come here for the research, I used to find him reading books on how to break the bond between mates. I sit beside him on the couch as I put my arm around his shoulder. He becomes sti . "So, when are we breaking our bond?" I ask faking enthusiasm.

"I don't know about the bond but I will surely break your arm if you'll not remove it from my shoulder," he says menacingly as he continues to read.

I move my lips closer to his ear and whisper, "I would love to see you try."

"I'm damn sure that you'll love to hear the breaking of your bones too," he says.

"Why are you so rude?" I question him as I pretend to be curious.

He turns his head and looks at me. Our faces are so close making our noses touch. "Don't test my patience," he says as his breath fans over my face making me feel good even though I know that it shouldn't.

"You have patience?" I ask him mockingly. I continue to maintain eyecontact with him even when I feel him grabbing my arm firmly and removing it from his shoulder. He, then, breaks eye-contact as he goes on to sit on another couch. I also follow him to the next couch. He groans in frustration as I sit beside him again. I can't help but chuckle at his reaction.

"You're enjoying this too much, right?" He asks.

"I won't deny," I reply, humor evident in my voice.

| "You know what? I'm just going to ignore you," he says and he looks | - |
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| down at the book as he resumes reading. | a |
| "Ignore me as much as you want to. I'm not even dying for you attention," I tell him. He doesn't say anything. So, the ignoring has begun. Since he's wearing a v-neck shirt, I start tracing his exposed collar bone. "This is where I would've marked you if you didn't hate me," I mutter. | 191 0 |
| "Take your hands o me," he says harshly. | d ⁵ |
| "I thought you were ignoring me?" I ask with a smirk on my face even though he is not looking at me. | |
| "Take your hands o me," he says again with much more harshness. | |
| "I won't," I say. "They're my hands and I can do whatever I want with them. Anyway, I want to ask you a question." He rolls his eyes which is a clear indication that he's in no mood to answer any of my questions. "Why are you so cold? Isn't there any warmth here?" I ask as I place my hand over his chest. I find that his heart is beating really fast. "Why is your heart beating so fast?" | 201 |
| He suddenly closes his book with force and gets up to proceed towards his study. He slams the door close behind him. | 3 7 |
| "What's up with him?" I ask Charles and Daniel who were silent throughout my interaction with their Alpha. | ñ |
| There's a smile on Charles' face. "Your closeness a ects him," he says. | a |
| "Yeah, it does," I say. "It makes his blood boil." | d ³ |
| "Not in that way," Charles explains. "Your closeness a ects him in a good way." | å |
| "No, it doesn't," I say in a matter-of-factly way. | a |
| "Why don't you try to kiss him?" | 116 d |
| "What?" I ask as I give him a really confused look. | |
| "Kiss him and then you'll know how your closeness a ects him in a good way." | a' |
| "And what will I establish from that?" | |
| "I think you'll know on your own," he says as a smile plays across on his face. The same smile is also on Daniel's face. | a |
| "I have no idea why you both are smiling and I'm finding it weird," I tell them. | |
| "Just kiss Alarick and you'll know," Daniel tells me. | a |
| "He'll push me when I'll try to kiss him," I inform him. | |
| "No, he won't," Charles says with confidence. | |
| "Why should I even try to kiss someone who hates me?" | ď |
| "Alarick doesn't hate you and you'll come to know that when he'll kiss you back. Now go," he says as he pushes me towards Alarick's study. I look at the study's door for a few seconds. Should I really go | |

study. I close the door behind me. When I look ahead, I find Alarick

| seated in his chair with his face in his hands. I can hear him breathing | |
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| heavily. | a⁴ |
| "Go away Chriselda," he says, his face still buried in his hands. | ď |
| "How did you know that it was me?" I ask. | đ |
| "I know your scent," he answers in an obvious tone. | a |
| "Okay " I say slowly as I'm uncertain of what to say I walk to stand in | |

"Okay," I say slowly as I'm uncertain of what to say. I walk to stand in the tiny space between him and his desk.

"Go away," he says again as he senses my presence close to him. I put my hands on his shoulders. I feel him visibly relax under my touch. Or is it my imagination? I remove his hands from his face. He's refusing to look at him. I see a conflicting emotion on his face. He suddenly stands up. Before he can say anything further, I grab his face and plant my lips on his.

| Author's Note: For those who have voted on all the chapters, I | |
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| love you all! <3 Feel free to follow me. ;) | a |