

## 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 favored 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 dishonoring 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 k\*\*s 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, jewelry, 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 colors 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.