

## Chapter 4: The Mark of the Destined

"Mine! Mine... what?... I—" Amélia starts to stutter, not understanding why she's saying "mine," what was hers? She doesn't understand, unable to divert her eyes from the man in front of her with his black eyes staring at her with extreme hatred, contempt, and disgust. Her body begins to tremble, and tears start to well up in her eyes.

"Haven't you heard, lthy human?" Lovetta says with a superior look, making Amélia avert her gaze from Miguel to her. "Get out of—"

"I won't repeat it," Miguel interrupts Lovetta and pushes her away from his body. He's feeling hot as if his skin were melting. Lovetta stumbles and nearly falls on the ground.

"Genuine, what..." Lovetta starts to say.

"I told you to get out!" Miguel growls, an animalistic sound escaping his throat, leaving both Amélia and Lovetta frightened.

Lovetta feels she's in danger; her body and mind scream at her to get away, and as if she were walking on shards of glass, she runs out of the genuine's den, not caring about her nudity.

Amélia feels dizzy; her legs won't obey her, her breathing is erratic, and her heart races.

Miguel senses a faint scent coming from the human, like the smell of dew falling on the earth at dawn.

"I told you to leave!" Miguel growls louder and leans against the door.

Amélia widens her eyes, feeling fear in every ber of her being; she runs out of the room. As she moves away, the sounds of Miguel's shouts and curses echo in her ears. Amélia can hardly breathe; her mind is a jumble of confusion and shock.

"Amélia, I forgot to—" Luciana stops speaking as she sees a silvery light emanating from Amélia's neck. Tears stream down the girl's face, and as quickly as it appeared, the light vanishes, and Amélia doesn't even notice.

"Mrs. Luciana," Amélia calls Luciana with a tearful voice. The woman's eyes pass over the young girl's neck, and she sees, engraved like a tattoo just below her ear, the letter M. Her eyes widen; how did that end up on a human's neck? And the only one whose name starts with the letter M is Miguel, so this can't be possible. Miguel isn't even here.

"Come, dear," Luciana holds Amélia's shoulders. With her eyes clouded by tears, Amélia can hardly see anything around her.

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Miguel struggles out of the bathroom and walks to the window of his den, opening it. The cold wind blows through his hair, but it's not enough to cool his burning body.

"Genuine, I came to let you know that I'm back from—" Lukan, Miguel's genuine beta, begins to speak but stops upon hearing agonizing groans of pain coming from inside Miguel's den.

Without asking for permission, Lukan enters Miguel's den and sees the exact moment when his Genuine Alpha falls to his knees on the oor. A silvery light starts emanating from Miguel's neck, a light Lukan recognizes, the light that engraves the initial letter of one's mate.

Lukan scans the inside of Miguel's den in search of the female, but he nds no one. Then he sni s the air, detecting the scents of two females: a human and a lycanthrope.

"Ah, we'll nally have a genuine lunam, but why isn't she here?" Lukan wonders in confusion as he watches his Genuine su ering from the mark.

"I can't believe this," Miguel mutters low. He is still panting; his heart is still pounding, his muscles still trembling as if he had just come out of an intense battle, battered but victorious.

"Congratulations..."

"Get out!" Miguel roars angrily at Lukan and starts radiating dominance, as if he's losing control, and Lukan feels the weight, his knees weakening.

"Daddy, daddy!" Honi, Lukan's only daughter, calls for her father but stops upon hearing the groan of pain left by her father as he's completely laid on the oor under the pressure of the dominance from the Genuine. "Daddy!" Honi starts to cry, and this brings the Genuine back to reality.

"Get out," Miguel says, now with a weary voice. Lukan gets up, takes Honi in his arms, and leaves the Genuine's den.

Miguel, now calmer, lies on his bed and closes his eyes. The image of the human lls his mind. Dark brown hair, even when tied in a messy bun, the loose strands reveal its wavy nature. Beautiful, large blue eyes brimming with innocence. The rosy, heart-shaped mouth adorns the delicate and slender face, lovely... but she's a human!

"Damn it! What the hell!" Miguel curses. "I spent twenty-three years looking for my mate, a beautiful, strong genuine lunam, and in the end, I'm destined to a mere human? Is this my punishment for taking her as my slave, goddess?" Miguel questions Selene, but nothing happens. "I refuse to have a human as my mate! I'll make her regret ever coming near me."

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"I feel hot," Amélia says breathlessly as they enter her room, she starts to take o her coat, then the long-sleeved shirt and pants, leaving herself only in her underwear and a tank top. Feeling her heart still pounding in her chest and the word "mine" echoing in her mind, Amélia sits on the bed and covers her ears, closing her eyes tightly and repeatedly telling the voice to stop. The voice screams unbearably loud.

"Amelia, hey, girl," Luciana touches the girl's hand, drawing her attention. "What happened?"

Amélia takes a deep breath, and the voice in her mind gradually falls silent, her heart returning to its normal rhythm, and the cold starts to envelop her again. Amélia picks up the clothes she had taken o a few minutes ago from the oor and dresses again.

"In the bedroom... I was cleaning the room, according to your instructions... I thought it was empty," Amélia says, sitting back on the bed. She closes her eyes, and the image of the man's face reappears in her mind, every detail vivid.

"Who was in the den... the owner's room?" Luciana quickly corrects herself.

"I heard strange sounds coming from the bathroom, I thought there was a disgusting rat, I followed the sound to the bathroom..." Amelia takes a deep breath. "There was a man in there; I didn't ask his name, but his eyes were as black as a starless night, his face was hard and he emanated a dominant aura... his voice was deep and husky, it sent shivers down my spine... he was... he was..." Amelia's cheeks blush violently as she remembers what she saw and once again a strange pain strikes her heart: hurt and anger, but why? Amelia shakes her head to clear away the memories. "In an intimate moment with Lovetta," Amelia says the woman's name with disgust and again doesn't understand why. "And when my eyes met his, I felt like I was being stabbed, my heart began to ache and his eyes seemed to see into my soul, a voice began to shout in my mind..."

"What was the voice shouting?" Luciana asks, but she already has her suspicions.

"My, until recently, that voice was still screaming in my mind. There, when I opened my mouth to speak, I wanted to apologize, but I just said "dude", how embarrassing!" Amelia puts her hands to her face. "That man... he's the boss, isn't he?"

Luciana can't answer, "Miguel came back before, and now he's found his destiny... he won't be alone anymore... but... what now? Miguel hates humans" Luciana thinks worriedly."What should I do?" Amelia asks and feels her eyes sting.

Luciana wonders the same thing, although Amelia is human, she has the mark of a companion on her neck. And if she really is Miguel's companion, what should she, Luciana, do? Keep ordering the girl to clean and wash? Or take her to Miguel's room? Treat her like the real lunam? But... How is it possible for a human to become a genuine lunam?That's impossible!

"Mrs. Luciana, Mrs. Luciana!" Amélia calls, snapping Luciana out of her reverie. "What's going on?"

"I... need to check some things, stay here in the room, I'll be back later, don't leave," Luciana says, gets up, and leaves Amélia's room.

Amélia sighs; her head starts to throb. She picks up her phone from the nightstand and looks at her wallpaper: her, Mariana, her father Pedro, and her mother Helena, all smiling happily. It was Amélia's 14th birthday, and they celebrated it at a pizza place... This photo was taken on Mariana's phone... This was the last birthday Amélia celebrated with her mother...

"I miss you so much, Mom... if you were here, Dad would still be the man he used to be," Amélia laments in her thoughts. Tears of longing fall from her eyes as she falls asleep.