

# My Visions His Reality Chapter 21-30

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## Chapter 21

Chapter Twenty–One: HIS SECRET (If it isn't clear enough, this chapter is in Harper's POV)

We need to talk.

That's exactly what she **had** said when she inessaged me **and** as clueless **as** I was in relationships, even I knew that people didn't use this sentence if they wanted to deliver some good news.

So, she wanted to tell me something bad. Like what? Maybe, she didn't want to be my girlfriend.

No, that couldn't be. I have to be positive.

If I was being completely honest, I had never noticed Zara before my birthday, the day I came to know she was my mate. I must have passed her in the halls once or twice, but I don't think I gave her any special attention. And I wonder why?! It does make me sound like a dick, but that's just how it is!

She was just so perfect. I remember the day clearly. I was sitting in one of the many boring classes of the day, severely disappointed that I hadn't found my mate on my birthday. All the pack members were present to wish me a happy birthday before school started and none of them was my mate, much to everyone's disappointment. It was practically unheard of for a white wolf to **have** a human mate. That just meant my mate must be from another pack and I would have to travel far and wide to find her. Those thoughts depressed me beyond measure **and** that was when my wolf started to get excited all of a sudden

It begged me to get up and let him take control. The teacher was a **was** and so I didn't need any permission to get out of the class. Being an alpha had its perks!

I let my wolf take over and after walking down a step of stairs and a few hallways, I knew why my wolf was going crazy because the most amazing smell hit me. The smell of chocolate and pines. That smell felt like home and I knew what was happening. My legs started gaining speed on their own and I felt myself running in the hallways to get to the person who was supposed to be my other half.

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When I saw her, I wasn't disappointed in the least. Us wolves were **usually** more attractive than an average human, but the girl in front of me wasn't average at all. She was simply amazing and was rummaging through her locker. She was hugging and cursing under her breath and I smiled at her frustration. I felt like the luckiest wolf because I had just found my mate..... **and** she was a human.

That was where the real trouble began.

I have messed up with the mate bond more than once. I had even rejected her, even though I didn't want to. We alphas always had to make tough decisions and **that** particular decision I took, tore me apart every day.

The moment I said I rejected her, I felt my wolf howl and whine in distress. I felt *the* bond between us strain, but not break. This meant only one thing, she wasn't eighteen yet, which gave me another chance to redeem myself and make the right decision about accepting my mate, alpha duties be damned!

I was willing to give her anything her heart desired and I was willing to try for her. For Zara. For my mate. It gave me a weird sort of satisfaction to say the words out loud, Zara, my mate.

That's why I wanted to start our relationship based on truths, instead of half lies and euphemisms. She had asked me the reason why I had started to give her attention abruptly and there was no other way to explain it without telling her who I was. And just telling her won't do, I had to show her.

**Shifting** inside the school was banned, there were human students too, and alpha or not, I wasn't keen on doing border **patrol** for a month. It would take her some time to adjust, I knew that. The fact that werewolves were living with you,

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studying with you, and doing everything with you could be a hard concept to digest for humans. I had seen plenty of human mates freak out and I wouldn't mind if Zara would freak out too. Honestly, I would be worried if she didn't.

I had to give her time. I think she would be alright and take everything in stride before lunch.

She was ready to come with me when I told **her** I would tell her everything, but before that, I had to show her. I was pretty sure, she would have never imagined that she would see me morph **into** a wolf, ever.

I had no idea where I could take her, to show her my true form. My wolf was extremely excited to transform in front of our mate. He was bursting at the seams, he wanted to show Zara how powerful, magnificent, and predatory he was. But when I led her to my car and opened the door for her, I decided where I wanted to take her, my grand

parents' cabin. Our first date happened there **and** it was only natural that she came to know the truth about my **kind** there.

She was nervous, I could tell. Hell, I **was** too. I was going to give her the **shock** of her lifetime.

"You do trust me, right?" I asked her to break the uncomfortable silence in the car.

She fidgeted in her seat as if she didn't expect that question. Truth be told, neither did I. "I don't know you well enough to trust you, Harper

It was the truth, she didn't know me, at all. It was unnatural for mates to stay away from each other after they found their half. It had been over a month that I had found her and I didn't know a thing about her, well, except how she liked to eat her chocolate. Still, I thought she would be diplomatic with her response and not shoot me down **cold**.

"Do you think I will harm you in any way?" I asked while steering my car in the right direction towards the cabin.

don't. Her voice sounded more confident this time. It was a relief to know that she trusted me enough to come out here with me, alone. That meant the world to me and my wolf. At least I wasn't starting from scratch!

"We are going to my grandparent's cabin." I just wanted to keep the conversation going at this point, I just wanted to talk to her. I loved listening to her voice and I would do anything at this point to hear more from her.

"Oh." It was as if she heard my thoughts because, after **that**, I couldn't get a word out of her. I must have looked desperate and I'm pretty sure that I made a fool out of myself, but I yearned to hear her voice, anything that wasn't just monosyllabic **voices** or grunts,

My grandparents meant a lot to me and for me, having my first date with my mate and showing her my true self near their cabin, meant I **had** their blessings. It would sound weird or superstitious to some, but that's just the way I **have** always been. And if last night's date had anything to do with my fortune, I was pretty sure she would take this news in good spirits.

I helped her out of the car when we reached the cabin. I didn't know about her, or how humans felt when they touched their mates, but when I touched her hand or any other part of her body for that matter, sparks shot through my whole body making me weak in the knees and it made me never want to let her go. I just wanted to touch more of her, not just her hand, but every inch of her skin, with mine. Imagine my disappointment when I had to let go of her hand, after helping her out of

the car.

I turned to face her and saw her taking in the cabin. The cabin looked haunted in the night, I knew that, but in the day, it had its homely feel to it. She noticed it too, because I could see her lips lift upwards in a smile.

Oh, those lips. I had wanted to kiss them so much last night. Hell, I had wanted to kiss her every damn day after I had a taste of them the last time, in the empty **classroom**. They were, by far the best lips that I had ever tasted and I wanted to taste

life! them for the rest of my life. They were the only lips that I wanted to taste **for** the rest of my

“Are you thinking about last night?” I asked her, my lips curling in a smile at the amazing sight of her.

“Yes, I am” She smiled at me, her plump lips curling upwards with a blush coating her cheeks.

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“I had a great time last time. I didn’t get a chance to tell you that I nervously rubbed my neck. She made me nervous all the damn time and I loved it. I had to look cool and collected all the time to hold authority over my subordinates, and I couldn’t be myself with them at all, well, except with Aiden, of course.

“I did too. Her eyes met mine and they twinkled, which had me shaking at my knees. “What did you want to show me, Harper?” She folded her arms across her chest, pushing her breasts up, and looked at me in an all-business stance.

Okay, **now’s** the time.

“I’m going to show you, ok. Just keep an open mind about everything. She nodded at me. I think she could sense my

nervousness too.

I grabbed the hem of my polo shirt and pulled it over my head, leaving my torso bare. I knew I had a good body, if I didn’t, girls wouldn’t be falling left, right, and center for me, but the reaction I got from Zara was worth capturing, and I regretted that I didn’t have the foresight to bring a camera with me. I could hear her heart beat faster and could see her pupils dilate.

“W–what are you doing?” She took a nervous step back.

She looked so cute when she stammered.

“I won’t do anything to you, okay? Just trust me. I just don’t want to ruin my clothes.” I chuckled and hoped it would calm her down.

She meekly nodded. “Are you going to strip down?” Her cheeks tinged red and I fell in love with the sight. She just looked so damn adorable; I couldn’t have been luckier with a mate.

Haughed; I couldn’t help but shake my head. The poor girl would probably have a heart attack if I stripped off my underwear too. “I’m going to leave my underwear on.”

She nodded and I got out of my jeans. It felt natural for me to stand like this, almost naked in the forest, and with her, near the cabin, it felt like home.

Her eyes roamed up and down my body and I could feel her arousal in the air which brought my wolf into a frenzy, he just wanted to mark Zara then and there. But that part had to wait. I didn’t want to scare her away.

“Just watch me, okay.”

I looked at her and her eyes snapped up to meet my eyes, stopping her perusal of my body. She would die of embarrassment if I mentioned it to her, now. I think I would just use it later, to break off the ice in the car.

Her eyes were on me now. It was time to show her, and I let my wolf take control. My body curled and I felt bones rearrange themselves. I could feel my mouth change into a snout, a tail extending and fur sprouting out all over the surface. The transformation used to hurt initially, but now it felt like second nature. I felt my paws on the dirt-covered earth and took control of my enhanced senses.

I felt liberated **and** so did my wolf. It was a great feeling.

And then I looked at Zara. She was just standing where she was before my transformation. No, she wasn’t just standing there, she was frozen and had a... horrified expression on her face. I took a tentative step towards her, just to placate her that the white wolf standing before her was Harper and that she had nothing to be afraid of

She took a hurried step backward when she saw me walking towards her. My wolf whined in **distress** at our mate backing away from us. I took another step towards her, hoping that she would realize that it was still me, and not some wild animal. I **mean**, she just watched me transform, she had to know that it was me.

As soon **as** my paw landed on the earth, she screamed in horror and tears leaked out of her eyes. She was afraid **and** I could

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see that. She needed someone to comfort her and my wolf was in a panic that our mate was going to reject us.

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I hurriedly took two steps back and showed her that I meant no harm to her. I couldn't harm her, it went against my nature, but she didn't know that, and I had to tell her that. I needed to tell her that. We needed to talk, really talk, and I couldn't do that **in** my wolf form.

**My** wolf was restless and was ready to do anything to **please** our fate, even if it meant shifting back to our human form after minutes of transforming. My wolf would usually demand we go for a run, but this situation demanded something else

from me.

I shifted back to my human form and hastily wore my clothes back. They were muddied, but I didn't give a shit about it. I had bigger matters to take care of, my mate being one of them.

My mate was sitting on the ground. She was hugging her small body, to protect herself maybe. She had stopped crying, so that was a good sign. Her face was tear-streaked and I hated that I was the reason for them, again.

I went closer to her and attempted to hold her, to put my arms around her and to comfort her, to explain what she saw and how much she mattered to me. That she was my mate, and I would do anything for her. She recoiled when she felt me come close to her and it took all of my willpower to not take her in my arms.

“Take me home. Her voice was harsh and scratchy. It sounded unnatural and I wanted to do everything in my power to remove the strain behind her voice.

“If that's what you want.” My voice sounded small to my ears and my voice never sounded like that. This didn't go as I expected it to. My wolf howled at the back of my head and I felt his distress.

She got up to her feet and without looking back at me, walked to stand beside the car, her arms folded **across** her chest as if to protect herself. I begged her mentally to look at me but she didn't and a worried grunt escaped my lips.

I sighed and unlocked my car, ready to do whatever it would take to make Zara feel at ease.

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Chapter Twenty–

Two: “Do I know anyone who, um, can change into a wolf too?” I asked tentatively.

I wasn’t terrified. I was horrified. More **than** horrified.

My world had turned upside down in just a matter of minutes. Harper had stood almost naked in front of me, in nothing but his black boxers, which clung to his waist so well, by the way, and then, in a few minutes, a 6 feet tall, white wolf stood in his place, and looked at me with piercing green eyes. The same green eyes I had started to associate with Harper.

Nothing made sense in my head right now. But somehow, I knew that my suspicions were correct, that Harper had indeed changed into a white wolf. How, I didn’t know!

The tattered remains of the black boxers Harper had been wearing before he transformed were lying on the ground. The piece of the garment must have been shredded to pieces because it couldn’t accommodate the large body of the wolf Harper had changed into. And that fact brought me to my other dangerous train of thought.

Harper must be going commando right now. I glanced at Harper from the corner of my eyes, a blush rising to my cheeks. My imagination went wild at the notion that he was just wearing his jeans.

I immediately stopped my traitorous thoughts, silently thanking the universe that Harper couldn’t hear them. At least, I hoped he didn’t. God help me if she was a mind reader or had some other superpowers!

Out of all the things I imagined Harper would tell me, showing me that he could turn into a wolf wasn’t something I had in mind. Or could have in my mind **in a** million years. My mind was having a hard time coping with everything. I had considered the fact that I could be hallucinating too. I wanted to believe that I was hallucinating, otherwise I would just suffer from a panic attack right now.

I had to be sure, though. I needed to be sure and then, I could just blame whatever I saw on low blood glucose or something as the cause of the hallucination.

“Did you just turn into a wolf?” I had not spoken since we had seated ourselves in the car and had started the journey towards my house. I didn’t want to speak to him and yet I wanted to hear his voice. I hated myself for feeling this way. I was torn between wanting to run away from him and snuggling closer to him and resting my head on his firm chest.

Harper had been quiet too and I was grateful for that. The way I recoiled from his touch earlier must have hurt him but I was in no way going to apologize for that. What the hell was he even thinking, he could have maybe eased everything on me, by maybe telling me everything first?! What did he even expect of me, that I would jump up and down like a giddy six-year-old that my potential boyfriend had a crazy birthday party trick up his sleeve and could change into a wolf at his whim

?! Did he expect me to snuggle into his fur and demand that we go for a piggyback ride in the woods?!

He sighed. His posture had been tensing ever **since** we had started on our journey. I didn't **blame** him; I was practically giving him the cold shoulder because I just couldn't grasp what happened.

It was normal, right?! I mean it would happen with everyone.

"Yes, I did." I could see him grip the steering wheel tightly, **his** knuckles turning white from the pressure.

"Are you cursed?" It was a stupid question, I know. But I was grasping at straws here, What other explanation could be there about all of this? **This** was simply unreal.

He chuckled. I liked the sound and I wanted to hear more of it. I shook my head to clear my thoughts. I needed to concentrate here. "No, Um, you can think of us like a different species." He said **as** an afterthought.

A different species?

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What the fucking hell does he mean by that?

I twiddled my thumbs and took a few deep breaths to calm down my nerves and control the panic attack that I could feel coming. I had to control my bearings at least till I got home and then, I could have a mental breakdown in the confines of my room, unseen by anyone.

"Species? Are there more of, um your, um **type**?" I had no idea what to call him. What do you call a person who could transform into a wolf any time he wanted?

He **grimaced** at my use of words and shifted uncomfortably in the leather seat of the driver's seat. "Yes," he gulped nervously, drawing my attention to **his** Adam's apple, there are quite many of us."

I slinked back in the leather seat, hoping it would cocoon me from the conversation I was having with Harper. My mind had stopped trying to process and instead just chose to store information, which would later be dissected and reviewed, while I would be snuggled in my sheets.

The thought of people who could change into animals, and the same people living with me and around me was preposterous. It was unbelievable and sounded straight out of a fantasy novel. It sounded dangerous and unsafe.

“Can you change into some other animals or is it just wolves?” Harper was under my metaphorical microscope now. The fact that his alter ego was a wolf, who could just snap his jaws and remove my head from the rest of my body, did nothing to reduce the pull I felt toward Harper. It was crazy how my body was choosing to **ignore** all the logical facts concerning Harper and just focus on his glorious body, which looked downright amazing in the boxers he was wearing.

Keep a grip on yourself, **Zara!**

He chuckled and his shoulders relaxed the first time we had started this weird conversation. “No, we just changed into wolves” He turned his head to look at me. I turned my head the other way to avoid eye contact with him, he sensed it and returned his attention to the front, steering the car on the familiar road of my house.

I hated myself for bringing back the weird silence in the car but I couldn’t help it. This was a huge matter that I had to absorb and I think I was doing a pretty good job, Harper would prove as a distraction from the matter at hand and I couldn’t afford that.

“What’s your species called?” Those words that came out of my mouth cemented everything. I knew Harper and I were different but I had no idea how different we were. We were practically different species.

“We aren’t exactly different species per se. You could just say, we are an advanced version of humans.” I cringed at the way he said the word human like he wasn’t one. “We are called werewolves. He glanced at me from the corner of his eyes before taking a right turn.

“Do I know anyone who, **um**, can change into a wolf too?” I asked tentatively. The words sounded absurd to my ears and I couldn’t believe that they were coming out of my mouth.

“You do.” He sounded nervous all of a sudden. He had been pretty forthcoming about this matter, patiently answering any questions that I had about him and his species. I could imagine how it would feel if someone would ask me how I lived and behaved as a human, it wouldn’t only be weird but unnatural for me to explain such basic and everyday topics to anyone. This was probably the first time that he was reluctant to answer a particular question.

“Well, who are they?” I asked eagerly.

“There are many people in the school and around you that are werewolves, Zara.” He rubbed the back of his neck nervously.

I groaned impatiently. Why was he censoring answers and keeping the truth from me now? Surely, if I knew he could **change into** a wolf, it didn’t matter *if* I knew other people could do it too. “I meant, if I knew anyone personally.” I glanced to look at him but he was carefully avoiding eye contact with me. “Tell me.” I urged again.

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“Your best friends” His voice, was small and completely unlike his usual confident and booming **voice** that could control the whole room. It was unsure **and** it looked like he was hoping that I didn’t hear him. But I did!

“My friends?” I chuckled nervously, hoping he would join in and tell me what he said was a joke and that the only people who were werewolves were just a couple of boys he hung out with, at school. But, he didn’t. He turned the ignition off and I realized that we had very conveniently arrived back at my house Convenient because I could now get away from him.

There was simply no way that my friends were werewolves. The idea of them changing into wolves **on** a whim was laughable. And if it was true, they would have told me that years ago, right?! We were best friends, for heaven’s sake and we shared everything. I **had** even seen them naked so many times.

“You’re kidding, right?!” I asked him, turning my body to face him, giving him my full attention but he kept looking forward as if he would give almost anything to not be here, with me, having this conversation.

He shook his head slowly and then turned his head to look at me, his eyes apologetic that I had not been privy to this information before and that I had to know about it from him. “I’m sorry.” His voice was somber and he was sincere, I could feel it.

The betrayal stung. A lot. In a few hours, my life had been thrown into a new light and I wasn’t sure I liked it. I could feel tears prick my eyes and the thought that over all these years, we three had been together, they had kept everything from me. They kept their true nature from me when I felt guilty whenever I tried to hide anything from either of them. I sniffed and bit my lip to choke back a sob.

Everything was just too much for me to handle.

I unbuckled my seatbelt and ran into my house without looking back at Harper. I could feel his heated gaze at the back of my head till the time it took for me to run to my front door.

Nobody was home at this time. It was early morning after all. I was supposed to be at school and so was my fourteen-year-old brother, *Cody*. At least, one of us was exactly where we were supposed to be. My parents had already left for their respective jobs and I couldn’t be happier by the fact.

I just ran up the stairs and into my room. The bed had never felt so inviting as it did to me then.

I hastily got out of my flats and snuggled deep into the covers. I breathed in a few deep breaths before the tears streamed down my face and the reality of what I had just seen and come to know about, crashed down on me.

It was time that I let loose and had the mental breakdown I rightfully deserved.

I screamed for hours after that, my screams of frustration muffled by the pillow while tears streamed down my face.

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Chapter Twenty-Three: “Do you believe in soul mates, Zara?”

I think I was in denial and being so close to Harper didn't help at all. I think my mind rejected the idea of the existence of werewolves right on the spot, even though I conversed with Harper about them like I would, maybe, discuss a fantasy novel.

When I got into the safe confines of my own home and the soft sheets of my bed I realized the gravity of the situation.

My throat was parched and scratchy due to screaming, my body felt heavy and I couldn't even lift my head. My head pounded and my body felt like it was on fire. I was so exhausted that I felt like I had been hit by a freight train.

I didn't know when I fell asleep due to exhaustion but I do know when I woke up, my mom was hovering over me, her eyebrows furrowed in concern.

“You're burning up!” My mom said while gently touching the back of her hand with my forehead.

“What time is it?” I asked while attempting to look out the window, but the simple action made my headache so much I stopped

“It's around.” She gently pushed a brown twirl away from my forehead and smiled at me. “I got a call from the school today, that you never got to school today. I got worried because it's so unlike you and came back from work as early as I could.” She kept moving her fingers through my hair at a leisurely pace. A noise of appreciation and pleasure broke out of me and Mom just chuckled.

Yeah, I wasn't feeling well and a friend dropped me home before the school started. A friend? Harper was a friend now? I groaned internally. What had I gotten myself into?

“Did you at least eat something?” She asked me

“I did.” I lied. I **hadn’t** eaten anything since last night at our date. The date felt like it had happened ages ago. So much had happened since then and I was finding it hard to cope with everything, and so was my body. But I wasn’t in any mood to eat I just wanted to remain in bed and contemplate how my life had turned to this point. I didn’t even have the energy to think about Harper, or my friends or werewolves.

“Take some rest, ok. I will wake you up when it’s time for dinner. She bent forward and planted a soft kiss on my forehead. smiled at the gesture.

“And Mom, I don’t want to see my friends right now. We had a little fight. And anybody from school too.” I nervously said. I had never asked her to do that, to not let my friends come inside my room and meet me. If she found my request unusual, she didn’t comment on it, she just smiled and nodded at me

She got up from the bed and went out of the room, closing the door softly behind her.

I sighed and picked up my phone from the nightstand beside my bed. I had no memory of putting it there but I quickly shook the thought of my head. Any more mysteries and my head would simply burst.

Missed calls. Voicemails. Messages. I had them all, from Natalie, Samantha and Harper. So many of them. I was in no mood to **talk** to any of them. The betrayal by Sam and Nat felt too heavy for me to handle, on top of Harper telling me he was part of a cult-like group which turned out to be another species altogether.

I ignored all of the notifications, switched off my phone, and put it **back** on the nightstand.

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Two days

It has been two days since Harper told me about werewolves and I **have** been bedridden due to high fever. My body burned, my head pounded and I felt tired. So damn tired.

I think a fever was my body’s mechanism of taking every information in and coping with it. My mind just couldn’t stop thinking about it. I kept picturing our neighbor, a sweet Mrs. Smith, who was a forty-year-old woman, turning into a large brown wolf. Sometimes I pictured the cashier at the nearest Mall turning into a red wolf. The images were imprinted in my head and tormented me in my sleep.

Cory, my fourteen-year-old brother, came into my room a few times to check up on me. It felt good really to see him care for me because it had always been the other way around. My mom even told me that he insisted on bringing my food up to **my** room.

And he was the one who told me that my friends had come to see me daily and so did a guy from my school named Harper.

My phone was still switched off and rested on the nightstand beside my bed.

I closed my eyes rested my head on the pillow and sighed in contentment. Although this fever had taken a toll on my body, nothing could beat the satisfaction of eating my food in bed.

I sighed softly and had just closed my eyes when I heard someone tap on the window beside my bed and my eyes flew open to look at the source of the sound. There was someone outside my window. I could see the faint outline of a human body through the glass.

My heartbeat sped up **and** I started to sweat. I was in no condition to defend myself and I was sure before I could call for help, this person would have killed me, if that was the intention.

“Zara! Open up!” The person’s muffled voice came through the closed window and I relaxed a little as I recognized the sound of his voice.

What the hell was he doing here?

I stood up on unsteady legs and made my way towards the window. I lifted it revealing the person balancing himself on the ledge.

“Seriously, Aiden? What the hell?”

Aiden grinned unashamedly at me. “Can I come in?”

I rolled my eyes and stood aside to let him in and closed the window when he jumped inside. I went to sit on the bed, I felt tired after the simple activity of opening and closing the window, I hated being so weak and helpless.

I crossed my arms over my chest, which didn’t make me look even a little bit intimidating. “Why are you here? And who goes and taps on people’s windows at night?”

Aiden looked huge in my room, it wasn’t that my room was small, it was just that he held an authoritative aura around him right now.

He rubbed his hands together **as** if to create some warmth. “So, Harper showed you, his wolf!”

It wasn't a question; it was a statement. He knew that Harper had shown me his wolf.

I nodded and the realization hit me. “Are you a, um?”

He smiled at me and came to sit on the bed, in front of me, his legs dangling on the side. “A Werewolf?”

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I groaned. “Please don't use that word.” I put my face in my **hand** and **shook** my head a little as if ridding myself of all the problems.

No wonder he asked me that so casually.

How the hell am I not freaked about it? That a werewolf is sitting on my bed in the middle of the night?

“Is it safe to assume that you still haven't come to terms with everything?” He chuckled.

I shook my head. “I don't think I ever could.”

“I think you have made some progress. You're not freaking out now.” He chuckled.

I smiled at him. It was true. I wasn't having a complete mental breakdown while talking to him like I had expected earlier, so sure, it was progress. I guess my mind had somewhat accepted the fact that humans coexisted with werewolves and **nothing** would change the fact.

“So, why are you here?”

He shrugged casually. “I heard you weren't feeling good and that you were ignoring everyone, so I came to check up on you.”

I smiled at him. “Did Harper send you?”

“He would kill me if he knows I'm here. He wants to give you space right now. He wants to give you some time so you accept everything.”

I nodded thoughtfully. I remembered the way I had recoiled from Harper and I think he got the right impression that I desperately needed some time to myself. I did need time to figure everything out and I wasn't sure that talking to Aiden right now was a healthy scenario. I wasn't sure of anything right now.

“That’s nice of him.” I shrugged while twiddling my thumbs in my lap. “So, you change into a white wolf too?”

He laughed and shook his head. “No, that’s Harper’s thing. My wolf is brown.”

I nodded at him because I had no idea what to say to him.

Aiden looked at me for a moment and then sighed. “Zara, I didn’t come here just to see you, I came here to talk to you and explain something to you.”

I nodded at him, silently urging him to go on. I don’t think anything he would say at this point would surprise me. I have already had the shock of my

life.

“Do you believe in soul mates, **Zara**?” **Aiden** asked me.

Furrowed my brow in confusion at this weird question that came out of nowhere. I had not expected him to ask me that. What did that have to do with everything that’s been going on?

“I don’t know,” I answered honestly. The concept of soul mates always seemed a little too farfetched for me. I believed in love but soul mates seemed unrealistic. They sounded too good to be true and sounded like something that could only **exist** in fairy tales.

“Well, hear me out. I don’t know how humans fall in love and marry.” I cringed at the word human. It was hard to believe **that** the person sitting in front of me wasn’t human, at least not completely.

“We have mates, Zara. They are our other halves. Our **wolves and** our human sides both feel satisfied when we are with **them**. We are supposed to spend the rest of our lives with our mates and love them more than anything in the world. Two

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## Chapter 23

mates are destined for each other.”

He paused and gauged my reaction. The idea of mates seemed so sweet. A person you were supposed to be with and spend the rest of your life with, and love beyond anything else. I wished humans could have that too, someone destined for each one of us. At least, then there will be fewer divorces and failed marriages.

I smiled at the thought which seemed to encourage Aiden to go on.

“Humans are not supposed to know that werewolves exist. They would completely freak out. They have always been afraid of the unknown and would start to hunt us because they would think we are **the** result of some dark magic or curse or something.” I nodded in understanding because, after all, the first reasonable explanation that came to my mind about Harper’s transformation was that he was cursed.

“We let specific humans know about us, that we do exist when that specific **human** is mated to a werewolf.” I nodded in understanding-, wait what?

I looked up to see if Aiden was joking. He was not. What the hell

I take my words back, there is something Aiden could say, that would be more surprising than the existence of werewolves.

“Does that mean?” That I was told that werewolves exist because I was mated to one, that I was supposed to spend the rest of my life with one?

He nodded; his expression serious.

“Who?” am I mated to? I **was** in shock and not the good kind. I couldn’t believe my ears. How could I have been possibly mated to a werewolf? It must have been some kind of mistake.

“Harper.” He said as if it explained everything and it did. Our being mates was the reason that he had started showing interest in me out of the blue.

My mind was struggling to make sense of everything. My mouth opened and closed but I couldn’t speak any words. “That’s why I’m here. You need to talk to him.” Aiden brought me back to reality. His voice had suddenly become dangerously low as if coming to me had been his last option.

I looked at him for a long time to check if he was serious. Did he expect me to talk to Harper just like that? Especially after knowing that we were supposedly “mates“?

I think everything had finally got to me because before I knew it, I nodded my head. “Ask him to come here tomorrow, during school hours.”

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Chapter 24

Chapter Twenty-Four: “Tell me about mates.”

Everything was ready. Harper was supposed to come to my house at 9 when Cody would be at school and my parents **would**

be at work.

We would have **total** privacy and that was exactly what we needed. Me and Harper needed to talk and I was pretty sure the word Werewolf would be used quite often, and I was sure my parents would not like to hear the word.

Everything was set now and Harper would come here any moment. We would talk in the living room where I would tell him that I wasn't in any place to start a relationship with him, not now, and maybe not **ever**.

I would sit across from him. He would sit **on** the couch and I would sit on the armchair, and have the center table between us because distance between us was necessary. Completely necessary. Things happened whenever Harper was too close to me and I now knew why, because we were mates. I had already—begun to accept the fact and I had no idea why.

Now that I thought about it, I did take everything fairly well if you exclude the fact that I had a complete mental breakdown and was bedridden for two whole days.

I needed to be away from him and that was why I had come up with the seating arrangement. Across from him, with the center table in between us.

The doorbell rang and I prepped myself up to see Harper again. I wasn't ready to see him again, I don't know why it was **as** if I needed more time or something, does that even make sense?!

I took a deep breath in when I reached the front door opened it before I could have any second thoughts, and asked him to leave.

When I opened the door, I didn't like the sight that met me. Harper looked bad, like really, really bad. He had dark circles under his eyes, his hair was messed up, his grey v-neck was tousled **and** he looked like he hadn't **shaved** in days. He looked unkempt and that was a look he didn't look good in.

My first instinct was to hug him after seeing his dreadful state and I had to resist myself from doing the same thing. Hugging him would mean something else and I wanted a distance between us.

I knew I looked awful **too**. After all, I was sick these past few days but I could still guarantee that Harper won the competition and was looking more miserable than me.

“Wow! You look horrible.” **The** words flew **out** my mouth before I could stop and I blushed when I realized I said the words out loud.

He chuckled and shrugged casually. “I couldn't sleep.”

I didn't know what to say to that so I just moved aside and let him in. I closed the door after him and gestured at him to follow me into the living room.

Keep your distance. I kept chanting these words in my head because having Harper this close to me after these days was affecting **me**. It irritated me beyond belief, I wanted to have some control over myself, was that too much to ask?!

Harper walked inside the living room and took **a** seat on the couch. I stupidly followed him and sat at my butt on the other side of the couch.

So much for maintaining distance.

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I turned my body to face him. My whole **plan** of keeping control just went down the drain. I nervously tucked a strand of brown hair behind my ear.

Harper ran a hand through his hair, messing it up even more and my thoughts ran wild. I imagined myself perched on his lap, stroking his soft and shiny hair myself.

I shook my head to rid myself of these thoughts, See, **that** was what Harper did to me and to be able to say no **to a** relationship with him, I had to get some semblance of control.

I'm **so** stupid!

“So, what do you want to talk about?” Harper asked me.

I don't think I'm ready to be in a relationship with you, considering everything that has been going on.

“Tell me about mates.” He had just sounded so hopeful and I didn't have it in me to shut him down. I just didn't want to be the reason his face fell. I knew that I **had** something to do with his disheveled appearance.

We weren't even in a relationship and I was afraid a simple no would hurt him. God help us when **we** are in one.

Harper faintly smiled at my question. “Aiden told you?”

I had no idea how much Harper knew about Aiden's **visit** to my house, so I just nodded.

He took a deep breath before looking into my eyes and saying the words. “We wolves worship the moon goddess because we believe **we** are the descendants of the moon. I don’t know how much of it’s true, I’m just telling you what I know.” I nodded, silently urging him to continue. “We believe that the goddess pairs every wolf to their other half, otherwise called as a mate. We are supposed to live our lives loving them and cherishing them.”

can be happy without them too, but there is no other person who can make us happy as much as our mates can. You can call them soulmates too, or whatever other names you humans use.”

“The first thing parents teach their children in my words is about mates. We are taught to love them and make the most of the time we have with them because they are worth everything to us.”

He said the last sentence while staring at me intently and I squirmed under his gaze.

“Do you believe that? That mates are worth everything?” I asked him.

He nodded and smiled at me while maintaining eye contact as if I wouldn’t believe him if I didn’t see it in his eyes and I probably wouldn’t have.

I didn’t.

“So, you mean to say, **that** you knew throughout this time, that a mate was waiting for you, and yet, you still slept around with every girl?” My voice raised at the end, every word dripping with venom. I didn’t know where the sudden anger had **come** from, but it was justified. He had no right to say that he believed everything he said right now, about mates being everything to a werewolf, if it had been the **truth**, I wouldn’t be talking to the man-whore sitting in front of me.

His head dropped down in shame and I felt a weird satisfaction blossoming in my gut. He deserved to hear this. I had every right to ask this question, I may have not known about his kind or the fact that we were mates, but I sure knew what commitment was.

He smiled at me and looked at me with pain in his eyes. “I have only heard stories, **Zara**. I **have** never had **a** good example of how mates love each other. He fidgeted nervously on **the** couch and I knew that he didn’t want to talk about the matter and I **was no** sadist.

Chapter 24

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“What happens when you don’t like who your mate is?” I guess that was the wrong question because his eyes snapped up to meet mine, **alarm** clear in their eyes.

He took a deep breath while his eyes watched my every move. “You can always reject your mate

An alarm went off in my head and I remembered something Harper had said to me, a few weeks ago, in the girl's washroom. How could I have been so stupid? Why didn't I realize this sooner?

"You rejected me." I looked down at my lap, nervously playing with my fingers.

When he didn't say anything, I looked up to look at him. Tears threatened to spill from my eyes at the thought that Harper didn't want me and he even wanted to get rid of me. Us being mates wasn't enough for him. Surely, he would have never done that if he wanted me to be by his side, if he wanted me as a mate too.

He seemed to read my thoughts and I wasn't surprised he did. "I would never." He moved forward to take my hands in his own like he had done a few times before but I inched away from him.

Hurt flashed across his face but he regained composure. He clenched his fists. "I never wanted to do it. I was forced to."

I didn't want to believe him, I didn't but the way he said it made me believe him. The hard lines of his face, his steely gaze, and the determination in his voice made me believe him.

Every fiber of my being wanted to move toward him, wanted to be enveloped by him and comforted by him when I saw how hard he was trying to control himself.

"I will explain everything in time, I promise. It's just that there's so much you don't understand about my

world.

I weakly nodded to show him I understood, even though I didn't. I just trusted him enough, and I knew he would tell me everything when the right time came.

Harper's gaze softened. "You didn't call me here to talk about mates, did you?"

I shook my head. I nervously gulped and took a deep breath in. Mates or not, it wasn't healthy for us to start a relationship under such circumstances, I knew that and so I was going to make it right.

"I don't think it's right for either of us if we start a relationship, Harper. Panic flared in Harper's eyes and he opened his mouth to argue with me, **but** I held up my hand, showing him, I wasn't finished.

In resignation I hated seeing him like this and I hated myself more. He weakly nodded, his shoulders slumped in defeat because of his forlorn expression. I **was** beginning to understand how the mate bond worked and I wasn't sure I liked it.

"I think we should be friends, for now and then maybe see where it goes." I weakly added with a soft smile on my face.

Harper's eyes lit up and I could see them twinkling. "I think I would like that. He nodded enthusiastically.

I laughed at his reaction.

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rubbed his palms on his jeans-clad thighs and got up from the couch. He put his hands in the front pockets of his jeans and turned to face me. "Be ready at 7 a.m. tomorrow."

My eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "What? Why?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "School starts at 7:30, doesn't it?! I'm going to pick you up."

I gently shook my head. He was going about it all wrong. That was not what I wanted. "Harper, I do-"

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## Chapter 25

Chapter Twenty-Five: The perks of having an alpha werewolf friend!

"Friends hug each other, right?" Harper asked me before engulfing me in a bone-crushing hug.

I gasped for breath and put my arms around him, which made him relax a bit. He let me go after giving me a mischievous smile. He knew that I knew what game he was playing.

It had been two days since Harper came to my house to talk to me and I proposed to be friends. I should have known he would have a trick up his sleeve! Why the hell would a guy want to be just friends' with the girl he wants to have a committed relationship with?!

He messaged me when he reached my home, instead of ringing the doorbell. I had asked him to do that. I was in no mood to tell my parents why a guy I had hated a few months ago, was now giving me a lift to school when my car was perfectly

fine.

I settled in his car and buckled my seat belt when Harper gave me a big box of chocolates with a wide grin on his face. I sighed.

"Harp

“Friends give each other small gifts, don’t they? Harper asked me with an innocent expression on his face. His eyes told me a different story, though. They were twinkling and I knew I was in for a very long ride.

Inodded. He was right, friends do exchange small gifts and after all, it was chocolate, I just could n’t decline the sweet gesture. The bastard knew I couldn’t say no to chocolate, and he was using my weakness against me.

I opened the box and popped a piece in my mouth, moaning at the rich taste. Harper clenched the steering wheel tightly and I internally smirked. He wasn’t immune to me **at** all and I had a feeling I would love to play bad.

After we reached the school and Harper parked the car, it had been exactly how it happens in the teenage cliché movies, when the couple gets out of the car. There were stares. There were whispers. There were looks. And there were rumors.

Like the lead heroine, I didn’t even have the time to get uncomfortable with whatever people were **saying**, because all it took to disperse the crowd was a threatening growl from Harper,

Ah! The perks of having an alpha werewolf friend!

People still threw us sneaky looks whenever they saw us together in the hallways, but they didn’t do anything too upfront, which I was really glad about.

I was glad that Harper **stopped** them because I was sure I didn’t want to hear nasty rumors about me floating around in the school.

It was an exhilarating feeling to know that probably half of the people I was seeing right then, were probably not even human **and** were werewolves instead.

We made our way to my **locker** and every time I would see someone pass by us in the hallway, I would move closer to Harper and whisper in his ear, “Is he **a** werewolf too?”

He would just chuckle every time **and** answer me. I think I had pointed **to** more than thirty people and I couldn’t help but think how weird it must’ve felt for Harper to answer about their **true** nature. It would be like someone constantly asking me if the person was a human

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We made our way to my locker, which was still painted a bright red. I gave a pointed look to Harper, who just shrugged at me while grinning like an idiot.

If I were to describe the last two days of my life, they were just adorably frustrating. Harper would make cute gestures now and again, and when I would object, he would simply say, "That's what friends do, right?" That bastard knew what friends did and didn't do.

I reminded him again that he didn't need to pick me up, but he did because that's what friends do.

He bought me another box of chocolates and in addition to that, he even bought me a single rose because he wanted to thank me and that's **what** friends do.

He would, very casually sling his arm across my shoulders and bring me closer to his body and when I would protest, he would say the one sentence I was starting to think was his punchline, **that's** what friends do.

He accompanied me to every class, while holding my very heavy books (according to Harper) because that's what friends do. It didn't matter if he was **in the** same class as me, he would be there after every class, waiting for me.

He made a point to sit next to me in class and engage me in a conversation or pass **notes** during class because that's what friends do.

He left his seat in the middle of the cafeteria and had his lunch today with me and my friends. Aiden accompanied him too. He even bought me food because that's what friends do..

He would wait for me in the parking lot **and** would drop me off at Monique's, staying there the whole time while **casually** playing with his phone, because that's what friends do.

I would be lying if I said I didn't like it. I loved it. Every sweet gesture made me like him **even** more and I longed to see him when I got home every day.

Saying yes to him wouldn't be so bad, would it?!

I was contemplating the same thing when Harper snapped his fingers in front of my face, gaining my attention.

"We are in front of your class." He looked at me with a concerned expression.

I opened my mouth to speak something, anything but closed it I wanted to tell him that after much **deliberation** and debating with myself, I had come to the decision that I would try being his girlfriend, but the words got stuck in my mouth.

Instead, I just nodded dumbly.

Harper leaned forward and pecked me on the cheek. My cheeks flamed and I couldn't stop my jaw from hanging open. "That's not what friends do."

He grinned and threw his hands outwards, as if embracing the world, and winked at me. I know“. With **that**, he turned around and walked away in the direction of his **class**.

I don't know what that class had been about, all I could think about was Harper, I wanted to be his girlfriend, he had been nothing but **nice** to me and I liked this side of **him**. I loved this side of **him!**

I didn't care if it was **too** early or if I was making a rash decision. We were mates and even if I didn't exactly believe in them, we were destined to be with each other and who **was** I to stand against destiny?

I had no reason to deny Harper any longer. I **wanted** to be with him and I decided I wasn't going to run away from him or our supposed destiny any longer.

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## Chapter 25

With newfound determination, I got up from my seat and made my way towards the teacher who was sitting at her desk. while **giving** us students some crappy assignment.

Making an even more crappy excuse, I got out of the class **and** walked in the direction of Harper's class. When I rounded the hallway, my eyes bugged out of my sockets, and felt my heart tear up at the sight.

Harper was standing in the middle of the hallway, while he was hugging Amanda Byrnes. I had forgotten about her. Before I told Harper about my dreams and he started stalking me to get me to listen to him, rumors were going around the school, about them being together. How could I have been so stupid?

I felt betrayed and a gasp escaped my lips. I wondered if things would have happened the way they did if the damn mate bond wasn't working against me and clouding my judgment.

The sound of my gasp must have gained their attention because they sprang apart from each other and Harper's eyes widened as he took in my appearance.

I was in no mood to listen to his excuses, so I just turned around and headed toward my class as fast as my feet would

1. me.

**carry**

“Wait, Zara Harper's voice came from behind me and it willed me to move my feet faster. Damn him for making me feel this way!

Blame his long legs for catching up to me!

He caught up to me soon enough and took a hold of my arm and made me look at him. I didn't want to listen to him, he would just spin some lies and I would believe him, like I have already done so many times before.

"It wasn't how it looked like." He told me, his eyes pleading with me to just listen to him.

"I don't care, Harper. Giving you a chance was seriously a mistake" I shook my head frantically, hoping he would get the message and let me go. I could hear the heartbreak and hurt in my voice, and I am sure, **he** could too.

"Please, just listen to me, okay? Give me **a** chance to explain."

I shook my head and attempted to get out of his hold. He didn't listen to me and guided me to the nearest classroom which happened to be conveniently empty.

Damn the universe to hell!

He stood in front of the door, blocking any escape route for me. To make his point clear, he locked the door while slowly making his way toward me in slow lethal steps.

I took a step backward at every step he took towards me. He finally stopped when I felt the teacher's table behind me. Great! Now I was trapped between the table and Harper. Not my favorite position to be right now,

Harper crossed his muscled arms in front of his chest. My eyes followed the movement of the muscles in his chest, how they bulged and moved.

I shook my head to get rid of the traitorous thoughts **inside** my head. I looked Harper straight in the eye to show I wasn't afraid of him.

Harper met my gaze head-on. He sighed and ran a frustrated hand **through** his **hair**.

He met my gaze again and his eyes softened.

"Do you remember **you** told me not to mark the girl I was planning to, that the woman in your dreams asked you to tell me

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that?"

Where was he going with this?

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“Marking is a very important part of the mating process between two werewolves. We mark our mates or anyone we choose to spend the rest of our lives **with**. The mark cements the bond between two wolves and **makes** their love for each other stronger.”

I stood where I was, silently taking in the information Harper was telling me. I had no idea what it had to do with the hug he shared with Amanda, though.

My heart thundered in my chest **as** the vision of their embrace once again flashed through my mind.

“Zara, I was going to mark Amanda. You stopped me from marking her.

This angered me even more. My hands fisted by my sides. Amanda was the one he had chosen to mark after he had rejected me. If he was trying to make it up with me and work on our bond, then why did he hug Amanda as soon **as** he was out of sight?

I opened my mouth to call his bluff when he lifted his hand to stop me from speaking.

“I was comforting her, Zara because her mate just died.”

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## Chapter 26

Chapter Twenty-Six: ... You're it for me and my wolf.”

“What?” My voice came out small and unsure and I looked at Harper to check if I had heard him correctly.

“Amanda found her mate in a hospital six months ago, battling cancer. He was already in the terminal **stage** and being **a** human, there was no way the 20-**year**-old boy had any chance of surviving. I had already rejected you and then, seeing as she was mate-less, I chose her to be my chosen Lama,”

I weakly nodded. I felt sorry for her, I did.

“Did you ever sleep with her?” I asked warily, already knowing the answer in my gut.

He lowered his head and nodded. Of course, why did I even ask!!

I sighed, rubbing my arms.

Harper walked towards me, closing the space between us even more. He cupped my face and I allowed the **contact** reluctantly. His hands were callused and I **could** feel the hard skin of his palms. He held my face and made me look up his eyes.

into

“I don’t know how else to say it, but I’m sorry. You’re my mate, Zara and I know you find it hard to believe because you know that I have rejected you, but I want you. Only **you**, I want to be with you, you have to understand that. You have to trust me. I haven’t slept with anyone else in weeks, I couldn’t, because your face **plagued** me, even in my dreams. He chuckled to lighten the mood. We were so close to each other now, our faces not too far away for a gentle brush of our lips. I was tempted to brush his lips with my own but I needed to hear what he **had** to say.

“I don’t know how else to say it, but I want us to try. I’m part animal Zara, and my wolf doesn’t want to be with anyone else. And I do too, more than anything. I won’t force you, to take all the time you need to make up your mind, but know that I will always want you. You’re it for me and my wolf.”

I looked into his green eyes, hearing the sincerity of his words. I believed him. It may sound stupid and restless on my part but wasn’t I done being careful, wasn’t I on my way to say yes to him anyway?!

Tweakly nodded and his lips broke into a smile. I couldn’t help but smile myself, he just looked so good when he smiled. He looked genuine whenever a smile graced his **face** and I loved that about him.

“Im going to hug **you** now. He whispered, standing way too far away from **me** for comfort. I wanted him to close the space between **us** and do more than hug me.

Before I could reply, his hand which had been cupping my face till now, went around my waist. He stepped forward and enveloped me in his arms.

My head landed on his chest, I could feel the steady tempo of his heart, **and** the heat that his body emanated seeped through his clothes and clung to my **skin**. I never wanted to let go of him. I couldn’t help but notice how perfectly we fit **with** each other, as cliché as that sounds. I felt content and a sigh escaped my lips, I felt giddy and elated in the comfort of his

His head rested in the crook of my neck and I felt him **take** a deep breath by the ticklish sensation **on** the skin of my neck. My spine tingled and I **shuddered** involuntarily.

I felt Harper’s lips **on** the base of my neck, a featherlight **kiss** that made shivers travel down my spine and my hands clutched his biceps tightly, my **nails** digging into the hard muscles

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Harper's grip on my waist tightened and I felt him smirk against the skin of my neck. That arrogant bastard! He knew what he was doing to me!

I gasped when I felt his hands on my hips. He backed me against the table, lifted my butt, and sat me down on the table. He spread my legs apart and stepped in between them, a predatory gleam in his eyes that thrilled me. My legs dangled off the table on either side of him and his hands came to rest on my waist again. He stepped closer to me yet again, ready to take **me** then and there.

My breath was coming in short pants. Harper was in his element now, he knew what he wanted and he knew he was going to get it because I **wasn't** sure I would want to stop him.

His face leaned down towards my own when he suddenly changed direction **and** went for my neck. He placed an open-mouthed gentle kiss on the base of my neck. I bit my lip to hold back a moan, I held onto his shoulders, my nails digging into his muscles. Harper was making me soar high in the air by just giving me a featherlight kiss on the neck and I loved how my body reacted to him.

I wasn't ashamed to admit the fact that I liked whatever Harper was doing to my body! Judge me if you want to!

Harper pressed open-mouthed kisses on my neck and I tilted my neck to give him better **access**. My chest was heaving and I was clutching onto his shoulders for dear life. My eyes were closed because I didn't want to see anything, I just wanted to

feel.

He suddenly bit my neck and a loud moan came out of my mouth. He smiled against my neck but didn't stop his ministrations. He began to suck that little spot on my **neck** and was sure there would be a damn hickey by the time he would finally stop!

He started kissing slowly to my jaw, my lips were tingling now, I just couldn't wait to taste his lips which were so skillfully giving me so much pleasure.

With every kiss, I could hear my heart pound in my chest and heat flooding my body. I had stopped trying to control my moans now, it was a **lost** cause. With every moan and sound I made, I could sense Harper's impatience and excitement.

He kissed the corner of my mouth, which had me almost on my knees begging him to just kiss me already! I groaned again, more out of impatience than **pleasure**.

He stopped for a while, his hot breath fanning my lips. I opened my eyes to look into the green eyes of the boy I had started to feel so much for. He cupped one of my hands with his and guided i

t to his chest, right above where his heart was supposed to be. I could feel the crazy and frantic beatings of his heart, the proof he was as invested in us as I was.

I arched my back, my breasts pressing against his chest. He closed his eyes momentarily at the slight brush of our bodies. His hand moved at the small of my back and brought me as close to him as possible.

Harper leaned forward again and my lips parted on their own accord, My eyes closed involuntarily as I felt him come close

to me.

His thumb slipped inside my blouse and warmed the skin of my back. I could feel goosebumps rise on my back and I felt my breath hitch for probably the millionth time in the last five minutes.

His tongue slid out of his mouth and my lips parted, eager for any sort of action. **His** tongue—very skillfully traced my bottom lip making my insides quiver. Heat pooled low in my belly and I could feel my panties getting soaked at the way his tongue was sinfully tracing my lips.

Just as I thought he was about to kiss me, he moved his head and nibbled on my ear lobe. I gasped at the action, my hands circled his neck, while my fingers dug into his soft brown hair. I stroked his **hair** like I had wanted to do so many times before

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He gently bit my earlobe and a very embarrassing moan came out of my mouth. I could feel my cheeks turning red and I was glad Harper was too busy to tease me about my blush.

Then he stopped, his lips touching the shell of my ear.

I don't think friends kiss each other."

I stilled. Oh, no he didn't. My eyes flew open and I gaped at him. He stepped **back**, creating some space between us, and had a smirk on his face.

My eyes flew down to the bulge in his pants and I blushed a deep red. Harper chuckled, he was still **standing** between my legs but nowhere near as I wanted him to be.

I crossed my hands across my chest and glared at him. I smirked internally as a plan began to form in my head.

“Too **bad**, Harper. I was going to say yes to you anyway.” I shrugged casually **and** looked at him, trying to gauge his reaction.

It was Harper’s turn to freeze. I smiled cheekily at his stunned expression.

He quickly shook out of his trance and stepped forward, closing the distance between us again. His hands rested on my thighs, his breaths coming out in excited pants.

I smiled at him knowing that he had not expected me to agree to a relationship so soon.

“Really Harper’s face lit up in excitement. He sounded more excited now than a few minutes ago when we were kissing. I scrunched my nose at the thought.

I nodded at him, gauging his every reaction.

“You’re not saying that just to make me kiss you?” He said while biting his lip, still unsure.

I rolled my eyes. Count **on** him to spoil the mood!

I narrowed my eyes at him and glared at him. I was desperate for his kiss but I would never stoop to that level.

“Seriously, Harper?” I drawled. He would have to choose **his** next words very carefully now, he was walking on a land mine.

But he didn’t speak a word after that, and neither did I. I **honestly** didn’t mind.

Because the very next second, his lips were on mine. Fireworks erupted. Electricity sizzled. Lightning struck. Heat pooled between us. And every other **romantic** phrase you could think of

I smiled against his lips and he smirked against mine. My hands circled his neck, playing with his soft brown locks and tugging at them. His hands circled my waist, bringing my body closer to his, leaving no space between us, not that I **was** complaining.

I moaned when he bit my lip. I could feel his bulge against my stomach and my breath caught in *my* throat.

“Okay, girlfriend” Harper smiled against my lips, his voice coming out husky and heavy, My knees would have buckled at the sound and I was glad that I was sitting on a table.

I giggled at his use of the word. The way he sounded possessive and protective at the same time had me seeing stars in the daylight.

“I could get **used** to saying **that** He gave me a breathtaking smile which I returned with my timid one.

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Chapter 26

Before I could say anything, his lips crashed down on mine aga

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Chapter 27

Chapter Twenty–Seven: “What about the woman in my dreams?” I asked Harper.

After we made out in the classroom till we were panting like dogs, Harper suggested we skip the rest of school. And what did I say? I said why the hell not

Harper told me that he had it all covered and that my parents would never know about it. What can I say I was feeling adventurous?!

Low–key, though, this is what a bad influence looks like..

But I was too pumped up to care.

So, we got into Harper’s car and drove straight to a diner half an hour away from school. We had pretty much the whole day to look forward to because we had got out of school right after the second period.

We had just settled in one of the booths, which could offer us privacy so that we could easily talk about him being a wolf and everything else **that** came with it.

“So, wolves–**dive** in packs.”

Harper nodded in response to my statement.

“Wolves are social animals, just like humans. Our human side can live alone but it’s our wolf side that needs other wolves to keep it sane. It may sound weird, but that’s just how it is. Harper casually shrugged his shoulders and gave me a small smile.

I nodded my head **to** show him that I understood. It felt surreal that this boy sitting in front of me was talking about a whole other species altogether. It seemed unbelievable and I wondered if something was wrong with me. How the hell was I taking it all so well?! I would never get tired of asking myself this question.

“So, how do these packs function? Do you have, like, a pack leader or something?”

Harper nodded. “We do. But it’s a lot more complicated than that. The pack’s leader is called an alpha and his mate is called a Luna. The alpha’s second in command is called the beta and his mate is called the beta female. Then there is the third in command, also called the gamma. Some packs have a fourth in command too, also called a Delta.”

I nodded to show him I understood. Alpha, beta, gamma, delta? It sounded like some algebra class to me and I was never particularly good at maths. So I was pretty much screwed here.

“So, how does one become an alpha?”

Harper chuckled. “You can’t just become an **alpha**, you are born into the position. You can only be an alpha if your father

was one.

“So, who is the alpha of this pack? Do you **have** a name for this pack or something?” I scrunched my nose at the notion of calling a pack “the pack”.

“Our pack is called The Red Lakes Pack.” Harper looked intently at me.

“And who is the alpha of the pack?”

“My father is

stunned at him. His father was the alpha of the pack? That would mean he was the future alpha of the pack in the city. That

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would mean, as his mate, I—would be his Luna. I gulped nervously.

“I don’t think I could lead a pack of wolves.” As **soon as** the words flew out of my mouth, I regretted saying them. Harper had just asked me to be his girlfriend, he hadn’t asked me to be his future Luna. What if he believed that I wouldn’t be able to lead the pack and had already decided to not let me be the future Luna? I was too hasty in being presumptuous.

Harper smiled, leaned forward, and clasped his **hands** together on the table. “You’re going to be an amazing Lu

na, even if you don't exactly know how my world works. Moreover, I will be by your side, helping you lead the pack for the rest of my

life."

Was he always this good with his words?

I smiled genuinely at him but then my eyebrows furrowed as a question popped into my mind. "If you believed that I would be a good Luna, why did you reject me?"

Harper sighed and leaned back in the booth, his back hitting the cushions. "I do believe that you will be a good Luna, Zara. If you didn't have the characters and will of a good leader, the moon goddess wouldn't have paired you with me."

I nodded but waited for him to continue because I knew what he was going to say next was going to hurt me. How did I even get to read his facial expressions in such a short amount of time?

My father didn't believe it though: A human takes a lot of time to get used to our ways **and** that why alphas never have

"My human mates"

I gulped nervously while putting my hands on the table. "Except you." My voice came out small and unsure.

Harper nodded, a grim expression on his face, "Except me. My father was mad at first, but then he realized he couldn't fight fate. Against the will of the goddess. He convinced me that a human Luna would be unfit for our pack. I'm not boasting but our pack is one of the largest in the world, we have a lot of wolves registered in our pack and he had his doubts."

Harper broke eye contact with me and looked down at his hands. I had no plans to reject you. A mate is the most important thing to a werewolf. I wouldn't have rejected you. You have to believe me. I planned to introduce you to my parents as my mate during my birthday party." I remembered the part very well, where he had made out with some girl on the balcony and then took me to the same place and kissed me, without my consent.

Harper seemed to have the same thoughts because his head dropped in shame and he didn't speak for some time. "I never got around to apologizing for that night. So, I'm sorry."

His apology was genuine, I could feel it in the seriousness of his voice and the air around us, which was buzzing with some kind of tension. I nodded in **response**, not knowing what else to say. I had promised that I would give him a chance and that was exactly what I **was** doing right now.

Harper **took** a deep breath before speaking again. “After you left, I told my parents some bullshit story that you left early and then I told them that my mate was a **human**. Long story short, they asked me to reject **you** as my mate.”

He looked up to meet my eyes. He looked pained as if the memory of him saying those words pained him even after all these weeks. “I denied them straight away. I didn’t care if my mate was a human and neither did my wolf. We just wanted to be with you.

“He **gave** me **an** ultimatum. He told me if I would accept you as my mate, he would never give me the alpha position in this pack. It’s in an **alpha’s** power to **pass** the position to someone else if he thinks that his apprentice is undir to lead. He would just pass it on to the future beta, Aiden.”

I looked at him and I don’t know how, but **I could** feel his pain. I could see his pain in his eyes and his voice. Are eighteen- year-old boys even supposed to make such big decisions?!

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I suppose eighteen-year-old alphas make such big decisions!

“Then why did you reject me?”

“Then *why* did y

Harper sighed. At this moment, he looked like a small boy who had way too much weight on his shoulders. “A mate **is at** wolf’s other half and is genetically the most fit person with which we can, um, procreate.”

Harper’s cheeks tinged red and I laughed internally at his cute expression. How was I not freaking out?

Π

“There are only six white wolves in the world, Zara, one in **each** hospitable continent. The white wolves are supposed to be direct descendants of the moon goddess **which** clearly explains the color of our coat. All other packs on the continent answer to the pack controlled by the white wolf because they respect **us** a lot. White wolves settle disputes between packs and hold meetings with various alphas from time to time.”

I nodded to show him that I understood everything he was saying, what I didn’t understand was what that had to do with him rejecting me.

“For generations now, we white wolves have faced a lot of problems in having children with our mates. If a white wolf mates with his mate, only then can another white wolf be born. If a white wolf chooses another random wolf **as a** mate, then the pups were weaker and unfit to lead a pack as an alpha.”

I nodded. I was right after all, I did not like where he was going with this.

Harper gulped nervously and I was entranced by the movement of his Adam's apple.

“A werewolf fetus is quite powerful and needs more nourishment than a human fetus. The higher the rank of the wolf in the pack, the stronger the fetus. That's why human females **are** often mated with lower-rank wolves, even then they often experience problems with pregnancies”

“Now, imagine how many problems we would have if we ever got pregnant

Pregnant? He was talking about being pregnant? I gaped at him. Was he out of his mind? I wasn't even out of high school and he was talking about knocking me up.

Just then, a waitress came by our table to take our orders and that was when we realized that we didn't even have a look at the menu. We smiled apologetically at the old woman who just nodded at us and asked us to take our time.

As soon as the waitress left, I turned my gaze towards Harper and asked him, “So, are you serious? You rejected me because you thought we would have trouble getting pregnant?”

He nodded. “I know what you're thinking right now. How you're just in high school and you're not even planning to get pregnant right away or even in another 5-7 **years**. But think about it, **you** do want children in the future, don't you?!”

I nodded meekly at his question. He was right. Even if I wasn't planning on being pregnant in the immediate future, I would want children, maybe ten years from now. I would want my own family.

“I just didn't want you to go through miscarriages and the pain of knowing that, us being together **is** the only reason you're not able to have any children, Harper added weakly.

So, he rejected me, not because he didn't want me, but because he didn't want me to go through a lot of failed pregnancies which would ultimately cause a deep wedge in our relationship?

I weakly smiled at him and hesitantly, I put both of my hands on top of his and looked at him. He seemed to relax under my touch because his shoulders sagged and he released a deep breath which must have been lodged in his chest.

What made you change your mind?” I asked **him**.

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## Chapter 27

Harper flipped my hand in **his** and started drawing slow circles in my palm with his thumb. The simple action caused heat to travel up my arm and I stifled the sudden urge to gasp. His eyebrows furrowed and his lips puckered in concentration as he looked at our hands joined together.

He then looked at me, his eyes shining with joy, at having me close to himself.

“After I rejected you, my wolf didn’t talk to me for weeks. He understood the whole situation, but he still wanted to be with you. I was trying my best to stay away from you, but I could still feel the bond working against me. I just wanted to keep looking at you all day long. I even convinced my friends to accompany me to the bakery you work at.” Harper smiled at the end and I did too.

“I knew what I had to do, then. The only way to completely sever the mate bond was to mark someone else. All I needed to do was find a compatible she-wolf who was **mateless**, mark her, and make her my future Luna. That’s where Amanda comes in. She had already found her mate who was going to die soon, which would leave her without a mate.”

Harper looked nervously at me as if he was unsure how I would take the news. “I could feel the bond strain between us the more I spent time with Amanda. My father approved of our union and gave me the go-ahead to mark her. I needed a Luna anyway before I could take over the pack from my father.”

The night I decided I would finally mark Amanda and sever the bond between us, I walked into the bakery you worked in. That day, you told me not to mark the girl I had decided to, and that the goddess asked you to say it.”

and over

I remembered that day too. That was the day that he got too violent **on** me and said those hurtful words to me over and over again. I shifted uncomfortably on my seat and looked at his ashamed face.

“When you mentioned that the **goddess** asked you to tell me that, **I** snapped. I thought you knew about the existence of werewolves and you were convincing me to take you back, for whatever reason. I thought you were making up stories and telling me to work on our bond. My wolf whined inside my head and I was struggling to accept the fact that everything I had been going through would go to waste. All the pain and longing I felt for you. He shook his head gently, his eyes cast down.

“All I could see was red. I just wanted vengeance upon the person who told you about the existence of werewolves and us being mates. I had noticed that you were friends with Natalie and Samantha and so I thought that they had told you the truth.”

The picture was becoming clear now. Everything was starting to make **sense**.

“I didn’t mean anything I said that day, honestly. I just wanted you to tell me who told you about wolves. In my rage, I didn’t realize I was holding your elbow in my hand and how hard I was holding it.”

“It wasn’t till you cried out in pain did I come back to my senses. When I looked at your elbow and found the imprints of my hand on it, I felt like shit.” Harper darkly chuckled. He **ran** a frustrated hand through his hair and sighed. “My wolf couldn’t believe that we had unknowingly hurt our mate and made her cry. I wanted to apologize then and there but then realized that I had no right to. I could see tears streaming down your face and the only thing I could think of was to run away, and so I did exactly that.”

Harper gulped and nervously looked at me. He held both of my small hands **into** his much larger ones. His gaze was intent and it was clear that he wanted me **to** say something.

“I don’t know what to say,” I **said** finally. This was **too** much to process for me.

Harper nodded his head, understanding what I meant and I was grateful for that. After leaving the bakery, I went straight to Nat’s house and asked Samantha to be there by the time I got there. I asked them if they had anything to do with you knowing about the existence of werewolves. They denied **the** allegation completely

“How do you know they were telling the truth?”

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“I’m the future alpha and their wolves submit to me. When I ask any lower ranking wolf, using my power as their alpha, their wolves are bound to speak only the truth.”

I nodded in understanding.

Then I asked Natalie to bring you over to her house so I could question you myself. I promised myself that I would control myself and asked you patiently.”

“And then I told you about my dream.” Everything was beginning to click now. It all made perfect sense.

Harper nodded. “I was going to mark Amanda that night and then you come out and tell me about your dream. About the white woman in your dream, specifically”

Harper met my gaze then and my eyebrows furrowed in confusion. What about the woman in my dreams? It had been some time since I had any dream involving her and I was glad. I was doing fine without the headaches and waking up in the middle of the night, thank you very much.

“What about the woman in my dreams?” I asked Harper, casually shrugging my shoulders.

The description you gave me about the woman, matches the description of the moon goddess, Zara, Harper said and I gaped. It couldn't be!

“Zara, the woman you see in your dreams is the moon goddess. Harper looked down at our hands and interlaced our fingers together.

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## Chapter 28

Chapter Twenty-Eight: ...I could smell your arousal in the air when I started kissing you in the classroom.

“You're joking, right?” I ask him skeptically.

He gently shook his head. “I'm not. The way you described the woman, that's exactly how we imagine her.”

I took a deep breath in and roamed my eyes across the diner. This conversation had taken an unexpected turn and I didn't know how to deal with it. How does anyone deal if they come to know that the person repeatedly appearing in their dreams. is in fact, some sort of goddess?!

“That's why you wanted to work on our relationship?” The word relationship left a weird taste in my mouth. I couldn't believe the boy sitting in front of me was my boyfriend.

Harper nodded. “My wolf didn't want to let go of his mate and I **was** barely able to control him, for the reasons I explained before. But when you told me that the moon goddess was appearing in your dreams and when I heard the message she delivered through you, my wolf convinced me that it was a sign, that the goddess wanted me to be with my mate.”

“So, you made a 180-degree turn, the very next day,” I **said**, while remembering the day Harper **and** I met on the benches in school.

He nodded.

“You’re so confusing, you know.” I sighed. “You told me, on the night of your birthday party, you were going to introduce me to your parents. Then why were you making out with some other girl?” My tone **was** accusatory and I didn’t care if I had hurt him. If I was going to give this relationship another chance, I had the right to know everything.

Harper looked down at the table, where our hands were still intertwined. His eyebrows were furrowed and he was having a hard time finding the right words.

“I was damn nervous that night. I was way too happy that I found my mate and I knew that I had to introduce you to my parents at any cost. I was so fidgety that I hadn’t even joined my party. I knew that you were a human and you didn’t know about werewolves. I was afraid of my parents’ reactions, they would have been able to smell that you were a human and wouldn’t accept you.”

“Aiden is my beta and my best friend. He knows me better than anyone else and at once knew **that** something was wrong with me. I told him everything and he assured me that he would find a way to get you and me alone for a while so that I could explain everything to you. Not the whole truth, just a distorted version of it. I waited on the balcony while he went downstairs to look for you.”

Aiden was the beta? I wasn’t surprised at all. Those two have always been thick as thieves. Like Harper, Aiden always carried a powerful aura around him, I guess him being the beta to a white wolf explained that.

“When Aiden left, I clutched the railing of the balcony and looked at the **forests** or anything that could calm my nerves. After a few minutes, a girl came on the balcony, I didn’t know who she was, but I knew I had hooked up with her before.” I pulled my hands back from his and put them on my lap, repulsed by where he was going with this immediately missed the warmth his hands radiated and stopped myself from grabbing his hands again.

Harper clenched his together on the table and then laced his fingers on the table. “She thought I was looking stressed and **that** she could help me relieve some of it: Harper chuckled darkly and I shifted nervously in my seat, unable to meet his **eyes**. “Without warning, she kissed me and I kissed her **back**. I had no idea that Aiden had found you and told you I was up there. That’s when you **must** have seen her kissing me.”

I weakly nodded, unable to get any **words** out of my mouth.

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Harper sighed. “In the middle of our, um, kiss“, Harper uneasily shifted in his seat, as if he couldn’t get those words out of his mouth. “Aiden mind linked me and told me that he found you?”

“**What’s a mind link?**” I asked, interrupting Harper.

“A wolf can communicate with other members of the pack it belongs to, even if they aren’t in the vicinity. I can send messages to Aiden while I’m sitting here with you. **It’s** used to communicate between pack members when we are in our wolf forms, as we can’t talk in that form. It’s as if someone is speaking in your head or talking through a mobile in our heads.”

Honestly, he could tell me that the Earth **wasn’t** round **and** I wouldn’t find it bizarre. I was just beyond that point. This sounded 50 crazy to me while he talked about everything as if they held no consequence, and maybe they didn’t for him. He was born into it, while my mind was boggling and was ready to explode.

Instead of saying everything, I just nodded, showing him that I understood.

That’s when I pushed the girl away from me and went downstairs to find you. You know the rest of the story.”

I meekly nodded at him.

Silence ensued between us, where neither of us knew what to say and I was glad when the waitress came back to take our orders again. I didn’t have the heart to ask her to come back later, so I just ordered whatever I could come up with. Harper must have had the same idea because he asked her to bring him whatever I was eating.

Neither of us spoke a word and ate our food in silence. It was becoming uncomfortable and I couldn’t meet his eyes.

I could feel his eyes on me several times and I knew he wanted to say something to break the awkward tension between us, but couldn’t come up with anything suitable.

I put down my fork after eating the last bit of pasta on my plate and looked up at him. “I want to see your wolf.”

Words flew out of my mouth before I could stop them and I instantly closed my eyes at how stupid I sounded. Who even

says that?!

A laugh broke out of Harper and my eyes flew open to check the wonderful sight in front of me. His eyes crinkled and **his** chest rumbled in laughter. I couldn’t help but join him, thankful that the tension between us had lifted. It felt like a dark aura had lifted from **us** and I could breathe again.

“I guess we are ok, then?” Harper asked me with an uncertain expression.

I nodded and smiled at him.

He took out his wallet put down a twenty-dollar **bill** and got out of the booth. He came around the table and held out his hand for me to take. I placed my hand in his and he pulled me on my feet.

I felt giddy at the small skin contact between us, I couldn't help but smile at his hand's callousness **and** the warmth it radiated.

We walked outside the diner, hand in hand with ear-splitting grins on both of our faces.

“You want to see my **wolf**?” **Harper** asked me from the corner of his eyes, as he steered out of the parking lot of the diner,

I couldn't help but **think again** about my decision. I was terrified when I saw the giant white wolf standing exactly where Harper had been standing moments before. But this time, I was ready. If I was going to accept him and work on our relationship, I had to accept both of his halves and this time, I was mentally ready because I knew what was going to happen.

That doesn't mean I wasn't nervous, though.

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I nodded at him and smiled at him, hoping to ease the frown on his forehead.

I fiddled with the seatbelt across my chest and looked at him. His side profile looked gorgeous, not that the rest of him wasn't gorgeous. No wonder every girl fawned over him.

“How did you find out I was your mate?”

“By your smell.” Harper glanced at me.

“By what?” I gaped at him. Was this a subtle way of telling me that I had a bad body odor? I cringed at the thought and resisted the urge to smell my armpits at the moment.

“Not that kind of smell.” Harper chuckled. “We werewolves have a keen sense of smell and we can differentiate between different people solely based on their body odors.”

“What do I smell like?” I asked him, already wary of the answer. I believe this was one of the tricky questions that a girlfriend asks their boyfriend. I smiled at the thought.

Harper looked straight into my eyes. “Chocolates and pine. It’s my favorite smell in the world.”

I blushed at the sincerity in his words and quickly averted my gaze.

I cleared my throat. “**Are** there any other superpowers werewolves have?”

Harper chuckled. “We don’t have superpowers, per se. We just have heightened senses. We have a strong sight, I can even look clearly in the dark. I have powerful hearing, I can hear your heart’s steady breathing right now and I could hear it when it thudded against your chest when you’re excited. I have a keen sense of smell too, I could smell your arousal in the air when I started kissing you in the classroom.”

I blushed a deep crimson as he said those words. I could see his lips morph into his infamous smirk, which I had begun to like now. I couldn’t help but admit that it had its certain charms.

Harper laughed at my reaction and parked the car when he reached the woods.

He turned his body and gave me a mischievous smile.

Harper got out of his seat, walked around the car, and opened my door. “**Are** you sure about this?” He asked me while looking straight into my eyes

I nodded and put my hand in his outstretched one, after taking deep breath.

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Chapter 29

Chapter Twenty–**Nine**: “I don’t want to ruin my underwear.” Harper replied.

“Why do you always bring me to the woods?” I chuckled and looked at Harper.

We were walking deeper into the woods, away from the place where his car **was** parked. My hand was tightly clasped in his and I was in no hurry to let go of him, and from the looks of it, either was he. Tingles were shooting up and down my arm and I was feeling strangely content at the smell all skin-to-skin contact,

“People wouldn’t like to see me transforming into a silver wolf in broad daylight, believe me.” Harper chuckled while looking pointedly at me.

I mentally smacked myself in the head. Of course! Humans didn't know about werewolves. It felt strange to admit the fact, because less than a week ago, I was one of those humans too. Those humans who didn't know that supernatural beings exist and live amongst them.

"Sometimes humans don't take too kindly to us when they know about our little secret. Little? He calls this secret little?! They assume us to be dangerous and so, hunt us. We call them hunters. Harper shrugged his shoulders as if talking about being hunted was a rather common topic for him. Maybe it was.

How would it feel like to be hunted because you are pressed to be dangerous? I shuddered at the thought.

That's why you have such tight security in so many parts of the city. I wondered out loud. I knew that there was some big reason why the rich part of the society exercised so much security,

"Yup. All the high-rank wolves live inside the gated colony. No human can get inside if the guards posted on the entry gates have not verified it. All other normal wolves live outside the colony, they are normal pack members who have their own, humanized jobs. Harper said.

I nodded in understanding. "Natalie lives **inside** the colony. What's her **rank**?"

"Natalie's father is a pack warrior. A very high one at that. He is an important member of the pack, and that's why he lives inside the colony. Whereas your other friend, um, what's her name?"

"Samantha."

"Samantha's father doesn't take any part in the pack's everyday activities. He has his job and so he lives outside the colony." I nodded my head in understanding.

"Did you talk to them?" Harper asked me, looking uncertain for the first time since we entered the woods,

My whole body tensed at his question. I had no plans to tell him about my problems, I wasn't comfortable with it yet.

I shook my head without looking at him. From the corner of my eyes, I saw Harper clench his jaw and his grip on my hand **tightened**.

"You know it wasn't their fault, right." Harper was trying to get me **to** listen to him and forgive my best friends, but I wasn't simply ready for that.

"We came here so **you** could show me your wolf." I snapped at Harper. I took in a deep breath. "I'm sorry."

“It’s okay. I understand, Harper squeezed my **hand** and gave me a small smile.

He tugged at my hand, signaling me to stop walking. Then he turned his body and stood in front of me. He looked straight

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into my eyes and asked hesitantly. Are you sure you want to do this?”

I nodded, confused as to why he was asking me that.

Harper squeezed my hand **and** then released his hold on me. I immediately missed his hand as the tingles and warmth died down **in** my hand.

He signaled me to stay where I was and I knew what was going to happen now. I folded my arms across my chest, suddenly unsure of my decision. He took a few steps back, creating distance between the two of us. His eyes never left my own, sporting a myriad of uncertain emotions.

Harper took the hem of his shirt in his hands and pulled it over his head. My cheeks flamed a bright red and my **eyes**. involuntarily took him in. His six packs glistened in the humid environment of the forest. I stopped myself from running over to him and running my **hands** all over his chiseled torso.

My eyes met Harper’s which had a mischievous glint in them. “Like what you see?” His lips lifted in a teasing smirk, and I had the sudden urge to wipe off his face. He noticed me **checking** him **out**,

“Yes, I do.” Words flew out of my mouth before I could stop them and register what they meant. My face grew hot and I knew my cheeks probably looked like they were two tomatoes attached to my face.

I immediately broke eye contact with him. I just couldn’t muster up enough courage to look at him. Harper’s chuckle resounded in the air between us, amongst the natural voices of the forest. “I’m glad to hear that.” Harper was amused.

I focused on the surrounding trees, I tried to look anywhere but at Harper, but my ears were trained on every movement he made. I heard the rustle of his jeans hitting the ground and I took a deep breath, in a desperate attempt to calm my hormones which were going haywire.

“You have to look, you know. Just keep your eyes trained on my face. Harper’s husky voice rang out in the forest and I felt a shudder go down my spine.

“Are you naked?” I asked, after gulping the lump in my throat. My face grew hot once again at **the** juicy prospect of seeing Harper naked in the wild. The thought thrilled me and excited my already perverted mind.

“Yes, that’s why I asked you to keep your eyes on my face, Harper said. His voice was more breathy now and I found it hard to control myself.

“What?” I squeaked, immediately turning around, my back was now facing Harper. My hands flew over my eyes in a desperate attempt to shield my eyes from Harper’s naked form. Why are you naked?”

“I don’t want to ruin my underwear,” Harper replied and made it sound so obvious that I was beginning to believe his being naked was necessary. I facepalmed inwardly at how ridiculous my thought process was.

Sneaky bastard!

“You have got to turn, you know, Harper said.

I shook my hands, too mortified by my word vomit from before and the fact that he was naked was simply too much for me to ignore.

I heard Harper sigh. “Okay, then

After a few minutes, I could hear bones pop **and** I knew I would now see Harper in his wolf glory. I gulped nervously at the thought.

Heavily padded paws moved in my direction and my breath caught in my throat. I was not ready to do it. Knowing that

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Chapter 29

boyfriend changed to a wolf from time to time was a completely different thing than actually witnessing it.

Harper stopped, leaving some distance between us. I knew he was giving me the last chance to back out, to not see his wolf again. If I chose I could just ask him to transform back and I would come face to face with the version of Harper I had been seeing my whole life.

I could feel Harper's heavy breath hit my back, which sent tingles down my whole body and my eyes closed involuntarily in pleasure.

I took a deep breath, reminding myself of the reasons I had chosen to do this in the first place. I willed my feet to move and I slowly turned around, only to face a large white wolf, standing a few feet away from me, his green eyes boring into my blue ones. The green eyes I had associated with Harper for so long, would now be associated with this beautiful creature before me, from this day on.

The last time I had seen this wolf, I was scared out of my wits because the only fact I could focus on was that Harper had just changed into a wolf I couldn't focus on anything else.

Now I knew what to expect and I was ready for it, but nothing could have made me ready for the magnificent animal standing in front of me. I could easily believe that the huge animal standing in front of me, was capable of leading a whole pack of wolves. The animal radiated power and authority, with his head held high and his thick muscles.

Large green eyes watched me carefully,

none my every movement and facial expression, trying to gauge my reaction.

I hesitantly took a **brave** step toward the silver wolf. I had given in to the urge within me to touch it. The wolf watched me wearily, confused about what I was **planning** to do.

I smiled softly at the wolf in front of me. If I focused on the green eyes in front of me, I could easily imagine that the rest of the body belonged to Harper Cain.

I touched the wolf's muzzle and he purred in response, his eyes closing in pleasure. I could feel the familiar tingles run up my arm and I sighed in response.

I took hold of its face with both of my hands. My hands buried into the soft and thick fur at his neck and I gazed into its green eyes, the only pair in the world, which held the power to send me to oblivion by just looking at them.

The wolf tentatively moved forward and buried its muzzle into my neck, its hot breath fanning my neck. I giggled at the ticklish sensation caused by his breath and my muscles which had been tensed before now relaxed completely.

I felt a wet sensation on the base of my neck and I realized that the wolf was licking me. Instead of being uncomfortable at the fact, I bit my lip and closed my eyes to better experience the tingles that were now shooting up straight through my head.

Harper licked me again. I couldn't help but let out a breathy moan, the sound echoing in the forest.

I felt the wolf still under my **touch**. It immediately backed away and I felt distraught at the loss of contact between us. I frowned at Harper's **reaction**. He was backing away from me and was taking slow steps backward.

The wolf settled on the forest floor and the next moment, I heard bones pop. I could see bones rearranging themselves, I could see the tail **shorten** and the white fur diminish. I wondered if the whole process was painful.

In a matter of a few seconds, Harper stood in front of **me**, in all his naked glory. My cheeks flamed once again and I forced my eyes to stay on Harper's eyes and not venture downwards where I would find..... I shook my head, desperately trying to fend myself of these thoughts.

Harper's gaze **was** intense and I couldn't break the contact between us even if I wanted to. I found a giddy feeling blossomed within me with the way Harper was looking at me and I softly smiled at him.

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In two giant steps, Harper took me in **his** arms and slammed his lips on mine. My breath was knocked out of my chest and before I knew it, I had circled my arms around his bare shoulders, **bringing** him closer to my body.

Our lips moved in sync with each **other**. Our chests were pressed against each other **and** so was the rest of our bodies.

I couldn't find myself to let him go. I just wanted to keep kissing him and he had the same intentions, because after a breathy moan came from my throat, his hold tightened on my waist, gluing our bodies together.

I pulled back a little, if I hadn't I would have surely passed out from lack of oxygen. My breathing was ragged and so was his. If the movement of his chest against my own was anything to judge by.

I smiled at Harper, our faces still inches apart, and gazed into his eyes.

“I love you.”

Both of our bodies stilled and our eyes widened.

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## Chapter 30

### Chapter Thirty

niny: “Do you regret telling me you love me?!”

The ride back home was more than awkward, because the three words spoken our loud in the forest lingered between us, and uneasy and unsure of ourselves. I didn't **know** what to say or what to make of the situation.

Our day

away from school **had** finally come to an end. Neither one of us spoke anything on the car ride back home.

made both of us

What do you say to your boyfriend of one day, who had told you that he loves you, while the both of you were in a compromising position? The compromising position was him completely naked and me being completely wrapped in his arms, after sharing one of the most amazing kisses. one could ever experience in one's lifetime.

My heart had stopped for a minute when I heard those words and I **was** panicking inside. It was way too early to say those words, mate bond br damned.

I didn't know what to say after that, because I couldn't bring myself to say the same three words back to him. I couldn't say those worth to him. because I didn't love him. At least, not yet. And I was damn sure about it.

I immediately got out of his grip, all the while reminding myself again and again, to not look down and see Harper's nakedness in full force. T nervously tucked my brown hair behind my ear and turned around, so I was facing the forest and not Harper, I just couldn't bear to look him in his - green eyes just yet.

your side.

He had hastily dressed up and we made our way back to his car without speaking a word to each other, our hands hanging limply by our

I wonder if I could have handled the situation in a better way because the silence in the car was not uncharacterable, opposite to how we were an hour

I was dying to know what was going on in Harper's mind. Did he regret saying those three words to me after the way I reacted! I could see his posture was tense and his body had a sort of aloofness **to it**

"Um, Harper?" I said meekly.

Harper instantly **glanced** my way, his eyes fitting **back** to the road in front of him in a matter of seconds. "Hm""

"Do you regret telling me you love me?" I asked him. My voice came out small and I realized I was unsure of myself. I **had** no idea what answer I expected of him. Heck, I had no idea what kind of answer I wanted from him

Harper's eyebrows furrowed in confusion, **as** if he didn't expect my question and I was wondering if I **had** spoken totally out of context. He glanced my way, steered the car and took a left turn on the road

"Why would I regret saying it!" Harper asked me.

"I **don't** know." I shrugged my shoulders **in** a nervous gesture.

Harper smiled genially at me. 'I don't regret telling you that I love you, because it's the truth. I do. I think I realized it even before I said those words out loud. His eyebrows furrowed again. He seemed to do that a lot and I resisted the urge to lean closer to him and smooth it out. "But I can see the words have shaken you up. Harper **chuckled**, he was trying **to** defuse the tension between us. I should have, maybe, told you that after a few... or weeks, after you would have gotten used to me and our, um, relationship"

I nodded, silently agreeing with him and thankful that he didn't regret loving me or expressing his feelings.

I mustered up some dormant courage within me and gingerly put my hand over his, the **one** which was casually resting on his thigh. Sparks shot **up my** arm and I heard Harper suck **in a** deep breath when our skin came in contact. I could see his shoulders immediately relax from the corner of my eyes. I felt peace settle in my gut and I smiled at the sensation.

Harper looked at me for a moment, his green eyes staring intently into my blue ones. Harper's lips broke into a wide grin and I couldn't help but smile at him. He brought our joined hands to his lips and planted an open-

mouthed kiss on my knuckles. A shudder of pleasure ran down my spine and my eyes closed on their own I could **feel** Harper's lips morph into a snirk at

**reaction**

My cheeks flamed and I ragged at my hand in a vain attempt to rid my hand of the stronghold of Harper's hand. His grip tightened and he gently put both our hands in my lap, all the while stroking my knuckles with his thumb

I always thought that this simple action was so overrated in movies and novels when the hero draws some Luzy circles on the girl's pilin or knuckles, but after expereating it, I could say that it's underrated. The touch, though innocent, was enough to bind us together in a way and I felt happiness blossom within me

RealShort

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"So we're ok?" I asked him, now sure of myself and happy with the way things turned out.

"Definisely Harper nodded and gave me a breathtaking smile.

I turned to look out the window and immediately realized where we **were**. I had thought Harper would drop me at home, as we had planned, but we were in a different part of the town. The car stopped in front of a house and my head snapped to look at Harper's sheepish face.

"Oh my god, you didn't," I said, but I knew, he did. He did

The street seemed so familiar to me because I have had countless sleepovers in the **same** house standing before me. Natalie's house loomed in front of me and my heart clenched involuntarily at the remainder of the betrayal I had gone through.

"Why are we here?" I asked Harper. **I just** hoped my voice came out strong and not how I felt at the moment.

Harper's expression softened. "You need to talk to them, you know. They had no choice. No wolf is supposed to confide in a human about our true nature if they are not mates. It's **one** of our strongest laws."

It must have been so easy for Harper to say all that. I wanted to ask him if he ever had suffered through such a big betrayal by his best friend or anyone else close to him. Probably not. He could have just used his alpha power and **forced** the person to tell him the truth.

I just couldn't bring myself to forgive my best friends. Best friends don't lie to each other, but mine hid such a big fact from me. A fact that surrounded their whole existence. Did they not trust me enough that I would keep their secret to myself? Or did they not find it important to tell me? Were they ever going to tell me that they werewolves if I **hadn't** been Harper's mate or any other werewolf's mate? Probably not. And that hurts

me **more**.

The fact that they would have never told me such an important fact about them, where I struggle to keep every little thing from them, I would die of guilt if I hid something from Natalie and Samantha.

my

Harper would never understand what I had been going through these past few days, ever since I had come to know about werewolves and that best friends were wolves too. These three days felt like an **eternity** to me because my life had suddenly taken a supernatural change and I had no one to share my troubles with. At the time I needed my best friends, I didn't want them to be near me.

We got out of the car and I took a good look at the building standing in front of me. Natalie's house had never looked **so** threatening to me before. It was probably **the** second time that I didn't want to go inside that mansion, the first time being, when Nat had picked me up from the bakery and Harper was here, waiting for me and I had told him all about my dreams.

I felt Harper's hand slip into mine and immediately I felt warmth flood into **my** gut, I looked up to see him already looking at me with a smile on my face.

"I don't want to do it." My voice came out small and hesitant but I didn't care about it one bit. I was hurt so much by both of my best **friends** and I was in no position to face them right now.

Harper squeezed my hand softly and gave me a small smile. "Don't you **miss** them!"

I do miss them, I do. What I don't know is if my knowing their secrets, somehow changed things. Were the moments we shared before going to change now that I knew much more than a normal human should know!!

I nodded in response to Harper's question.

"You have to do **this**, Zara. Or you will kill one of the best things you have going **on** in your life right now."

"Was it your idea or was it

or was it theirs?" **I** asked.

"It was mine, I mind-linked both of them to come here as soon as possible" Harper looked at me nervously and hastily added. "Not that they didn't want to talk to you and apologize!"

I chuckled. I knew that they wanted to talk to me. They kept sending me so many messages and voicemails that I often had to keep my phone turned off. I didn't have enough willpower to listen to any one of their messages **so** I just deleted them.

Being **at** school was **worse**. I didn't want to hide from them and neither did I want **to** talk. The classes went by smoothly and I just changed my **usual** seat in every class I had shared with them.

The lunch hour was the worst. Harper and Aiden **desperately** tried to get me to talk to them but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I didn't **even** have it in me to see their hurtful and disappointing faces so I just finished my lunch early and spent the rest of the time in the **library** or an empty classroom.

It was weird that now, just because of Harper, just because of my boyfriend's support I was going to do the very thing I had been running from. How things change!

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I squeezed Harper's hand, it was more for my comfort **than** his. I just needed to remind myself that everything **was** going to be alright.

Both of us walked to Nat's front door and knocked on the lavish wooden door. The door immediately opened and two pairs of arms instantly grabbed me.

My grip on Harper's loosened and amid all the commotion, I stumbled backward and had to let go of his **hand**. I instantly missed the warm cocoon his hand had provided my entire body,

Natalie and Samantha had me gripped so tight that I found it hard to breathe. I heard a deep growl come from somewhere and the grip on my body immediately loosened and both of them stood back as if I had shocked them.

Harper stood protectively before me, his body in an attacking stance, warning both of my friends to be careful. I sighed..

I wasn't going to die of asphyxiation anytime soon. **Harper and his** overprotective tendencies.

It felt like I was seeing both of them after so much time. Like, seeing them. They both looked so gaunt and there **was a** sense of loneliness around them both. Call me weird, but I will call it like I see it.

I could see that they hadn't slept in days and they were nervously fidgeting in front of me. Natalie had never fidgeted in her life **and** Samantha had never looked so lifeless.

I think I was more afraid of the fact that they wouldn't want to be my friends than now I knew about them. I wondered if our friendship was even real because they never told me such an important secret about them. And I was scared that I would lose them.

But seeing them like this now, without their guards down and my heart open, I knew that they were scared too. Scared of losing me and my friendship. A proof that whatever we had was real.

at realization brought a smile to my face and I guess both of them noticed it ok because their **face**s lit up after seeing my smile.

Thit

The three of us knew that everything between us **was** alright.

I was immediately engulfed in a group once again and I revelled in the fact that these two amazing girls in front of me were my best friends and although they hid something from me, it wasn't in their power to do so. They were just caught up in the rules and regulations of their world.

As soon as we disentangled ourselves from **each** other, Harper came to stand by my side and took my hand in his own.

Both Nat's and Sam's eyes zeroed in on the action and they looked up to me to confirm their **theory**. I nodded while giving a wide toothy grin at them

"Well it's about me." Natalie mockingly rolled her eyes and smiled at me.

"Oh guys **you** look so good together. Samantha gushed and looked at the both of us

You're **going** to be our future Luna" She squealed again and I felt my body stiffen **at** the realization and the huge burden the title carried,

Harper squeezed my hand in reassurance, silently telling **me** that he was going to be there for me, every step of the

I looked up to meet his eyes and blushed profusely when I noticed how dark they had gone.

All **was** right in my world

**way**.

"That reminds me, I would like you to meet with my parents tomorrow" My head whipped up to meet Harper's gaze, just to **make** sure that I heard him correctly

"What, no!" I furiously shook my head at him. No way, I wasn't going to meet his parents. I had just started dating them, it was way too soon,

"You aren't going **to** meet the parents of your boyfriend," Samantha spoke.

"You're going to meet with the alpha and Luna of the pack you are going to **lead** in the future, Natalie said.

ayton

They want to meet

my mate a

as soon as possible,” Harper said, trying to **convince** me. He gulped nervously. “They’re pretty excited”

I just nodded my head. Will there ever be any peaceful moment from now **on!**

Probably **not**