

My Visions His Reality Chapter 61-70

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Chapter 61

It was as if the bond knew what I meant to do because as soon as I drove out of the pack lands, the unease in my body became a dull throb in **my** chest. It wasn't gut-wrenching painful but was still very distracting.

All I wanted to do then was turn the car around and run into Harper's arms. I felt a voice inside me that begged me to go back to Harper

As the distance between me and home increased, I became homesick. As homesick as I ever could be. The images of my parent and Cory flashed through my mind, making me want to give up the idea of leaving altogether. I knew it was the bond playing tricks on my mind but that didn't make it any easier.

Flashes and memories with my **family**, friends, and even Harper revolved in my mind, making me clench the steering wheel in frustration. I was helpless to this supernatural force and I found it futile to resist it. The bond was playing games on my mind and I was completely prone to it

Being human, whatever effects, I felt because **of** the straining of the bond were, to a very large extent, muted. My thoughts drifted to Harper and how much pain he would be feeling at the exact moment because I selfishly decided that I needed time to get away. As the thought crossed my mind. I **had** to park my car on **the** side of the road. I took deep breaths to overcome the feeling of claustrophobia I felt while sitting in the car. I opened the car door and fell on the gravel road..

Tears streamed down my cheeks at the feeling of being torn. It hurt to drive away I **didn't** want to go back. I couldn't imagine how pathetic I felt and wondered how I must have looked to other people. A teenage girl, sitting on **all** fours, gasping for breath, with tears streaming down her cheeks. What would they think when they found out that the only reason, I was this miserable was because I couldn't get away from my ex-boyfriend!

How pathetic!

How

had my life come to

come to this?!

I hastily reached for my purse in the passenger seat and took out my phone. I fumbled a lot with it and clumsily dialed Sebastian's number. I couldn't make out the phone screen because of the tears in my eyes. I put the phone to my ear and waited with bated breath as the call went through.

“Hello, Zara‘ Is everything alright?” Sebastian’s voice came through and a huge wave of homesickness **washed** over me. I never thought I could ever feel homesick because **of** him, but here I was

And broke out of **my** throat. “I can’t do this. I want to come back.”

“Zara” He took a deep breath. “Where are you?”

I told him where I **was** and I was surprised at the amount of distance I had covered. I had been traveling for four hours and hadn’t made any progress. I **had** left the park lands just half an hour ago.

“Get up from the road and sit in the car. I’m coming to get you.”

A wave of **happiness** washed over me. Sebastian was **coming** to get me, which **meant** I would go back home and into Harper’s arms. The thought made me **calm enough** to get up from the road and get back in the car.

I tentatively **put** my hands on the steering wheel and clenched it so tightly that my knuckles turned white. I gulped and took a deep breath to calm myself down. I hastily wiped away tears from my cheeks. I wasn’t ever this weak and I didn’t plan on being this way now.

I plugged my **phone** into the music system

of the **car** and played

played my playlist. I leaned **back** in the driver’s seat and closed my eyes.

I must have fallen asleep because I woke up suddenly when I heard someone tapping on the window of the driver’s seat. Talk about being irresponsible, sleeping in a car on a highway for a few hours.

I woke up groggily, unaware of where I **was**, for a few seconds. Sebastian was standing outside my car, gently **rapping** on the window to wake **me up** I opened the door to the car and looked behind them.

“My beta dropped me here” He answered the question I was going **to ask**. My eyes zeroed on his face and took in **his** worried face. He was genuinely worried about me. I could see that and the realization made me burst into tears. The homesickness finally got to me **and** I **wracked**

and I cried into his shoulders. I had never expected **to** receive **so** much care from him and it made me grateful **to** have

of my dad, who didn’t even know the real reason for my going away and guilt struck me. His love flowed through my mind and my soul became more powerful

“Oh god? I knew that would happen!

He held que

santiago’s voice reached me through a haze of te

a haze of tears and cri

while he rocked me gently

almed down and en gently wiped away the tears from my **face**. “That’s **what** the houd dors. It ph
ysically hurts you **when** you want to get away
like this” Something in his voice told me that he was dealing from experience **as** well but I was f
ar too upset to feel sorry for me. I couldn’t even feel sorry for myself right then.

He pulled me out of the and walked me to the

enger ude. He opened the door and put all my stuff in the **back** seat. Then, he guided me to

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sit and clicked the seat belt into i

“**Sleep**, Zara, It will be alright”

Maybe he used his

place.

is compulsion on me or maybe I **was** too tired after feeling the effects of the **bond**, but I slipped i
nto a sleep right away.

Faintly, I registered

the sound of a car door closing and the car coming to life. I only hoped we were going the right **a**
way.

I just didn’t know **what** the right way was

I woke up to a pounding headache and groaned as I sat up on the bed. I felt dizzy for a few secon
ds and frowned when my eyes focused enough to look at my surroundings.

I was in an unfamiliar bed in **an** unfamiliar room. I remembered vaguely the events of last night
and blushed at how pathetic I was being.

I couldn't feel **any** pain or unease in me so Sebastian **must have** driven us back into the pack lands. I wasn't s through my **hair** to undo the knots when the door opened and Sebastian walked in.

sure if it made me happy. I ran my hand

I was disappointed when I **saw** it was him. I had hoped Harper would be sitting beside me when he realized that I had come back, even **if** I had only ever gone for a few hours. **But** I wasn't going to be ungrateful to a man who had given up **on** his alpha duties just to come and get me.

"Where's Harper?" I asked and realized that my voice came out deep and husky. How many hours was I asleep?!

Sebastian stopped **mid**-stride **and** frowned at my question. "We aren't in the pack lands, Zara"

"What?" My hand subconsciously went to my chest where I absentmindedly rubbed it. Sebastian must have understood what I was thinking because he slowly walked over to the bed (I was only now realizing that I was in some hotel room) and **sat** beside me,

"You don't feel the **pain** and the uneasiness of **being** away, I nodded. I wondered if the bond had finally snapped under the strain and had finally disappeared. Not being connected by the bond to Harper brought an unimaginable amount of pain in my head and I cradled it immediately in my

hands.

at one of his ha

Sebastian put one

bracelet on you!

hands on my shoulders which made me look at him. The reason you don't feel the strain of the bond is because **I put** this

My gaze moved from **his face** to my wrist where a dainty silver bracelet rested. "Silver slows down a werewolf, so I **thought** it would ease the reactions the bond to a werewolf was **causing** you. It was just a hunch **but** it's good that I was right

I gently fingered the bracelet with my other **hand** and looked at him. **Thank** you."

He smiled and nodded at me. He pulled out two silver **rings** from the back pocket of **his** jeans and handed them to **me**

"That **silver** will

It only b

be able to put off the effects **for** some time. If you plan to stay any longer, wear these rings. They are made of silver too. I held up my palm **and** thanked him

“I would **have** given you more but I could only find these things in my haste. He looked apologetic and I **smiled** at him in gratitude. How could the man do so much for me when he didn't **have** anything to **gain** from it?—

this

“You have to get up now. We will reach your sister's place in it

in three hours if we hit the **road** now”

The realization of being close to my sister **again** hit me **full** force and I bit **back** on a groan. I clenched the rings in my **hands**, determined to not leave before I fulfilled what I came here to do.

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I think

werewolf alphas were **as** good as mafia bosses because they both seemed to know everything. How Sebastian came to **know** about **my** sister's address. I had no idea,

I had never visited her after she left for university but my **parents** had. Her boyfriend, mate actually, had moved in with her **and** her address was the same all through these years.

Her apartment building was exactly like I would expect a student would live in. Not too flashy but comfortable. At least, I hoped it would be comfortable. I would be living in this building for at least, the next few weeks.

We climbed two stories **and** stopped in front of a door with apartment number 206. I gulped nervously, not looking forward to meeting my **sister** at all. I nervously glanced at **Sebastian** who hadn't said a word since we got out of the car. If it was possible, he seemed more **rigid** and authoritative than he usually was.

His **stance**

unnerved me. It was hard to believe that this was the same man who had come to get me when I was on the road, crying my brains out. He knocked on the door and we both waited for it to open. We heard some shuffling on the other side of the **door and** I took a deep breath when it **finally** swung open.

A tall but lean guy **with** shaggy blonde hair stood in the doorway, dressed in ripped jeans and a loose shirt. Even with the loose shirt, I could see he was well-built and had a lot of muscles going on for him.

Now

I understood why Sebastian was so tense. This must be Adam, Emily's mate. He was a rogue because any pack. Red Lake pack's borders didn't stretch to this town. And a white alpha facing a rogue wolf **was** always a recipe for disaster.

My werewolf in this area was not part of

"You must be Zara **Adam** looked at me and smiles. Well, he tried to smile but I can give him credit for that. His gaze then swings from me to the man standing beside me. He tilted **his** head in apprehension, but his expression gave nothing away and I mentally applauded him for his self-control. "And you, I think, are Sebastian."

Sebastian grunted and wordlessly handed my bag to **Adam**. "Just take care of her and we'll be fine.

"I will. She is my mate's sister. **He** said like it was obvious. Like me being Emily's sister warranted protection from him. Maybe it did for werewolves who were crazy about their **mates**. My experience with mates hadn't been good till **this point**.

Sebastian **gave** a terse nod to Adam and then turned to look at me. Before I could say anything, he engulfed me in his arms, and waves of gratitude **washed** over me

"If you need anything anything **at** all, let **me** know. And if you want to come back, call me. **I** will get you myself."

I nodded my head, afraid of the emotions raging inside me. With another hug, Seb was gone and I **was** standing alone outside my sister's apartment, with his mate standing there. Not the **most** comfortable position, I will admit.

"So the tough guy has a heart, him?!" Adam whistled and chuckled to himself and then looked at me. I didn't know what to do. I had never come across this guy before and I was clueless as to how I should act.

"You can come inside, you know, Adam said slowly, regarding me and possibly wondering if I was a **rackhead**. I noticed that he had walked **a** couple of steps inside the apartment and was waiting for me to do the **same**.

I tentatively took a few steps and walked inside the apartment. It had a cozy and homey feel to it. It had Emily adjusting man.

written all over it. Adam was a very

“You make yourself at home while I put away your bag” He walked down the corridor and disappeared into the **hallway**. My gaze traveled over the apartment, analyzing the little knock-knacks of it. The place was well-loved and shared by the (I hope) **couple** in love.

I seated myself on a comfortable-looking armchair that faced a ‘I’V set that had several cords and wires going in and out. **An** Xbox and a lot of games were piled up on the shell which made it clear that **Adam had** a hobby.

Adam came back after putting my stuff away and settled himself in the armchair beside me. “Your sister **has** a class and she won’t be in for a few Hours You’re stuck with me till then?”

He smiled genuinely and I felt my muscles relax at **his** comforting and honest expression. Maybe Adam was a nice guy and I didn’t need to be of my guard around me. It was just my survival instincts kicking in, bring along with an unfamiliar guy in **an** unfamiliar place.

“Are you hungry?” Adam asked and my stomach growled in response. I blushed instantly while Adam just chuckles in re-

“Do you want pancakes?” He asked in and tilted his head.

He tilts his head a lot.

“Pancakes? In the afternoon?”

in response.

“You can eat pancakes any time of the day. I keep telling Emily that.” He said, got up, and walked into the kitchen..

I followed him and

down

on one of the barstools in the kitchen. I watched him assemble the ingredients for pancakes while a smile broke on my

“Oh my God! I used to say that to Emily all the time”

Adam chuckled and shook his head. “I knew I would get along with you”

A blush broke out on my cheeks and I **laughed** at his statement

“So, how did you and Emily meet?”

contents into the bowl and I watched a small smile playing on his lips. **Was** that how werewolves I

felt about their

He whisked the contents into the

“We met at a party. A college party. I was there with my longtime girlfriend and she was there with her boyfriend. We were introduced by some mutual friends and when I caught her eye. I knew, I knew she was the one. That one glance was it for me.”

sighed dreamily. My sister’s story sounded so romantic and straight out of a movie. Adam had only needed one glance to know Emily was his mate and I don’t think he would **have** let her go, even after she pushed him away.

“That’s sorry story.

“Sure, as hell is. It’s been two years already. Never been happier. He snuck a glance at me and smiled,

Was that how **things** between Harper and me would have been if the pregnancy disaster hadn’t happened? Did Harper ever talk about me like Adam did about Emily?

These questions made me depressed all of a sudden.

“**What** about you? Ever fell in love with some lucky guy?” He asked absentmindedly while pouring the batter on a frying pan

My breath got stuck in my throat. I didn’t know how to answer that question. The truth hurt too much.

“You don’t have to answer that. Sorry, it’s none of my business. Your sister did **say** you were coming here to get away from some things. He smiled in good spirit and I felt myself relax at his **easy** response,

I smiled halfheartedly and pointed at the frying pan. “You **got to** watch out for them.”

As if brought back to planet Earth by my words, **Adam** jumped and turned around to watch the pancakes. He flipped the pancake expertly and I briefly wondered how many times had he made the very same pancakes for breakfast in bed for my sister. She sure was **a** lucky girl!

How did you become a rogue?” I asked without second guessing my question

Adam stiffened and jerked around with the spatula still **in** his **hand**.

“You know about werewolves

Shat I guru he didn't know that

“Is that why the big white wolf dropped you here?” He asked me and crossed **his** arms over his chest, all traces of humor gone from his face.

lär whiplash. One minute we were **joking** and then bat

something I said! Cops!

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Chapter Thirteen. You

know we exist, right Werewolves!

How could I have possibly known **that** Adam didn't know that I knew about werewolves! This is what happens when decisions are made overnight T here's no extensive planning which leads to people like me, who blurt anything anywhere to any one, ending up in situations like this

Adam was shocked, I **could** tell. And honestly so would I. Why didive Emily tell him that I knew about his kind! Right then, I was hoping that she had just forgotten to mention it.

I was hoping that

my spewing out something like this wasn't a big deal. Fingers crossed **and** all

I opened my mouth to say something but nothing came out. I had nothing to say so I closed it bac k again. Adam crossed his arms across his chest and turned to face me.

I could see the mate mark on his neck, the mark my sister **had** given him. I had no idea that hum an females could mark their mates too, We didn't have sharp canines and Harper never told me a bout it

e down and I thank

A loud knock on the door broke out uncomfortable stare to say **that** this conversation wasn't ove r. Yeah, I know,

and i thanked **my** stars for the interruption. Adam looked at me for a second, as if

Adam walked over to the front door and opened it without looking through the peephole. Well, i f you were a werewolf1

If with stupid strength, you wouldn't care much about who was on the other side of the door.

"I smelt **pancakes**. The voice from the other side seemed authoritative and gravelly.

"You **and** your damn nose Adam teased the guy on the other side but threw open the door for him to enter. Without looking back, he entered the kitchen and went back to making pancakes.

My eyes stayed glued to the door wondering who was my mystery savior. The door opened wide **r and** a guy entered the apartment. He was tall, around three inches above six feet. He was young too, maybe around 21. He had **shaggy** blonde hair and a lean body which I instantly knew **packed** a lot of muscles inside **his** polo navy blue polo shirt.

He closed the door and I saw his back muscles moving underneath his shirt and my **eyes** involuntarily moved toward his butt. Cute!

He turned around and his brown eyes zeroed in on me. Our eyes met and I felt a chill down my spine. A good kind of chill. An amazing kind of chill. If he found it weird finding me sitting there in his friend's kitchen, he didn't show it.

This guy was hot. And cute. And smoldering. And he was making me forget how to breathe.

He stood right in front of me **and** held out his hand, I stared at his **hand** and then at his face, unsure what to do. I saw his plump lips moving but couldn't **make** out what he said.

He withdrew the **hand** he held out **and** waved it **in** front of my face, which snapped me out of my thoughts.

"She

he dumb or something?" He asked Adam, who was chuckling and shaking his head while flipping pancakes on the stove

"Na, she's alright."

"Hey, I'm right here" I moved to slap this gu

alap this guy's hand away but he moved his hand away before I could touch him.

"Oh, shr spraks" He **crossed** his arms **and** tilted his neck to look at me, I resisted the surge **to** shiver under his perusal. His stare was **intense**, he was intense. What was happening to me?!

I scowled at him "Seems like that

"This is Emily's sister, right?" This gu

This **guy** sure loved to **talk** about me like **I** wasn't there.

"My name **is** **2** Fanapped at him and crossed my arms over my chest.

His eyes moved down to my cleavage before he met my gaze again. It was only a millisecond but I caught it. This guy was checking **out** my bounts

With that he walked around the table and sat directly in front of me.

My eyes of their own accord, moved to Ethan's neck. I didn't know what I was looking for but

such twisted when **I noticed** his **neck** was full

Ethan caught my gaze and wrinkled at me. He tilted his head and raised his eyebrow at me "What are you looking for, Zara?

My name **Mark**

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"**Ethan**" **Adam** admonished him while I gaped **at** the guy in front of me. Was he just perceptive or a **psychic**!

Ethan stared at me and chuckled darkly. "This girl has been watching my collar since the time I entered. More than once, her gaze has moved to the mate mark on your shoulder. Tell me, Zara, why are you so interested in more marks?*

Ok, busted! I had been looking at both of their shoulders and I was looking for their mating marks. I hadn't known **that** human **females** could mark their mates too and this information was important to me. It proved that someday if everything turned out alright, I could mark Harper too. If everything turned out alright. And that was a big if.

Ethan put both of his palms on the table leaned forward and stared **at me**. I shivered under his gaze, a shiver mixed with fear and something else. Something I wasn't ready to identify just yet.

"You seem to know we exist, **right?** Werewolves!"

"Ethan!" Adam turned off the stove and came to stand behind

"**Don't**

Ethan ignored his friend and still stared down at me. "What **I want to know** is, how did **you** know I was a werewolf?"

I gulped and opened my mouth to say something but nothing came out. I had been doing this a lot today, Boy, this guy was good. I had known that **Emily was** mated to a werewolf and that's how I knew **that** Adam was one but how in the world had I known that this guy was a werewolf **too?**

I felt Adam's hand's land on my shoulder and he squeezed them in comfort. You don't need to answer that, Zara."

Ethan broke his gaze from me and looked up to meet **his** friend's eyes. They **held a** stare down for a **minute**, after which Ethan relaxed back in his chair. His eyes moved back to **look at** me and his expression softened

"How did you know I was a wolf?"

His question felt less threatening now but I couldn't find the answer to his question. I just knew when I looked at him that he was a werewolf, I could feel it in my gut. As silly and immature as that sounds. "I don't know."

Ethan stared at me for a few seconds and then he abruptly got up from his chair. His chair **scraped** on the hardwood floor creating a unpleasant sound and I winced in response. I jumped a little at the sound but was held down by Adam's steel grip on my shoulders.

rather

"Cece **wanted** some pancakes too. So, I'm gonna **have** them in my apartment" He stared me down and then took the plate from the kitchen counter. He **briskly** walked out of the apartment and banged the door on his way out.

All of it happened in such a short amount of time, that I could barely believe that it happened at **all**. I heard Adam sigh from above me which broke me from my trance-like **state**. **What** the hell?

Im sorry for **that**. That guy's a little paranoid: Adam walked into the kitchen **and came** back a second later with two plates of pancakes. He set one of them in front of me and the other he took for himself.

I absentmindedly

lily lifted the fork, all of my enthusiasm for the pancakes gone. "Who's Cece!"

Adam looked up and gave me a weird look. "His girlfriend."

I nodded and picked at my pancake. "Are you gonna tell me how you knew about the existence of werewolves!"

I looked up at him to find his **intense gaze** on me. I felt my hackles rise at his question. I had no idea how much I **could** divulge but I knew to hand **to** give him something to get off my case. And the rest. I hoped, Emily could handle.

“My best friends back home were werewolves.”

The sentence left a bitter taste in my mouth. My best friends. One of whom slept with my so-called mate and was not pregnant with his child. My life was a joke

not to question me further about it. Adam was smart, I do smart but I was thankful for the fact that I

Something about my tone **told Adam** not to q

“So, are they serious?”

I avoided his gaze when I **asked** this question and I didn't even know why.

looked up to meet his eyes. “Elan is trouble. I want you to **stay** away from him. You don't need any more boy trouble”

Hoy troublett

I picture the way Eduan looked at me and the shiver I experienced. He was a hell lot of trouble

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Chapter 64

The pain wasn't anything I could describe. One second it was **there and** the next it was penetrating every damn nerve coding of my body, file in seconds I know, even though it felt like I was suffering for hours

Yeah, it was that intense.

One second. I was sitting on the chair, going over the reports of Flipfos murder with Aiden, and the next second I felt as if **someone** stabbed my

chest. It felt impossible to think past the fog of pain, it felt impossible to even breathe at the moment.

The words in front of me blurred and I passed out, with my hands clutching my chest.

Lopened my eyes to find myself in my room. Why was I in a hospital? I was in my bed and my best friend clenched for a second as I remembered that the last time. I was in it, I held Zara in my arms.

I hadn't slept in my bed **siner** the night she told me that she loved me and asked me to **muk** her. I should have marked her. Maybe ilien, she would still be with me. I snorted at this train of thought. **Even** if knew what was going to happen the next day, I wouldn't have marked her. She wasn't ready and now, I don't think she will ever be

I took a deep breath and noticed that it had already been too long since she **had** been here. Even my heightened senses couldn't pick up any **trace** of him ever being here. No smell of pines and chocolates, I only had vivid images of her asking mir in mack her

The door opened **and** I turned in my bed to find Aiden walking in. I grimaced and sat up, keeping most of my weight on the headboard. I watched Aiden take a seat beside my bed **and** look at me with an unreadable expression.

I tried to **sprak k** but my v

my voice came out all hoarse and gravelly. I sighed as rubbed my hand over my face in frustration.

"Two days" My head snapped to **Aiden** who was still watching me.

"You've been out for two days" Damn! Two whole fucking days!.

"Where's dad?" I asked, my stomach grumbling with the **lack** of food.

"He **has** gone out of pack **land** for some urgent matter." What urgent matter? What happened, man

"What do you mean?"

"One second you are all **right**, working

at with me on the report and the next moment you're on the ground clutching your chest as if popping out your organs. What happened!."

I know I sighed. It has never happened before. How could I have just passed init

init like that!

Then you some food. You look terrible "Aiden chuckled and I playfully rolled my eyes. He got up and my eyes zeroed on his **neck**. Specifically, **on**

on his neck. His mating mark

Luchter? Lroaddock help but feel jealous. I had found my mate **before Aiden**, months before, so how did I end up being the one

ader if every clar in the **park** was going to ani lake this every me
ere was no way they were going to know that.

catay withenat rach

iesily happy that any best friend and birta had found happiness in his mate

He sunkled with walked into the times I slid **made** the duvet and
didn't realize when I passed out of exhaustion. Poning out is a nasty bannonsa

sa padidie term for passing out. i maked

Chapter

time to bring back my health

I called out to my woll and found him in the deepest recesses of my mind. It has been becoming
harder and harder to find my wolf **nowadays**. Being apart from his mate was making him depres
sed. This time. I found him, curled **up** and whimpering.

The unpact of the words hit
mir Full force after a **second and** 1 understood everything then The sudden pain coincided with t
he moment she crossed the pack's border, effectively cutting till one of the bonds between us. A
bond that is important between a werewolf and a human mate. I could feel **that** the **hond** hail go
ne weak in the last two days. The pain had originated from the twisting of the mate between us
and had resulted in **me** being passed out from the pam. I couldn't even múagine what Zara mat h
ave faced.

My wolf has been ignoring me and doesn't take any heed to my words when I beg him in allow
me to **shift**. **But** when I express the need to go after Zara, my wolf perks up a bit

1 ran **down** the stairs, **all** traces of exhaustion forgotten, **and** ran down the front steps and out the
front door. I shift quickly, and mud jumps into my white wolf, feeling free after so long.

ning in the right direction.

My wolf somehow knew in which direction to run. His instincts took over and I could feel that w
e were running in

I ran as **fast as** I could feeling the wind blow through my fur. I could feel my heart **pump** oxyge
n to my lungs and my muscles utilizing them. 1 reached the pack borders **in no time** and **there w**
as no doubt **that** this **was** the direction **in** which she had left.

I sniffed the **air** and I **smelt** another scent mixed with Zara's. My father's. He had
exited the pack lands in the same direction as Zara's. My wolf growled **at** the thought

of my father helping my little mate in running away. Surely, she wasn't that desperate to get away from me.

Even though the scent **was** two **days** old. I could **have** easily followed it and brought **Zara** back to me. Back to home. She must be missing her parents and her brother, Cody. She couldn't have gone one very far **too** the bond would have stopped her from doing that.

I pushed **my** wolf to cross the thin **line** of the border but **my wolf** whined in my head. Then **it struck** me. I couldn't **leave** the border. In the absence of my father, I was the acting alpha and I had responsibilities to the pack, however inconsequential and small they may be

I could leave the pack lands. I very easily could. But I couldn't run from my responsibilities. So, instead of going on a wild goose chase for my mate,

chose my duties for my **pack**. If that makes me a bad mate, so be it. As it is, I didn't have a stellar grade in the mate department.

My wolf sat down in the bushes on the side of the road for some time, whimpering for his lost mate. I wasn't in any state to **look** after any **pack** business either, so I just laid down in the bushes, **as** close to my mate **as** I could be and as far to my pack as I could go

When night fell. I knew I had **to** go. A white wolf couldn't just sleep on the side of the road for rogues to **hunt** and hunters to poach.

I didn't shaft. I let **my** wolf **take** over once again. He stood on his paws for a moment, uncertain where to go, to the pack house or my grandparent's

cabin in the woods

My wolf took off in a different direction altogether. I furrowed my eyebrows, clueless **about** where my wolf was going. **It all** became clear after a few

was panting after **a good** run **and** I **stood** in the tree line, **overlooking** Zara's home. Her **home** called out to **me and** I quickly **shifted back** human form. I knew what my wolf wanted and I wasn't exactly opposed to it, It was a brilliant **idea**

I quickly donned some clothes and walked as discreetly as I could towards her house. I stood just below her room's window, the one

with Auden, on the night of his birthday. The **day** now seemed so far away. Everything was just so perfect then

used to

wasn't **much** of **an** effort for **and I was** glad to find out **that** the window was open. **Til hate** to **br**
eak it.

otlout any sound and entered the room like a burglar. My mate's room Zara's **susell** hiç **me** first
hand **and nearly** knocked

and locked in. Wouldn't want her parents to find their daughter's boyfriend in their daughter's be
d when she

sduni want to give any more reason to her father to not **like** me

Doughieri ra taytrierat, my brain reminded me I shut down the train
of thought before I could get upset

, 788 Views,

Chapter 65

Adam suggested that I unpack my stuff until Emily got back from college and Loblighed. I mean
, it was getting really hard to maintain conversation. What so you even talk about to your sister's
boyfriend who you're only merring for the first timet.

Yeah, nothing.

I **had** no idea how a couple of college-going students could afford a two-
bedroom apartment on their own but I wasn't about to start complaining. Their extra bedroom wa
s going to be my room, for the time being

Unpacking felt unreal. Placing my clothes **in** a foreign cabinet felt strange. How did my life turn
to a point where I had had to live at my sister's place!

Stopping **my** depressing thoughts milway, I concentrated on unpacking my stuff, I had no idea h
ow long it took me to unpack but once I did, I plopped down in my bed and **took** a deep breath.

I plugged in my earphones opened a random playlist on my phone and started to wonder about th
e new school I was going to join. I would be a freak, joining in the middle of the school year..

Happy thoughts

Emily opened my door after a few hours and smiled at me. I paused the song which was playing
and san up on the bed.

She walked inside the room and took a gonal look around. I see you've unpacked"

"Yeah, figured I would just get it over with

She slowly walked and sat beside me in the bed. “How was your journey?”

He was

“It was fine” By fine, I meant that I had a panic attack and mental breakdown on the road as had to call my ex-boyfriend’s father to help me. the one who kept me grounded and even gave me a few silver articles so that I wouldn’t be affected by my need to be with his son. Not line, I **am** fun–freaking–tastic.

“**Good**” Emily’s eyes moved over my face and then she suddenly hugged me “Oh god, I missed you?”

I smiled and bit back my tears and hugged her back as tightly as I could. Before the frud on the d inner table with Harper, me and Emily had been **as** close as two sisters could get. I missed dust a nd from the hug. I could tell that she missed it too. **Maybe** we could salvage a bit of our relations hip. “I missed you 100.

“Do you wannu rest more or **would** you li

nare

you like to prepare dinner with m

Dinner! I checked the time on my phone to see that it was almost 7. Damn. I must have fallen asl eep.

Sure, what’s for dinner?

“You’ll have to wait and see. It takes a lot of time to prepare food for four people, well now five people.” *Four people? I thought it was just you and Adam?

“Well, yeah. But sometimes, Ethan and Cecelia **come** over for dinner and this is

is one of those days.”

I nodded. Two encounters with that boy **in** a **day**; I had no idea if I was looking forward to the d dinner or **not**.

Emily hated my tardiness in the kitchen, so I ended up sitting on one of the barstools of the kitchen, giving her company

Don’t take it to heart. She gris cranky when she cooks. Dont let **me** inside the

for’s done” Adam chuckled while watching the highlights

response. “Vrali, well, she gets that f
that from mom” I bat back the sudden nostalgia that rise inside me **at** the mention of my mom
must be preparing dinner
at let me help with arming the tabde” I laughed and stood up to do the job anyway. Emily just no
dded shule adding soun e laat minste
The door opened and I didn’t need to look to ki
that it was Ethan who walked in. The way my benly felt hot all of a sudden made me confirm
eyes whipped up to ser Ethan holding dir
di the kind of beaches anmaal bere. I hoped due **tan** was liatural. Maybe he purjunely sinips
meis to get that time color

2:44 PM c

Chapter 65

One thing was certain, my mind was full of crap. What was about this guy that made me tingle in
all the right placest My subconscious violently displayed images of Harper when I think about E
than. What was about him that **made** me forget about Harper and all the bad things he did to me

My eyes moved to the girl who entered after him. I would be lying if I said that I wasn’t expectin
g a blond bimbo because I was. At least, one **thing** is different about him than Harper
unce of makeup

The girl was a brunette **and** was dressed in a cute beige cardigan and slim–
tight **jeans**. Her skin was flawless, her **face** without an ounce and she seemed genuine. I liked her
instantly **and** I didn’t want to

I was going crazy **because I had** issues with a girl who was dating a guy I just met today. Hell, I
came here to get away with guy problems and not dive straight into them. Not to mention that thi
s guy was another werewolf, which made it a super no–no.

I tore my eyes away from the happy couple and walked **inside** the kitchen to grab another dish. I
overheard the muffled sounds of Adam greeting Ethan and Cecelia.

“I heard about your meeting with Ethan this morning I stopped moving while my eyes whipped t
o meet my sister’s.

“Don’t mind him. He’s just a little different.” I weakly nodded, unaware of where she was going with this. This situation became uncomfortable very quickly. “And don’t mention werewolves, Cecelia is a human and doesn’t know!”

“He’s dating her and **hasn’t** told her?”

“He’s been **dating** her for six months and you were best friends with a couple of werewolves for eighteen years. She pointedly **said**.

I sighed. “Point well made.” **With** that, I grabbed the stuffed turkey and put it on the dining table, where five chairs were arranged for us to sit.

The boys **had** opened up beers because Ethan was standing on the opposite side of the table, with a chilled beer in **his** hand. “So, you’re still here?!”

I rolled my eyes. I couldn’t even make out if he was joking or just stating a fact. “So are you”

I walked to the fridge and took one beer out for myself.

“**You** sure

sure you can drink?” Ethan pointedly asked with a stupid smirk on his face.

“I’m **an** adult.” I raised my eyebrows and rolled my eyes. I walked inside the living room where the highlights of the tennis game were still playing Cecelia sat **on** the couch beside Adam, the both of them fully engrossed in the game.

I took the seat beside Cecelia and decided to introduce myself. “Hi, I’m Zara, Emily’s sister,”

She turned her whole body towards me and gave me a megawatt smile. “Oh, hey. I’m Cecelia. **I’m** with Ethan Oh, believe me. I know.

I took a big **drink of my** beer to relieve my body of the stress and frustration. Won’t lie, it felt damn good.

“Damn sis, slow down.” Adam chuckled.

I stopped the slight cringe that came with hearing the word is and took another big gulp. My eyes moved to Ethan, who was sitting on the sofa beside Adam. He raised his eyebrows **as** if to **say** really, and in response, I took another big sip.

At this rate, I will soon be wasted and puking my guts in the toilet. The thought made me slow down a **bit**.

“So, Zara. Emily **told** me you were a senior in high school?”

“**Yeah**, I am. So, how did you guys meet **anyway**?”

ng and here we are, six months later

“Well, I met Edun at a sorority party. He was with Adam **and** Emily We started talking

“Oh, durs cool. How did **you** meet Ethan, Adam!”

Adam Laughed which made me more curious. My cyrs moved to Ethan’s to already find them on me. I fought the urge to blush at his intense star

bar and he pandied me **as** soon as his eyes landed on inet

I moved forward in my seat. Ethan punched Adamt “What were you doing? Making out with his girlfriend or something?” I laughed

Adam chucked

was experiencing a telepathic conversation. Maybe, I was

Erlan took a deep gulp of his beer and looked at me once again “Something

, 721 Views,

Chapter 66

In all the time I **have** spent knowing about werewolves, I amassed a lot of knowledge about mare s too. A mate **is** a wolf’s soul mate, his/her other half, without which they don’t want to **live**,

When **a** wolf finds their mate, all they can ever think about is their mate. They stop being attracte d to anyone else **and** slowly, but surely fall in love with the person the moon goddess designated them to be with.

There were still **some who** thought they could fight with the will of the goddess **and** they have a ffairs and cheat,

It was clear to me that the mate bond affected **a** wolf and a human differently. Whatever I felt for Harper, he feels more than **that**. The tingles that danced on my skin whenever we touched were more prominent for Harper than they were for me.

However different my response to the mate bond as a **human may** be, **shouldn’t** I follow this ba sic rule? **Shouldn’t** I be attracted **to any** other male besides my mate? I shouldn’t get any steamy ideas about any other male besides my mate. That was **what** everyone back home told me too.

Then why was I attracted too much to Ethan? Why did my pulse race every time he looked straight into my eyes? How did I instantly become aware of his presence in the room or his eyes on me? Why was I so attuned to him when I already had a mate, even though we were already having problems right now?

Was it because I wasn't yet marked by Harper? Because the mate bond between us wasn't yet completed?

I didn't want to want him. I had enough trouble of my own. But my curiosity about him always won out in the end.

The dinner was fairly uneventful **and** as I lay on my bed, I recalled the way my eyes kept wandering on their own to **Ethan**. Not once did we make **any** contact, but my eyes always settled on him, for no apparent reason at all. If things go **like** this, he would think I was obsessed with **him**.

Questions kept raging inside my head. If **only** I could get the answers because I was sure my head was going to burst any second

was floating and falling

Not being able to feel anything.

Darkness.

The feeling of the softest grass under my body.

Walking to the cliff.

Finding the white woman on the edge of the cliff.

I went through these feelings without actually feeling them. I had done this before. Been here before. And I knew that the beautiful white woman standing before me was **none** other than the moon goddess. The goddess the werewolves prayed to.

I had no

idea why she had started to appear in my dreams but whenever she appeared, nothing good happened. All the misery in my life was because of her. If she hadn't appeared in my dreams, I wouldn't have talked to Harper after he treated **me like** shit. We wouldn't have gotten together and I would be saved from all the hurt I had gone through these past few weeks.

The last time I met her she told me to force Natalie to keep the baby inside her because the baby would be the next alpha of the pack. Did **she mean** Harper and I would never have any kids of our own or did she mean **that** we won't be **together** after **everything** is over? I had **no idea** why **she** spoke in riddles. But she **did and** that drives me crazy all the time.

She smiled at me, which even now made me feel at peace. “**Zara**, I haven’t seen you in so long” if I didn’t dream about her.

vell. I didnt man you at I snapped and it was true. I wouldn’t feel sad

You’re angry. I understand that ” I **didn’t say** anything. Irossed my arms across **my** chest and huffed angrily.

My bral **snapped** up in meri þær alberry white eyes and my busty trembled **in** anticipation. She knew she had me She knew that there **were** wil Thaind her. Eureded the aimweri to those sparstions

ste gruilily similed and needded the knew she was going to

ok a deep breath “Why mer

0

Chapter to

This is what I wanted to know hest. Why was I mated to Harper! Why was I being graced by the moon goddess **instead** of the girl next door? If I was mated to Harper, why **was** I suffering so much?

I didn’t need to say it all. She understood what I was asking. I waited for her **to say something** but she kept looking at me like she knew something **I** didn’t. Hell, she probably did.

“Because you’re strong. And I admire **that**,”

“Strong? **I’m** not strong. Do you know I **am** miles away from my hoone because my mate is **having** a baby with my best friend? **I** couldn’t handle that and ran as far away as **I** could, without killing myself or Harper, I ran **away** at the slightest trouble, that’s not what **a strong** person does: I waved my hands dramatically, trying to make my point clear.

“Your next question!”

She **asked** calmly

dy **and** sat on the giant rock with such grace that I had to blink my eyes in shock.

“But you didn’t answer my first.” I gaped at her.”

“I believe I did. I said I would answer your questions, not

ot discuss t

them. And I did ”

I clenched **and** unclenched my fists at her careless attitude. She was playing me and I was letting her.

“Next question?”

I took a deep breath to control myself, lest I would jump on her and claw her face with my fingernails. Goddess be damned

I attracted to Ethan?”

Why an

Might as well be straightforward if she **was** going to play this game.

I resisted the **urge** to cringe as the words came out of my mouth. It sounded as if I was accusing her but really, I was accusing myself.

The **goddess** just smiled and regarded me with a **blank—faced stare**. I stopped myself from fidgeting and faced her stare with my own.

You are attracted to him because he is an attractive man. She replied and my jaw slacked. That was it? That was how she was going to answer my

question

“Ethan is a good man”

I waited for her **to** say something more but she kept perusing me with her piercing stare. A wave of anger coursed through my body. called me here if she wasn't ready to answer my questions?

Why ha

had she

“**Will** Harper and me ever complete the mating process? Will I ever be able to forgive him, is what I wanted to ask. I was sure she would twist her answer in a way that would **make** understanding a simple question like this as hard as possible.

I believe I told you that I **would** answer two of your questions. The goddess passed a pale, dainty hand in her flowing silver locks and regarded me

with a **cautious** look

“You didn’t!” I snapped and fisted both **my** hands. She had early played me and I was furious. Beyond furious. I was seeing red.

“If you were going to be **like** this why did you call me?”

lily stated.

“I thought you would like to listen to a story” She calmly

would want to listen to a story when she had just treated me like dut. Like a pawn in her game.

I closed my eyes and concentrated all my energy on **waking up**

1 let you” My eyes mapped ope

“g” I shouted at her but she showed no signs of irritation or impatiener, which furred my trustra

“sit” for word. She jus elicited one word. The command reverberated through my body and I sat down **on** the grass like a child Obediently

les kindly at ine. A stiside

beginning” the a

ther world and i listened with **rapid attenta**

, 736 Views,

Chapter 67

It’s been two weeks since I had the dream with the moon goddess and I have never been angrier. I deserved to be angry, didn’t I? Who the hell was she to condemn me to this suffering? Why the hell did she mate me with Harper when she knew we would **have** all these problems? Hell, why did she mate me with a werewolf in the first place! I was a human and would have been content in being with a human

I tried not to think about her, I did but she just kept popping into my **head**,

ad, bringing back all the memories I wanted to forger

It **had** also been two weeks since I came here and I was settling in pretty well. Even though I **was** miserable, I was pretty proud of myself for adjusting that quickly and efficiently.

I had joined the **new** school the **night** after that dreadful dream and honestly, it wasn’t bad. The building was pretty much like any other public school building and **was** a twenty-minute drive from Emily’s apartment.

The thing I was most worried about was the states I would get being the new student in the middle of the school year, but I got through that too. People stared and whispered but they didn't do anything which would

have made my time in the school **hard**. I was glad about that because at least it was one thing which was going my way. I **didn't** realize how much I needed things to not be complicated.

I was eager for a fresh **start** and it seemed like the perfect place for it. I wasn't in the mood to make any friends, because I was here only for a few months, so I didn't go out of my way to know other people and by the look of it, people were fine with it.

There were subjects in which I was ahead of what was being taught and there were some subjects in which I was behind. I was glad that I had some time on my hands now because **I** would need to **work** hard to catch up with the rest of the **class**.

I was behind in two of the subjects and the teachers had assigned me tutors so that I could get back up to speed. I was supposed to meet **David**, the tutor, in the school library, three **days a** week.

He was supposed to be here half an hour ago. People who are late **annoy me** to no end. I looked around the **library** to **see** very **few people** sitting at the tables. Anyone who had **any** sort of life **had** already gone to live it because the school had been over for forty minutes.

David was a cute nerdy guy and wasn't the kind of person who would be **late**. He had not yet been late to any of our **study** sessions. And I think he had a little bit of a crush on me because his cheeks turned red every time I complimented him on his teaching skills. He could just be nervous too. I didn't need to be **narcissistic**

We usually study for two hours straight after which **Adam** picks me up from the school premises. This schedule fits perfectly **into** our lives. The **day** I had my tutoring sessions, Adam picked me up because he was done with his uni classes at the **same** time. When I **don't** have my tutoring sessions, Emily picks me up because **she is** free at that time.

I **had** grown closer to my sister and we were pretty much back to normal I was happy that at least this move **made** something in my life right. I came to know more about Adam and I **had** to admit that he was a pretty decent guy **and** he kept my sister happy. It **was** all **that** mattered to me. So, life **was** good. As good as it could be.

My phone pinged and **I** unlocked it to find a message from David

David. I'm sorry **I** won't **be** able to the library today. Some emergency came u

1. up.

I sighed. His **not** being **able** to come today was going to be a problem **for** me because now, I would have to stay in the library for **an** hour **and** a half. Oh god

I groaned and the noise reverberated throughout the library

ary making me flush as several people glared at me.

to be free at this time but I figured it

I unlocked my phone and typed a message to both Adam and Emily. I **knew that** neither of them was going

minute Later Adam replied to my text.

Adam You're lucky. Ethan is done with his classes and will be there at 10 to pick you i

1. up.

Really? Out of all the people who could have come to pick me up, it had to be him to him that I had found unsettling

see the part

had nothing against him. It was **the** way my body

much of him, save for the weekly dinner Adam and Eiruly hosted. He has come with Covela then too. Char

bern perity much non-raided. We would sometimes see each other in the hallway and pas grille

stracted to tuned out to be asshole, so no one could blame me for making a von

have him pick m

(sigfard. | was out of options

i would have to do **at** today

2:44 PM

Chapter 67

My phone pinged with a notification again and I was that it was a message from an unknown number. I unlocked my phone to read the message

I'm here.

It was obvious that the message was from Ethan. My heartbeat sped up a line about the notion of seeing him again. I **admonished** myself for **my stupidity**. He was in a relationship and I was pretty sure he had no interest in "little" girls like me. The thought infuriated and comforted me at the

same lame.

I picked up **all** my stuff from the table and put it into my bag. I picked up my bag and **ran** outside the school **to** find Ethan's car parked outside the

I slowly walked towards the passenger side of his car and got in. My heart skipped a beat as I saw the scene in front of me. Ethan looked good. More than good. I tried to control my breathing because I knew being a werewolf, he would easily pick **up any** changes in my heartbeat **and** breathing.

"Hey" He turned his head towards me and I blushed at his gaze on me. What was happening to me? I never **reacted** to any of **my** crushes like this.

"Hey," I **said and** settled myself in the leather seats of his car. Whoa? Leather seats? How could a college guy, a rogue wolf, afford such a nice car. with leather seats?

I refrained from asking this, however. This question seemed like an invasion of privacy **and** would **lead** to a very uncomfortable twenty-minute

ride

He reversed the car and drove in the direction of our apartments. He looked so at ease at **driving** that I couldn't help but gaze at him from time to

time.

"How are you settling in school?" I jumped at his sudden question and blushed. Did he realize I was staring **at** him like a love-struck teenager! Because I wasn't Love struck, I mean,

I cleared **my** throat and looked ahead at the shops passing by. "It's nice. Nothing like my old school, though

"What's different?" He casually parked at a red light and shifted his attention in me. I dared not look into **his** eyes, so I kept looking forward and

a deep breath before answering. "People"

"People!" He asked with a hint of surprise in his voice as if he hadn't expected **this** answer from me

Was my answer too naive or too mature for him? I couldn't figure it out. I stopped my train of thought **as** I realized I was overanalyzing everything **that** I was saying **in** front of him,

"Yeah, people. I miss my people. I blinked **my eyes as** I felt the telltale sting behind my eyes. I didn't want to cry right now. What kind of impression I would give to Ethan then I would be a sad eighteen-year-

old schoolgirl who missed her old school because she missed her friends back home and was crying because of it

He nodded and drove the car again. He looked like he was deep in thought and the sudden onslaught of emotions made me think about **everything** and everyone I had waiting for me back home.

The rest of the **ride** smoothly, without a single word from either of us. Ethan smoothly parked at his designated parking **spot in** front of the

I removed my seat belt **and** opened the **door**, ready to go **back** to my **room** and sort out my emotions.

Before I could step out of the car. Ethan's voice stopped me, "Zara".

I turned around in my seat to look at **him**, to find him already looking at me. "You know **what's** the best thing about people! They always wait for you and if you want to move on, you can always find someone new"

He gently grabbed my hand and pulled me into his lap and gave a gentle squeeze which made my pulse rocket. I hoped his werewolf senses didn't catch it

What he said was so simple, but it made me **smile** nonetheless because that was exactly what I wanted to hear at the moment

, 720 Views,

Chapter 68

I **have** had enough. My wolf and I have had enough. We were beyond frustrated and feeling as helpless as we could ever be. It was as if I was being attacked by all directions and I didn't know which thug to boot first.

One, my mate

had been gone God knows where for over two weeks. Two whole weeks. I had no **contact** with her whatsoever. It felt as if she had disappeared from the face of this planet. I had not set my eyes on her in so long **that** sometimes my wolf whined in my head at our loss and I wondered if what I and Zara had was real. Were we ever in a good place where we were both fighting! Even if we were, seeing her face, touching her. being with her felt right. It made everything alright. We **had** been together for roughly two months and I had fallen for her hard and fast. Could anyone blame me, though? She's the most amazing person, the prettiest girl, and the world's best seductress. She was mine and I lost her.

I get it now, you know, that Karma always gets you Because mine was boring and continuously chewing on my ass. There was just no other **way** to describe it. My days of sleeping around were f

inally catching up to me and I was pretty sure there were a couple of people who were happy to see me like this. How could I have such lud luck!

How the fuck did I end **up having** sex with my **mate's** best friend and make her pregnant! I mean, who does that? With Natalie? I wasn't even attracted to her and I knew she wasn't attracted to me too

It had been almost three weeks since I had **seen** her because I **was** still not able to digest the fact **that** she **was** carrying my baby! Not just any baby. but the future fucking alpha of this pack. **No** pressure, right!

I was being **a** coward, there were no two **ways** about it. I **hadn't** seen the girl I had gotten pregnant for over two weeks because I **was afraid**, I would notice the subtle changes in her body. Changes because of the pregnancy.

I needed to talk to her, though, I missed my mate, yes but she lost her best friend. I had only known Zara for a few months but **Natalie** had known **Zara her** whole life. I had single-handedly destroyed years' worth of friendship with **a** single act.

An act I honestly don't even remember, Mind me, I wasn't saying this **because** I had slept with hundreds of girls and she was **just** another face. I was **saying** I didn't remember it because I didn't exactly remember it. How it happened, how it started, how the in the **fucking** world did we end up doing **it? It** was all a **blank**. Hell, **I wasn't even** that drunk at the time. **All** I was sure of was the fact that I **had** woken up the next morning, naked, with a very **naked** Natalie sleeping next to me and the smell of **sex** hung in the air

Third and not least, I was stuck in the investigation of Elijah's murder. I **had** no fucking **leads** and I was going crazy. I keep wondering if my ineptitude is because of the other issues in my life, but what kind of alpha I would be if I didn't know how to sort **out** the thoughts in my head and be clear about priorities! A shitty one, without a doubt.

The sight of the murder had been imprinted on my mind because it was so horrific. I had **never** seen anything like **that** in my life and I **had** come across very cruel **packs** and rogues. I had no proof if the murder was caused **by** another pack or **by a rogue** but by the looks of it, the **possibility** of a rogue murdering like that was pretty high. But this was still a hunch. I was **heading an** investigation on a hunch because the approach of a murder done by rogues and packs would be different and I felt like I was in over my head here.

Every time I wandered around the pack house, I came across Elijah's mate, who had lost so much weight that she looked emaciated. Her eyes looked like Ted and her face looked gaunt. His family was barely hanging on by a thread and they were hopeful that I, their alpha, would bring some peace to Elijah's memory by convicting his murderer.

I **was** failing them and in turn, I was failing my whole pack, I had already failed them **as** I had driven away their true Luna away. Now, I was going to prove my incompetence to them.

My gaze moved from the papers on my desk to my office. My office, I had always imagined myself sitting in my own alpha office with a big **and** proud smile on my face. But right now I felt miserable, with no reason to feel proud. I was **a** big failure. I had failed as a mate and I was now failing as **an** alpha, something I had been training for my whole life. The stress I was under was putting my wolf under so much distress and I couldn't feel him when I called out to him.

I ran a frustrated **hand** through my hair and banged my head on the table as **hard** as I could. I had no idea if I wanted to **hurt myself** or if I wanted to see the woodwork **break**, but **I** couldn't deny the satisfaction I felt when I heard the wood crack beneath my palm.

I got **up** and listed the table with a **flick** of my wrists and upended the table with a crash. The voice **resonated** in the **small** room. **I took a** deep breath **and** felt my shoulders **relax**. I felt the tension in my muscles loosened. Hell, it felt good. **An** amazing way to get rid of stress.

But I was done. Far from it

I kicked the trashed table away from my way and stormed out of my office, with one destination in my mind. It was time I gave my **father a** visit.

My alpha had ordered me to not see him until I had figured out the mystery behind Elijah's murder. At the rate the investigation was **going** on. I would never see my father. I **had** a hunch my father was ignoring me and even wondered at one point if the murder **was a** silly joke planned by **my** father to ignore me but I had immediately slow down that thought process. I couldn't deflect **my** incompetencies on my father

Pha, he had gone somewhere two weeks **ago** and had returned only two days **ago**. I hadn't seen him because I was so engrossed in **park** work but I needed to **see** him. I was umtaliile, I knew **that** and I could only hope Father would **calm** me down and advise me what **to** do. Not as an alpha but as my father. Maybe it was too far-fetched but I could hope.

I walked **down** the hallways till I reached my father's older, which would be mine when I **would** become an **alpha**. To be **an alpha**. I would love in

Chapter

go through a ritual with my mate, the Lama of the pack. Alphas and their Lunas take over the pack as one, to show their love and that they are two parts of a soul who pledge to **take** care of the pack with everything they have.

If you had asked me a month ago, I would have said that I would become alpha in a couple of weeks, months at the latest. But now, having driven my mate away, I had no idea. I had no idea how long it would take for Zara to come around but I wanted to wait for her. I won't mate with anyone

le to take over the pack

My wolf whimpered as the thought of another Luna came into our minds. My body shook in revulsion. It was ironic because before accepting Zara as my mate, I was hell-bent on choosing Amanda as my Luna.

I took a deep breath and entered without knocking. It was a sign of disrespect for the alpha but I was too far gone to **give** a s

at the moment.

My father was sitting behind his desk, going over some paperwork. At my **dramatic** entrance, his eyes flew up and his eyes widened as he took me in. It looked like he had **aged** over these past few weeks and by the surprised expression he had on, I wasn't faring much better.

in my voice. This my friends, was a cry for hell. Any other day I would have

"I don't know what to do," I said, Even I could hear the helplessness in called myself pathetic but not today.

His face softened and he closed the file he was going through. He got up with the lethal grace only an alpha could afford and walked around the table to stand in front of me. He put both of his **hands** on **my** shoulders and looked me in the eyes. The same green eyes I had inherited from him

The green eyes Zara loved so much. My wolf whimpered and put his head between his

paws at the thought

You are mates. You are destined to be together. I know times are tough right now. This push and pull will feel exhausting but you will end

with her. That's how mates work. Right now, she needs time. Give her that
listened to my father speak and so did my wolf. "Your messed up big time, Harper Think about her, because that's **what** mates do She has been through **so much**. **From** fading out that werewolves were real to you getting her best friend pregnant. That girl is strong

I agreed with my father here. Zara was strong. "No, that person **could have** gone **through** **so much** and not gotten bonkers **in** the head. The moon goddess knew what she **was** doing when she mated you with Zira. Trust the moon goddess".

I agreed with my father **again**. No other **human** could **have** gone through so much mental exertion and still be breathing like she **was**. She was truly amazing and I **was** lucky to have her as my mate. Maybe the moon goddess did know **what** she was doing. Maybe all of this would end and we would be ok.

I have often heard humans saying **that** the **worst** thing about them is that they hope. It leads to false expectations and then ultimately disappointment. Well, the worst **thing any** werewolf in my position could have **was** my heightened senses.

Just then my father's phone which was on the table rang and even though I was a few feet away, I could see the name of the caller. My heartbeat **sped up** because I could see **that** ZARA was calling my father.

My father was just asking me to **give** her space.

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I kept my eyes on the phone that continued ringing, **Zara's name** flashing on the bright screen. The room was silent save for the ringing and vibration of the phone,

I couldn't tear my eyes away from the phone. My father **had** just advised me to give my **mate** some **space** and right now seemed **like everything** was a test. My wolf was going crazy in my head. He couldn't believe the fact that I would just **have** to swipe the screen and I would be able to hear my mate's voice, which I hadn't heard in almost two weeks I clenched my fists to stop myself from grabbing the phone and talking to my mate

my father standing **in**

But I didn't budge. If this was my redemption, then I would go through it. My eyes stayed on the phone as it kept ringing, **my** front of him, checking on me.

My gaze finally moved **to** my **father** when the phone finally stopped ringing. His green eyes were assessing me with a blank **look and** then it finally

I gaped at my father in disbelief. "You went somewhere two weeks ago

His eyebrows scrunched in confusion. "I did."

"And that's **the same** time Zara left the town. Left me." Wheels turned in my head as I kept gazing at my father who kept **giving** me a blank look, not letting **any** emotion seep through his facade.

I have **no** idea how I didn't see **it before**.

"You helped Zara escape!" I gaped at him with my body stiff in betrayal. Five minutes ago, he was advising me to give her space because **he** no other fucking choice.

me

I got rid of her. **You** never

er wanted **her** as clenching in pain.

as my m

mate. You never wanted her as the packs' Luna" I ran a frustrated hand through my hair, my hear
t

I took in my father as he casually put his hands in his pockets and continued regarding me
with a blank stare, not confirming my thought process. But at the same time, not denying **it**.

"You fed some bullshit to Zara and she listened to you. She must have thought you were on
her side and she let you ship her off to some **place**. Away from me.

looked into his green eyes, willing him to send my accusations.

"With Zara gone, any other she—
wolf could take her place. Be the packs Luna. She trusted you and believed you.

He has been playing me all this time and I thought that he would, for once, **think** of me like a so
n. I had hoped that for once he would make my needs, and his son's needs his priority. I had beli
eved that he had prioritized me before the pack. I thought he prioritized Zara before the pack

He played met He played Zara!

My eyes frantically moved around his office **as** if the little trinkets he had strategically placed aro
und his office would tell me that this was all in my head. I was grasping at straws here. The evide
nce was right in front of me and I would be a fool if I didn't open my eyes now,

out hoarse. I looked **at** him, my alpha senses on full throttle as I waited **to** detect **a** muscle twitch

"Was Morn in on it out **I** asked, my voice coming out to tell me that I **was** all in **my** head

ng I **was** saying was **f**

falling on

on deaf **ears** but **I** knew he heard them **Wash**

He didn't move an inch. He just kept booking into my **eyes** as if everything I was

ning to man up and wake up to the choice he had made!

sok my head **in** disbelief as I took his silence **as a** confirmation of my mom's participation in this
wicked plan of his. Zara trusted my mom and

ad been tante the day my dad convinced her to go somewhere, she wouldn't **have** thought **twice a busit** it.

good actors, I would say

because **they** even

even had ine fooled

mortier could trich

lepoti of due burtrayal | wear thurough barsause of my parents Airni partai supposed to put

my chance to make it up **to**

But sadly, I won't be here to see it because I made up my mind in giving some time to Zara was the biggest one of them all

an instant. If my father had been bullshitting n

me all along, then his speech about

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bruised jaw. I would love to see it bruised.

I was done with everything. **I** would go after Zara, follow the path the mate bond **makes** me go, and make it up to her. Apologize to her and convince her to come back to me and sort everything out..

I turn around **and** storm down the stairs as fast as **my** legs can carry me. My wolf has frit alive for the first time **in** weeks at the thought of going after our mate **and** seeing her again. The both of us missed holding her and having her wonderful scent of chocolates and pines all around us. My wolf was **already** planning to give Zara as many chocolates **as** I could buy. I laughed as I imagined how her expression would be after looking **at** a huge mountain of chocolates.

I shift into my white wolf mid-jump and howl into the night. I block all the people trying to mind-link me and turn in the direction of the oath I knew Zara took to drive out of Arada

I sprinted as fast as I could, adrenaline and the need to see my mate fueling **my** muscles and **increasing** my speed to amazing measures

I kept off the roads and sprinted through the woods. Traveling in wolf form wasn't going to be a ny problem to me because woods were stretching till miles of Arada and I knew that Zara couldn't have gone far because of the pull of the **mate bond**.

I shut my mind to stop thinking of my father lying on his office floor because of the way I punched him. I went over the whole exchange in my mind to confirm that my suspicions were correct.

I mean wouldn't he have at least defended himself if I was shooting blank, right? He wouldn't have let me hit him, right? His alpha pride wouldn't **have** allowed that. Then why was I feeling so shitty over the way **I** swung **at** him!

Were my suspicions correct or were **my** brains molding every single thing just to make everything justified for me to go to my mate? **Was** I right or was I wrong!

I shook my head to get rid of these thoughts and focused on the direction of my run. My wolf yipped in joy as the bend of the road where Zara drove out of the pack boundary came into sight. If I crossed this turn, I would be out of the **pack boundary too**, and closer to my mate, closer to

I felt my father trying to reach me through the mind link but my wolf was too ecstatic to care about his grovelling **and any** explanations

I felt a snap in my chest as I crossed the pack borders but my wolf didn't acknowledge the twinge in my chest **if he** wasn't running **away** for his mate, I would be **in so** much pain for abandoning my pack.

The realization struck me after a second. I was abandoning my pack. My wolf reminded me that the pack still had a very capable alpha looking after them and I wouldn't be an alpha if I didn't have a mate and that's what I was going to do. Get back, my mate.

I pushed my legs to go faster when, out of nowhere I saw a whoosh of black fur in my peripheral movement. **My wolf** hadn't detected any other presence, so where this this come from!

I felt the air slam out of my lungs as a huge black wolf slammed **into** my **body at** full speed. I was already in a sprint which resulted me in flying across **the** woods for a few seconds. My back hit the bark of a tree which splintered and broke like a twig because of my wolf's body weight and I slammed into another tree behind the one I just broke, Splinters from the broken tree lodged deep into my muscles and I could see patches of red **in** my white fur.

I must have hit my head pretty hard too because I couldn't open **my** eyes and a wave of dizziness washed over me. **Did** a rogue just attack me?

I mustered **due** courage to open my **eyes** and watched as the air whooshed **around** my head. What the hell just happened?

cii as a piercing pain starts
in my left shoulder out of nowhere. I **look** to my left **to** see an arrow poking out of my body. Blood leaked **rapidly**

then mused and pooled around my body

fiwa happened **as** the last fer arrondi? Someone shot me in my left shoulder with an arrow

beat account any legs gave out and I lay in my jail of blood Berthing out to the forest

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That was the **only** thing I could feel. I didn't know how many times I groaned and I didn't remember how I ended up like this.

1

I muttered a curse in my head at my fucked-up life as I felt my wolf madge me into consciousness. I **was** groggy **and** my vision was blurred for a minute before my brain could focus on where I was

My wolf didn't detect any danger nearby which prevented me from not panicking, Although with the amount of pain, I was in, I doubted I would be a threat to any "danger"

I looked where I was as soon as my brain could comprehend everything. The **curtains** were closed and I internally thanked the person who didn't want me blinded when I woke up

I was hooked to a couple of machines which were doing a good job of keeping me alive. I could tell I was in the hospital but I had no idea what I was **doing** there or more importantly, how I got here.

Isn't there supposed to be a button here somewhere I could press to call the nurse in here and give her the good news about me being awake! I'm

sure she was worried.

I looked around when I spotted the button over my left side. I sighed, reaching

for work right now.

Reaching that button seemed like a lot of work right

I took a deep breath before leaning towards my left to reach the button. I felt a scalding **pain** in my left shoulder and I couldn't help it but I cried **out** in pain. That would get a nurse's attention because it was semi-cry **and** part growl.

My right hand touched my left shoulder to numb the **pain** and I felt a padding of **bandages** in my shoulder. Was my shoulder the reason I was in the hospital

As I said, my cry awake.

of distress must have reached one of the nurses because one came running g into my room. Her eyes widened as **she** saw that I was

Lady, I was crying a few seconds ago. What else did you expect to see?

She seemed familiar and I took a discrete whiff of her scent **as** I waited for her to gather her wits. Her scent seemed familiar and I **relaxed as it** finally dawned on me that she belonged to my pack. I was likely still on my territory.

My wolf mocked me for taking this much time to figure out if I was in friendly territory or not. I huffed and rolled my eyes which garnered the attention of the nurse who was reading my chart.

Her eyes took me in and then moved over to my left shoulder. I coughed to bring her back to earth and tell me what the hell **was** going on.

Alpha, **you** were under a rogue attack. You were injured and were brought here"

attack? A vivid image of an arrow being thrust into my left shoulder lashes behind my eyes and I groan as my head pounds.

going to let the doctor and your parents know that you've woken up. They've been worried sick

Just nodded at her because speaking this be

ache was taking a toll on me

Before she left the room. Frilled her "How long **have** been here?"

my question and gave me a sympathetic smile. "Aroual two **weeks** "With that, she **took my file and** walked out of the room

min 1 sepened any eye

dat rust and then the two figures adting on the side of my bed, i my mom and Natabe: What the hell was Natalie akoang he

by laury's go narod the sand was darkly followed by the sandning of a slamat

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myself from crying out

"How could you do that? She leaned back

Land

d hit me hard on my head. I winced **and I knew** she took pleasure in that. I had **one** hell of a sadistic

Hay mother.

"How could you accuse me

accuse me and

my father

of something as vile as this?"—

I scratched my head and once again felt **guilt** wash over me. I'm sorry, I don't know what I was thinking"

I wasn't thinking **at** all. That was why I had done what I did. And it was disappointing, even to me.

concern for me **on** her pregnancy

Fat tears rolled down my mother's cheeks and I couldn't help but chuckle. I knew she was going to blame her conc

hormones

"Damn these pregnancy hormones, I can't **do** anything without crying nowadays" She wiped her cheeks and smiled at me with her motherly smile which brought back a truckload of memories.

I slowly took her in, her five-month pregnancy belly and her glowing skin. "You look good.

She flushed and laughed at my compliment. "You're not getting out of trouble this time, Harper

“**But I’m so** injured” I pouted, “Don’t you know, some rogues **attacked** me? I’m such a **poor** baby”

She laughed at my antics which made me smile more. Damn, I missed her laughter. She needed to laugh more.

What’s Natalie doing here? My question sobered her **up**

“She was worried about you, of course. Why would anyone be in a hospital Aiden and **Samantha** wanted to see you too but with you being here, workload has been on Aiden. Those three have been spending so much time at the hospital, worried about you” She petted my head **and ran a** hand through my greasy hair

soon as you get out of here.”

“Do me a favor, take a shower **as** soon as

I chuckled but nodded. I didn’t like my hair greasy and neither did Zara. Even if she wasn’t here, I planned to keep it exactly the way she liked it.

Mom put a hand over her growing belly **an**

and stood up from her chair. “**I’m** g

gonna call her in now. I have a few questions I would like to ask the

“Mom?” She turned to look at me and grabbed her purse from the chair next to her. “Who found me?”

“Aiden did. The rogues **only** wanted to hurt you. **For** now”

new what she was saying. She was saying **that** I was **lucky** to be **alive** right now and I could see that on her face too. She had almost lost her child

trying to be brave about it

waited for Natalie to enter the room. I had not seen her for a few weeks and it made me guilty because I was the one **who** got

One would think **thank** this much guilt would smack me in the face and get me on the right track. **And** I knew that I had committed

didn’t know but I knew I could decide my actions in the future.

mistakes I

realund | ball needed to sort our my slut before I came **face** to face with Natalie because like it or not, she **was my** responsibility. I had no **idea if I**

but **I knew** that I **needed** to **own up to my action.**

and ward utuaniran between u

be slowly nude hier way to sit beside me, where masurata apa.

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rouched ber

“**Have** you had your first ultrasound appointment? I asked her, still in awe of the fact that I was soon

soon going to be a father..

“**Yeah.**” I felt shitty that she had already adjusted to her role as a mother while I was still reeling from the aftermath of the destruction that i **had**

caused.

“I know that I haven’t been there in these past few months **for** you. **But** from now on. I want to be there. For you and my baby” I looked at she smiled gently at me. “And I would like to accompany you to the next doctor’s appointment. If that’s okay with you.”

“Yeah, sure” She answered without a beat. This baby is mine as much as it is yours.”

I nodded and consciously **pulled** my hand **back** from her belly. She took **her** seat **again and** swept her gaze over me.

“You look **like** shit.” I laughed at her very poetic way of talking about my appearance,

“Everyone’s been so worried about you. She spoke

“I’ll keep that in mind when I get attacked by

something?”

ed by rogues the next time.” She laughed and I chuckled. “**Natalie**, I wanted to ask you s

Maybe it was the **tone** of my voice because she knew I was being serious and she stopped laughing and waited for me to continue

“Do you love me?”

Her eyes widened and her eyes lowered on her **lap**, while I waited with baited breath for her answer.