

LOVE ME AGAIN MATE By Katie Spheres Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Ana.

How did we get here?

I never imagined that I would despise Jace so intensely at some point in my life. However, it pains me to witness his tears. Jace breaking down like that causes an uncomfortable ache in my heart.

I cannot afford to lower my guard though. I need to stay strong and let him go. That dreadful day will stay with me forever and more so, my priorities have changed since then. I hope he won't cause me any trouble during my stay here.

When his mother joins him on the floor, I let out a sigh and make my way to my room. Only three more days until I can return home.

This is no longer my home.

It ceased to be when he rejected me.

I felt my wolf's presence when I arrived, and I wonder if I can shift. Living among humans made me adapt to their way of life, and apart from the emptiness I feel in my heart, it doesn't bother me if I can shift

or not.

Well, I hope tomorrow favors me.

*

Last night was at least more bearable than the other nights. Normally, I barely sleep. The pain and longing in my heart won't allow me no matter how hard I try.

Last night, however, I did sleep like a baby.

As I rise from the bed, I hear a gentle snoring emanating from behind closed door. My curiosity piques, I open the door and find Jace sleeping soundly on the floor.

my

Is he for real? Did he have to do this to himself? No wonder his scent was prominently present and I thought its because he has been using my bed. Poor guy.

Jace is sitting on the chilly floor with his back against the wall. His head is tilted in an awkward position, and I know he will experience neck pain upon waking.

Why is he so stupid?

17-11

This situation makes me feel terrible. What should I do with him? He is completely losing it and it's not good. He has no idea how it is hard for me to see him this way and pretend that I don't care.

Waking him up is not an option, so I close the door and try to ignore his presence even though it hurts doing so.

Part of me wants to hate him and forget all our memories, but someone close to my heart needs him.

"Breakfast is ready," Luna's voice interrupts my thoughts. She shouts from downstairs like she always did over the years.

Some habits never change.

Then, Jace and I would rush to the kitchen at her call, because she always made our favorite breakfast. Luna always stacked one plate with more waffles than the other, and we would fight over the one with more.

Most of the time, I won. Though I believe Jace let me win.

He was damn strong, and beating him was inconceivable. After all the hustle, we would end up sharing the food before moving on to the next -plate together.

I loved that idiot.

Luna's goofy smile was a clear indication that she did it on purpose. She loved watching us behave that way.

These are the memories that hurt a lot. Every time I remember how brilliant our lives were, the longing in my heart intensifies and I find myself daydreaming about having him close. I can't deny the fact that I miss him every second of my life.

Today, I don't eat waffles. I changed anything we both liked or Jace liked about me. I had hoped that by doing so, I would erase him from my

"1

memory, but it didn't work. He's stuck in my heart like glue, and I hate it.

Anna honey," Luna repeats my name this time louder. I let out a sigh as

I set down my hairbrush. It's hard to believe that I ever dyed my hair

gold, but here we are. Anything to forget about a certain wolf.

"I'll be there soon," I reply, heading to the bathroom for a short shower.

*

The dining table is already set, and everyone is present. My gaze instantly lands on Jace's sad one and I feel a tug in my chest. His eyes used to be so vibrant, so blue and beautiful. I could stare into them for hours without getting bored, but right now they are just lifeless and sad.

The blue is eventually fading to grey and I hate to admit that it's affecting me in a way.

Sweetheart," Alpha gets up from his seat and meets me with open arms. I chuckle at this friendly gesture. This family is just the best.

"Dad," I embrace him tightly, savoring the warmth of his hug. It's been a while since he held me like this, and I'd be dishonest if I didn't admit how much I missed it.

He is the only father figure I have known all my life. I can't recall

anything about my biological father, but I remain optimistic that he will appear one day. I trust my Goddess.

“I suppose you had a peaceful night,” he says kissing my hair and I pull away grinning.

“Yes, I did” It’s true I slept well. Courtesy of a certain wolf whose name is not to be mentioned.

“I hate how my babies are growing up so first, no one is fighting for my waffles anymore” Luna laments and I comfort her with a hug. I can’t help but laugh at the fact that she still expects us to fight for the plate with more waffles. Come on, we are no longer kids.

Sorry Mother”

Oh! And I know someone who will keep her in the kitchen the whole day making them:

I stare at Jace and wonder if I should say anything or just ignore him. To my amazement, he quickly stands up and pulls a chair for me. I’m about to ignore his gesture but the sad smile on Luna’s face changes my mind.

“Thank you” I murmur sitting down and pulling it further into the table. Goddess! I want to fall in his arms and greedily inhale the magnificent scent he is emitting. Why does he have to be so fine at everything?

”

So, are you excited about shopping?” Luna exclaims and the two males we sharing the table with groans in unison. I, on the other hand, quickly lift the glass of orange juice in front of me and take the biggest sip I can muster. This woman has everything but never says no to a chance like this.

I am sure there is stuff in her closet that has gone a decade without being worn. Earlier, Jace would come up with an excuse and we would be left out. Even her mate would always have emergency alpha meetings when she wanted him to accompany her.

“Sure” I mumble when she keeps staring at me. I am in trouble.

Great, Jace is driving ” I can’t help but laugh. The look on his face is between dread and shock. Jace hated walking around a mall buying stuff. He orders everything he wants online.

Seriously mum? I have a game In the evening” he scowls and I find it really cute. I fucking loved this idiot. Everything about him is just so attractive.

“You stopped playing Jace” Luna opposes biting on her stake and I glance back at my mate. Basketball was his life. Nothing would have made him stop playing, leave alone alpha duties. Well, looks like his mother was right after all. He wrecked us and himself more.

“Well, I signed up to start this evening” Jace places his fork on the table and gently licks his lips. I always wondered how it would feel like to kiss him. I must applaud the amount of self-control we had back then. I doubt I can hold myself for that long like before though. My wolf won’t let me even if I wanted to.

“It won’t take long, I swear,” she says but we both know it’s a lie. We are going to spend the whole day out.

Jace transformed a lot. From the big veiny arms to the ink adorning his skin. We are completely different people from when we were kids.

The long hair he had when he came home is trimmed on the sides and the middle is slightly ruffled. The look makes him appear hotter. The slight stubble on his face indicates just how mature he has become. I wonder if his reasoning changed too, because it was what ruined us. Luna explained to me that he did that to protect me from some unknown threat. His neck is bare from the previous mark and I’m glad he killed that bitch. I would have done it if he didn’t.

I have been asking myself though, who wanted to hurt me? Was it someone from my biological family, and if yes, what is their reason? Do they still threaten him? I think I need to talk to him about this because a lot can go wrong if I choose to ignore it. I have a lot to lose

now.

I quickly turn back to my plate when I find him looking back at me. I didn't even realize I was staring at him the whole time.

Third-person Pov.

On a magnificent imposing throne, sits a regal figure of power and authority. His form, tall and broad, exudes power and an aura of strength and dominance. His large form is draped in a regal cloak, adorned with intricate patterns that mirror the wildness of the forest.

His eyes a piercing shade of green, hold a glint of wisdom and experience. They hold pride as he stares down at his kingdom.

Thick dark hair cascades down his broad shoulders, framing a strong chiseled face that bares the beauty of the chosen one. His features are a blend of rugged masculinity and refined nobility.

His well-groomed beard compliments the beauty of his face perfectly. His lips are firm and determined, rarely parted unless except to issue commands or speak the words of wisdom.

The crown resting upon his head is crafted with intricate details that mirror the untamed beauty of the wilderness. It symbolizes his rightful place as the ruler of the realm. A testament to his strength and

leadership.

His aura commands respect, loyalty, and devotion from his subjects and anyone below him. Not only is he the ruler, but a protector and guardian of his pack.

The man is the Lycan king.

”

Despite the power and beauty surrounding him, his heart is in great turmoil. For nineteen years a special piece of him has been missing. He has done everything in his power to locate it but all roads ends to a dead end for him.

Your Majesty” His second in command address him, showing his neck in submission. A sign of respect.

The man on the throne silently nods for him in acknowledgment. The beta straightens up and hands over the brown parcel in his hands. As the king tears it open to investigate its contents, a gasp of surprise leaves his lips and he hastily leaves the ethereal seat and exits the throne room.