

Chapter 124 Sadness

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AMALTHEA'S POV

"Amalthea, is something wrong? Is it because of what I said on the bus?" Augustus asked as he held my hand, and I smiled at him.

"I don't know what you are talking about, Augustus. What is it?" I asked as the other Lycan guards walked past us.

"Don't do it," He said after a pause, and I squinted my brows.

"Do what?" I asked, genuinely confused.

"Fake that smile. Don't fake your smile when you are with me. I want you to be how you are when it comes to me. I don't care if you have to maintain some kind of strong facade in front of everyone because you don't want others to find out how much their actions affect you or because you don't want anyone to know what you are going through, but don't do it with me. You are getting my point?" He asked before he cupped my cheeks, my resolution quivering at his words again.

Don't do it. I want to say the same words to you, Augustus. Don't tell me these things. You are making my resolution waver, and that's the last thing I want right now. You make me want to find peace in your arms, but that's not what I deserve when I might be the sole reason everyone is suffering around me. Besides, with the mysteries of these Siren powers unclear, I can't commit to anything until I know I won't end up being a burden on you.

So don't do it. Please don't tell me these sweet things or love me so much. I wanted to say all these things to Augustus, but I sighed, keeping it all inside.

It's not a good time to be talking about these things. Augustus is here to take a day off and to admit his sister, who almost lost her life. I don't want to dampen anyone's mood.

'And maybe you can take a day off too? A day off won't hurt, yeah?' Crystal said in my head, and I looked into Augustus' eyes before sighing.

It's true. A day off won't hurt. Since I don't know what's going to happen



next because I'll be taking this fight ahead and fighting those people head-on, I might as well cherish this last day with him before I leave him.

I thought before smiling at Augustus genuinely this time.

"I am sorry. I won't do that again," I said, and Augustus nodded at me before looking behind me.

"Is it done?" Augustus asked, making me turn as I came face to face with none other than Jake.

"Yes. They have allocated room no. 607 to Scarlett. It's a special VIP room, and they shifted the small incubator for her baby to her room which will help her remain calm as her baby will be near here all the time," Jake said, and I nodded.

That's indeed very thoughtful of them.

"It will indeed help her heal faster. If I am not wrong, she might get fully recovered in two weeks. I hoped I could see her and her baby before I go," I muttered the last part in my head before sighing.

"Amalthea, can I talk to you for a minute? Augustus, can you please spare us some privacy?" Jake asked, and this was the first time I was seeing him talking so stiffly, even to Augustus. I thought Augustus might take a bit of offense, but rather than that, he nodded before looking at me and smiling.

"I'll be waiting for you," He said before kissing my cheeks, making me look at him as he looked at Jake before sighing and leaving us alone.

Seriously? He left just like that? Is his jealousy not working up again? Is it because he trusts Jake not to do anything to me that might jeopardize their relationship?

"Amalthea," Jake started, and I looked at him with raised brows, not understanding what he wanted to talk about.

"I-I," He sighed before bending, and I raised my brows.

He isn't going to do what I am thinking he is, right? I thought before clenching my fist, ready to strike if he tried anything with me. However, rather than that, he placed his head on my shoulder, making me pause in shock.

I was about to ask him what was going on and if he was alright and wanted me to call Doctor Thomas, who came with us on this trip, but before I could do that, I felt some wetness on my shoulder, making me confused even more.



"Jake," I whispered, and I felt his body quivering slightly, before he placed his hands on my back and pulled me closer, hugging me as if his life depended on it.

This emotion. This hug. I know it. I have felt this before.

Despair. Sadness. Helplessness. That's what this all felt like. I have been there. These emotions were a little too familiar to me. There was no way I wouldn't have recognized them, but I was shocked that Jake was feeling these emotions. And even more than that, I was shocked, he wanted to talk to me about it.

Leaning on the wall behind me, I started sliding down the wall slightly, making him do the same before I sat on the ground, letting him hug me like a child who was hugging his savior.

I don't know what this was all about and why he was being like this, but I knew one thing for sure. He needed me right now. Maybe Augustus sensed his despair when he said he wanted some privacy with me, and that's the reason he left without saying or asking anything. Augustus might not have known what exactly Jake was feeling or wanted to talk to me about, but he definitely knew he wanted to have some time with me.

I always thought Augustus was a bit uptight because of how he acted with me, but it looks like I have been so busy drowning in his love and what he was showing me that I never tried to explore his other side. I never tried to explore what a good King he actually was.

"Thank you, Amalthea. Thank you so much," Jake said as he cried harder, and though it looked a bit weird how such a tough-looking grownup man was crying like this, I knew these emotions must've been pent up there for quite some time, or he wouldn't have been like this.

"It's okay. I am here," I said before placing my hands around Jake's body and patting his head.

Turning my head, I looked in the direction from where Augustus had left just now and couldn't help but squint my brows when I saw a shadow looming there.

Who is it? Is it Augustus? No, he isn't the kind of person to do something like this. Who could it be? I thought, squinting my brows to look clearly before I was finally able to get a glance at the person's shoes.

These shoes. Where have I seen them today? One of the Lycan soldiers was wearing them. But who was- Ashton? Yes, it was him. I had seen his shoes when I was trying to talk to him, and he had bowed his head. I



wanted to look into his eyes and say everything so that he knew I was telling the truth and wasn't just being empathetic. That was the time I had seen those sneakers.

But what is Ashton doing here? Does he want to talk to me about something? Does he need something? Or is it because he has some business with Jake? Should I let Jake know about it? However, now is not a good time to do that.

What if Jake thinks I don't want to hear him out and am sending him away because I find him unbearable?

Sighing loudly, I looked at Jake, who looked like he had vented out all the emotions he wanted to vent and cry all he wanted.

"Are you ready to tell me what has been bugging you and what exactly I did for you to thank me?" I asked, and he sniffled before creating some distance between us.

"Thank you for talking to Ashton today," He said before looking away as he was trying hard to control his tears.

"Is it because he is your brother?" I asked, and he looked at me with raised brows.

"How did you know about it? Who told you?" Jake asked defensively, and I just shook my head.

"No one told me anything. It was a rough guess. And I didn't mean it like a biological brother when I said that. You have probably trained more than 500 Lycans in your lifetime, and when I saw you training them, there were around 50 in the field. However, there was one particular Lycan that had your constant attention. The Lycan you were deliberately making things hard for," I said, and he looked at me while biting his lips.

"Honestly speaking, at that time, I had thought that you were doing it because you didn't like him for some reason or maybe because you wanted him to be even stronger. Maybe it was because he was an important guard or because he was competing with you on the missions? I had no reason to think anything otherwise, but seeing how you are crying right now and thanking me for talking to him, I just made a wild guess," I said, and he nodded.

"Ashton is indeed my brother. He is my stepbrother, to be more precise. No one knows about our relationship other than Augustus, Joseph, and Charles. Ashton was always a quiet kid. He is 2 years younger than me. When he was small, I hated him because he was a symbol of my father betraying my mother. His mother died right after giving birth to him," Jake



said, and out of the corner of my eyes, I noticed how the shadow was still there.

It means Ashton was still standing there. Maybe it's a good thing. If Jake has something to confess or if he wants to come clean with something he did in the past and is repenting now, then right now is the best time for it.

"When Ashton was brought to our household, I always thought he was just an orphan that dad picked up on the streets. One day I heard my mom fighting with my dad, and it was at that time I came to know he was my stepbrother. I hated him for creating such a ruckus in my happy family," Jake paused.

"I always kept a distance from him, going to the extent of bullying him, but he was always following me around and calling me his big brother. This made me even more mad at myself. Maybe it was the guilt of treating him wrongly, or maybe it was because he was weaker than most of my friends. I still don't know what exactly it was. All these things continued until he was of age to get a position as the guard. Everything changed after that," Jake said with a sigh.

"There was a sudden rogue attack in the southern regions where we were placed, and we didn't have enough forces at that time. I didn't know Ashton also came there, because he wanted to learn from me. We got into a major fight, and I told him I hated him because he was weak. I had never thought my words would make such an impact on him, and the next thing I knew, I heard that a new boy took down 19 rogues alone. It was Ashton. It made me proud for a moment, but when I saw everyone praising him and none of them talking about my leading skills since it was my first assignment, I felt belittled." Jake sighed, and I held his hand.

"I felt jealous. It felt like Ashton was stealing everything from me. First my dad, my happiness, our peace, and now my limelight and credit for hard work too. I started training him with those ugly emotions in my heart. When I was away on some mission again, I heard that Ashton was sent to a mission by the second in command and everyone returned apart from Ashton. I felt happy and relaxed," Jake said, making me raise my brows as it was a little unexpected.

It's hard to believe that Jake had felt such selfish emotions. He is always so positive and full of life that I would've never guessed. However, who am I to guess? It's not like I am a saint.

"I know what you might be thinking. I am pathetic, right?" He asked as a tear fell down his eyes, and I wiped his cheeks.

"That's not what I am thinking. You have your own part of sadness and hardships in life. There is no one to blame for that. Everyone is bound to feel those emotions sometime in life. We all are humans in the end. You have been lonely. I can feel that." I said, and he shook his head.

"No. I can't forgive myself for that day and emotion. How could I have felt happy? He was my younger brother. Even if he was my stepbrother, we had the same father. He was the little bear that always remained around me. It was only after he didn't come back did I realize what gem I lost. I searched for him. I swear I did. I went through that area for four days and nights nonstop until over-exhaustion took over me, and I was brought back to the palace," he said as he clenched his fists.

"When I regained consciousness after two days, the first thing I saw was Ashton. He was sitting there with his back to me. He was waiting for me to gain consciousness. I was about to hug him and tell him that I was glad he was back and didn't hate him at all. I wanted to tell him he was my little brother and sorry for being mean for so long, but do you know what he said to me?" Jake paused before taking a shaky breath.

"He said, 'You were happy that I was gone, weren't you? I know you've always hated me, but was it so deep that you never turned up when I called you for help? Maybe if you would've picked my call, I wouldn't have suffered'. He said those words to me. He had called me for help, but I never got his call because my phone was in the room while I was on the mission. He left after that, and I got enraged again. I thought he was ungrateful and didn't deserve my love," Jake said, and I looked down.

