

Chapter 10

Anaiah's POV

I'm sitting at the edge of a cliff, my legs dangling. I sigh as I look at the ground, If I decide to throw myself down, no one will miss me, I can end it all in a heartbeat.

'What about saga and Leondre?'

I scoffed, 'You've only known him for three days and you're already attached? Don't hold your breath for him,' I answer my wolf.

'He loves us!'

'No one loves us, they always end up hating us, do you even realize that our second chance mate is the Lycan King? The most powerful man in the werewolf world. I am just an Omega, abused and hated by everyone. What if his pack is even worse than this one,' I say, angry tears running down my face. Gosh, I hate to cry.

'They will accept us because he did,' she says calmly.

'We can't be sure, I refuse to be hurt again,'

I will keep my guard up, or maybe just leave him and become rogue. I can't trust him too.

While I'm in a conversation with my wolf, a beautiful woman appears in front of me, she's shining in holy light and I can barely look at her.

'Look up child,' she says in a sweet voice, when she speaks it's like there is an echo that follows her voice. I oblige to her request, she smiles at me and says,

'I'm the Moon Goddess child,'

I bow in respect; she is a werewolf goddess. She can visit people so I hear.

I'm stunned, unable to say anything to her, why did she choose to visit me?

'Child, I've visited you because I can hear your thoughts and desires of your heart, I have seen you suffer and haven't done anything because I wanted to strengthen you for what is to come,'

'What do you mean?' I frown.

'It is not for me to tell you, stay strong my child, you are blessed and I hope you make the right choice,' she says and disappears into a thin light. I extend my arm to touch her just as she completely disappears. I feel a surge of energy rushes through me and I look at my fingers to see them blue.

I squint my eyes in confusion, but I have no time to ponder when I feel familiar tingles on my face. I open my eyes to be met with my mate's blue ones but what he sees in mine takes him back a little, I furrow my eyebrows but he squints a few times and promptly wraps me in a hug, he inhales my scent and for a while, I don't respond. I don't want to accept him just yet; I'll give our bond time to grow. He pulls away and smiles, making my heart melt.

'How are you feeling?' He asks, I give him a tiny smile.

'Great,' I say, indeed, I feel so good. He nods and sits back on the chair.

'Um, King Leondre...'

'Love, please call me Leondre,' The way he said love made me... Stop, stop, stop. I need to talk to him about the bond.

'Leondre, about our mate bond, I know your Lycan will want to mate and...' I try, my face getting embarrassingly red. Why is this such a difficult topic? The Lycan King chuckles and takes my hand in his.

'Love, it's alright, I'm a patient man, and I'll wait until you're ready even though I must admit that I want you,'

I swallow at that and a smile formed on my lips. He wants me, he wants to mate with me, all these weeks I thought I wasn't desirable, that is why Amos rejected me but no, Leon wants me and I flush.

'You're even more beautiful when you blush,' I couldn't be more flushed, I'm sure I'm as red as a tomato!

'So... Mate, I know nothing about you,' I try to sound enthusiastic. He leans back on his chair and covers his gorgeous fingers over his face.

'So, we're playing twenty questions, eh,' He starts... I nod and straighten my back. 'Ok, shot!'

'What is your favorite color?'

'Black,'

'And yours?'

'Mine too,'

'How many siblings do you have?'

'I have one sister, she's my little spitfire, and you?'

'Am an only child but I always wished to have a sibling,' I shrug, I used to ask my parents for one when I was younger but my mom said labor is too painful and she wants to live her life as a model, not some babysitter. I hope Leon doesn't ask about my parents.

'And your parents?' He asks, looking into my eyes. I bite my lips and play with my fingers, not knowing what to say.

'Love,' He urges and I sigh.

'They hate me, my mother is not too maternal,' I try to chuckle, he squints his eyes in confusion. I really shouldn't have said anything about that. He frowns but I'm surprised he doesn't say a word. After a long silence, he fixes his gaze on me.

'Let me guess, you like roses,' he says quizzically like it's cliché. I laugh and shake my head negatively.

'No, I love water lilies actually,' He stands up with a low excited growl and removes a bouquet of white-water lilies, giving it to me with a kiss on my cheek.

'I thought so,'

'How did you know?' I smile softly, smelling the flowers. He pretends to think.

'Magic?'

I look at the white-water lilies in my hands.

'Thank you, Leon,'

'I like it when you call my name,' He beams.

We continue to converse. He lives at the castle in Lycan city with his sister and parents. His Lycan is black with white paws and sharp teeth. He loves French cuisine and is a really good cook.

He receives a phone call, I huffed but he had to go. Leon was gone the whole day but Dan came to check up on me. Later in the day, I get discharged from the hospital. I pack the few things that were brought to me in a small bag.

'Hello, Anaiah,' The doctor comes in, 'Are you ready to leave,'

I sigh and nod, I'm not ready to leave and face those monsters but I will eventually.

'The Lycan King said to go to his room and he apologizes for not being here,' she says, I only nod again and thank her. I leave the hospital and go to the pack house, the people I meet give me disdainful glares but no one comments.

One of Eunice's bimbos blocks my way to glare but they don't touch me. I go to the third floor to the guest's bedroom, just realizing that I don't know where my mate's guest bedroom is. I begin to wonder but sigh, going back to the first floor in my storeroom but I'm not too lucky as I find Leah, her expression darkens when she sees me and she clutches her fist. She wants to punch me; she takes out her frustrations on me.

'What are you doing here?' She asks as she approaches me, I feel like prey in front of a predator. She comes to me quickly and hits my cheek, making up a silly excuse.

'Bitch,' I mutter. and she raises her hand to strike me again, this time, I prepare myself to block her but someone does it.

'Don't fucking dare, or you're dead,'