

Chapter 111

Enrique's POV

It was yet another cold night in my bed, a woman was lying next to me but I've never felt colder or lonelier.

I get out of bed and go to my studio. I grab my painting brush and close my eyes, painting how I imagine Princess Scarlett to be. Beautiful forest eyes, silk curly dark hair, and a curvy body. Warmth spread in my heart as I continue to paint her and my Lycan is at ease now. He hates that we can't find her. I have warriors and trackers who I sent to look for her pack but it's futile because of the spell the evil wizards put around.

I feel arms around my waist and I turn around, looking at Mary. She and I have been close friends and she knows better what I'm going through. I smile and allow her to take me away from the studio.

'So, tell me, why did you come here this late?' I ask, she snarls and goes to the mini-bar

'Fucking Erickson,' she sneers and I chuckle. She and Erick were nemesis but are now sleeping together!

'What happened?'

'He introduced me to his buddies as a colleague,'

'Aren't you? You are working on the great bridge between your packs so how else is he supposed to introduce you?'

'We've been sleeping together for months,' I fudge innocence, pretending not to know a thing but I did, that is why she stopped coming to me

'You knew,'

'I did. Do you have feelings for him?'

'Yes,' she answers without hesitation. 'Am I a bad person for sleeping with my best friend's fiancé?'

'Well, Savannah is dead and you're alive,'

'She was my friend and here I am, sleeping with her man,'

'Erickson is complicated, he closed his heart off since the death of Savannah,'

'And opened it for your sister, only to close it again to me,' she is not pleased.

I open my arms to her and she jumps in them, kissing me fiercely...

'Well, it's a good thing I have you as a dear friend,' she says coyly, caressing my neck. I nod and kiss her again, making her moan. I carry her to my bedroom and throw her on the bed, making her yelp in surprise. I discard my clothes as she does the same to hers and I hover over her. I know that this will do nothing to gratify me but a man must try. Lately, no woman can fully satisfy me and I call out her name more than I should, especially when I'm with other women.

I pump into her at a frantic speed and she is moaning, but suddenly, the voice of my mate rings in my head. She's screaming in pain. I get off Mary immediately and pace around the room.

'Enrique, Enrique, calm down,' she soothes. I grab the bedside lamp and shutter it against the wall. The rest of my body is shaking in anger, pure rage! I hate myself for feeling this powerless. After half an hour of panic, everything goes blurry and I regain my senses, I'm sitting in the corner of my messed-up room.

I get to my feet and go to the bed; Mary is sleeping on the broken bed. I kiss her temple and go take a long cold shower.

'Scarlett,' I whisper and just like other days, I'm meant with silence. The hole in my heart is expanding and a tear or two escape my eyes.

I leave the washroom and lie next to Mary but sleep doesn't come so I went for a run.

I relinquish control to my wolf. He jumps over logs and streams, a feeling of liberation coursing through my body. I lie on the ground and close my eyes. I must have fallen asleep because I had a wonderful dream about Scarlett, we were happy and living our best life with our kids, we didn't worry about anything. Even after so many years had passed by, I loved her even more than I did before. I was content and happy with my family and my pack by my side.

'I want it, the dream,' I tell my wolf when I open my eyes.

'We shall have it. We will get our mate even if we have to burn everything to the ground,' I nod and head back home as the sun is coming out.