

Chapter 44

Arya's POV

I could hear the thumping of my heart, his delicious scent enveloped me, I missed him a lot. He was away for a few weeks so we couldn't be together and I'm glad to see him back. He wraps his arms around my waist.

'I missed you,' He breathes, I caress his face and he takes me to his car. Jacob drives us to his penthouse in the city and the drive is silent. He is drinking his whiskey directly from the bottle while I watch the beautiful scenery of the city. This part of the city was meant to be part of the royal pack but my brother made it neutral ground when he took over as King, a place where Lycans from the different packs can be without any kind of violence.

We reach the building and go straight to his lavish apartment, it's as neat as I remember with white and grey furniture. His apartment is four bedrooms, a huge living area, a stylish kitchen he doesn't use except when I'm here since he cooks for me as I don't know how, a study room, a minibar, an indoor gym, and a pool.

I go to the balcony as I love the view there, and I feel tingles as his arms circle around my waist. We stay like that for a long time. Enjoying this calmness between us.

Soon, he removes a chess board and we play our favorite game, I growl in frustration knowing he's winning... as usual. Jacob is very calculative and too intelligent but I try my hardest, I smirk as I close all routes for him, he scratches his chin in thought and soon, my smirk disappears as he checkmates me and I lost, again.

Things between us have escalated and even though we try to make it physical it's getting hard for both of us, we spent time together even when we don't have sex and my mate finds a reason to see me when he's less busy but we have not talked about our feelings. Just sex. I remind myself again, No strings attached as we promised at the beginning of the relationship. As we continue to play a game of chess, his phone rings and he excuses himself to answer, moving a few meters from me. I sigh, putting the board away and sitting comfortably on the sofa with a glass of wine in my hands. He goes to another side of the room but I can tell that whosoever he's talking to is making him angry and he glances at me from time. What is making him this agitated? However, it's none of my business, Jacob hung up and comes back

'Is everything alright?'

'Pack business,' He says. I don't ask anymore. My stomach growls and blush makes its way to my face. He smiles and stands up, extending his hand to me. Once we reach

the kitchen, he settles me on the counter and goes to the other side, rummaging through the fridge and drawers,

'So, what do you want to eat, Ms. Arya,' I inhale and think today I'm in the mood to eat pasta and meatballs and he's only too happy to make it for me.

Jacob's POV

Arya and I have been seeing each other for three months now and things between us are changing, I can feel it within me and it's not only the feelings I'm beginning to develop for her. I want to spend time with her and caress her tan skin. I enjoy watching her sleep and her body cuddled up against me, this was new territory for me, I've never cared for a woman as I did her, is it because she's my mate? I was acting unreasonably especially knowing that this relationship will end soon since my brother's plan was coming together really fast and I didn't tell him about my relationship with Arya Lavista.

I prepare her food and serve her, I watch her eat with a smile and I give her again

'For someone who loves to eat, it's a shame you have no skills in the kitchen,'

'For someone who likes to cook, it's a shame you can't finish a plate of spaghetti,' She retorts.

I watch her eat her meal and she's giddy like a child, shaking her shoulders. This is wrong, I tell myself, thinking of her as much as I did was wrong, fantasizing about her was wrong, texting her was wrong and most of all, it is wrong to get attached to her.

I kiss her temple and she seems surprised by my actions and it's a bit awkward, I close my eyes momentarily and clear my throat.

'Sorry about that,' I murmur but I'm not sorry at all. It was instinct to do that. Arya clears her throat and stands up, putting her plate in the dishwasher. She turns around to face and says the words no man wants to hear.

'We need to talk, Jacob,'

This can't be good.

'I think we should just relax for a while, and go on our separate ways,'