

Chapter 48

Arya's POV

Stefan was my first mate, I was ecstatic when we found each other but he had other plans for me. He slept with me and then rejected me like I was no one. He left the city to pursue his music career but failed.

I grabbed my purse and rushed for the door but I couldn't reach it when he grabbed my wrist and spun me to him, I expected to feel the sparks I once did for him but his touch was cold.

I look into his brown eyes that I once loved with everything in me and then to the face I thought was most handsome, it wasn't anymore, he was just an average Lycan.

My heart was beating at a soft pace and there were no longer butterflies at the sight of him.

'Running away from me?' He asks. I struggle to get out of his grip but the bastard just put an arm around my waist.

'Stefan, I see you're back,' I sigh. He nods and crashes his lips on mine, I was too stunned to react immediately but when I did, I punch him in the face.

'Don't ever kiss me again!'

He looks shocked, 'But why, you're my mate,'

I gape at him, did he suddenly have amnesia?

'I'm not you mate, Stefan, you rejected me and I accepted it,'

He sighs and runs a hand through his hair ' Well, I was wrong. I'm sorry,' He says.

'Apology accepted now leave me alone,' I growl.

He tries to talk to me but I get in the car and drive away.

Reaching home a few minutes later, I go straight into the wine cellar where I start to drink. Stefan is back, I whisper to myself. I was sure he will never come back to this city after what he did to me. I drank for hours and crawled to my room but I felt so cold. Getting my phone, I call Jacob, I need to be with him right now, I need him to touch me. I try again when he doesn't pick up and the phone stops ringing completely. I throw it across the room and cry myself to sleep.

I woke up late in the day with a terrible hangover. I try to make myself look presentable but failed, I try to call Jacob again but he still doesn't answer. I remember he gave me his office line and I call, unfortunately, his secretary told me he was busy in a meeting.

Days later.

Stefan has been a pain in my ass, not only does he follow me everywhere to apologize and beg me to take him back, but he's been aggressive, whatever drugs he's taking are fucking him up. Just last night, he came to my workplace to demand he sees me and when security denied him entrance, he waited for me in the parking lot. I would tell my brother to deal with him but Leondre is irrational sometimes and might end up banishing or killing him, so for now I'll deal with the issue myself.

I check my phone to find 17 missed calls from the psycho. I groan and block his number. I force myself to focus on the paperwork but Jacob's face comes to mind, he's been busy... says he's secretary. Is he avoiding me? I know it's me who suggested going on a break but I thought he'd continue to call as he did. I was missing him badly and my Lycan is miserable.

Going back home from work, it's pouring heavily and my Lycan edges me to drive me towards the Northern Territory... I get there in seven minutes and just wait, it's pouring heavily so patrol can't smell me. I get out of the car, ignoring the downpour.

My heart is pounding in my chest as I take one step after the other toward the Northern border. What the fuck am I doing? I should go back, I need to go back now before it's too late and logic wasn't on my side, and sprint into the Northern Territory, the enemy's lair. I am free to kill now since I entered their territory without permission. The Northern pack is just as I remember, neat, clean, and tall skyscrapers. There is no one in the streets so I walk freely on the sidewalks where I can shield myself from the rain. I don't even know where am going, or why.

'Mate, Mate,' Emy Chants. I walk aimlessly for half an hour and decide to go back when I hear growls. Patrol has caught a strange scent, they must be good to recognize an intruder has entered with this rain. I run through the nearest alley, knowing I am at a disadvantage here but I get lost, the slums are dark and I'm having a hard time finding my way to the border as I am deep into the town. I stop not only to look around and catch my breath. I try to block out the sound of rain and thunderstorm. I realize they are not chasing me anymore, I step out from my hiding spot only to meet five warrior Lycans, they are growling, and angry at me. I assess each one of them.

I'm not sure if they recognize me yet, from the looks of it, they don't know exactly where I am from because if they knew, they would attack.

The biggest Lycan growls and starts to advance towards me and prepare myself to fight, but just as he lunges at me, a shadow flies between us. Jacob.

My breath hitches at the sight of him, oh I have missed him. He looks even more handsome. He is standing between me and the five Lycans, shielding me from their view. The mind link for a few seconds before the beasts leave in a blur.

He turns around to face me, and we look at each other for a long time until I can't take it anymore and wrap my arms around him. Jacob doesn't hold me and I feel tears sting my eyes. A sensation runs through my body when I feel him hug me back. We stay like this for a long time until he pulls away

'Arya,' He breathes, caressing my cheek with his fingers. 'What are you doing here?'

I stay silent, searching for words, should I tell him that I was missing him so I came to search for him?

'Well, you weren't answering my calls,' I say feeling stupid now.

'And you come to my territory?' He sighs, running a hand through his wet hair. Jacob is frustrated.

'I... It was...I didn't,' I'm at a loss for words, 'I'll leave,'

I quickly turn on my heels and walk away but he grabs my hand.

'Wrong way, and I can't let you leave like this. Let's go,'

We leave the alleys and I follow him through the lonely streets, we are both silent and the rain is starting to stop.

After walking for ten minutes, we turn into a secluded area with huge modern designed houses. Jacob leads me into the paved driveway, the house is magnificent and is mostly made of glass. He easily opens the house with a password and gets in, the interior is very warm and beautiful. The furniture looks new and elegant, just like his apartment, it's mostly white and grey. It feels so homey I'm shocked. Does he stay with his family, I notice there are few pictures on the wall

'Arya, here,'

We go upstairs to his bedroom, and I stand on the white carpet, not knowing what to say or do. He disappears into the bathroom and comes back to tell me he prepared a warm bath for me.

I strip out of my wet clothes and his gaze is riveted on me, he blinks a few times and excuses himself. I go to the huge bathtub and sit there, the warm water feels good against my skin. I keep thinking about why he's sullen, he barely said anything to me.

Feeling better, I get out of the tub and dry myself with a towel, and use another to wrap over my body. I go to the bedroom and find a pair of sweatpants and a black T-shirt on the bed. I wear that and follow his scent downstairs, into the kitchen. He too has taken a shower and changed into fresh clothes.

'Hey,' I wave, he looks at me and smiles, a smile that doesn't reach his eyes.

'I made you chicken soup, please sit,' I take a barstool and he gives me my bowl, the soup is delicious and warm.

'Arya, that was dangerous, you could have gotten killed,' The gentleness of his voice surprises me. I push my bowl away and he puts it in the sink.

'Why were you avoiding me?' I ask.

'I wasn't avoiding you..'

'Don't lie to me,'

'I was respecting your wishes to be left alone,' He starts. 'And I think you were right. We were moving fast and our emotions got out of control,'

I look at him astounded.

'You won't try to convince me that our Lycans need this,'

'No, Arya,' He says.

Tears well up in my eyes but I smile tightly at him ' This is for the best, Arya, I was losing control and doing the one thing I promised not to,'

'What is it?' I swallow.

'Fall for you,'

I almost forget how to breathe when those words leave his mouth. My heart is thumping in my chest like crazy. Jacob walks closer to where I'm and touch my nape. He kisses me, it's not possessive or deep, just an innocent one

'That is why we need this break,'

'Is this why you've been avoiding me?'

'Um, no I've been busy,'

He holds my hand and takes me to the bedroom. I slowly get in bed and he lies next to me. Our backs turned against each other. Minutes go by and no one makes a move to touch the other, another, another until we both turn at the same time and our lips meet for a long passionate kiss. Our tongues played for a little while, now, this is familiar, the kisses were familiar.

My body was heating up real fast as we continued and all I wanted was for him to thrust his shaft into me, our position changed so I'm under him, and when he buries his long cock into me, I cried his name. His fingers lace with mine as he takes me over and over again.