

Chapter 88

Skylar 5 Years Later (19 Years Old)

“Girls?” my mom, Lola Alvarez, yells from the top of her lungs. She must be in the kitchen, her voice so loud that both Irma and I groan.

“Seriously, again?” Irma mutters as she sits up in her bed on the other side of the room. Her blonde hair is stuck to her face, but she blows it away. “Why does she keep waking us up like this? We aren’t children anymore and deserve our freaking beauty sleep.”

I shoot her a tired smile. “I think all moms are like this.”

Irma sighs and falls on her back once more. We share the same room, and the sun is peering in through the blinds, casting her beautiful hair in shades of gold. “I guess...”

“GIRLS?!”

Irma immediately shoots up for the second time. “YES?!”

“BREAKFAST IS READY!”

“COMING!” Irma shouts back before rubbing her eyelids with her fingers. “I can’t wait until we move back to Haven to attend college. I’m so done living with our parents.”

Even though I know where Irma is coming from, I’m going to miss Caleb and Lola. I’ve only lived with them in Spain for five years, but I already see them as mom and dad. And I know they feel the same way. Lola has told me time and again that she and Caleb always wanted a second child but that hybrid children are rare. They had countless miscarriages before I came into the picture. Knowing that makes me feel more loved within this family.

“Can you imagine living in our own place in the big city after the summer is over?” Irma continues, pulling at her messy, blonde hair to untangle some knots.” No more getting woken up by mom’s rooster impersonations and dad’s random bouts of singing at the crack of dawn. No more chores. We can stay up as late as we want, studying or partying.”

“Irma,” I scold her with a smile, “remember we’re going there to study. Not to party.”

She rolls her eyes dramatically and flops back onto the bed, crossing her arms over her chest. “Well, duh. But it doesn’t hurt to have a little fun. You need to let loose, sis, or you’ll go crazy.” I laugh at her antics but fall silent when I think about what she

is saying. Irma isn't entirely wrong. I'm still afraid of men, and while Irma shamelessly flirts and makes new friends, all I do is hide inside. I'm a nerd with high grades while Irma is...well, Irma.

"GIRLS?!"

"Oh my god...." Irma whispers before springing off the bed, her bare feet thudding on the wooden floor. She runs towards the door, shouting over her shoulder, "Hold your horses, Mom! We're coming!"

I quietly stand up from my bed to get dressed, giggling when Irma runs her hand over her face.

"I swear if Mom calls us one more time..."

But the call never comes. Instead, we get dressed and head downstairs to join Caleb and Lola for breakfast. The aroma of freshly baked bread and brewed coffee fills the air mingling with the scent of Lola's homemade orange marmalade. I can see Caleb at the stove, flipping pancakes, his back towards us. He's humming an upbeat tune that's been stuck in his head for days.

"Good morning. girls," Lola says brightly. "Did you sleep well?"

“I was until you woke me up,” Irma mutters as she pulls out a chair from the table. “What’s the agenda anyway? Is there a fire somewhere?”

Caleb and Lola share a look, which never means anything good. They only do that whenever something bad has happened. In the end, it’s Caleb that clears his throat.

“Alpha Xavier called me yesterday. His son, Lucas, the future Alpha of the Bloodmoon pack, has caused quite some drama within the pack. On his eighteenth birthday, he announced that there would no longer be more than one Alpha. That means that Lucas will rule alone, and while Yato is fine with stepping down, the other Alphas are furious since their sons were supposed to rule. Therefore, Xavier thought it would be a good idea to send his son here for the summer. Only for the commotion to go down.”

I stop breathing, and my whole family seems to understand why. After all, they were all there five years ago when I rejected Lucas as my mate at his thirteenth birthday party. It feels like such a lifetime ago.

“I’m sorry, Skylar,” Caleb sighs. “I couldn’t turn down Xavier’s offer after everything he had done for us. He is the sole reason we can get by in this country without working”

“I know...” I wet my lips. “I’m just... scared.”

“Oh, honey, you don’t have to fear Lucas. I know there are rumors about him being cold and heartless, but if he touches you. I will personally rip his throat out,” Lola finishes, her eyes hardening at the thought.

“And I will help you,” Irma’s nostrils flare. “No one messes with my sister.”

“Thanks, guys,” I smile at them. “But I’m not too worried. Maybe this is my chance to let him return the favor and reject me.”

Those words make my entire family turn into stone. They all stare at me like I’ve grown three heads before Irma starts to laugh hysterically.

“Wait, hold on...do you mean to tell me that he never returned the rejection? That he is still sired to you? Oh my god, why didn’t you ever tell me?!”

My lips part. “I...I didn’t think it was such a huge deal!”

Irma laughs even louder. “Jesus... Do you even know what this means, Skylar?”

I narrow my eyes. “No, so please enlighten me.” “It basically means that whenever you’re with another man, be it kissing them or touching them, Lucas will feel excruciating pain, Irma explains, her laughter dying down to a smirk. “He’s linked to

you, Skylar. You have the power to either make him feel the most pleasurable sensations or the most painful ones.”

A gasp escapes from my lips as I stare at her in shock. “B-but I thought that was a myth!”

“Nope,” Irma snorts. “That man is going to be pissed when he sees you. I mean, didn’t Irwin kiss you last month?”

My cheeks burn. “Against my fucking will! He was drunk, Irma! tried to push him away, but he is a werewolf just like me- there was no way for me to fight him back!”

“Okay, that’s enough!” Lola interjects, her voice slicing through the air like a knife. “No more arguing. Lucas is coming here, and I’m sure he will be nice and understanding if you tell him why you rejected him.”

“Yeah...” Caleb scratches his chin. “Do you mind if I ask why you rejected him?”

My face flames up to a billion degrees when all eyes land on me but I don’t have an answer for them. I’ve been trying so hard to mash down the truth-that I’m terrified of men, especially big ones-and I’m not going to unearth it now. “I don’t want to talk about it.” I finally manage to stammer out.

Lola opens her mouth, but I’m already moving out of the kitchen. “Anyway, see you later! I will head down to the river to read!” And pray Lucas doesn’t decide to show up.

As I leave the house, I can hear Irma's low chuckle lingering behind me. "She's in deep shit," I hear her mutter, and I can't help but shudder at the truth in her words.

Lucas is going to be so pissed off when he sees me.

Shit.

Why didn't Lucas just come here to return the rejection?!