

Chapter 92

Skylar

A few days later, I find my mom sitting downstairs in the kitchen. The others are out hunting with my dad and even though I usually love to hunt, I didn't feel like going. Instead, I drag out a chair and sit down in front of my mom, my eyes curious.

"I have a question," I say. She places down her phone with a smile.

"What is it, Sky?" The nickname makes me perk up, but not for long.

"It's about Alpha Xavier and Alpha Daisy," I start, biting my lower lip nervously since I seldom ask these types of questions. It's unlike me to show any interest in the Bloodmoon pack, even if my family are technically still members of it. My mom, however, doesn't look suspicious.

"What about them? she instead asks.

“When Daisy brought back the light, she lost her angelic powers and heritage, right?”

“Oh,” my mom smiles. “She lost her powers, but that doesn’t mean she lost her angelic blood. We were never able to track down her real parents, but we think she was a gift sent by the moon goddess herself.”

I stare at her. “A gift by the moon goddess?”

“Yes, someone sent to save the world,” she taps her chin as if thinking. “Xavier believes the moon goddess is Daisy’s mother.”

“Oh...”

“Yeah,” her smile grows. “Amazing, right?”

“Very...” I mumble to myself while silently putting the puzzle pieces together. If Daisy still carries angelic blood, then Lucas could quite possibly be a quadbrid.

“The Reeves are a very strong family. Sadly, Aron and Logan don’t want to accept them as the true Alpha family that should lead the Bloodmoon pack. If Christian Reeves had still been alive, he would have pointed out that the pack belonged to the, Reeves family first.”

I recoil at the mention of Aron. He is the reason I still have nightmares and why I haven’t had the guts to get into a

relationship. That rapist ruined me...wait. Did she just say that Christian Reeves is dead?!!

"Is everything okay, Sky?" My mom's voice shakes me out of it, and I blink before forcing a smile onto my lips.

"I'm fine... I just... Did Thear that last part correctly?"

"Which part?"

"The part when you said Christian Reeves is dead."

Her face falls. "Oh, sweetie... Christian Reeves died five years ago I thought you knew? He had a heart attack the same day Lucas turned thirteen. But I suppose it makes sense that you didn't hear about it since you ran away..."

I freeze at her words. "H-he had a heart attack?"

"Yes, honey," my mom puts a hand over mine. "But don't worry. He is in a better place now, and his family is leading the pack perfectly fine without him...even if there is some drama."

I try to smile at her words, but I don't feel calm at all. Especially not when that voice from five years ago makes it back to the surface, 'Have you finally figured it out yet, Skylar?' it asks before snickering 'Shut up.' I growl internally before pushing it back into the far corner of my mind where it belongs. The reason I do that is because I know damn well that I'm a special

werewolf, but I don't want to be. Every time I stop fighting that horrible voice in my head, strange things happen. Sometimes, I have futuristic dreams, and even though no one believes me, I swear I time-traveled that one time at the grocery store. It happened three years ago, I tried to reach for a can of peaches from the top shelf when suddenly, it wasn't the grocery store I was standing in, but a park.

It was a beautiful sunny day, and the couple were kissing on a bench, their laughter echoing through the air. Just as suddenly, I was back in the grocery store again, the can of peaches somehow in my hand. And there were other times, too. Times when I'd see a flash of a familiar face before it would disappear, leaving only a faint trace in my memory that couldn't quite be recalled, Times when I'd hear whispers that sounded like they were coming from all around me, even though no one was there. It's fucking creepy, so I've decided never to let my powers come up to the surface. I'm happy being normal.

"Do you have any plans tonight?" my mom asks. I return from my internal reverie at the sound of her voice.

"No nothing particular. Why do you ask?" I respond, doing my best to hide the turmoil of my thoughts.

"Well," she begins, her eyes sparkling with mischief, "Lucas didn't go hunting with the others and so I thought you might want to go and check on him?"

I raise a suspicious eyebrow at her. She knows I find Lucas scary, so why is she suggesting this?

“And why would I want to do that?”

She shrugs nonchalantly, “Just thought you might want to hang out with him, is all.” Even though I don’t hate Lucas, I feel a tinge of discomfort at the thought of knocking on his door. He has been avoiding me for the last couple of days, so it’s obviously clear he doesn’t want me around.

“Not really...” I mumble, trying hard not to think about our moment in the basement. What if he is hiding from me because he is ashamed?

“Well, I just thought it would be nice. Lucas has been isolated lately. Maybe it wouldn’t hurt to have a friendly conversation,” she suggests, looking at me knowingly.

I roll my eyes at her subtle push, “Mom, I know what you’re trying to do.”

She feigns innocence, “I’m just saying, sometimes people need someone to talk to. And he hasn’t rejected you back yet, has he?”

I pause, and she giggles. “I thought as much.” Her smile is downright mischievous right now. “And since he can still feel the mate bond, you hold power over him, Sky. He might listen

to you if you tell him locking himself up in his room isn't healthy."

"But he also might rip my head off!"

Instead of laughing like I expect her to, she stares at me thoughtfully. "Lucas won't hurt you, Sky. He may be a lot of things. but violent towards you? Never."

I pout. "How can you be so sure?"

"Because even if you only see him as a big, brutish Alpha with a moody personality, that boy is into you, Skylar. He always has been, even if he doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve."

I blink at her words before I laugh out loud. My mom stares at me like I'm crazy, yet I can't stop. "Very funny," I tell her. "Anyway, I will head back upstairs to read a book or something."

"You do that," she replies, the mischievous glint never leaving her eyes. As I turn to walk away, I can hear her mutter under her breath. "Teenagers are so blind..." Blind? She is the delusional one! I shake my head and walk upstairs, planning to bury myself in a world of fiction where things are predictable and easier to understand. However, as I open the door, my eyes land on a person who shouldn't be inside.

Lucas. He is lying on his back on my bed, and his t-shirt has ridden up his chest to reveal glorious v-lines that vanish

beneath the waistband of his jeans. His eyes are closed, and his chest rises and falls in an easy rhythm, indicating he is in a deep sleep. And while my first question should be, "What the hell is he doing in my room?" I can't stop staring at his lower abs. Like. I've seen muscles before, but seeing them on Lucas is making my heart palpitate.

Even with these interruptive thoughts, I manage to squeak out, "What... What are you doing here?"

Startled, he jolts awake, sits up abruptly, and blinks at me. The disoriented expression on his face would be comical if I weren't utterly perplexed.

"I... um..." he fumbles for words, pressing a hand against his forehead as if trying to remember something.

I cross my arms, tapping my foot impatiently. "W-well?"

He squints at me before the realization dawns upon his features. In an entire shift of persona, Lucas shifts uncomfortably on the bed, looking as though he'd rather be anywhere else before he mutters, "I tried to shape-shift into a wolf, but my angelic and demonic side started fighting. Your scent is the only thing that prevents me from shifting into....you know..."

I almost feel sorry for him. If I were in his position, with my powers struggling to exist in the same body and my mate's

scent the only thing that could steady me, I'd probably be doing the same thing. But it's Lucas we're talking about here! I can't share my bed with my freaking Alpha!

"G-get out of my room!" I order him, though my voice comes out as nervous as I feel. It also doesn't scare Lucas.

"What if I refuse?"

"If you don't get out of my room, I will scream as loud as a dying banshee!"

"Okay, okay!" He holds up his hands in surrender. "I will leave- geez, no need to get so fucking dramatic. The only reason I want to stay in your room is because I don't want to shape-shift. Nothing else." He grumbles the last part, but the slight flush on his cheeks tells a different story. Groaning in frustration, he throws his legs over the side of the bed and stands up, towering over me. He glares at me for a moment, his eyes darting to my lips before he turns away. "You uhh need to give me something that smells like you..."

I gesture at my chair, where a dirty pile of clothes from yesterday is sitting. "Take one of my t-shirts."

He walks over in his lumbering way, picking up a yellow tee and holding it to his nose. He makes a face. "Your idea of 'smells like you' is different from mine," he mutters but folds the shirt and tucks it under his arm anyway.

I stare up at him, frightened, yet able to ask, "And why is that?"

"It smells like your perfume, not like you."

I try to appear tough, crossing my arms over my chest even though I feel like a toddler around him. "And?"

"It's not the same thing." I notice his hand moving to the pile of clothes again. It almost looks like he is picking up something in secret before he smirks. "Anyway, I'm leaving."

Then he's at the door, closing the door behind him. As soon as he is gone, I walk over to my chair, wondering what the hell he took to leave with such a satisfied expression. It's then it hits me-the bastard took my underwear!