

Sold To The Scarred Alpha Chapter 48

XANDER

Mate? I scoffed in disbelief as I watched Maliya from where I was standing. I won't be surprised to see that my wolf just spills out the nonsense that came to his head after being asleep for what seems like forever.

My wolf is probably the most lazy wolf that exists. Even if we are on the brink of death, I won't be surprised if he still doesn't react. The last time he came out strong and even tried to overpower me was when I wanted to get rid of my family. Even then, I could only feel his presence. He only came out strong when I was fighting my father or both of us would have got killed.

Ever since then, he neither talks nor tries to warn me about anything. He is as good as dead which makes his sudden. resurrection surprise me.

I watched Maliya as she smiled, completely oblivious to what I was thinking. She hadn't even noticed my presence. She seems invested in whatever Claudia is telling her.

The more watched the more attractive she became and I began to know if indeed, she was my mate or my wolf was just sleep talking or whatever I'd call this.

I was thinking about my first mate. Perhaps he was only responding to what I was saying? I couldn't be so sure.

Do you mean Maliya is my mate?" I asked him, but he wouldn't answer. "For fuck sake, is that woman my mate or not snapped at him, but he seemed to be playing dead once again, considering how he wouldn't reply.

Why did I bother myself anyway? My wolf only comes out when I am in danger or when a war is about to break down and the chances of me winning are slim. Other than that, I could speak to him for all the days in the year, yet he won't answer.

I wondered if every wolf is like that because he frustrates me more than anything. I've learned to live with it, but then, the asshole just has to say something to make me confused and then go back to playing dead.

For some reason, his silence annoyed me more than it should and I assumed it was a mistake.

I wasn't mad because he called Maliya my mate, but after learning to accept that all these while, I was serving the moon goddess punishment by not having a second chance mate, he raised my expectations, just to go back to sleep.

I don't even want a mate in the first place. I don't have the heart to accept anyone because quite frankly, once I become attached to someone, they will become a liability. My past is another reason, of course.

I saw how a strong man like my father fell because of attachment. He lost focus as soon as he heard the death of his son and that was how I was able to take him down without any pity or sympathy.

Of course, I wouldn't put myself in that position and allow others to use my attachment as a weakness. That would never happen, but still, I wished I'd have a mate who would genuinely like me because I believe I am capable of loving someone and being loved in return, unlike the nonsense everyone has been saying for years.

Back then, Rafael stole the woman I loved from me because he was the heir to the throne, the finer man us, unlike me who has an ugly scar beneath my eyes.

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My stepmother had always taunted me with it, reminding me of how no one would ever accept me for many reasons. I was an impotent. On top of that, I also have an ugly scar on my face and I hate to admit that she was right.

My mate rejected me because she could not bear to sleep and wake up her life.

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