

## Chapter 78

This chapter includes slight mature content

Enjoy!

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Marcelle stared down at me, stunned, surprised and relieved.

He helped me sit up and brought a glass of water to my lips. I hadn't even realised that my throat was so dry until I gulped down the entire glass of water. But I was also starving-as if I hadn't eaten in days. Which only raised the question: how long had I been sleeping?

"Melissa?" Marcelle mumbled, holding me close to his chest. "Are you okay?"

As I nodded, I noticed that everyone else had been in the room, too, sharing Marcelle's expression.

"How-how many hours had I been asleep?" I finally asked, my voice sounding foreign to my own ears.

They all shared a look before meeting my expectant gaze again. "Melissa, you were asleep for three days."

I gasped. "Three days! But how?"

"I don't know," Marcelle mumbled as he rubbed my cheek. "I was worried sick, but I knew you'd come back to me."

I collected my thoughts and memories, and as they all came rushing back, I shuffled from the bed towards the mirror. I frowned when I noticed that my eyes were still blue, and the streak was back.

"In my dream, my eyes were their natural brown colour, and my hair was flawless." I pulled my finger through my hair as Marcelle held me from behind. Louie, Fiona and Leonardo stared at me in utter curiosity.

"What happened in there?" Marcelle finally asked.

I sighed, moving my hand over my heart as I collected my thoughts. Then, I told them. I told them everything I saw, learned and what I had to do.

But this time, I wanted to do it differently. I wasn't going to the realm of the moon and the sun this time. Amaris would come to me. I have no idea how I planned to do that, but I'd find a way.

"Wow," Fiona mumbled as soon as I was done, rubbing her extended stomach. "That is messed up."

"It is," I agreed. "But she is still the moon goddess, and please let this stay between us."

"Of course!" Leo agreed. "If this gets out, the entire werewolf species could turn against her. Hell, even I felt betrayed."

"We've all been lied to. And I can't imagine how Louie must be feeling right now." I met her gaze, but she dropped it instantly. I sighed. "But I think the moon goddess has seen her errors and is trying to make amends."

"What if she tries to kill you?" Louie finally spoke, this time staring into my eyes in fear.

"She wouldn't." I shook my head but gulped as a tiny hint of fear crept up my neck. Something my mom had said resonated with me. The moon goddess actually tried to kill them? What is stopping her from doing the same with me?

Yet, deep down, I knew she wouldn't. If she wanted to, she would have already.

"I know what I have to do," I said as I stared at them, trying desperately to avoid hunger. "Wait, where's Lukas and Felicity?"

As if it was a rehearsed dance move, they all fished for their phones and checked the time before a smirk took over their lips.

"Oh, just getting acquainted."

Oh.

I snorted. "Well, at least they're getting along."

We chuckled as we all left to get breakfast. I was starving.

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After a well-needed breakfast and an odd but refreshing talk with Felicity and Lukas, I called Toya and Logan to tell them what had happened. Logan was . . . quiet, especially when I told him about our parents.

It was hard to take in, but in the end, he encouraged me to end this once and for all.

That much I agreed with, but I had no idea how. Still, I was certain that I would. I had to before I could ever go forward with my mate and welcome Fiona's baby into our home.

Marcelle stood on the porch that led to the backyard, and I joined him only minutes after I ended my call.

I wrapped my arm around him, and he openly welcomed me with a small kiss.

"You know? Since this entire thing, it's barely ever been you and me alone anymore."

"You're right," he said with a thoughtful expression. "I'm sorry-"

"Marcelle, no. It's by no means your fault. Let's just . . . let's just enjoy this moment before life happens again, please?"

His smile grew even wider. "Want to go for a walk?"

"Sure."

We walked hand in hand along a familiar trail behind the Alpha house. We didn't talk for a while; we simply enjoyed each other's presence.

"So, I reckon you liked yourself better with brown eyes?" he asked once we were deep into the woods.

We stopped walking so I could face him. I shrugged.

"It seems more authentic. My blue, to me, always seemed so . . . fake. They are unique but fake."

He brushed his thumb over my lip with a crooked smile. "For one, I love your blue eyes. I love every damn thing about you." He came closer. "But I can't wait to fall in love with the part of you that I have never met."

I snaked my arms around his neck and pulled him even closer to me. "So, will you miss my blue eyes?"

"Maybe a little. But if they sparkle the same, then I'd barely notice the difference." His face was only mere inches away from mine as he ended, and I wasted no time in closing the remainder of the distance between us.

The kiss was heated and steamy. The second our lips connected, my body was over the moon and on fire as he pulled on my ponytail to incline my head, giving him better access to the kiss.

He hoisted me against a tree and stacked my neck with his kisses.

"Do you want to go back?" he asked, his hot breath fanning my sensitive nape.

"No," I managed to say through gasps. "Right here, right now."

He didn't need to hear anything else as he crashed his lips on mine again. I could feel him pulsing against my thigh, and I wanted nothing more than to have him inside of me. It felt too long.

I raked my fingers through his silky hair and used my other hand to push away his sweats. I glanced around, ensuring we were alone until I noticed that we were at the place we had our first kiss.

The memory evoked a smile, but my lips curled in an 'o' soon after when Marcelle slipped his hand up my thigh and tugged at my underwear. I praised myself for wearing a dress today as he shifted the fabric aside.

His fingers teased my moisture, rubbing in a small circle as he reclaimed my lips to suppress my moans. I could feel him positioning himself closer to me, holding my panties shifted while using his free hand to hold me up.

Eager and ready, I reached for him, leading him right where I throbbed for him until his erection pressed against my folds. He was hard and stiff when he entered me, and just like all the other times, it felt like home.

I drowned my moans in his shoulder as he filled me with long, hard strokes. He brought me closer to my peak with each stroke-each gentle massage of my special spot until there were no barriers left, and I came crashing with a scream as I rode my inevitable climax.

Marcelle followed only seconds later as he slipped out, leaving me empty but once again satisfied.

"I could do this all day," he whispered against my ear through heavy breaths. I pulled away to meet his stormy eyes, watching me with such adoration, love and lust.

I licked my lips and reached for his sagging member, but I was ready to get him excited again as I slowly stroked him.

"Then let's do it." His eyes widened at what I had just suggested, but the keen approval and excitement were all I needed.

Our lips connected again, this time much slower than the first time, but just as much passion as ever.

The moon shard and the entire drama behind it were important. But what good would that all be if I didn't have my mate to share these strange but wonderful moments with?



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