

Chapter 45

The scarred Luna- (Three days before the festival.)

Amelia sighed, running her hands through her hair. She watched through the net separating the male and female warriors while training. A train of thoughts running through he had with no answer. De felt lost and confused. She felt like she had been caged inside of a room with no way leave.

"You keep staring at that one in particular, wanna tell me what's going on?" She prices Vanessa's scent even before she stood b b beside her.

It's funny, Erin know and Derrick knows. Amelia would've thought Alexander and Vanessa would find out about it by themselves but it doesn't look that way. Although Erin has tried to corner her but she hasn't allowed it happen yet. She doesn't want it to happen.

Amelia turns slightly to look at Vanessa, hands wrapped ahn thr her chest, her tongue poking her inner cheek as she contemplated on telling her.

"Come on, I'm here." She urges further, finally pulling her eyes away from him. Zach. Erin had been persistent enough to tell her his name.

Amelia opened her mouth to speak an is cut off by the deep voice from behind the. Rn re a furrowed, she turns to see who interrupted them and isn't so surprised to see the culprit.

Maxwell stood behind them, a sinnister smile on her lips even though Vanessa figure it out.

"Alexander is asking of you, Vanessa." He says and it only makes Amelia suspicious. Why in the goddess name would

Alexander ask Maxwell to call Vanessa?

"He is?" Vanessa mutters

"Yes, I was heading towards the training grounds initially and he mentioned wanting to come call you so I offered. I hope thats okay with you?" He asks, smiling innocently at Vanessa who nods before glancing at Amelia.

"Let's continue our talk later, huh." Amelia nods, watching the woman walk off to go meet her mate.

Maxwell clears his throat, earning Amelia's attention. She looks at him with greatest disdain he had ever seen. It doesn't faze him though.

Amelia snickers, taking a step closer to him. "I don't know what you're playing at but stay away from me." She warns, eyes flashing a bright red for only a second, oblivious to the eyes watching them keenly,

Amelia stalks past him, trying to keep her anger in check as she has always done. She wished she had the courage to tell Derrick just what kind of person Maxwell really is but she hasn't been able to. How would she?

Amelia sighs, bringing her hand to her forehead, she could feel a slight headache coming up and knows it's because of her slight encounter with the devils incarnate. Or maybe it's because she has been overworking her body and now it's starting to tell on her. She doesn't know which of it, it really is.

She takes the corner, leading to the main house hug doesn't get that far. She grabbed by the wrist rather harshly and pulled into a lone room just by the side of the passage . A room she hadn't noticed at all until she's dragged into one of the room. She's slammed against the wall, she squeezed her

eyes tightly. Not in fear but also not wanting to confront the situation. By the scent of the person she knows who had accosted her on the way.

"Won't you look at me? Are you really that repulsed by me that you refuse to even give me a second?" The voice says and Amelia opens her eyes as though to refute what the person just said. To tell him she didn't think of him as repulsive nor didn't she want to see him. To tell him he has been the only thing occupying her mind and soul it is driving her crazy. Having him so close to her and yet so far has her wolf acting miserable. The fiery need inside of her to attach him to her body and have him soothe every pain she's felt for the past years is immense but she couldn't. She couldn't get her mouth to open up nor could she look away. As though stuck in a haze, she stood, eyes on him, lips parted only slightly.

She jolts out of her lustful reverie when his fingers trail her cheekbones, like that the could have emotions wore off. She shrugs his hand off like it burned her skin, immediately averting her gaze, already trying to bury the moment they just had.

"I'm sorry for dragging you in here like that but, I just really-" he swallows like the words burned his throat, visibly gulping. Amelia felt weak in the knees, his scent overriding her Brain. Should she even be this close to him? Should she have the opportunity to inhale his scent so freely? Should she..

"Can you reject me?" This had Amelia snapping out of her haze, it felt like an iced bucket of water was thrown at her. She snaps her eyes up at him, growing pale at his words.

He in question doesn't look so different, it looked like it took him everything he had to even utter those words but he did. His eyes was filled with a pain Amelia desperately wanted to

wipe away.

"Y-you" she stuttered, berating herself mentally for speaking like an invalid in a situation like this.

Zach swallowed, gripping his hands into a tight fist. He swallowed hard again, a familiar pain settling in his throat. "I know I'm not exactly what you want in a mate. I know you don't like me and are repulsed by me. At first I thought giving you some days would make it easier for you but all it's down is push you even further. I'm the intruder in your pack and I shouldn't have you sneaking around like you have to avoid me-" he paused.

Amelia struggled to open her mouth, to tell him things weren't the way he was thinking. She might have avoided him but certainly not for the reasons he was thinking. She's unable to speak though. It was as though her throat was constricted and words won't leave her mouth.

"I tried to wait it out for some days but the pull is unbearable. I can't bare it anymore and I think it's better to end this so you can live your life as you were living." His eyes searched hers for something she couldn't decipher but judging by how withdrawn he looked after, she guessed he didn't find what he was searching for.

"Please reject me." He muttered and Amelia's heart shattered to pieces even though it is all her fault.

"I-" she swallows hard, Did she really want to reject him? Of course not. She's waited for her mate for years and even then she had no plan to reject her mate and still doesn't but then again, her attitude towards him hasn't actually proved right.

"Does our age barrier not bother you for even a bit?" She asked instead, her voice coming out wobbly and uncertain. Zach tilts his head sideways, trying to understand her.

"Our age?" He asks and she nods.

"I'm four years older than you. That's a lot."

He stared at her for some seconds, trying to understand what what exactly she meant.

"Our age? How is that supposed to bother me?if I wasn't old enough for my mate then I wouldn't have found you. Why should that be a problem between us?" He asks. The same question Erin had thrown at her too. Why should it be a problem? Amelia couldn't answer and even now she still couldn't.

Realization dawns upon him and he gasps dramatically. "You are bothered by our age? Is that it?" He asks and for a slight second, Amelia thought of denying but what's the point? It's better to lay her cards now that they are finally talking about it and so she nods, laying all of her cards.

Of all the things she expected from Zach, she certainly didn't expect him hugging her as tightly as he is doing right now. Her head against his chest, his arms wrapped around her body. Should could hear the erratic way his heart beat was going and it made her smile.

Is their age really not a problem?

(This is an insight on Amelia and Zach's relationship. The next chapter would be focusing on the main characters)