

Chapter 11

Aaron POV

Eric jerked his head back. "Duhh? She was hungry, and she called me. So I am going to her with food. What's there to be surprised about?"

A pang of jealousy stabbed my heart. I wanted to snatch that brown paper bag from him and take it to Venus personally. When I asked her to eat with me, she ran away. And now she called Eric? Couldn't she eat in the cafeteria? Unable to control myself, I snatched the bag from him.

"What the fuck are you doing?" he growled.

"Can't you see?" I growled back. "I am taking food for Venus." Before he could say anything, I jumped into my car and floored it.

But my brother wasn't the type who would leave me at peace. He shouted from behind, "What about Vicky? Do you want me to go to her?"

Fuck him.

When I reached school and parked the car in the parking area, I noticed from my rear-view mirror that Eric had also arrived after me in his car. I got out of the car.

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"She's in the library!" Eric shouted from behind.

So I made my way to the library and gazed around. There was no one else, and I tracked her scent to the end, where she was sitting hidden behind a book. As if recognizing me, she lowered her book, and her eyes went wide in surprise. "Aaron, what are you doing here?" she asked, bewildered.

Her lips were all puffy like a baby who had just finished crying. They always swelled after she cried. The top buttons of her shirt were open, revealing a hint of the swells of her chest, and my mouth went dry. She blushed when she realized I was staring at her chest like a bloody pervert.

"I came to give you this," I said and kept the bag in front of her. Confusion washed over her.

Eric came in right behind me. "He stole it from me!" he scowled. "I was bringing it for you, and he snatched it."

Not to give her the wrong impression, I said, "I knew you were hungry and so—" Goddess, when did Venus turn into such a breathtaking she-wolf? I needed to get out of here before her citrusy scent coated me all over and my wolf turned boneless.

"Thank you," she murmured, blushing deeper. She opened the bag with her delicate fingers, which I had never noticed earlier. While pulling the

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sandwich out, the shirt from her shoulder slid, revealing her pale skin.

It was the place on her shoulder where my mark would sit and it was begging for a kiss or a brush of my lips. My fists balled tightly as I watched her taking the first bite of the bacon sandwich. She groaned in pure joy, closing her eyes. That groan was the sexiest I had heard. I fought the urge to wipe the sauce that dripped from the side of her lips, or lick it with my tongue. In order to not look like a degenerate, I dragged my gaze away from her before she noticed how I was staring at her.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I needed to get out of here and be with Vicky, but my feet were so fucking rooted to the spot. What could I do? Watching her eating a simple sandwich was like watching porn. My personal porn.

My phone buzzed, and I saw Vicky's number flashing. Immediately, I picked it up. "Vicky?"

"No, this is Gaia."

"Gaia, what happened to Vicky?" I asked. Why was she calling from Vicky's phone?

"Vicky slashed her wrists. She is very upset. Can you please come here and console her?"

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Fear cruised through me. "No," I rasped. "I'll be there as soon as possible."

"What happened?" Venus asked, her brows furrowed. "Please tell me. Vicky is my sister."

I clenched my teeth and shook my head. "Nothing." This was my mess, and I had to take care of it. "I'll see you!" I turned to look at Eric. He was glaring at me with narrowed eyes.

"Don't go," he warned me.

"She is my mate!" I snapped. "And she is not well." Saying that, I stormed out of the library, hoping that Vicky was fine. I felt a sting of guilt in my heart. This was all because of me.

I hurried to Vicky's house. As soon as Gaia opened the door, I saw she was crying. "Vicky slashed her wrists," she complained, sniffing.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"In her room."

I ran to her room and found her lying on the bed with bandages on her wrists. She fluttered open her eyes. When our gazes met, she said, "Am I dreaming? Are you really here, Aaron?"

My heart squeezed for her and I sat on the edge of

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her bed. "Why did you do this, Vicky?" I asked, lifting her hand in mine.

She started crying. "I don't want to live without you!"

"Oh, Vicky!" I breathed.

"Please don't leave me," she cried. "I can't live without you. Cancel this marriage."

Gaia came in with a bowl of chicken stew. "Have it, baby. You have lost a significant amount of blood."

"I don't!" she screamed. "I don't want to eat anything. Let me die."

"Vicky!" I chided her, taking the soup bowl from Gaia, who looked paler than usual. "Eat it. For me." I propped her pillows up and made her eat the soup with my hands. "You have to stop it all," I murmured.

"It can only stop when you break your engagement with Venus. I hate her so much!" she wiped her tears. "She has stolen my mate. Can't you see how greedy she is? She is doing it just to be the Luna of the most powerful and wealthy pack of North America. She is nothing but a gluttonous whore!"

I didn't like the way Vicky addressed Venus. Venus never spoke like this about her. "Venus is not like

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that," I replied sharply. "Patrick is extremely wealthy and Venus is his heir. Money doesn't drive her."

"Oh, so now you are taking her side?" she bawled.
"Of course you will. After all, my mother is poor and I don't have any inheritance. I am a poor little wolf, whose mate is the future Alpha of the Oak Pride pack. Is it my fault that you are my mate? What can I do when I can't bear that you are marrying the girl who I trusted the most?"

Goddess. This was getting difficult by the day. I wish I had a solution. I remained silent and made her eat the soup so that she regained her strength. Once I made her lie down back on her pillow and covered her with the blanket, I stood. She caught my hand and said, "Please stay here. I need you."

And so I stayed.

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