

Chapter 32

Aaron POV

"I don't want to meet her," I said even though I wanted to. Moreover, it felt like I was betraying Venus.

Nathan sighed. "I know you are really pissed off by her, but I think she deserves this one last meeting with you," he coaxed me.

Debating whether or not I should meet her, I looked at Nathan. "The last time I met Vicky just before engagement, I was thrown into so much trouble."

Nathan shook his head. "I promise there will be no trouble this time. I have checked everywhere for hidden cameras. She is hurting a lot, Aaron. I think after you meet her, she will come to terms."

I clenched my jaw and rubbed my hands. "Okay!" I breathed.

Nathan led me to the basement of our beach house where Vicky was waiting for me in her white dress. She was crying a lot, and it really affected me.

"Aaron!" she rasped and came to me.

I stopped her from hugging me. "What do you

Chapter 32



want, Vicky?" I asked, irritated and also happy to see her.

She looked at me for a moment, and said, "I know you will find it ridiculous, but please listen to me before you react, okay?"

"What?" I said sharply.

"We still have a chance to be together?" she said in a low voice.

My brows furrowed. "Have a chance? How?"

She took a deep breath in. "There's a small boat waiting at the back of the beach house. Nathan will divert everyone's attention for a while and we both will escape in that time."

"What the hell!" I hissed. "Are you insane?"

"Then what am I supposed to do, Aaron?" she said, her eyes brimming with tears. Seeing tears in her eyes made me feel so guilty that I rubbed my face.

"Please, Vicky. Why are you crying?" I asked. "You know I tried to stop this wedding, and I couldn't."

"Why shouldn't I cry, Aaron?" she cried. "My sister stole my mate, leaving me in a lifetime of misery. You said that you will marry me and make me your Luna, but you have broken your promise. I am

Chapter 32



heartbroken. I feel like I am dying every day. And you are saying that I shouldn't cry?"

My heart was tumultuous. I was standing with Vicky, yet my wolf wanted to take me back to Venus. I was worried about her. Had she come upstairs? I turned my attention to Vicky. "There is nothing I can do, Vicky. I am hurting as much as you are." My fucking headache returned.

Vicky flinched at my words. She turned and walked to the small bottle of wine that was placed on the coffee table. Pouring it in two glasses, she said, "Okay, then tell me one thing—will you see me after you marry Venus? I know it is stupid of me to ask because you have high morals, but I beg of you, Aaron." She walked towards me and handed me one glass. "This is the last time I will drink with you."

As she raised her glass and I took one from her, I noticed her injuries hadn't healed. "Your wounds—" I said, pointing at her hand. "They haven't healed."

She jerked her head back as if surprised. She hid her hand behind her with a nervous chuckle. "My heart is hurting so much, and you are talking about my skin injuries?" Another pang of guilt blasted through my chest. I looked at the wine she gave me. "Aaron," she said, and I lifted my eyes to her. "Can you promise me one thing? Please don't touch her after marriage, at least."

Chapter 32



I closed my eyes and let out a rough exhale. "Vicky, you are asking for all the things I can't do. Venus will be my wife from today onward. How can I not touch her? We will be bonded by the Shaman during marriage. And you are saying that I shouldn't touch her? I will experience the same emotions as her moving forward. Hope you understand how wolf mating works!"

She stifled a cry. "Then run away with me! I can't bear it!"

Suddenly, the door of the basement opened and Venus walked in. And I stood frozen in my place. She was looking so stunning in the wedding gown. She was like an angel sent to earth for me. My breath lodged in my throat when I saw how the wedding gown hugged her curves. "Venus," I breathed, getting a semi hard. "What are you doing here?"

She looked from me to Vicky. Slowly, as she closed the gap between us, she said, "Everyone is finding you upstairs. I thought you had left and so I came here." I realized she had unshed tears in her eyes, and my heart twisted in misery. "But I shouldn't be surprised to see you with her, I guess."

"Venus," Vicky said, seizing the opportunity. "Please cancel this wedding." She clasped her hands around her wineglass. "Only you can do it now. Aaron is too dutiful towards his pack and parents. Just think

Chapter 32



about me. I will die without him."

I closed my eyes as my headache pounded again. "Stop it, Vicky," I pleaded with her to speak like that to Venus.

"I won't stop!" Vicky shouted. "She has stolen my mate, my love." She grabbed my wrist.

Venus stared at my face and then said, "Do you want me to cancel this wedding?"

Hell, my head. I pinched my forehead and shook my head. "No..."

Venus came to my side, disregarding Vicky's cries. "What's wrong, Aaron?" she asked.

"The headache!"

"I will cure your headache in a minute," Vicky said. "I have medicine in the boat. Let's just run away."

"He is not going anywhere," Venus replied sternly. Then she opened her purse and took out a tiny bottle of yellow liquid. "Have it," she forced me, opening the lid. She took the wine away from me and threw its content on the floor.

"What is it?" I asked as I took the bottle from her.

"Just have it!" she prodded. "It will ease your

Chapter 32



headache."

"What are you giving him?" Vicky asked as she came frantically to snatch the bottle from me.

Venus stood between us. "That's his antidote!"

Vicky tried to roughen Venus away from her to snatch the bottle, a nervous expression on her face. But I gulped it all down my throat and tossed the bottle aside.

Vicky stood there with an ashen white face. My head throbbed a little, but within a few minutes, the headache disappeared. I don't know why, but the vise-like grip on my chest also vanished. "Venus!" I said, feeling fresh. "You look beautiful!" My eyes went to Vicky, who had blanched. "Vicky, I am sorry, but I won't take your offer. And now, if you'll excuse us, I have to attend my wedding."



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