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Venus POV

Everyone said that Aaron had arrived. I was sitting in my room with all the maids who were fussing about me. Daddy was with Alpha and Luna and the other council members in the room outside. I wanted to see Aaron but obviously I had to wait for him before daddy came to take me with him to the temple.

The wedding was supposed to take place at 11AM, but it was ten minutes past 11 and he was nowhere to be seen. So many nasty thoughts flooded my mind. I didn't want to marry him and had this urge to flee. But my stupid heart was stopping me, and my stupid wolf. After all that Aaron had done to me, I still pined for him. Why did I choose him to love when there were so many strappy young wolves in my pack who would have thought me as a catch?

I couldn't sit in the room anymore and so I came out to the balcony. Gripping the rail, I looked at the vast ocean and wondered what it would be to live a loveless life. I noticed a staircase on the side that led to the basement. From the corner of my eye, I saw a little motor boat parked at the far end of the deck, bobbing over the gentle waves.

Since Aaron hadn't come, I was sure that he had

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decided to get out of the marriage for Vicky. Wanting to cry all alone, I went down the stairs and entered the basement, only to hear Vicky crying for Aaron. So he was with her, choosing to ignore our wedding time?

Rage, jealousy, and frustration exploded inside my chest. The emotions fractured my body and leaked out. I barged inside the room to confront them, but when I saw Aaron, I stopped myself. There was something wrong with him. He looked pale, and when he pinched his head, I knew he was again suffering from a headache.

There was a wineglass in his hand. Panicked, I tossed the wine on the ground and gave him an antidote. His doctor had given me an antidote because he suspected that someone was poisoning Aaron with a witch's potion. I really didn't know who it was because there were far too many suspects, but all I knew was that I had to save him. I was going to zero in on the main culprit later.

And when Aaron had the antidote, he returned to being normal. It was so refreshing. I felt giddy when he grabbed my hand, snubbed Vicky, and took me upstairs using the stairs from where I had come. He leaned over and said, "Let's get married, Venus. High time." I didn't look back even once at Vicky.

I giggled as he leaned over and kissed my cheek. He rushed out and I couldn't help suppressing a grin as

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a blush crept into my cheeks.

My father entered the room with a broad smile on his face. "It's time, chickee," he said, offering me his arm. This was it. I was about to be Aaron's bride.

I curled my arm around his and he led me outside to the temple where the wedding was supposed to take place. The Shaman was waiting for us. Aaron was already there. He looked stunning and so regal in his suit that my breath lodged in my throat. When our eyes locked, his eyes turned dark, as if he had deep desires hidden beneath that charming face.

The entire world faded into the background when my father handed me to him. He took my hand in his large ones, sending a shiver down my spine. As I stood there, I knew with absolute certainty that my love for Aaron, the wolf before me, was unmatched and that there was no one else I would ever choose.

The Shaman asked us to give our hands to him. As we spread our palms in front of him, he took the sacred knife from the statue of the Moon Goddess's hand and sliced our palm in the middle. He recited incantations as he joined our hands.

The blood around our hands sluiced down. As soon as the first drop fell on the ground, the rest of the stream of blood swirled around our hands. The guests gasped as I stared at what was happening.

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The thin stream of blood rapidly swirled around our joined hands and then suddenly exploded into thousands of tiny droplets, which disappeared into the air.

The Shaman smiled, and proceeded, "The goddess has accepted this true and rare mating. However, for the tradition's sake, do you, Aaron Wolfe, take Venus Lawson as your wife and Luna?"

True and rare? How was this possible? I wasn't even his mate.

"I do," he replied, staring at me intensely.

The Shaman turned to me. "Do you, Venus Lawson, take Aaron Wolfe as your husband and Alpha?"

"I do," I breathed.

"You may kiss the bride," the Shaman said, releasing our hands.

Aaron cupped my cheeks and leaned over. His eyes darted to my lips, and my body shuddered with jolts of electricity running to the nerve ends. He inclined his head and pressed a kiss on my lips. He sighed, and I moaned, and soon our kiss deepened. I curled my hands in his silky hair as he delved his tongue into my mouth. It seemed like both of us were hungry for each other.

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Someone coughed from the side, and I blushed. When I tried to pull away, Aaron growled and cupped my head from the back to kiss me harder. We were both out of oxygen, but we both didn't want to separate. It was a strange emotion because Aaron had never shown such possessiveness.

The crowd erupted in cheering and clapping for us, and it was then that Aaron left me. "You're mine," he said in a husky voice, curling his arm around my waist and squeezing it. I blushed again.

It was so difficult to understand his mood swings. With the antidote, he was such a beautiful, genuine wolf. Silently, I prayed to the goddess to help me find the culprit who did this to him.

Suddenly, a deafening explosion shook the cabin, causing the windows and doors to rattle. We separated, our eyes wide with shock.

"Vicky!" Gaia shouted, running to the rail of the wrap around deck.

In the distance, I saw a boat burning in the midst of the ocean.

