

CHAPTER TWO— NOT ENOUGH

Beware ... They're like two face coins. Not because they smile they're on your side.

Celeste stepped shakily up the stairs. She had long passed her boundaries, and now she resided on Zillon's; on his land, on his porch.

She couldn't deny the nervousness that ran through her, she could feel as her heart pumped heavily in her chest, she could even hear it; the quick and dense beats that sounded like fast fleeting footsteps.

In deep anxiety, her eyes drifted to the door that stood tall in front of her. Should she knock?

She should, shouldn't she? But she couldn't.

His scent was as strong as it had been the night he had marked her. The potent scent of lotus flowers and chopped wood. It was maddening, it invoked in her a sense of need; one that had her craving him, his arms that provided security, and his lips that 'should' be able to provide her with words of encouragement, especially after what she withstood on her way here.

Her sister's words had grown like a vine within her head, though her neck had already been claimed by Zillon, Celeste couldn't help but fear the act of him putting her sister above her.

That's one of the reasons why she couldn't bring herself to knock on the door. Zillon would probably remind her again that him marking her was a mistake, he'd probably even tell her that her sister was who he craved, who he'd eventually mate...and that would tear Celeste right open.

Taking a shaky step back, Celeste's eyes darted down to her feet or rather to the old sneakers that covered them. A mate, how she had longed to have one, but sadly, her mate wasn't wholly hers.

Tears, the ones she had been holding back pricked her eyes, even more so when his scent got stronger, engulfing her in its warmth. Approaching footsteps from beyond the door greeted her sensitive ears and in panic, she took another step back.

He had probably caught a whiff of her scent, he had probably heard her anxious steps, he had probabl—

Celeste's heart jumped when the brown board was pulled open, and in front of her, her crush, her mate, her everything stood.

His eyes traveled up her legs until they stared straight into hers, and somehow the eye contact had her legs threatening to leave her unsteady.

It was the matebond she knew, she could feel the pull, an invisible string that kept forcing her to move closer, but with all her heart, she ignored it and wiped at her teary eyes. "I-I came." She shakily smiled.

Zillon nodded, eyes summing her up with malice. "Right, come on in."

He opened up the door wider, stepping aside so she could pass by him. "Your room is the one furthest away from mine. Everything about you is filthy, your scent makes my mouth taste bitter, please stay out of my way. Don't talk to me, don't look at me, just stay in your room." He closed the door the moment her suitcase breached inside. "You may eat, there's food in the fridge and on Fridays, I will hunt you meat as your mate, but you are nothing beyond that; a mate that is unwanted."

Celeste's heart tore into two, no three, or perhaps it was now shattered into many pieces. His words were as sharp as a knife, cutting their way into her chest.

Her wolf howled like a wounded dog in her head, and pain scourged her as if she had been whipped. "I-I..."

Tears fell down her cheeks, her knees weak enough for her to have to hold onto the walls to keep steady. "I...I'm sorry..."

Zillon glared at her. "For what?"

"For...for not being enough."

"You don't have to apologize, it's not your fault, it's the moon goddess's for even thinking of making you."

With that, he trudged pass her, hands in his pockets. "And let me be more specific." He stopped by the corner. "Your room is the last room on the right upstairs, mine is the first one, come nowhere near it."

And then he disappeared.

Celeste collapsed against the wall, hand clenched against her chest. The mate bond was still strong, but the pain was stronger. It ran through her body as if it was the blood in her veins. It felt like fire, burning incessantly, but she'd pull through, for Zillon, she could do anything.

She'd show him, she'd make sure he sees her efforts, she'd display just how strong her love for him was, how abundant. Surely it would change the way he thought of her, it would undoubtedly make him feel the same.

Easing up from the wall, she wiped her eyes once more and stumbled further into the house. Zillon's scent was embedded inside, it was so strong that it felt as though it was clogging her nostrils. It was suppose to be a sign of reassurance, he was her mate after all, but all she felt was nervousness and the lingering pain in her chest.

But it would subside, and one day not far away, she'd feel safe in a room that only withheld his aroma.

Stepping around the corner, her eyes wandered around what she knew was the living room. It consisted of couches, a glass table, a television, and thick mats were sprawled out on the floor.

Looking away from them, her eyes greeted the stairs, traveling up to the room Zillon resided in. She could hear him, his steps, his unsteady breaths...she could feel him too, the matebond made that more than just possible, but despite the fact that it was pulling her towards him, she walked pass his room and to the one he had directed her to.

In there, she unpacked her stuff in the empty closet she found, and then she laid rather tiredly on the bed inside.

She'd wait, one day he would come to want her, and it'd would be the happiest day of her life. It'd make up for the pain in her chest, for the disrespectful words he told her, and for the harsh way he looked at her...

And that day, her Zillon would be happy too.