CHAPTER FOUR— DETERMINED TO HAVE WHATS HERS

Celeste skated breathlessly into Zillon's front yard, still wearing the clothing of her wolf's skin. The night had gotten darker, the sun had gone down, and though she had ran to her heart's full content, she still felt like she hadn't done enough.

Zillon's words were still engraved in her head. They for one made it hard for her to cut her run short, but sadly, she had to, not because of the matebond, but because of what the elders had once taught her and the other young she-wolves of the pack.

No matter what, a newly mated female should return to their mate before 7:00pm. It is said that werewolves were very possessive of their mates, especially the high ranking ones. The elders didn't go in depth as to 'why' as well as 'what' would happen, but she didn't really want to know, because nothing would happen, especially if it concerned her mate.

He had said it before, he wanted nothing to do with her, so why would he act out or become possessive when she neglects to come in on time?

Right, he wouldn't.

Taking in a deep breath, Celeste crouched in front of the porch, starting the transition from wolf to human.

Her ears were the first thing that miniatured, and then the hair that had covered her skin. Soon, she stood naked in the darkness that surrounded her.

The wind she had previously enjoyed in wolf form now licked at her skin with a newfound potency, cruelly urging her to head inside. The moon above shone bright, lighting her path as she stepped up to the stairs that lead to the door.

She only made it up the first one before the door in front of her swang open, revealing Zillon. Just like the night he had marked her, his eyes were a bright orange, staring straight into her soul. He exhaled, the fog it formed making his breath almost visible. "Where were you?"

His voice was deep... heavily raspy, making the thought that his wolf was in control a fact and not just an assumption. "I-I...I went out for a run." She responded to him.

"Come here." His words were drawled in a command, leaving Celeste no option but to obey.

Her movements were slow and reluctant, but she didn't stop until she stood in front of him. Being naked was a usual thing for werewolves, so despite being nervous, despite being selfconscious, she held her ground and shyly peeked up at the beast she was mated to. "I...what do y—?"

"Shhh..."

Celeste's lips smacked shut immediately, quietly watching as he leaned in, resting his head against her neck. He inhaled, taking in her scent. "Lavender and freshly picked mint leaves, only tainted by the scent of the forest...nothing else or rather, nobody else."

His arms wrapped around her naked body, pulling her against his chest. "Mine..." His deep voice chanted. "I can't wait until you're in heat. I'll wholly claim you, take you, mark you, love you..."

A fire Celeste did not summon rose between her legs as she listened to his words. Hearing him say she was his, feeling his touch against her skin...she felt as though she was living in bliss.

His hands were cold and yet they brought her warmth, so soft, so gentle, making the matebond, the once distinct pull now stronger.

It was magnetic between them, the connection was so intense that Celeste's legs shook when his hands caressed the small of her back, then slowly slid down to grab the bare globes of her ass.

She moaned almost breathlessly against him, burying her head against his chest as pleasure scourged her. "I...please..."

She wasn't even sure what she was begging for, but she wanted something. Him maybe, just him...

Zillon, or rather his wolf smirked, cruelly letting her loose. "It's not time yet my love, on the day of your heat which is not far from now, I'll take you, I'll give you what you want."

He stepped back, robbing her of the safety she felt in his arms. "Your scent calms me, your presence as well, please do not leave without my permission."

"But I—"

The orange colour in his eyes slowly dulled to obsidian, and the calmness that had laid across his face turned to one of anger. "Oh god no..."

Celeste embraced herself, now feeling the urge to hide what little she could from him. This wasn't the wolf that had marked and promised to claim her, this was the Zillon who wholly hated her. "I...I'm sorry..."

"And let me guess, this time you're sorry for acting like a whore?"

"I..." Celeste shook her head. "I'm just..."

"Go inside and get some clothes. Stop sicking my stomach with your presence, your nakedness." He stepped aside, leaving the doorway open. "My wolf was in control just now, I'm sure you knew. This was yet again a mistake, one that I regret making."

Celeste stepped pass him with another hole in her heart. Her chest felt heavy again, her eyes got teary, she felt pathetic.

Was she a mistake too, one that even her parents regretted. Celia was born a beta and even as her twin, Celeste was born an omega. It wasn't fair, the moon goddess kept cheating her, she kept giving Celia everything she wanted.

The blood of a beta...

The love of her parents..

The popularity...

And even her own god damn mate...

What else would Celia steal?

Her life?

Tears pooled down her cheeks as she trotted up the stairs feeling just as dejected as she felt when she had left.

If only she was prettier, sexier, higher ranked...maybe then, Zillon would see her as his mate. But was there any way to attain the beauty and the power?

Was there anyway to attain his love?

Perhaps not, but how would she know without trying?

It has just been a day, surely she couldn't achieve such in this short span of time. Tomorrow she'd try harder, and the next day, she'd try her best too.

She wouldn't let Celia steal from her anymore, Zillon was hers.