

CHAPTER FIVE— HEAT?

Celeste woke up in the middle of the night, awfully hungry after not eating anything at all in the day. The food she had cooked earlier on was probably still in the kitchen, and after heating it up, it would have to cease the growls of her empty stomach.

Shuffling off of the bed, she stepped onto the floor, and out the door. Slow and cautious, that's how she walked, not wanting to wake Zillon up if there was a possibility that he was asleep.

Her steps took her down the stairs, and though she tried her best to be quiet, each spirally positioned board squeaked as she walked down them.

She sighed in relief when she tiptoed down the last one, and straight to the kitchen was where she headed.

She could practically hear the night on the outside... The crickets, and the dead silence that lingered behind it. Not even a footstep tainted it, however, she could hear movements in the kitchen. It was probably a rat, but even so, she stayed alert as she shoved the door open.

Her eyes sauntered inside immediately, spotting the

person she least expected to see in her pot...Zillon.

His eyes were widely fixated on her as well, surprise buried in their depths. "What the f*ck are you doing down here?" He asked. 2

Celeste cleared her throat and shyly stepped beyond the door. "I was...urm hungry, so I came to get some food."

"Oh, right..." He shoved the pot as well as the glass plate half filled with meat aside. "I guess it's inevitable to not be hungry, I mean I had been hungry too. The pack members brought in no food today, and when I linked them about it, they said my mate can cook. So don't think I ate your food because I wanted to, I was hungry, I had to." 1

Celeste nodded slowly at his words, wholly understanding them. "I'm glad I had cooked enough to satiate your hunger."

Zillon glared at her, but didn't respond, instead he stretched for his plate of meat and refilled it with a bit more of the rice. "Celia cooks better than you do, but what had I been expecting? Celia does everything better than you anyway."

Celeste's heart cracked shallowly at his words. "I'm sorry." 2

"You're always sorry. Why not try being strong instead, at least strong enough for me to reject you." He garnered some rice on his spoon, bringing it between his beautiful, red lips. "I don't understand the moon goddess, you're an omega, certainly not the right match for an alpha. Perhaps she made a mistake, one she'd rectify in the future."

Celeste swallowed her tears. "The moon goddess doesn't make mistakes, the elders taught us that since we were young."

"Well she slipped up this time, there's a first time for everything, and this is the first time for her. I feel no attraction to you, the matebond repulses me."

Then why does it appease her? ⓘ

Celeste turned her back to him, her white gown swirling behind her back as she took a step towards the door. "I'll leave you then. I'm in my room if you ever need anything."

She opted to take another step forward, but Zillon's voice stopped her. "You said you were hungry, eat, don't let me stop you. I won't be responsible if I find you half dead in your room, and if I do, I'll leave you there."

Celeste couldn't hold them back anymore, the tears fell down her cheeks as she turned to face him. She wiped at them, her eyes avoiding his, and her feet trudging over to the plate tray, where she grabbed herself a bowl.

In it, she shared herself some food, then walked out of the kitchen with a heart as messy as a broken glass. Why was he doing this to her? 4

Every encounter they had ended with her in tears. Couldn't he be a bit more considerate?

Couldn't he think of her feeling as well? 4

How did he think it feels to be mated to someone who keeps reminding you that they love someone else?

How did he think it feels to come second to your twin sister in everything.

How did he think it feels? 1

To be unwanted...

To be in pain...

To be...

More tears flooded down Celeste's cheeks as she climbed up the stairs. She should hate him, but the

matebond made that impossible, instead, it invoked the need to go straight back to him within her, to beg him to look at her, to hold her, touch her like his wolf previously did.

She wanted something from him, something other than those glares, something even stronger than the matebond, something more intimate than just holding her around the waist...she wanted... she wanted... 2

What exactly did she want?

Pushing her room door open, she walked inside, kicking it shut behind her.

What was she thinking? What was this feeling?

This crave lingering in the pit of her stomach....

Celeste took a seat on the bed, staring down at the bowl in her hand. What was wrong with her?

Picking up her spoon, she dug into the food, finishing it not long after she started. She was still angry, at Zillon, but mostly at herself for not being what he wanted.

Tomorrow she'd try talking to him again, maybe this time she'd walk away without tears in her eyes. 11

★ +20 BONUS

Placing the bowl on her bedside table, she laid down against her pillow, closing her eyes. Sleep took her almost immediately, but even in her sleep that feeling in the pit of her stomach didn't go away, instead, it rose higher, until heat was the only thing she felt.



Gaydar Author

" A/N// So it seems this girl is going into heat eh! Let us see what Zillon will do. He better touch her, because if he doesn't then as the author, I shall...

Anyways, how is it going so far?

What do you guys think? This is my first werewolf novel, don't judge me if I'm writing crap 🙄😞🙄👍 "

👍 77

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