

CHAPTER SEVEN— DEPRIVED

Both Zillon and Celeste turned in the direction of the door, spotting Celia standing right between it. Tears were in her eyes, and at the sight of them, Zillon's eyes changed from orange and back to obsidian. "Celia...? It's not what you think, I swear."

He eased away from Celeste, making her wince at the disappearance of his warmth. The heat that had lessened, rose again, and she grunted, eyes pitifully watching as he went straight to her twin sister, wiping away the tears that tainted her cheeks. "I'm so sorry baby." He muttered to her.

"You said you wouldn't, you promised, and yet you did."

"I...my wolf was in control, she's in heat, that's why." 1

"Is that why you're aroused, why you were all over her, wh—"

"Celia, you have to understand, she's my mate, it's almost instinct to touch her, especially if she's in heat."
"

"Then what about me? Is it instinct to touch me too?"

"Yes babe."

"Then touch me now." 1

"Bu—"

"P...please....I...Please..."

Zillon nodded, arms locking around her waist as he pulled her inside, closing the door behind them. His lips caught hers, and a whimper so pain-filled left Celeste's lips. 3

Her heart ached, her body too, and the heat that still lingered within her was so much to bare. Staggering closer to them, Celeste whimpered again, tears running down her eyes. "Pl...please Zillon...I-It hurts."

Despite her pleads, none of them looked at her, and somehow that fact made the pain increase, until she crumbled to her knees. He shouldn't be kissing Celia, he should be kissing her, touching her, holding her. 1

He was her mate, hers!

But how pitiful, her mate was being taken away from her and she couldn't do a thing about it. Turning away from them, she tried to get up, not stopping until she stood on her feet.

Despite the blazing heat, despite the pain in her chest,

she took a shaky step forward, almost falling to her knees again. She hated her sister, and she hated her mate as well.

More tears left her eyes as she walked, and as the heat rose with every retreating step she took, she grunted and whimpered and cried.

In no time, she made it back to her room, her heart heavy as she laid down against the bed. The sheets rubbed against her, almost scorching her skin and the desperation between her thighs rose to an even higher heights.

Taking off the panty too soaked to even wear, she buried her finger between her flesh again, rolling it against her clit, since Zillon; her own mate wouldn't.

A moan left her lips, the pleasure far less that how intense it was when he had touched her. She couldn't have him though, he was her mate, yet he wasn't truly hers.

Moving her hand away from the nub between her legs, she instead cried, cried for something or rather someone she couldn't have. ¹

She was pitiful, she knew, but what else could she do? ²

Pulling the pillow into her embraced, she continued

to cry. She could still smell their scents, hear their footsteps and she heard it loud and clear when the room to his bedroom was slammed shut.

Celia's wanton moans were torture to her for the whole night, they made her feel more pain than the heat did. Every sound she made was like a whip to Celeste's skin, they scarred her, left behind marks that she would never forget.

And the animalistic groans that came from Zillon was like a tightening rope around her heart. He was enjoying himself. He had vocalized how tight Celia was, how amazing she felt. It was a cruel experience for Celeste, all the way through it, she had but one thought...

How could he do this to me? 7

He knew she was in the house, he knew she was in heat, and moreover he knew how painful it was to not be the one he was holding. 1

He was hers...the matebond told her so... so why was he with her sister then?

Why was he so heartless when it came to her?

A sob breached Celeste's lips, and howls of pain was deafening to her ears as her wolf voiced her sorrow.

And it was like that for the whole night. Celeste didn't fall asleep until the sun was out and when she woke up, it was in the afternoon.

Her head ached, her body too and the heat that had resided between her legs was no more. It's good that it has gone, but why couldn't the occurrences of last night disappear along with it?

The memories that kept taunting her, the sounds of pleasure that lived in her head...why couldn't they just disappear?

Tears pricked Celeste's eyes again, falling down to wet the dried streaks of tears that already tainted her cheeks. She hated her life, she hated herself.

Shuffling out of bed, she put a stop to her nakedness by shielding it with clothes and then and only then did she make her way out of her room and down to the hall to the bathroom.

As she passed Zillon's room, his scent scourged her, but not only his, but Celia's too. She could hear their shallow breaths and even the conversation that took place between them on the inside.

If only she could cork her ears as if they were the mouths of bottles, if only she could pretend like they

cease to exist...if only... If only she could turn back time, if only she had listened to her parents and not move in...if only...

Father had told her, it might've been harsh, but the unanswered question he had asked now had an answer;

'NO.'

'But will he choose you?'

She had too much confidence then, she had thought that the matebond would help in getting him fond of her, but she was wrong...and now her only wish was for him to just reject her. 1

It was obvious that he would never come to love her, his actions made that very clear to her...and if he wasn't going to love her, anybody else would?

It was better she just died from the rejection than wither away slowly from the pain of watching him choose somebody else and not her.

+20 BONUS



Gaydar Author

" A/N// As the author, I feel like sh*t. Don't blame me, I'm in pain too 😞😞 "

👍 42

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