

Wooing My Ex-wife Again Chapter 66

Julian

I took a pause, a long one and all I could hear was the sound of iny breathing. My eyes were glued to Anastasia's face who had not uttered a word after 1 finished.

Well, saying I was done talking would be an overkill because I had so much more to share, so much more to talk.

But I had to give her some time to process everything, to think about it all. I thought I knew what being helpless felt like when I saw my mother slowly die in front of me each day. But this, the pain of not being able to run to Anastasia and hold her in my arms, to not hear her whisper in my ears of how she was going to stay beside me was killing me.

With my shoulders drooping and the time ticking, I only wished I had the means to stop time from flying. My twenty-four hour deal with Anastasia was inching closer to its end.

Half of my mind was now worried that I would never get time to spend with her while the other half was forcing me to let her breathe and be prepared for whatever her decision might be.

So I just stood there, staring at her, unable to take my eyes off her as her eyes looked around and she quietly walked towards the books, reading through the texts I had shown and examining the quiver again.

The silence was suffocating but at least she was still in front of me, still processing everything. Her back was turned to me and I had this mad urge to push her hair aside and kiss that sweet spot on her neck that always made her knees tremble.

Wanting to give myself something to do, I walked to the table on the other side, reached for the bottle of water, and poured myself some.

Sipping the water, I continued to wait for what I thought were the most agonizing minutes of my life. It must have been barely a few minutes but to me, they felt like a whole decade had passed.

Finally, she slowly turned around and looked at the spot I had been last standing at. Her gaze slowly scanned the room and settled on me.

I tried to figure out her expressions and if there was any hate or wrath but all I sensed was sadness and hurt.

"So, are you sure that you only gave in to the mate bond's pull just once?" She asked, her voice sounding flat but the way her breath hitched told me how hard it must be for her to ask that question.

“Yes, Anastasia. I did that only once after I brought her home and it was just a kiss. I never went beyond that.”

I answered but she raised her hand to cut me off.

“How do you expect me to believe that you had your mate living with you in your home for five long years and never touched her even once?” she asked again in that same flat voice.

“Because that is the truth, Ana. I was desperate and did some reckless things, I agree, but I never f**d her.”

“My name is Anastasia” She cut in sharply and I closed my mouth again.

“So you could not stop yourself from running to her and kissing her as if you had never kissed a woman before when you first brought her home but then you suddenly grew the willpower to not touch her all these years when I was gone from your life? Make it make sense, Julian.”

Now, I could feel the emotions in her voice, the anger and hurt slowly making her way through her responses though she was trying not to blast at me which she should.

“I don’t really have any explanation for that, Anastasia. I brought Angelica under our roof because she was my fated mate so bringing her in my life saved me from answering the others of why suddenly there was another woman in our house. The tribe, Keldriths, I told you that they were matriarchs so bringing an omega or a mistress in the house would have only worsened the situation.”

“And they forced you to kiss her when I was still under your roof? They forced you to run to her room and make out with her so hard that her moans reached me in the guest room downstairs? Was that their doing too?”

I shook my head. “No, that was my fault entirely. But she was too loud maybe because the mate bond made her feel things intensely or something

“Shut the f**k up” Anastasia slammed her hand on a book in front of her and I did as asked.

“Did you realize at that moment how intensely I was feeling things? How I was crumbling down to hear my man, the love of my life make love to another woman?”

“No, I did not. And, I am s**d for getting carried away. I know this doesn’t help my case much, but if not for the mate bond, I would have never felt for her or for any other woman that way...not after I had you in my life.”

I answered to the best of my ability. That was the honest and bitter truth.

“So you blame it on the mate bond...your slight error in judgment,” Anastasia mumbled and I repeated.

“No, I blame it on myself and my lack of restraint. And I’ve been atoning for that sin by never giving into that urge again.”

I responded in an eager voice,

She let out a long breath and added,

“I don’t believe it. Not after having received scandalous images of you making out with your fated mate and the woman you only brought home to save my life.”

Wait. What did she just say?

I looked at her for a second as if to ensure if my cars had not been ringing but she was looking at me with a mix of contempt and curiosity.

“You received what?”

I asked again, just to be sure.

“The day you came to meet me and let all my father’s men beat you until you bled and then took me to see Vivian. I returned home that night, feeling sad for your mother but little did I know you were busy f**ng your precious mate.”

My face blanched.

“That did not happen. I don’t love Angelica, I’ve never gotten close to her save that one incident.”

“Stop with your lies, Julian. I understand that your mother is sick and you found your fated mate so you thought you had found some happiness. Maybe, you wanted her since I had miscarried and you doubted if I would ever be able to give you an heir to the pack. I can live with that. But don’t feed me lies.”

“I am not lying, Anastasia. That photo was not me,”

But she shook her head. “It was you. The bruises Dad’s men had given you were still on your face in those photos.”

I raked a hand through my hair. “Who sent it to you? Can’t you see that somebody is trying to break our relationship? I never had sex with Angelica, Anastasia. You have to believe me.

was at my wit's end. My wife, who I had spent hours trying to convince, was now doubting me all over again.

I felt that twenty-four hours would be never enough to fill the gap between us that kept on increasing.