

Chapter 60 A lustful dream (part-1)

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AMALTHEA'S POV

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Endless darkness. That's what I was seeing right now as I walked through this endless abyss with no light.

I don't know where I was or where I was going. All I know is that I need to keep moving if I want to sustain myself.

"Amalthea, my lady. I am so happy to serve you," I heard a voice from my left, and remembering the voice, I turned towards her before squinting my brows when I didn't see anyone.

"Amalthea, sweetheart. It's about time you remember your powers. The powers that you got from your mother. You belong with us. Come to us," I heard another voice from my right, and I turned towards it.

"Hahaha, did you think it would be easy? Taking revenge? Who are you kidding? One revenge, and you are already like this? Do you think you are capable?" Another voice said.

"Start remembering your powers,"

"Come to us,"

"You belong with us,"

"I am your servant,"

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa,"

"HMMMMMMMMMMMM,"

"Are you capable?"

"What is next? Killing Blake?"

"Is he a part too?"

"Are you becoming a killer?"

"You are a murderer,"

"Come to us,"

"Remember powers,"

Different voices started echoing around me, and I couldn't help but place my hands on my ears to stop them.

"Stop!!" I shouted as loudly as I could and soon the voices stopped and the dark haze started clearing as I started seeing a bright light.

Wait. It wasn't a bright light. It was some kind of energy radiating off something.

Is that a midnight black wolf? I thought as a wolf twice my size in volume started nearing me.

Seeing the familiar hazel eyes, I tilted my head before touching his face, squinting my brows when it whimpered and purred.

"Augustus?" I murmured, and as soon as I said those words, I was brought back to reality.

Stirring in my form, I squinted my brows when I felt softness beside me as I patted my hands beside me.

Softness? As far as I remember, I had closed my eyes near my mother's tomb. I wanted to be close to her, and that's why, I had laid beside her.

Wait. After that, Augustus had come and said some words before picking me up.

What happened afterward? Why can't I remember anything? And where am I? Am I in the pack mansion? I thought before opening my eyes

abruptly.

Turning my head, I looked at Augustus and couldn't help but sigh when I saw him sitting right beside me with a partition of cushion in between.

As he sat there with his eyes closed, I noticed how he only had one pillow behind him while he placed all the cushions around me protectively.

Supporting my head on my palm, I turned towards him as I remembered his wolf in my dream.

I haven't seen him in his wolf form, but for some reason, I was sure that the wolf was none other than Augustus's wolf Kyle. It is weird how my heart is so sure about it.

Now that I think about it, I can't help but wonder.

Why did he come into my dream? This was the first time someone I know has appeared in my dream, apart from my mom and dad.

Is it because he has started to take a special place in my life? I thought before looking at his side profile that looked like he was a model out of a fashion magazine.

Imaginarily tracing his side profile with my finger without touching him, I sighed before controlling my hands to not wake him up.

As he sat there in a dark blue shirt whose top buttons were undone, I looked at his glistening chest that was alluring me towards it and couldn't help but gulp at the sight of it.

He had folded his sleeves to his elbows, and the veins in his hand were a little too hard to ignore.

Scotting closer to him, I removed the cushions in between us before laying beside him.

I wasn't touching him or anything. However, even being this close to him was calming my heart.

Placing my head on the pillow, I looked at him with a smile, remembering how he was promising my mom that he would take care of me for the rest of his life.

'Stupid guy. Do you seriously promise everyone that you'll protect them with your life? Is your life so cheap?' I thought before shaking my head and looking at the ceiling.

Touching his fingers slightly, I held his hand, not knowing why I was doing it. Was it because it gives me a sense of security? Was it because I like the powers that emanate from him? Or was it because I have started to like his presence around me? I didn't know the answer to this question, but for some reason, holding his hand like this was making me feel good.

Taking a deep breath, I closed my eyes, thinking about the weird dream I saw right now. Though it was a weird dream, it didn't mean it wasn't right.

I have completed my first revenge. What next? I know my series of revenge has just started, but who should I target next? I don't even know myself. How am I supposed to know about others?

What is that I need to remember?

"Amalthea, are you awake?" I heard Augustus's voice from beside me, and I tilted my head before smiling at him as I felt his hand tightening around my hand.

"Yeah. I just woke up. Now, can you tell me what you are doing in my bed?" I asked him with a smile, and he looked at me awkwardly before chuckling.

"I...uh...I was actually carrying you to your room, but you wouldn't let go of me, so I sat beside you. I don't know when I fell asleep," He said before scratching the back of his head, and I hummed before turning towards him.

Gazing at his exposed chest, I was about to sit to talk to my friend Sophia when he pulled me closer to himself, placing my head on his chest.

"What are you doing, Mr. Dominic?" I asked, flabbergasted.

"It would've been wrong if I had done this to you when you were asleep. That's why I am doing it now. Let me hold you close," He said, and I relaxed in his arms before placing my hand on his chest more comfortably.

"Mr. Dominic?" I said after some time, and he hummed.

"Are you nervous?" I asked.

"No, why?"

"Are you excited?"

"No"

"Are you aroused?"

"No. Why are you asking me these questions, Amy?" He asked, and I smiled.

"Then why is your heart beating so fast?" I asked before raising my head to look at him, and I couldn't help but notice how his neck got red.

However, as soon as his cheeks get red, he turned me around before coming over to me, pinning my hands above me.

"Amy, do you think it's appropriate for you to ask me this question when you are well-versed with the answer?" He asked me, looking with such pure emotion that I felt my own heartbeat increasing with each passing second.

"I- What do you mean?" I asked, looking away, and he gripped my chin, forcing me to look at him.

"You know exactly what I mean, moonshine. Don't you?" he said, and I looked at him, unsure, my breathing becoming uneven as my chest started going up and down, touching his from time to time and how much I wished there was no cloth between us.

