

Chapter 30

Aaron POV

"First you ruined our engagement by kissing me. Its photos created quite a commotion in the pack. And then you slapped Venus. Now I am doubting that it was you who leaked the photos. You are so out of character!"

Vicky gasped. "How can you accuse me like this?" she cried. "It's just been three days since your wedding to Venus was announced. You can forget our bond easily, but I can't. I am not the kind of girl who would sabotage your wedding or your engagement. But what can I do when I feel so strongly about you? I kissed you, but I couldn't help myself. And I hate this bond between us. It kills me every day to see you with Venus. I have been trying my best to come to terms, but—" Her eyes fill with accusations.

Gaia came from the kitchen with three glasses of wine. She gave one to me and one to Vicky. "Don't cry, baby. Venus is immature. She'll understand that you meant well." She rubbed her back. "Have some wine. It will soothe you." She looked at me. "Have it. I know you are also shocked. You both need to calm down and forgive Venus."

I gulped the wine down, letting it burn my throat.

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Taking a ragged breath in, I looked up and found Gaia and Vicky staring at me with their glasses still full. Ignoring it, I said, "How did you know she was in the cabin? It was a secret."

Vicky appeared flustered, her heartbeat picking up. She licked her lips and looked at Gaia, who blinked at me as if thinking. "Oh, I told Vicky. I overheard it from Patrick."

Feeling a little wobbly, I sat on the couch.

Vicky came to sit near me. "I wasn't the one who started the fight. It was Venus. Please believe me. I'm astonished that she accused me of slapping her. But shouldn't you know better of me? Have I ever harmed Venus? She has always been like a little sister to me. And yet—" she cried. "Yet, she complained, I harmed her?" She side-glanced at me.

I rubbed my chest, not knowing what was happening. It was like my soul was getting gripped into a vise-like chain. This was a feeling I felt a few months back. Just before my headaches started. Fuck. I took my hand to my head and pressed the bridge of brows. "Vicky..." I said in a low voice. Why did it feel like I made a terrible mistake? How could I doubt Vicky when I had never done that in the past? Despite all my efforts to get out of the miserable feeling of accusing Vicky, I said, "You should apologize to Venus. She will be my wife soon."

Vicky slapped her hand over her mouth and got up. "Aaron, you have changed!" Saying that, she stormed out of the room, back to hers.

"You are so horrible!" Gaia hissed. "After all that Vicky is going through, you've only made it worse. My daughter is like a delicate flower, and you have successfully crumpled her."

My mind warred with my heart. I had never come across someone as lovely and kind as Venus before. Before this fiasco, she and Vicky were thick friends. No one could say they were stepsisters. She had never harmed a fly, much less Vicky. I was unsure of whom to listen to or trust at this juncture.

If Venus slapped Vicky and hid the truth, then how

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could I trust her in the future? I wondered if I should confront Venus about it, or should I try to understand this more? Nothing made sense. I rubbed my chest again. "Vicky..." I said as if spellbound when I looked at the closed door of her room.

"Just go away!" Gaia said. "And don't meet Vicky ever again!"

But how was that possible? The feeling, the bond that was severing slowly, returned with full force. "She's my mate," I whispered, but Gaia was out of earshot. She opened Vicky's room and closed it behind her. I clenched my jaw, feeling like I was betrayed. But by whom?

My feet took me to Vicky's room, and I felt like pounding on it, going to her and consoling her, but I turned and walked out of the house. I was in no mood to meet Venus, so I avoided her for the rest of the evening and then for the next day.

However, ignoring Venus wasn't that easy. She was living in the same house as mine. Even though my mind was with Vicky, my body seemed to act like a magnet towards Venus. Every other hour, I would inadvertently find myself in front of her room. And I had to clench my fists tightly until my knuckles were white to stop myself from banging that door open. She would be inside, trying on dresses or maybe naked. Thinking of how she looked that

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night in her wet dress, I would get so hard.

In the evening, I heard cheerful voices coming from her room. It was Eric, joking with her. Waves of jealousy cruised through my heart. I wanted to rip Eric away from her. How could she be so happy when I was suffering every day? I still hadn't confronted her about Vicky's allegations that she was the one who started it. I couldn't. It was strange, but I just couldn't.

Unexpectedly, my phone buzzed. Hastily, I rushed away from there so no one could hear it. "Vicky?" I rasped, surprised. She hadn't called me all this time.

"Aaron, please stop this wedding. I can't—" She was sobbing. "I can't accept it. I am so hurt."

I closed my eyes. I was also hurting a lot. Rubbing my chest, I said, "Where are you?"

"I am at home. Please come to me. Let's run away!"

The idea seemed lucrative. Running away seemed to be the best option. Suddenly, I saw my mother coming towards me, grinning. "Talk to you later," I said and disconnected the call.

"Aaron, the wedding venue is our beach property!"

Our beach property was luxurious. Standing in the midst of an ocean, it consisted of three villa-like

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cabins. We used our private yacht to reach there.

Goddess, I was getting married the next day, and here I was thinking of running away with Vicky. What would I do?



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