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Venus POV

I hadn't seen Aaron after he left me in the guest room and then the next day. I had called him thrice, but he had disconnected my calls. It was like he didn't want to see me at all. Like he wasn't interested in me anymore. It hurt so much. Aaron had avoided me in the past, but this seemed like a betrayal. He had begun to hate me afresh.

Both of us were so happy. He had said to me he was looking forward to the wedding and that he was going to take care of my wellbeing. So what changed in one day? Nothing made sense.

When I asked Luna Marie about him, she smiled and said, "Well, isn't it good? Tradition holds that it's a good omen if the bride and groom don't meet the day prior to their wedding." I forced a smile because I knew she was only making excuses.

When Luna Marie left, I called Eric and asked, "Where is Aaron? Why hasn't he come to meet me?" I knew he would give me the right answers.

He took a deep breath in. "He went to meet Vicky," he said. "It was about the slap..."

If he had spoken to Vicky about the slap, didn't

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Vicky resolve the situation? Or was it she added more to the story? I pursed my lips and walked to the bed where my wedding gown was spread. Given Vicky's nature, I was certain she had exaggerated the entire story. Perhaps that was the reason Aaron wasn't seeing me. But one thing was certain—his mood had dropped to the point where it felt like he had returned to the time when he was deeply infatuated with Vicky. I couldn't comprehend his mood swings.

I was left feeling miserable. Feeling lonely, I curled my arms around myself as a shiver ran down my body. My mind was in a state of turmoil. Although I knew Daddy wouldn't come to meet me due to his busy schedule, it still disappointed me. I never expected Gaia or Vicky to meet me before the wedding.

In the evening, when Eric had come over to my room, and I was trying on my wedding dress, he joked I looked like a clown. But I knew he was just messing around to cheer me up. We laughed at his jokes as my stylist adjusted my bridal gown. He informed me that the wedding venue was their beach house.

The next day, the stylist came to help me dress up for the wedding, and I still hadn't heard from Aaron. As I sat in front of the mirror, I couldn't help thinking that wedding with Aaron was my dream. I had always pictured him as my husband, and no

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one else. Now that my dream was coming true, Aaron wasn't even in love with me. He was still entangled with Vicky.

"Miss Venus," my stylist said with excitement in her eyes. "You look so beautiful. Just perfect to be the Luna of the Oak Pride pack."

Staring at her through the mirror, I wondered what she meant when suddenly I realized that she had finished dressing me up. I gasped at my reflection. I was wearing the white silk bridal gown, which delicately laced at the neck and sleeves. My veil ran down into a trail. She had made a French knot and put pearls in my hair at intervals.

"Master Aaron wouldn't be able to look away from you," she said excitedly. "In fact, all eyes are going to be on you, Miss Venus."

"Thank you," I replied to her, my heart still feeling sad.

"Goddess! Chickee!" Daddy said, walking into the room. "You look so gorgeous." He stood in front of me with his hands clasped. "Had your mother been alive, she would have been so happy."

"Oh, daddy," I said, launching myself on him. He wrapped me in his arms tightly. The weight of the realization that my life was about to change forever hit me like a ton of bricks.

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Regardless of Vicky's opinion, I would become Aaron's wife and Luna. He would be my husband, and people would call me Venus Wolfe. Just thinking about it sent a shiver down my spine.

Aaron POV

After Vicky called me to run away with her, I stormed back to my room. It was a lucrative option, but the idea of leaving Venus was abhorrent. I was able to ignore her for the whole day and night, but all I did during that time was to pace in my room.

My feet would carry me back to her room. Whenever I sat down to think about Vicky's proposal, I ended up thinking about Venus's body and lips and all the dirty things I wanted to do to her.

At one point, when it was dark in our manor and everyone had gone to sleep, my wolf goaded me to go to be with Venus. The desire was so intense that it was unbearable. I tried to control Czar because I was still angry, but he growled inside me. He forced me to let him come out and before I knew it, I had shifted and trodden to Venus's room. It was past midnight.

Czar sniffed her scent and instead of returning, he sat down outside her door, like her protector, like he

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wanted to mark his fucking territory. My wolf was short of pissing around her room, marking it so that no one entered it and everyone knew who she belonged to. And Venus wasn't even my mate. So why was Czar behaving like this?

I woke up with the same fucking headache. After the wedding, I would meet the doctor again for a blood transfusion.

As Eric helped me wear my tux, I couldn't help thinking that Venus would be sleeping on the same bed as mine from tonight. How would I control myself around her? I could still feel the taste of her lips on mine.

"Let's go," Eric said to me. "Mom and dad are waiting."

I nodded, emotions swirling in my chest. As we headed to the venue, mom informed me that the Shaman had already reached and he was waiting at the temple. We had a private temple in the beach house, where wedding ceremonies for our family took place.

When we arrived at the beach house on our yacht, I noticed that there were guests milling around excitedly. The place looked beautiful, with flowers decorating every nook and corner. My mom had gone overboard into making it a fairytale style wedding.

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Inadvertently, my eyes searched for my bride, but I was shocked to see Vicky standing on the deck in a short silk white dress with a large bow in the middle. Our gazes met. My hands curled into tight fists. Why was she dressed in a white dress? This was inappropriate. Within the werewolf community, only the bride could wear a white dress on her wedding day.

From the periphery of my vision, I saw Nathan coming to me.

"You are looking so handsome!" he said, clasping my forearms. He hugged me and lowered his voice, saying, "Vicky wants to meet you one last time."



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