

::::Chapter 18::::

Chriselda's Point Of View

"Anne," I hear Alarick say, "I don't want to see you in the pack house tomorrow. I want you out." The moment I hear his words, I rush out of my room. In the way, I come across Alarick who's glaring at me.

Where is the Alarick who lent me his clothes this a ernoon? He gets inside his room while I head to the living room. The living room is in silence when I enter. I go to Anne and find that her eyes are glossy.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

"Yeah," she replies. "I'm going to my room," she informs me. I follow her to her room to make sure that she's really fine. I find her packing.

"Why are you packing?" I ask.

She explains, "I'm packing now so that I can leave the pack house early tomorrow. I know Alarick very well. He would want me to get out of the pack house as soon as possible."

"You're not going anywhere," I say firmly.

"But Alarick said—"

"Forget what Alarick said. Don't pack. You're not going anywhere tomorrow," I say. "Goodnight," I conclude and exit her room.

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"I really think that I should go," Anne says, getting worried. She's referring to leaving the pack house. We are currently in the kitchen, watching Charles and Daniel preparing breakfast. I would've prepared the breakfast myself but then Alarick wouldn't eat it.

"Anne, you don't need to go," I tell her.

"Alarick will be angry if he sees that I'm still here."

"Is there anytime when he's not angry?" I ask her. Charles and Daniel chuckle. "Anne, you're worrying too much. You need to relax."

"How can I relax when I know that Alarick will be angry when he sees me?"

"You're acting as if it's a big deal," I tell her.

"It's a big deal! He told me to leave the pack house. My presence here is a clear message that I'm disobeying my Alpha!"

"He also happens to be your brother and there's no harm in disobeying your brother once in a while," I say. Charles and Daniel again chuckle.

"Anne, have you forgotten what I told you last night?" We all turn our heads to face Alarick who is standing in the doorway of the kitchen. And he's angry as usual.

"She remembers each and every rude word that you said to her last night," I say to him as I cross my arms. "She's not going anywhere," I say with a firm voice.

"And who are you to decide?" He taunts me.

"I happen to be this pack's future Luna and this pack house belongs to me as much as it belongs to you. So, even I get to decide who stays in this pack house and who doesn't," I say.

"My pack's future Luna?" He says mockingly. "I guess you mean to say that you're my pack's fake Luna."

"You're crossing your limits," Anne tries to warn him.

"Anne, don't try to tell me my limits!" He shouts at her.

"Don't shout at your sister!" I equally shout at him. Alarick comes close to me, our faces inches apart.

"How dare you shout at an Alpha?" He says in a deadly tone.

"You happen to be an Alpha but you're not my Alpha. So, I can shout at you whenever I want," I say.

He backs away from me a little. "I was right. You are not my mate. If you were my mate then you wouldn't have dared to shout at me. You're just an impostor who wants to become my pack's Luna!"

"Alarick!" Charles, Daniel and Anne say at the same time.

"I can't believe that you all are ready to believe an impostor over me," Alarick says. "You all have greatly disappointed me." He leaves the kitchen and shutting of the front door tells me that he has le the pack house.

"I'm done seeing Alarick disrespecting you! He needs to learn how to respect you!" Charles says to me. And then he rushes a er Alarick. I don't try to stop him because I know that he won't listen to me.

"Are you okay?" Daniel asks me.

"No," I say as I shake my head. "How will I be okay when my mate calls me an impostor?" I give out a humorless chuckle. I really feel like laughing at my own fate. I got a mate who doesn't acknowledge me as his mate, who disrespects me and who is rude to me. "I'm going to my room. I need some time alone," I say and head to my room.

Charles' Point Of View

"Alarick!" I shout at him as I try to catch up to him. Presently, we are in the forest, away from the houses.

"Leave me alone!" He says as he continues to walk fast.

I run to him and force him to turn around so that he faces me. "You will have to listen to me!" I say to him. "You need to respect your mate!"

"Don't try to become my father!" Alarick shouts at me. "And Chriselda is not my mate!"

"That's what you want to believe!" I cross my arms and say, "Okay, just tell me one thing, if Chriselda isn't your mate then why did you spend the night in her room?"

"I don't need to give answer to you," he says in a deadly tone. He shoves at my chest and then continues to walk away from me.

"I don't know why you're denying her!" I shout at his back as I follow him. Suddenly Alarick stops walking. I reach him and find that he's looking ahead of him. When I look where he's looking, I become surprised. In a distance, I see a little girl who looks just like Chriselda.

"Is she—?" Before Alarick can complete his question, I interrupt him by saying, "Yes, she is."

I look at the little girl and I can't help but wonder that what is Christina doing in our territory? The moment I take a step towards her, she backs away from me. "Don't get scared," I try to assure her by holding up my hands in surrender. "I mean no harm." Christina relaxes a little. I slowly walk towards her. When I reach her, I go on my knees so that I'm eye-to-eye level with her. "Hi," I say in a friendly tone. "You're Christina, right?" She nods. "I'm Charles and I'm a friend of Chriselda," I say.

"Can you take me to her?" She asks so ly, in her angelic and melodious voice.

"Yeah, sure," I say as I smile at her. I stand up on my feet and o er my hand to her. She hesitates a little. "C'mon, take my hand. I'll take you to your sister," I encourage her. She grabs my hand and we head back to the pack house while Alarick decides to trail along.

Chriselda's Point Of View

A er spending a few minutes alone in my room, I feel a little better. I won't say that Alarick's words didn't hurt me. It did. A lot. The cruel words that he said to me are making me think that I made a mistake by coming here. I was better o in my pack living a mate-less life. It would've been better than being humiliated by my own mate. I should better get out of my room before Anne and Daniel get worried about me.

I leave my room and join them in the living room where both of them are sitting on the same sofa. I sit on the other sofa.

"How are you feeling?" Anne asks so ly.

"I'm feeling better," I reply. She nods.

"Chriselda," Daniel calls me. I look at him. "Don't take Alarick's words at heart," he says, trying to make me feel better.

"I try my best not to but I can't help it. He's my mate and whenever I hear him saying rude things to me, it just breaks my heart," I tell him. My sight becomes blurry. My eyes start brimming with tears but I quickly blink them away. I'm not going to cry. I tell myself. "Coming here was a mistake," I say as my mate's cruel words echo in my ears.

"Please don't say that," Anne says.

"I was better o in my pack living without a mate," I say. "I think I should go back to my pack."

"Please, don't," she pleads.

"If I live here for long then I'm afraid that Alarick will break me to the extent that I cannot be healed and I don't want that to happen. I'm already hurt by his rejection and I don't want to get hurt more. It will be best if I leave," I conclude and get up from the sofa. Anne too gets up and starts pleading frantically. She grabs my arm to prevent me from going to my room to pack my things. Before I can snatch my arm from her grip, there's a knock at the front door. Daniel goes to open it. By looking at Anne's face, I can tell that she is desperate to see Mr. West on the opposite side of the door in the hope that he can stop me from returning to my pack.

When Daniel opens the door, I see Alarick and Charles standing at the doorway. When I look down, I'm surprised to see my little sister, Christina, standing between them while she holds Charles' hand. What is she doing here?