



Kailen ~

Heyyy, hope everyone's having a good day! Playing Kailen is the guy in the picture because I'm in love with him. Anyways, let's get straight to the chapter. Don't forget to comment and vote please!!

It was dead silent in the small cell, as both Kailen and I were locked in a stare-o. Kailen sat in a chair, and I sat on the ground, peering up at him.

The first thing I noticed is how young he looked for an alpha. He looked maybe early twenties at most, given he still kind of had a baby face free of wrinkles. An older alpha would probably already have gray hair, but this dude had brown hair which was pushed back. I couldn't lie, it was pretty sexy. But then I noticed his eyes. They were a deep blue, like the deepest parts of the ocean.

The pain in his eyes was obvious to me, but they were heavily masked by a cold stare. His whole demeanor matched his eyes, and even though I'd already guessed he was an asshole, I had a feeling it went a lot deeper than that.

I had a feeling that this man had some deep rooted issues, and that I was barely just seeing the tip of the iceberg.

Scars went up and down his arms, which he tried to hide with tattoos. The only reason I could even see the scars was because I was naturally observant.

I didn't even have to guess that he was your typical broken, ruthless, twisted alpha. I could tell just by the way he held himself. He was completely shut o.

Of course the moon goddess gave me a mate that I would have to fix.

I mean who did she think I was? Bob the fucking builder? I was never good at fixing things, including men.

I watched him as he continued to stare into my soul, trying to figure out who I was. I wondered if he could see my pain as well, if he could realize that him and I weren't completely opposite. However, I figured he wasn't as observant as I was, when he started to question me.

"Who are you?" He asked, and I shrugged. I knew that acting nonchalant would probably piss him o, but it was better than showing him that he scared me.

"Estrella."

"That's not what I meant," He replied coldly, "I meant, why are you here?"

To be your matels what I wanted to say, but I figured catching an attitude probably wouldn't be the wisest decision.

I looked down at my chipped nails, anxiously picking at the skin around them. I was gonna tell him the truth no doubt, but I was just preparing myself to be labeled as a psycho and be kept in this cell for the remainder of my life. I knew that me telling him my whole life story would probably result in him despising me, simply because he would think I was a liar. But it was a risk I had to take.

I glanced back up at Kailen, who I could tell was growing impatient even though it had only been a couple of seconds. I thought quickly to form an answer in my head, finally coming up with the best way to put it.

"Basically the moon goddess kicked me out of the sky because I didn't shine bright enough, and now she expects me to fall in love with you."

As soon as I saw his reaction, I knew he thought I was crazy. He began to chuckle and he placed his head in his hands. He shook his head slightly before he looked back up, immediately dropping his smile.

"Nice try, now what's the truth."

Though he had just been laughing a couple of seconds ago, his stone cold demeanor proved that those laughs weren't anywhere near genuine.

I let out an irritated sigh, as I stared at him.

"I just told you the truth," I replied, "I'm a fallen star."

I watched as he pulled his lip between his teeth. He gnawed on it for a split second, sending me a cold glare once again. I knew he wouldn't believe me, but there was no way I was going to lie about it. I hated lying, I hated being deceitful. I had already done my fair shake of lying in my past life, I didn't want to repeat it.

He might label me as crazy, but at least I knew the truth.

Kailen finally spoke a er a long moment of silence, and it wasn't at all what I expected.

"Say I believe your little story," He said, "Humor me and go a bit more in depth."

So I explained it all. I explained how I became a star because I had already died once, and how the moon goddess didn't think I had any good le in me so she kicked me out. I told him how I was supposed to fall in love with him or else I was doomed forever on earth.

The whole time he watched me with an unreadable expression. He sat there as if I was a child telling him a made up story, and once I was done, he made me feel as if I belonged in a mental asylum.

"How the hell did I get stuck with a crazy one?" He asked aloud, pinching his nose. To say that what he said only slightly o ended would be an understatement. I was extremely o ended by his lack of trust in me. I was also annoyed.

I was annoyed that he didn't believe me. I mean sure, if I was a wolf and somebody told me they were a fallen star I probably wouldn't believe them either. But I needed him to believe me or else I probably would be locked in this cell forever.

Kailen looked at me once again, and I knew what was coming before he even asked it.

"If you really were a star, how'd you die?"

I looked down, trying hard to fight the flashbacks that were trying to sneak their way into my head. I hadn't thought about how I died until today, since it was always something that I ignored. I ignored it because it was the worst moment of my life—the last one too. And it was the reason that I stopped believing in love.

I sucked in a deep, shaky breath, before answering.

"Well, before you I had another mate. I don't remember his name, or much about him. I remember when we met though, he rejected me right o of the bat," I paused, "He told me that he was in love with someone else, and already had pups with her. I was hurt and I refused to reject him. I thought that maybe I could save our mate bond. But when I refused, he..."

This was the part that I dreaded.

"...He killed me. He ripped my throat out and le me there."

I wasn't normally one to get choked up, but it was the first time since I died that I thought about my death—My painful death. It made me shudder just thinking about my ex mate's betrayal. Up with the stars I never once thought about it for some reason, and now down on earth it was all I could think about. I couldn't remember who he was, only what he did. I didn't understand why I couldn't remember his name, nor his face.

Did the moon goddess take those memories from me?

My attention was brought back to the sound of a chair screeching across the floor, and Kailen standing up. I watched as he once again glared down at me, and that's when I knew he didn't believe me.

"Have fun rotting in here until you're ready to tell me the truth."

And with that, the cell doors locked and I was alone again.

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It seemed like it had been hours since I'd had any interaction with anyone, it was even getting to the point that the bugs seemed interesting. I was also extremely hungry, something that I once again forgot happened.

There were so many things that were happening that I'd totally forgotten about. Up in the sky I never really felt anything physical. I was never hungry, never in pain, never tired. Now I was all of those, and my ass hurt like a bitch thanks to the hard floor.

Though I was feeling all of those things, I had one thing on my mind—Escaping. There was no way my stupid mate was gonna keep me in a dark cell for the rest of my life, not if I had any say in it. I stood up, groaning as my legs popped a few times, before I walked over to the edge of the door.

I could feel the silver radiating against my skin, making my throat burn and my eyes water. I went to grab it, only to yank my hand back in pain as the skin on my hand began to blister.

"Fuck," I mumbled. I looked at my burnt hand which was thankfully healing, and looked back at the door.

If it was a door backed up by silver, then it must've had a weaker lock. I could probably break the lock if I pushed through the pain, but that would be a pretty serious burn. But it would heal though, and I would possibly be able to get free. The temporary pain was worth it to me.

I was preparing to yank the lock right o, when a person stepped in front of my cell. He was one of the guards I believed, though I hadn't quite seen him yet. He stared at me, holding a tray of food, before he finally spoke.

"If you're planning on trying to break the lock, it won't work," He paused, "Only way you're getting out is with a key."

"Well in that case..."

And like that, my plan changed. I ran at the guard, reached through the bars and grabbed him by the collar on his shirt. I ignored the searing pain from the silver as I yanked his face onto the bars. He screamed as his skin burned, fighting against me.

"I'm sorry...But I have to...Escape." I said in between breaths as I smacked his head on the bars over and over. Now I wasn't going to kill him, first o, just render him unconscious. So when his body dropped to the ground, I didn't bother to check if I'd successfully knocked him out or actually killed him, I just grabbed the keys and unlocked the door.

I ignored the pain from the burns, and took o running. I didn't know whether there was another guard on duty or not, but I wasn't going to stop and find out. I sprinted up the spiraling stairs, and out of the prison, which thankfully wasn't guarded.

I was barefoot, and dressed in only a heavily worn gray shirt and some ripped sweatpants, which made running ten times harder. Nevertheless, I still managed to run like my freedom depended on it...Because it pretty much did.

I didn't have any idea of where I was running too, all I knew was that I needed to get the hell away from my mate and his pack. Part of me wanted to shi into wolf form, but part of me knew that if I couldn't figure out how to successfully shi, then it would slow me down and then I would definitely be caught.

Seconds later I heard howls, signaling that I had definitely been seen, and in that moment I regretted not even trying to shi o. At that point, I was willing to shi. There was nothing else I could do but that.

However, as soon as I was about to, I saw a child.

She sat unaware in front of a bed of flowers, sni ling. This child looked small, letting me know that she was very young. From the back she looked to be maybe four or five, making me wonder what the hell she was doing out here alone.

A twig snapped beneath me, causing her to turn around. My heart stopped as soon as her blue eyes connected with mine, and my heart dropped when I saw they were filled with tears. She watched me, quickly wiping at her tears before she stood up.

"Who are you?" She asked, sni ling. I watched her with a sad expression, not knowing what to do. Everything in me wanted to comfort this child, but my brain wanted me to keep running. My brain knew that someone would find the child, and possibly comfort her.

But my heart told me the exact opposite.

I was fighting hard against the urge to stay, but I gave in when she sni led again. I kneeled down to her level, slowly, so I didn't seem as threatening.

"My name's Estrella," I replied, "What's yours?"

She looked at me warily, before she answered.

"Cassie."

She tucked her brown hair behind her ear, and sat in front of me.

"Where did you come from?"

For being so young, it surprised me that she spoke with such poise and elegance. Though her voice was nasally from crying, she still spoke clearly.

I looked at the small girl in front of me, wanting to hug her so badly. But I refrained from doing it, in fear of upsetting her even more.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," I answered. I watched as Cassie held her pinky out in front of her and looked at me.

"I pinky swear I'll believe you."

I looked up towards the sky with a smile, which was now a light orange and blue. I stared up there for a bit, before I hooked my pinky with Cassie's.

"I used to be a star, right next to the moon goddess."

Her eyes widened immensely, and she gasped.

"The moon goddess is...Real?" She whispered, and I let out a light laugh.

"She is."

"Well what's she like?"

"Crazy," I whispered, "But don't tell her I said that."

Cassie let out a giggle as she went to speak, when a voice came screaming from behind me.

"What do you think you're doing?"

I didn't even have to turn around to know that it was my sorry fucking mate. But I did know that I was in a lot of trouble.