

Perfect~

Hey hey heyyy. Sorry it's been a bit. But I finish classes in two weeks, and then I'll have so much more time to write. I'll definitely be able to finish this story by the end of January. And then I'll have a new story in the makings! Any suggestions? Any sequels you'd like to see? Please let me know.

Please vote and show some love!

Fuck death.

However normal it had become in this pack, it never hurt any less, it was never any easier. Watching the people around me drop like flies, quicker than one could even think, was one of the hardest things in the world.

Knowing that my friends and family had a greater chance at dying than they did living, pissed me o . It shouldn't be that way. We shouldn't be living our lives wondering who's going to lose theirs next.

We should be living without fear.

But we weren't.

Not even a er we executed two of our pack members, not a er we sunk down to their level. We still didn't feel safe. We didn't feel as if we could live without the shadow of death at our backs.

But since we were werewolves, that wouldn't ever change. We always were at risk of dying. Whether it was through a rogue attack, an explosion, or even your own mate killing you, there was always a chance of dying.

And we needed to live with that. We needed to accept the fact that no matter where we went, there was a possibility that death was right beside us, if not in front of us.

Still, it never got any easier to see those you loved die.

And even though I didn't love or even remotely care for Harrison, I did deeply care for Savannah. She was one of my first friends in this pack, one of the first girls in the pack who didn't look at me as if she wanted me dead. She was the closest thing that I got to a sister.

And then she fucked it up.

Now she's gone.

I doubted she would be a star. In fact, knowing the Moon Goddess, she put her in the darkest place possible, all alone. So there was a chance that I would never see Savannah again...Unless I failed what the Moon Goddess had sent me here to do. Then I'd probably end up in the same place as her.

But really, as long as I was with Kaillen, I didn't care where the crazy lady put me. Star or not, I had found my love--My true mate. She would have to pry my cold, dead claws out of him to get me to leave him.

Otherwise, it wasn't happening.

I smiled at the thought of the Moon Goddess trying to pry me o of my mate. Though I criticized her quite a bit, deep down I knew she wanted to see me succeed. I knew that as much as I pretended she was against me, she was one of my biggest supporters. She was rooting for my happiness.

I couldn't dislike her, no matter how hard I tried.

I felt my phone vibrate in my pocket, and I fished it out. I looked at it, seeing that I had a message from Kaillen. This was unusual, seeing as though whenever he needed something, he usually just used the mate link.

So I opened his text message, smiling as soon as I saw it.

I made you lunch. I'm at the house if you want it.

My stomach instantly growled at the thought of Kaillen's cooking. That man knew how to cook. I mean his food tasted like it was sent from the gods. And well mine...Was barely edible. I really needed to learn how to cook.

I realized that my ass had been thinking about food, and not replying to Kaillen. So I quickly shot back a message, telling him that I would be there soon, and I grabbed my things, and headed back to our house.

When I arrived to the house, I could smell the delicious meal from outside, thanks to my werewolf smell. I could tell what he had made even before I walked through that door, since it was my favorite thing in this entire world.

Steak.

I rushed in quickly, but halted just as I did. I wasn't expecting anything extravagant as I stepped through those doors, so you could imagine my shock when the floor in front of me was covered in red rose petals. And that wasn't where it stopped. The hand railing for the stairs was coated in so , glowing fairy lights. They went all the way up the stairs, and hell they were even going across the ceiling.

I was in awe as I stared at everything he had done, wondering what he had planned. I knew he was in the kitchen, I could sense him. I began to slowly walk towards the kitchen, admiring the gorgeous setup.

It nearly brought tears to my eyes.

I looked down at the roses at my feet, thinking to myself about how I felt like a queen. Nothing like this had ever been done for me, not until Kaillen. That boy had come along and swooped me o of my feet. Fuck was I in love with him.

I continued to make my way to the kitchen, heart pounding in my chest with every new step I took. I felt my palms growing sweaty, and I clenched them tightly. I didn't know what I was nervous for, whatever Kaillen had planned was obviously a good thing.

But even with that thought, I still had butterflies in my stomach. I wanted to know what he was up to.

I finally reached the kitchen, and not to my surprise, stood Kaillen. He stood there staring at me, tall and handsome, with a plate in his hand. Though the food on the plate looked incredible, I couldn't take my eyes away from my mate. He honestly looked like the main course of the meal.

Kaillen was dressed in a suit, which would make this the second time I'd see him in something other than a worn out hoodie and sweats. Not that I was complaining about that look either, he was fine either way. I continued to eye fuck him, until I reached his gorgeous blue eyes, which looked dark under the dim lighting in the room.

He smirked.

I felt my insides swirl, and I felt my lady parts getting hot.

I knew we were fucking tonight. But what else were we doing?

I must've been standing there for God knows how long, before Kaillen spoke.

"I hope you didn't mind the roses," He said, "I made us some dinner."

I finally snapped out of the state of shock that I was in, and I slowly made my way over to Kaillen. He quickly pulled a chair out for me, motioning to sit in it. I gladly complied, watching him set my plate down in front of me, before he sat down.

I looked down at my plate, nearly throwing the whole thing in my mouth when I saw a perfectly cooked piece of steak. And not only was there steak on it, there was also steamed veggies, homemade macaroni and cheese, and mashed potatoes. My stomach growled embarrassingly loud, and I quickly glanced away in embarrassment.

I knew I should've eaten something today.

I managed to look back at Kaillen, who stared at me with a look that made me feel like I was the most gorgeous girl in the world. I mean seriously, he was looking at me like I was his world. His eyes were so , and on his lips rest a so smile, all of which was directed towards me.

I couldn't help but to smile back.

"I..." I trailed o , "Kaillen, this is amazing."

"But you haven't even tried it!" He exclaimed, giving a cheesy grin when I rolled my eyes.

"I wasn't only talking about the food you goofball. I meant all of this. It's incredible."

His eyes lit up momentarily when I said this, and I wasn't sure if it was just the lighting or what, but I could've sworn his cheeks were pink for a second. But he turned his head to the side, and I couldn't tell anymore.

While he had his head to the side, I decided that I was going to try the food that Kaillen had slaved away all day to make. And when I took a bite of that steak, I swore I was back in heaven. I moaned loudly as the flavor exploded in my mouth, looking at Kaillen in shock. My moan definitely got his attention, but that was not what I was focused on.

I was focused on how my mate was a chef.

"H...How? I didn't know you could cook like this," I pointed out, quickly taking another bite from my steak. "I mean this is the best steak I've ever tasted."

I'm sure Kaillen's ego must've inflated as I said this; however, he did a great job of hiding it. He gave me a cheesy smile, scratching the back of his head.

"Yeah, I'm not going to lie but this cooking shit is kind of hard."

"So you made this all? By hand?" I questioned, and he nodded, "Wow, you're gonna have to cook for me more o en."

"Will do, m'lady. Under one condition."

I felt my heart jump to my throat.

"What...What condition?"

Kaillen almost looked nervous as he stood up, and for a second I really thought he was going to propose to me. But then he extended his hand towards me, and stared at me.

"Dance with me."

I felt my heart slowing down, and part of me was thankful that he didn't propose. The other part was kind of bummed. I mean yeah, I was only 19, and I had only known Kaillen for six months now. But part of me was ready for that, part of me wanted to see a ring on my finger.

But I shook away the thought of a proposal, and grabbed Kaillen's hand. He helped me to my feet, smiling as he did. His bright smile nearly melted my heart, and when I saw my gigantic smile in his eyes, I fell even more in love.

This guy was perfect for me. And every day he got more and more perfect.

We began to dance to some romantic piano sound, but the only thing I could focus on was Kaillen. His blue eyes had me captivated, trapping me in a sea of emotions--All of which were good. He had me feeling as if my world was perfect, and it was. Kaillen made it perfect.

And I knew I was using "perfect" a lot to describe things, but that was really the best word. I couldn't find any other word to describe this situation accurately. Any other word would have been wrong.

I leaned my head on Kaillen's shoulder as we danced, staring o into the lights that decorated the room. Though I started to travel really deep into thought, there was one thing that I had to say to Kaillen. One thing that he deserved to know more than anything.

"Kaillen?" I said, not pulling away. I continued to lean my head on his shoulder, finding peace with it.

"Yes?" He replied, wrapping his arms around me tightly.

"You are my favorite part of living. You are the reason I am thankful to be alive."

He must've known how big of a compliment that was, because next thing I knew, He was squeezing me even tighter.

"I love you so much," He spoke, "So much."

"I love you," I responded. I wanted to cry. Not because I was sad in anyway, but because my heart felt so full. I had never been at a point in life where I was this happy. I was always wondering what bad thing was going to happen next, and for one rare moment, I wasn't thinking that way.

I knew that my world wasn't going to be perfect like this forever, and because of that, it made these little moments even more important. I knew that there would come a time where I wanted moments like these back, so I had to hold onto moments like these.

I had to hold onto the moments where my mate and I finally were at peace. Because who knew when it would be gone next. For all I know, we could be back at war tomorrow. Hell, we could be dead. But for now, I was in the arms of my mate. I was safe. Nobody could take that away from me. At least not now.

Sorry again for the delay. I'm just so mentally exhausted.

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