

## Chapter 37

Everyone admires the love and affection Micah, and I are showing each other. Micah tucks my hair behind my ear and sweetly pecks my cheek. I snuggle closer to him and rest my head on his chest as his fingers caress my back. Then, I take his free hand and hold it tenderly on my lap.

Leo wiggles his eyebrows at me, 'What?' I ask, giving him a look.

'If you two continue to be so damn cute together, my heart might spontaneously combust with happiness for you two,' he smiles.

Micah wraps his arms around me as we laugh, pulls me onto his lap, and I cup his face with both hands, and we share a passionate kiss.

As soon as we finish our kiss, I turn to Leo, 'So, did your heart explode?' I ask him with a big grin.

Leo clutches his chest pretending to be in pain, and falls back from the log he is sitting on, 'My heart, it's about too... boom!' He says, tossing a handful of dry leaves in the air to imitate an explosion.

We all burst into laughter as the leaves float back down to the ground.

'I hope one day I meet a man just as sweet and loving as Micah,' Amara says, staring dreamily at us.

'You will,' I say to her.

'I highly doubt it. I'm so clumsy it would put any man off,' she pouts.

'That's not true... well, you being clumsy is true, but when someone truly loves you, Amara, they will think you are perfect, no matter how clumsy you are,' I assure her.

'Lylah, that is the sweetest thing you have ever said to me,' she squeals, holding her hands to her heart, and jumps up to run towards me but instead falls over flat on her face in the dirt.

Billy immediately helps her up.

'Thanks,' she says, blushing.

'No problem. Are you hurt?' He asks.

'I'll probably end up with bruised knees, but I'll be fine,' she says, smiling appreciatively at Billy.

Billy gestures for her to sit by him. Amara's face lights up, and she takes up the offer and nestles beside him.

I gaze above the fire that sends a silver line of smoke towards the sky and stare at the infinite mass of stars. A smile spreads across my face as I remember what Micah said about wanting to count the stars with me.

Suddenly memories from school flash through my mind sending a sense of dread throughout my body. The constant bullying from Vicky and Tamara calling me a freak. Informing me that I'm so ugly, not even my wolf wants to be with me. Amongst many other horrible things, they say. Although I keep a blank face and don't respond, seeing me upset will only encourage them to bully me more. Hearing

these things makes me doubt that I'm not good enough for Micah or to be Luna of his pack. I know Micah loves me and assures me I am good enough, but when you're constantly put down, you can't help but think these things.

Micah caresses my wrists, sending a subtle tingle of sparks along my arms, and my heart quickens. I solemnly stare into his eyes. He can sense something is wrong.

'You seem lost in thought?' He asks, then, feeling my strong heartbeat, withdraws his hands from my wrists and instead holds my two hands in his.

'What are you thinking about?' He asks with worry.

'Those girls at school,' I sigh sadly.

Micah grips me tightly and gazes into my eyes, 'Listen, Lylah. I'll trade my might and breath to make you happy. Vicky and Tamara won't ever amount to anything with their attitudes. But you, you are going to be my fated mate. I just know it. You will be a Luna, while Vicky and Tamara will live on envious of you. You are my perfect mate, and you will be the perfect Luna,' he smiles and kisses my lips. 1

His words send a warmth at the thought that his love for me is as strong as my love for him. I become lost in his gleaming eyes and return the kiss.

'We better return home now,' Theo says.

Everyone shifts. I climb onto Micah's back and race through the woods.

Clutching Micah's soft fur in a tight grip to not fall, I can't help but wonder what it would feel like to be a wolf.

We arrive home. I don't want to let go of Micah's hand. I want him to stay with me.

Leo and Theo can sense my sad aura from having to say goodbye to Micah.

'We should let our parents know we are home.' Leo says to Theo.

Theo nods and walks into the packhouse. Amara and Billy also give us privacy and follow the twins inside.

Micah steps closer, closing the gap between us and cups my cheeks with his hands.

'Very soon, we will be living in my packhouse and won't have to bid each other goodbye each night. Sweet dreams, my princess,' he says and kisses me tenderly, 'I love you,' he says, retracting back.

'I love you too!' I say as I watch him disappear in the distance.

Entering the packhouse, I make my way to the large open lounge room where everyone is watching the news on the television. Everyone looks worried.

'What is it?' I ask, joining them.

'Two more humans were found drained of blood today,' Leo says.

My insides churn. Those poor people. How horrific to suffer such a

fate.

The journalist continues to talk, 'The bodies of the deceased have been killed in the same tragic way the group of people had been earlier in the week. Although people reported wild wolves lurking near the scene of the first group of deaths. The coroner has been unable to match the bite bites with any know wolf or dog. Making this case more unusual and suspicious.'

Dad turns off the television, 'We have to hope that the humans don't find leads in the case, exposing that we werewolves and Lycans exist. The vampires must be doing this on purpose, but why?' My Dad says, pacing the lounge room, 'We only live peacefully in the world amongst humans because they don't know about us. We would be hunted if they ever found out about us.'

'Are we sure that these killings are by vampires?' I ask.

Dad stops pacing the floor and nods at Nathan, who approaches me and hands me an envelope.

The twins, Amara and Billy, hover around me to see as well. I open the envelope and pull out the photos. A young girl around my age is dismembered. Her skin is grey. Amara dry reaches and walks away, not able to see anymore. Billy follows her and gets her some water. The next photo shows two small circles close together. It's a bite mark. The next photo shows two men with the same injuries. Then an image of an older woman. I inspect the photos closely. They all seem to have the same injuries except for the older woman. I see long marks on her thigh. The same claw marks my family leave when they go hunting in their wolf or Lycan form on the deer they hunt. But

the puncture marks and the fact they have been drained of blood would mean their deaths must be by vampires, right? I pass the photos back to Nathan, agreeing with my Dad that only vampires could have caused these killings.

The next morning Alpha Greg arrives.

'Alpha Maximus, I think we need to send more warriors out to the human territory. The amount we have is not enough, seeing as two more people were killed yesterday. These vile vampires must be captured and killed before the humans figure out the deaths are not caused by wild wolves. The last thing we need is for humans to discover supernaturals exist.'

'I agree, Alpha Greg. I will send a dozen more today. We must find the vampires and stop these killing before the humans discover us.'

'I will also organise a dozen more warriors from my pack to join yours.'

Dad and Alpha Greg walk outside, but their deep voice makes it clear that they are still discussing the situation.

'Coming to have breakfast with us?' Amara asks.

'Sure,' I reply and walk with her to the dining room.

My mother makes eye contact with me. She is so beautiful with her white hair and silver and blue eyes. My eyes don't have silver like hers.

'Make sure you practice your magic today, Lylah. You have barely

been practising lately. I want to practice before you at least spend the rest of the day with Micah,' she says.

With a heavy sigh, I reply, 'I'll practice right now then,' I huff.

'Lifto Levititious,' I say, annoyed, waving my hand toward a teaspoon.

My brothers and Billy laugh until my mother glares at them, and they stop.

'There, I practised, and like always, nothing happens,' I frown.

'Lylah, you need to believe in yourself. There's magic in you. I'm sure of it. Practising will help you connect with your magic. You are my precious daughter, and I believe wholeheartedly you can do this.' Her face shows her concern. I drop my head in dismay, knowing she wants to see me awaken my magic. I leave the dining room without saying a word. I'm worried that as time passes, she will be disappointed to see that I do not possess any magic abilities like her.

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