

Alpha Maximus : The last lycan Chapter 33

'Alpha Maximus,' Micah says and graciously bows his head.

'Micah, we were just talking about you,' my father says.

'Oh really? Good things, I hope?' He says and smiles at me endearingly.

I blush, 'Come on, Dad, move out of the way so Micah can come inside. You take up the whole doorframe, you know?'

'I'm a Lycan. I can't help being this big,' he shrugs, steps away from the door, and returns to the dining table.

Micah sits next to me. Our pinky fingers touch discreetly under the table. Micah hooks his finger around mine. We remain that way with coy smiles. The attraction between us is obvious to everyone in the room.

'Micah, I hear you will soon take over as Alpha of the Storm Glenn?' Theo asks.

'Yes, my father is thinking when I graduate next month that I would be ready to be Alpha,' he replies.

'I've heard you're one of the best fighters around?' My father asks, joining the conversation.

'Well, I don't know about that,' he says, giving me a wink.

My finger tightens around his, and Micah clears his throat.

'If it's okay with you, Alpha Maximus. I was hoping to take Lylah out for a run this evening?'

My parents' smile and nod in approval.

The first day Micah and I met, we had instant electricity. Micah transferred here from Storm Glenn a few years ago, residing with his aunty. His Dad wanted him to have a good education and form a good rapport with us since we are the closest town to his. We are known for having the best education system in the state. Micah had grown up learning wrestling and boxing and continued it here. I love how seriously he takes it, and when he found me training myself in the woods, he offered to train me himself.

Of course, I said yes. Sometimes we train at school during lunch or after school at the gym or meet in the woods on the weekends and train there.

Everyone knows Micah has been training me for three years, but no one knows how good I truly am. They only see little bits and pieces, such as when I lose my temper at one or both of my brothers.

At school, we sit together in every class we share, and the lunchtime, we don't train. I spend sitting on his lap while we eat together. We haven't shared our first kiss yet, but our feelings have grown stronger each day as I approach my eighteenth birthday. I'm sure Micah is my fated mate. Even though I'm not supposed to feel the mate bond until I'm eighteen, my stomach flutters whenever he looks at me. I feel a tiny spark when we touch. I always want to be around him. Micah is the only guy I think about. I receive a lot of glares from all the girls at school. They call me a 'Freak,' or I should leave the pack and join the humans because they think I don't have a wolf or magic abilities like my mother. Unfortunately, they could be right. My father said it's rare, but some people have been born purely human, having the wolf or magic gene skip them and, in my case, altogether. My mother believes that my wolf or magic will awaken eventually, that I'm just a late bloomer like she was with magic. I guess time will tell.

Micah grabs my hand, sending a small spark up my arm, distracting me from my thoughts.

'Ready to go for a run?' He smiles.

I nod, and we leave the pack house.

Micah removes his shirt, and I goggle his six-pack and masculine arms.

Next, he removes the lower half of his clothing. My smile widens, and so does his.

I've seen him naked many times, as I've seen him shift frequently. I don't think I could ever grow bored watching him strip.

He shifts into his large dark wolf, which emits a great power. Micah lowers himself so that I can climb on. Then, holding on, he breaks out into a sprint. My white hair whips violently behind me as Micah sprints vigorously ahead. An hour later, we arrive at our favourite destination by the waterfall. He shifts back to his human form, and I pass his clothes. Once dressed, he sits on the grass and pats his leg. I lay on my back, resting my head on his lap. Micah strokes his fingers through my hair while we gaze into each other's eyes. I can hardly keep my focus as I become lost in his eyes, and it's at this moment that I realise I love him. I'm deeply and truly in love with Micah.

'Lylah,'

The way he says my name in a deep and husky tone sends my heart racing. At one point, I think my heart is about to grow wings and fly out from my chest.

My hand lifts on its own accord and cups his cheek. Micah presses his face into the palm of my eye, and then his beautiful sable eyes return to mine.

'Lylah, you are my world, my moon, everything to me,' he whispers.

'Micah,' I say, pulling his face to mine.

At first, Micah's lips touch mine, lightly, delicately, like butterfly wings, just long enough for me to absorb his minty breath and feel the warmth of his skin. Then, in response to our kiss's increasing heat and intensity, I feel myself sitting up and pressing in closer. Then, finally, our tongues meet. Both of us are jolted by our passionate kiss as we continue to lock lips. Micah's eyes open to find mine shining brilliantly in the moonlight at his, and he smiles.

'I've wanted to do that for a very long time,' he says.

'Oh? And how long is a very long time?' I smile.

'Since the day I met you. Three years ago,' he replies.

I blush and break eye contact looking away. Micah gently grabs my chin and looks into my eyes. He begins to peck my lips between each word.

'Since. When. Did. You. Become. Shy. Around. Me?' He says between each kiss.

My blush deepens, 'Gee, I don't know. Perhaps since you kissed me, making me feel even giddy than I thought I could ever be?' I suggest in a playful tone.

Micah grabs my waist, pulls me in closer, and rolls us through the grass. I giggle as he laughs, and we end up lying next to each other, holding hands and gazing up at the moon.

'Do you think we are fated mates?' I ask.

'Of course. You can't tell me you haven't felt the minor sparks and chemistry between us?'

'Oh, I have. Since the moment we met,' I reply.

'I know,' he smiles, 'I remember when we first met, and we brushed past each other we both jolted from the one little spark,' he smiles.

Micah pulls me onto his lap, holding my back up against his chest and wrapping his arms around my waist. He nuzzles his lips against my neck and places a kiss.

'It's all perfect timing. You will be eighteen soon, and we can announce to everyone we are fated, mates. Instead of me returning home to become Alpha of Storm Glenn, you will come with me as the future Luna of Storm Glenn,' Micah squeezes me with delight.

I look up at the stars, then focus on the moon and let out a heavy sigh.

'What's wrong?' Micah asks with concern, 'You don't want to be Luna and rule by my side?'

'It's not that, Micah, trust me. I want to go to Storm Glenn with you. I want to be by your side and take care of Storm Glenn with you. But what if no one likes me? What if I never get my wolf or my magic? What if I'm just human? Will everyone think of me as a weak Luna or worse, not want me as their Luna?'

'Oh, Lylah, I don't care what they think, or anyone thinks. You will always be my true love and my Luna in my eyes. Nothing in this world will ever change how I feel for you,' Micah turns me around, wraps my legs around his waist, and gives me a stern look, 'And for your information, Lylah, you are not weak. You were trained by yours truly, who happens to be the best fighter around, and you are the only one who has been able to keep up with me. I've trained men as big as me that couldn't even fight at your level,' he says.

'You're just saying that to make me feel better,' I say, returning the stern look.

'I am stating this because it's true, but if it made you feel better, I would whisper every sweet thing in the world to you if I had to.'

Micah cups my face delicately as if I were a porcelain doll that could break. The look on his face becomes serious, 'Lylah, I love you so much, I would die for you.' He says, and I believe him, every single word.

'I love you too,' I say, as my eyes well with happiness.

We kiss with such desperation and profound yearning for one another. Then, we break the kiss with heavy breaths.

'I will never let you go,' Micah says quietly.

'Then don't let me go. Promise me you'll always be with me,' I reply, panting.

'I promise,' he says and gives me a final sweet kiss before returning me home.