

## Chapter 11

NATALIE

This only makes me cry harder. The little restraint I had over myself is gone.

"This is pretty annoying." He hums when I don't stop crying. 1

"You are not even asking what happened to me?!" I hiss, placing my burning forehead on my right knee. 1

"I don't need to know. But I do need you to stop crying." His irritated voice sounds from the speaker.

I sniff, shaking my head. Why am I only getting all these assholes in my life?

"I won't stop crying!" I declare.

Tears blur my vision worse than before. Talking to him seems to be having an even more negative impact on me. I want to cry so much that I pass out and when I wake up, I might not even remember what happened today. It might feel like a dream.

Silence falls on the other side.

"He lied to me. Everyone...all of them lied to me." I sob quietly. 2

My body is slowly turning cold now. It seems to be



happening due to the plaguing emotions which are hurting my heart. 1

" Okay. " Equally disinterested.

" Are you not going to ask what they lied about? " I frown, anger taking over the previous miserable emotions.

" Will you stop crying after that? " He is concerned about his asshole self.

I sigh, frustratedly. Is he trying to make me go crazy?

What kind of mate is this?

Do I even want a mate after what Enzo did to me? Shouldn't I just have him reject me and then disappear somewhere away from here?

My heart hurts when I think of such a lonely life with no one to call mine.

" I can't recognise my mate. I am sure you have realised this by now. " I mumble.

" I know. " A simple curt reply follows.

He sounds busy. I can even hear the swoosh sound of pages turning in the background.

" I have no wolf. I can't shift. " I let out the truth.

He will eventually find out. And then he will reject me himself.



I wait for him to say something after confessing the truth. Silence meets me as an answer. A page turns in the background, letting me know that he was indeed listening.

"Are you going to reject me now?" I ask, scared for some unknown reason.

Everyone who came to know about it, only ended up pushing me away or seeing me as someone not worthy of being called a werewolf. I am an abomination for our kind — a person no one wants to be close with.

"That will be troublesome now. You should have told me before I marked you." He speaks after a while in the same neutral tone which makes me undeniably angry.

"You didn't even tell me before marking me!" I yelp.

"Really?" He hums lowly.

"Yes! I didn't even know you had marked me. You just — you just marked me on your own. You didn't even tell me that we were mates or something like this. You still haven't said anything like this. I don't even know your name. This makes me wonder WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR NAME AND WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE I LIVE AND HOW DID YOU GET MY NUMBER?" My voice rises in volume as I ramble on.

I only stop when I hear the hanging up sound coming from my phone. Surprised, I pull the phone away and stare at the

screen. 1

Did he hang up on me without answering me even this time?

My jaw hangs low.

My phone vibrates in my hand, letting me know about the arrival of a new message. I open it and stare at the few words. ' Don't cause me a headache again.'

In what tone did he say this? Is he demanding? Or requesting?

Pursing my lips, I stare at the screen in complete shock and disbelief.

Then, I throw the phone down in frustration.

What the fuck is wrong with this man? Why won't he tell me his name? I wonder, placing my chin over my knee.

Unknowingly, I have stopped crying and everything has slipped from my mind momentarily.

I pick up the phone after a while and redial his number. He doesn't pick up, making me drop the phone back.

He knows I am wolf less, then why isn't he rejecting me? He is so strange. I hum, pouting my lips.

The smell of dried up blood on my neck makes me get up and head to the washroom. I stare at the mark in the mirror.

If he hadn't marked me, I wonder how long it would have taken me to find out that everyone was making a fool out of

me.

You were not worth my time. That's what that tiny dick said.  
I can't believe it now. 4

If I wasn't worth his time, he shouldn't have spared me any  
to begin with.

I wash off the blood from my neck and pat my neck with a  
towel. Then, I inspect the wound on my head. It healed  
pretty fast due to the healing potion that Doctor Yoona gave  
me when I visited her.

To think about it, this jerk mate didn't ask me about the  
bandage on my head either when he came to me yesterday  
night. 1

Throwing the towel on the sink counter, I stroll out of the  
bathroom and change my clothes.

A part of me wants to confront Emilie about this whole thing  
and the other part needs me to stay silent.

The bigger part wins and after getting dressed, I make my  
way to Emilie's room.

The previous trail of suffocating emotions returns when I  
knock on her door and wait for her to open it for me.

A lump gets stuck in my throat. My hands turn cold by my  
side.

She opens the door after a while. Her eyes narrow in on me

right after she sees me.

"Took you long enough." Her expressions change all of a sudden, a smile plastering over her lips.

Enzo must have told her everything by now.

"You came to know why I did this, didn't you?" She wiggles her eyebrows, pulling the door open to let me in.

Taking the hint, I step inside her room and let her close it, so Mom and Dad don't hear this conversation.

"I don't plan on asking anything from you." I shake my head.

My eyes are hurting from all the crying and it's impossible to focus on anything anymore.

"Then what do you want Bitch?!" She hisses, turning around to face me abruptly.

I shrug my shoulders, remaining silent. If I tell her what I plan on doing, she will beat me to it anyway.

"Okay. I get it. You are pretending to be all high and mighty when all you want is an explanation." She huffs, folding her arms over her chest.

"I admit. It was fun to see you begging me several times to not let Enzo know about certain things when he already knew." Her smile widens. "And it was easier to get all your paintings from you when I threatened you with Enzo."

It makes sense now. I already had a hunch. I sigh, looking



down.

"You should be happy. Your work got recognition through me." She pats my shoulder.

I take a step back and shake my head once more.

"It was too much though. I didn't take you to be one who would like to share her mate with me." Hit where it hurts the most.

Her eyes darken. "A few lovey dovey words don't make much difference."

"He slept with me. Many times." I utter.

Her darkened eyes, turn wide. "You are lying."

As expected, she didn't know. There was no way in hell did Enzo tell her that he had been doing much more than exchanging a few lovey dovey words with me.

"It's clear he didn't tell you." Hurts, doesn't it?

"You are lying." She hisses through her teeth and takes a threatening step forward.

"Do you want me to tell you the size of his dick to make you believe me? Or should I tell you—"

A harsh slap lands over my cheek before I let out anymore words.

I huff, placing a hand over my cheek. My red-rimmed eyes



meet her mad ones.

" Now, you know what it feels like. " I take my hand off my cheek.

Before I realise what I am doing, I lift my hand and slap her right across her face. Her face turns to the side. And my hand rises once again.

She screams out in agony, making me freeze on my spot.

The door to her room bursts open instantly. Mom rushes inside, worried about her dear daughter who is screaming her lungs out, acting as if I have poured wolfsbane over her.

" What happened, Emilie? What's wrong? " Mom cups her face, inspecting her tears stricken cheeks.

I loose a breath, pulling my raised hand to my side.

" She...Mom....she... " She sobs, acting as if she can't talk.

" What did you do, Natalie? " Mom's anger filled eyes land on my figure.

I haven't done anything to her. I want to say but she won't believe me. I know already.

" What is this noise all about? " My hair stand on their ends when Dad comes inside Emilie's room.

He is never home during the daytime.

" She...Dad. " Emilie leaves Mom's side and makes her way



to Dad.

I throw my head down, internally screaming at myself for making this mistake.

"Tell me, Natalie!" Mom jerks my arm.

I open my mouth to explain before the situation gets out of my hands. "Emilie and Enzo—"

"She slept with Enzo this time. How can she do this to me? She didn't even leave my mate alone. She ruined my life. She was always jealous of me but I never thought...I never thought my sister could do this to me." Emilie cries out.

This time, she doesn't stutter.

Silence falls in the room, all eyes glaring at me.

"Is she telling the truth?" The dreadful voice of my father makes my soul tremble.

They know Enzo is Emilie's mate. When? How?

"N—No." I pick my head and let out.

"She is lying now. Why is she doing this to me?" Emilie thrashes in Dad's arms.

I watch her with disbelief and fear filling every pore of my body.

My Mom grabs my hair, jerking my head back.

"You didn't even spare your sister! WHAT DO YOU WANT



NATALIE!? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US? " She screeches in my face.

" Mom. " I hiss, grabbing her hand.

" It's not my f—fault. " I plead, crying out loud.

Her hand disappears from my hair and all of a sudden, my body goes flying back, hitting the wall behind me. Black dots appear in my sight as my breath gets knocked out of the lungs.

A pair of strong hands, grab the collar of my shirt and throw me back against the wall again.

" I warned you. I told you if you did something like this again ...I will kill you. " Dad's growl echoes in my ears.

Hot liquid spurts out of my mouth. Without giving me the chance to regain my balance, Dad takes hold of my neck and squeezes it so hard, I feel my bones crushing under his grip.

My bulging eyes meet his enraged gaze, silently pleading him to let me go. 1

I haven't done anything. I haven't done anything other than being a failure.

If only Moon Goddess had made me whole.

Tears flow down the corner of my eyes as Dad's grip tightens over my neck. My lungs burn with the deficiency of


oxygen.

I thrash and scratch his hands, trying to save my life but nothing works.

Eventually, I feel my body hitting the wall behind me with great force. The crushing sound of my ribs echoes in the whole room and pain sears through my body.

Then, everything goes black. 1

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