

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 64

NICK'S POV

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“Get out!” Tiffany screeches, pointing at the door. “No, tell me that you weren’t going to do what I think you were about to do.” I stare her dead in the eyes. She crosses her arms, her jaw ticking side to side as she presses her lips into a thin line.

“f*****g hell Tiff, do you not even love me?” I bellow, holding my hand to my chest as I hover over her.

Her eyes stare up at me through her thick lashes, “It’s just a stupid bond.” she grits out and that’s when I suddenly realized that I was all alone.

“You don’t mean that.” I grit out, staring at her with pleading eyes.

I need her to take that back...She can’t mean that.

“I do and even you know it.” she shakes her head, “What do you mean?” I c**k my head at her. “Why did you get off the plane?” her eyes tell me that she already knows the answer, that I have been caught, but she wants me to say it. She wants to hear it come from my mouth.

“Something came up.” I shrug and she smiles sarcastically as she nods, “Something... or someone?” her smile falls.

“Fine, do you really want to hear me say it?” I snap harshly and her eyes become glassy, “Yes.” she seethes.

“Jessica called and said she needed me, but it’s not what you think.” I try to cover my a*s, but she starts laughing, “Isn’t that always the line before the bad news follows?” she laughs, but it’s not because of joy, it’s filled with sarcasm and hurt.

“No, nothing happened. She just needed to talk.” I shrug and she rolls her eyes, “There are these things, called a phone if she wanted to talk.” she seethes, “You would have felt if something happened!” I argue, “Would I? She bared your mark and I doubt that the bond faded when the mark disappeared.

How would I know if you dipped your c**k into her? Perhaps I wouldn't have felt it." she argues back and my heart sinks.

She thinks I cheated on her.

"What happened is I tried to get her away from that psychotic hybrid of a mate and she ran off. I went home to book another flight when that monster showed up and kidnapped me to help him find her. They left me tied to a f*****g tree the entire night!" I bellow and Tiffany just starts laughing uncontrollably.

"That's a good one, she wouldn't do that. She's too...soft." she shrugs and I stare her dead in the eyes, "I am really glad that you think that Jessica is still soft. Because she's not, she's living with a cold-blooded killer and she's choosing to stay with him. It makes her just as bad." I shake my head.

I will never see the girl I fell in love with again, because she has been brainwashed and now the old Jessica, my sweet Peaches, is just gone.

"Whatever Nick, just go. You still chose her over me, on my f*****g birthday and that hurt." she grits out, wiping her cheek from the imaginary tears.

But everything she's saying is true...I chose my ex over my mate and that makes me feel like the biggest a*****e in the entire world, hell it doesn't even hurt this bad knowing that I almost killed Jessica...

Does this mean that the love I have for Jessica is all in my head? Perhaps because we have been together for so long that it became my first thought to protect her and love her instead of my mate?

I hate myself for it, I should have stayed on the damn plane and celebrated my mate's birthday with her...instead, I f****d up.

"Let me make it up to you." I beg, reaching for her hand and she pulls back, shaking her head only once.

"No, you can't make this up to me. My birthday was yesterday, I had to sit and eat dinner alone," she seethes, her lip scrunching up as her voice breaks, "Do you know how that feels? To sit in a restaurant your significant other booked for your birthday and have to sit there alone while someone asks you where the other person is? Do you?" she yells and all I could do was look at the floor in shame.

“I always knew you still cared for her and I know that I am spoiled and a little bit self centred, but I always choose you. Always.” she grits out and my heart shoots into my throat.

“I just didn’t think you’d choose her over me.” her teeth sink into her bottom lip as she fights the tears resting on the rims of her eyes.

“I hate myself for it, but I can make this better, I can.” my own eyes sting as she stands in front of me, trying to keep herself calm and collected, but I could see storms forming in her ocean orbs, not the ones that splash against rocks high, no...The ones that sink boats and drown the people.

“You might fix it in your own eyes, but never, ever in mine.” her judgemental eyes trail over me before she scoffs and walks off.

I stand frozen, staring at the wall that was behind her as I try to think of something that will make her stay, anything.

“I was going to propose.” I sigh, turning to look at her, but she doesn’t even spare me a glance as she stares out of the window.

“No you weren’t.” she mutters after a minute of silence.

“I was, I just had to pick up the ring when we got here, but I was...last night.”

She whips around with blazing eyes, “How do you do that?” she bellows and I frown in confusion, “Do what?”, “Lie, are you that scared of being alone?” she yells.

“I am not lying.”, “Yes you are, because if you had such big plans, you wouldn’t have gotten off the plane unless she was dying! You are trying to cover your a*s and I might seem stupid, but I’m not. I had plenty of men as boyfriends before you, some human and you are the worst of all. Just accept that I’m not coming home with you and go die alone!” she yells at the top of her lungs and I’m sure even the reception people downstairs could hear her.

I tuck my hands into my jean pockets, nodding, “Fine.” I gulp and pad over to my bag that’s on the bed. I pick it up and pull my wallet out. I take out a stack of cash, everything I have and leave it on the bed.

“Go treat yourself, I’m sorry.” the words sting, my head pounding as I try to think of ways to get her to trust me, but there is none.

I walk to the door, stopping in the door frame as I hold the handle, "And I never thought you were stupid. I do love you." I breathe out and she just glares at me with red eyes.

Flying has never been this depressing. It's always fun travelling, I did it a lot when I was a kid, but never have I felt this empty and alone.

I made Jessica hate me and I think Tiffany hates me even more...Perhaps I was always destined to be alone, to screw everything up...

Perhaps the best way to learn is just to accept that I was never going to be loved like I loved her.