

Chapter 5- "Changing his mind"

1188 Words

Adelina's pnt. Of view

I stood with my back glued to the door as I tried to calm my breathing, my nerves, and my racing heart.

I couldn't be his personal maid, there was no way I wanted to be that. I don't even know what a personal maid does, but I sure don't want to end up either.

I had to change his mind. I couldn't handle the whole "being close to him" thing.

So I once again found myself walking to his door.

Once I stood at the door, I took in a deep breath and told myself that I could do this.

So I did, I knocked on the door, and I waited.

Soon enough came his dominant "come in." And I instantly found my extremities obeying as I made my entrance once again.

He looked up at me, smirked then said "need something else?" Although his eyes had the teasing glint dancing in his pupils.

"No, I just came back to ask you once again if I can work at the clinic, instead of as your personal maid." I explained, and the teasing re in his eyes died, and was instantly replaced with a raging anger.

"And why is that? Mate?" He addressed me for the first time as his mate, yet his tone seemed disgusted, as though he was ashamed that I was his mate.

"Because, well yes I'm your mate, and I can obviously see that you don't want anything to do with me, so why not get me out of your way?" I explained, although my heart broke with every word that spilled from my mouth.

"Oh trust me, there are many things I want to do with you, but you're right I don't want a mate, I don't want you, so what're you suggesting?" He demanded.

And my heart shattered, he was just so blunt about it.

He didn't want me.

"Well..." I took a moment to swallow back the lump in my throat, as I silently prayed that my tears stay at bay, at least until I get to my room, "I can work any shift you want, I can nurse any patient, kids, women, men, seniors, whichever. And I don't mind working over time, however I do want to get paid." I bargained out my choices.

He looked over at me, as he seemed to ponder my words, and soon his eyes started traveling down my body, and I suddenly became aware of my outfit.

Off shoulder blue top, with high waist shorts that ended a few inches above my knees.

He rubbed his hands on his lips, then he looked me up once again, causing my cheeks to warm up as he said "okay, ne. But I have a few rules. I get to drop in any time, and whenever I come in, if I need you or call you, you drop what you're doing and you come straight away. Whatever I say goes. Understood?"

"Yes sir." I replied absentmindedly.

And with that, I didn't even wait to be dismissed, I just led myself out.

A part of me still couldn't believe that he actually agreed, but I was fretting more on what he said.

He wanted to do things with me, yet didn't want me.

I couldn't possibly live like that, at least not with my mate.

Was it always gonna be like that?

Me making up excuses to see him?

Him dictating what I do around here?

Him teasing me, just to tear me apart?

I couldn't believe what was going on. I don't think I can do this, not like this.

"Watch where you going slut!" Came Serena's voice as she shoved me.

I was so caught up in my thoughts I didn't realize where I was going, and I accidentally bumped into her, but she still had no right to speak to me like that, or put her hands on me.

So I shoved her back as I said "and you keep your dirty claws to yourself!"

"Why you little b-"

"ADELINA! your room right now!" Ordered Demitrey as he opened his door.

"WHAT?! ME?! HOW ABOUT YOUR LITTLE BIMBO OF A SLUT YOU CALL A MISTRESS?! She's the one who touched me." I retorted, my anger arising.

Demitrey breathed in slowly as he said "you have exactly 1 minute to get to your room, because if you let me catch you, you will regret it."

I was bewildered. Fuming, yet bewildered.

I looked over at a smug smirking Serena, then I stomped my way to my room, locking myself in until dinner time, which Cilia came to serve it for me.

"Hey, haven't seen you since this morning, is everything okay?" Asked Cilia, as we ate dinner together.

"Yep, got a new job at the clinic." I explained, trying not to let earlier's events get to me... again.

"Awesome, now you can have money, and soon we can hang out in the city. There's so much I want to show you." Cilia explained happily.

"Sure, whenever you want." I managed to smile.

I made a friend.

We spent some time chatting away, until it was time for Cilia to go, and I quickly found myself tucking in bed, ready to get this day behind me, but I guess the night was still young, for my door opened, and a shirtless Demitrey made his way inside my room, closing and locking the door behind him.

He sauntered towards my bed, holding a captivating eye contact with me, keeping me frozen in spot.

When he towered above me he said in a deep voice "get up."

At first I was confused, well no, distracted.

I mean my mate, a man that seemed to be sculpted by the gods, stood in front of me shirtless, giving me a knee shaking, heart racing, nerve wracking smoldering gaze, and his deep tone is like icing on the cake, I had to focus on his lips this time as he repeated "get up."

And I found myself blinking a few times before I caught what he said, and I slowly moved out the bed, and stood right in front of him, and without warning, the back of his hand came in harsh impact with my cheek, and I landed face first on the bed.

Did he...? Did he just strike me?

"Get up!" He ordered again, his tone angry.

I was shaking, tears quickly pouring from my eyes.

"I said get up." He declared, as he stood my hair and pulled me up, as a cry of pain escaped from my lips.

He looked me in the eyes, as his own shone with anger, as he seemed ready to strike me again, but then something ached in his eyes, and his palm came softly against my cheek, as he caressed the spot where he struck me, soothing the burn, then with no warning he pushed me on the bed harshly, turned, and left me.

And just like Deja vu, sobs ransacked my body, as tears ooded my vision.

My mate... My very mate hit me.

He hurt me.