

## Chapter 23

*Beep. Beep.*

*'Please come on a date with me. Please. Please. Please.*

I groaned in frustration, tugging my hair. I left my phone on the bedside table and continued brushing my hand through Charis' hair while she laid her head on my shoulder. Beep. Beep.

*'Please give me a chance. I promise you; you won't regret it. Please go on this date with me!*

And I received this new text less than twenty seconds later. The 50th freakin' text! Now this really was getting on my nerves.

Since Chase's and Alex's little spat two nights ago, Chase had been even more determined to take me out on a date. In fact, he had been so determined that he had already sent me fifty texts since six o'clock this morning and it was only about eight o'clock now. Beep. Beep.

*'I promise you; you won't regret giving me a chance. Just please go on this date with me.*

I hadn't replied to his texts since his first one yesterday morning when I sent him what I thought in a very blunt way. 'No.' But the man doesn't give up, does he? And with every text, I was getting more and more frustrated.

*Bee-*

That's it! I had had enough of this crap. It was really annoying the crap out of me. He was really annoying the crap out of me!

Picking up my phone, I dialed his number immediately, and it hadn't even been ringing for three seconds before he answered.

"Hello, Sophia please go on this date with me...please," he said before I could even get a word in.

"No. Listen to me: I will not go on a date with you!" I shouted into the phone. I saw Charis and Kaden look at me curiously, but I simply smiled apologetically at them and shook my head, telling them it wasn't anything important. "Please. Just this one date. Please..." he whispered the last part.

"Chase. I am not going to go on this date with you, now please stop texting me and quit leaving all those voice-mails," I said, the desperation clear in my voice.

"I won't stop until you go on the date with me," he bargained.

"Can please quit contacting me? Please," I nearly begged, desperate for him to stop calling or texting me.

"Only on one condition...go on this date with me."

"You won't give up, will you?" I groaned in frustration.

"I won't give up until you say yes...even if it takes you fifty years."

I sighed and tugged my hair, obviously annoyed. "Fine, just one date. Just one Chase."

"Yes! Thank you. Thank you. Thank you so much. I'll pick you up tomorrow at eleven," he said with an excited tone. I could just picture him with a massive grin on his face right now, while he fist-pumped the air and danced around like a fool- much like he does to cheer the twins up. A few days ago, he was dancing to Gangnam Style, which sent the twins doubling over in laughter.

A faint smile appeared on my lips as I remembered him dancing around like a fool- and let me tell you, he was possibly the worst dancer I had ever seen.

After dropping off the twins at my mom and Dad's house, I came back home, slightly anxious about the date with Chase. Mom and Dad loved the twins, so they were more than happy to look after them while I was away.

I wasn't too sure about leaving Kaden and Charis with them at first, instead I had called them to ask if they knew of any babysitters, however, they re-assured me that they would be fine and Dad would be able to take care of the twins and Mom.

The twins weren't trouble-makers anyways, so I knew they would be fine, besides, I think they deserved a little time with their grandparents, especially because they hadn't seen them for a couple of days now.

I know people would think that I was stupid for leaving the twins with my dad- who had previously abused me so many times, but after spending time with him, I could see that he had changed and he had gotten his act together. He was like the person I used to know and love again.

Alex had to attend an important business meeting about six hours drive away from here, so he left yesterday and was coming back in two days, so he couldn't look after the twins for me. But I was sure the twins would have fun with Mom and Dad anyways. Changing into a comfortable and casual yet slightly formal outfit- a pair of shorts, a blouse and a pair of heeled ankle boots- the bell rang as soon as I finished. I don't know how I made it just on time, but I did.

I opened the door, slightly nervous but with a glare. "Don't you dare pull an act like that ever again or God help you."

He simply grinned at me, ignoring my threat. "You look beautiful."

He placed a small kiss on my cheek before handing me a single white rose. He looked amazing as well- but I wasn't about to mention that. He was definitely the hottest guy I had ever laid eyes on, and he looked even better right now with his light chinos and plain blue polo shirt- which brought out his eyes. "Shall we get going then? I want this to finish as soon as possible."

He simply chuckled, looking at me with amusement in his eyes. It seemed like today, whatever I said wouldn't change his ecstatic mood. He would still look at me with that massive grin...all because I had agreed to go on a date with him.

So far, the date had gone surprisingly well, and I found myself enjoying myself. Shocker, right? He had taken me on a totally cheesy and romantic date. He had driven for more than an hour to the beach, where he had set up a picnic on the cliff which overlooked the beach.

As cheesy and as cliched as it was, I found it quite cute and sweet. In the car, we had talked about everything from our favorite types of music and to our favorite colors. Chase was trying to be funny, cracking a stupid joke here and there, nevertheless, it made me laugh.

And I was quite shocked with we arrived at the beach, because I had expected somewhere not so romantic. But it turns out that Chase was quite the romantic at heart.

He seemed really curious to want to hear about my life as well, and how different it was or how hard it was being in the eyes of the media all the time. And I would answer to his questions as honestly as I could.

As we sat silently eating food he had brought, he asked a question which surprised me slightly because not many people were interested in it anyways, so they hardly asked about it. But Chase did. "How were you found?"

"I got a job in a cafe when I was pregnant because I didn't want to be dependent on the pack when Alex," he growled at his name, "found me. Honestly, I'm so grateful that Mark, that's Alex's dad, signed me. He's a record producer and an amazing father figure. Him and Alex had always been there for me and the twins, and they would look after them when I was exhausted from recording or preparing for the concerts. Whenever I needed them, they were always there for me."

He went completely silent, thinking very hard about something. "Can I ask you a question?"

"You just did," I joked.

He chuckled but nonetheless asked the question, "Who is Alex to you?"

And just like that, my mood turned bitter again. "That is none of your concern."

His tone turned a little harsher as well, "It is because you're my mate, and whatever you do is my business."

I glared at him, "I wasn't your mate when you left me by myself, making me feel like one of your used dirty whores, then was I?"

His gaze softened and he looked at me with regret and guilt. "I-I was scared. You were my mate and I didn't want a mate at the time, and my l\*\*t took over. And then I finally realized how much I loved you after, and I was scared of my feelings for you." "Yeah, well now I hope you know how much your cowardliness cost you," I snorted.

"I do. I know how much it cost me. It cost me you and four- nearly five-years of our children's lives. I thought about you every day," he admitted.

"Yeah, I'm sure you were thinking about me when you mated Nicole huh? Or maybe you thought about me when you f\*\*\*\*d those countless other girls?" I said sarcastically.

"Yes, I did. I was drunk off my a\*s when I mated Nicole, and I couldn't just walk away from her after I mated her. There was a connection between me and her. Every time I was with one of those girls, I pictured you...every single f\*\*\*\*\*g time." "You couldn't just walk away from her, yet you could walk away from me... your own mate. You really are a bastard, you know that?"

"I know I am. I know...and that's why I've paid for it every single day of the last five years. I know you wouldn't believe me if I told you I love you, but I do. And it hurts me, seeing you happy with another guy," he said, as a single tear leaked out of his eyes. "Yeah, and now you only want me because I'm not weak anymore or maybe because so many people out there want me. Or maybe because I'm not ugly anymore or maybe because I'm rich and famous and people love me. You don't want me for me, you want someone who you won't be embarrassed to be seen with!"

"I love you so freaking much Sophia Alicia Campbell! I have tried searching for you everywhere, and every time I got a phone call saying that they found a dead body looking like you lying around, I felt my heart stop all over again. Every single time they said they found someone looking like you in a river or a ditch, I felt like I was dying. I did everything I could to find you Sophia, everything. I regret walking away from you every single day of my life!"

"I don't believe you. I don't believe a single word that you say, because if you were really missing me that much, would you be making babies with Nicole? No, you wouldn't be!"

"I was under pressure to have an heir for the title of the Alpha of the pack by my father. I loved you since the moment I saw you Sophia, I love you more than anything now and I will love you until my last breath."

I was speechless. Honestly, I was. "I don't believe you," I choked out.

All of sudden, he grabbed my hand and pushed in his car. Without another word, he drove as quickly as he could.

"Chase? What are you doing?"

"Where are we going Chase?"

"What's going on? Answer me!"

All my questions fell on deaf ears. Finally, he pulled up at the pack house. Ignoring the confused and awe-struck stares and whispers of the pack members, he dragged me to the attic, which if I remember correctly, has always been out of bounds to everyone in the pack, apart from Chase himself. Not even Ryan, who is the Beta was allowed to go in there.

"What are we doing here?" I asked, looking at him with a confused expression.

"You didn't believe how much I truly love you and how much I regret doing everything I did wrong to you, so here. I'm finally going to prove it to you," he stated, not looking at me.

He pulled out a set of keys and opened the door to the attic. I gasped as soon as I stepped over the threshold of the room. Paintings of me adorned the walls and there were a lot more on the floor. Large canvas of me, laughing and extremely happy was hooked on the walls.

There were amazing paintings. I didn't know Chase liked painting, I guess now I know where Charis gets her love of painting from.

I went around, looking at the different painting, taking in every detail and brushing my hands against it. Noticing a large canvas on the floor, I walked over to it. It wasn't fully painted, but I could tell it was going to be amazing- just like all the other ones. It was of the twins in the middle, looking extremely happy with two outlines beside them; I guess that was him and I standing by them.

I don't think I had ever in my entire being looked as beautiful as what he painted me out to be. He made me look like an angel. Another thing I noticed was that in the corner of every painting, there was 'I love you Sophia' written in beautiful, elegant handwriting. As I stood there thinking about what my life could be like with Chase in it, I felt hands wrap around me, sending those familiar tingles. I tried to step away from him, however, he kept his grip tight, but not so tight that it would hurt me.

"Just let me hold you for a minute...please?" he asked, with such sadness in his voice that I couldn't refuse.

I shakily nodded, knowing that I'd probably regret it later on.

"Is this enough proof for you? Is this enough to make you believe how much I love you?" he whispered, kissing along my jaw.

I didn't say anything, mainly because I was in huge shock. I didn't actually believe he loved me as much as he claimed he did. But he did love me. He did love me...

After a few moments of silence of him nuzzling his nose in neck, I finally said, "You know, I'm not as beautiful as you make me out to be in those paintings. You make me look like an angel."

"No... you're even more beautiful and nothing, not my paintings or any photograph, could ever capture your beauty. You're the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and I will ever see Sophia, and you are an angel. You're my angel," he said softly, placing a feather-like kiss on my neck. Once again, I was speechless.

I always loved him, even after what he did to me. But I just refused to show him that part of me. I only showed him the bitter side of me, which hated him, however that didn't mean that I didn't love him. He was my mate, of course I loved him.



But now, I could feel that love trying to fight its way up from the pits of my heart, where I had buried it deep down years ago. But I didn't want him to leave me and I didn't know if I could trust him fully with all my heart yet. He couldn't snap my heart again, and I wasn't about to give him full reigns to be able to do that. I couldn't do it. I couldn't do it again because I didn't know if I would ever be able to pick myself up if he did hurt me ever again.

So, too scared to be hurt again, I ran away from him once again in tears.