

Chapter 11: Going Through A Lot

-Wylde-

I liked it. I had never really played or joked around with someone. I was an only child, adopted by my uncle after my parents were killed. My uncle had taken over and raised me, but then he had died too, and now there was just me. I wasn't really the joking type either, but Helena was making me smile and wanting to tease her. She really was already changing me. How interesting. She was still set on going home though and it didn't sound like she wanted to come back. Her wolf was even harder to convince. At least Helena had let me kiss her. Her wolf... not so much.

"Wylde!" she shouted.

"Yes, beautiful?"

Helena looked at me, shocked, after I called her beautiful, and I knew then no one had ever called her that before, but she was beautiful. She had this long blond hair and these sweet brown eyes I could just drown in, and the cute little freckles going over her nose suited her. She really was just adorable, but sexy as hell, too. I couldn't really explain it. She wasn't even my usual type. Never had anyone who acted like they wanted to be one with the wallpaper ever drawn my attention to them, but of course, that was not what they really wanted either. Often, people who didn't want to be seen weren't seen. Helena though... She was like a light in the darkness. She was my mate, so I was completely drawn to her. If she walked into a room lled with people, I would see nothing but her. She would take up all the space.

"Could you... get off?"

"Why?" I asked and pressed closer to her, knowing she could feel what she was doing to me. Her eyes grew enormous but were so heated. She was interested, but didn't want to allow herself to be.

"I... I need to go."

"I will drive you then," I said.

She shook her head.

"No!"

"Why did you come here, little mate, if not to seek help?"

"It was my mother's wish! I didn't plan on staying!"

"What if it had been my uncle you ran into?" I asked her.

"Then I probably wouldn't be lying on this couch!"

I chuckled, unable to help myself. No, she was correct about that. My uncle would have been far too old for her, and denitely not interested, since women held no interest to him, anyway.

"No, you are probably right."

"So... get off?"

"What if he had offered, though?"

"To lie on this couch with me?"

I shook my head and smiled.

"No, to help you?" I asked. "What if he had offered you a place to stay?"

"I..."

I saw the confusion in her eyes and the doubt. This ran so much deeper, I realized. This idea she had of her she was worth nothing ran deeper than I had thought.

"You didn't think he would ever offer, did you?"

"Why would he?"

"Because you needed help," I said.

"I am ne."

"You just lost your mother. Tell me, who else do you have out there?"

Helena just looked at me, and I had my answer.

"As I expected. No one, right?"

"I enjoy being on my own."

"Yeah, I can imagine after some idiot alpha made you think you were worth nothing, being on your own was exactly what you believed you deserved after that."

Helena got a little teary when I put the cold and hard truth out there, but she needed to realize fast I was not this other alpha. I was her alpha. Her mate. She would see soon enough that trusting me, even with her life, was something she could do. I would take good care of her.

"Could you just get off?"

"It's what you think, isn't it? That being alone is what you deserve. He made you think that."

"Stop it..." she said.

"Admit it then."

"No! I am just better off on my own!" she said.

I looked at her, seeing how broken she looked, and it made me wonder something. "When did your mother die?"

"What?"

"When did she die?"

"A few days ago... I buried her today."

"Shit," I said and nally got off her.

She slowly sat up, but looked away from me. I grabbed her chin and turned her head, and I could see she hadn't even processed that her mother was gone forever.

"I am sorry, little mate. I know that can't be easy."

"I'm ne," she whispered.

"No, you're not."

The tears were slowly threatening to spill over, and I knew today had to have been hard for her to deal with. Not only had she buried her mother, but she had been sent to a stranger by her dead mother, who wasn't even alive anymore, and she had run into his nephew instead, who turned out to be her mate. Now that had to have been shocking. All of it, and hard to swallow. It was why I knew I needed to give her some space.

"I am..." she whispered. "I felt nothing."

"About?"

"About my mother's death."

I looked at her, a little confused.

"Was she not good to you?"

"She was the best," she said. "All I had."

"So, why didn't you feel anything? Have you still not processed it?"

She looked at me blankly. Had the rejection really turned my mate numb? Could it be she felt nothing after being rejected? It could be. It had consequences, breaking the bond. According to rumors, nothing should hurt more.

"I just... felt nothing."

"Because you feel nothing?" I asked her.

"I have felt nothing for a long time."

"What did the rejection do to you?" I whispered.

"A lot..."

"Tell me."

"No."

"Helena," I sighed. "You're not alone. I will take care of you."

"No, I don't need you to."

She pushed my hand away.

"If your uncle had been here instead of you and offered me a place to stay, I would still have left," she said.

"Why? Your mother clearly thought it was a good idea to come here."

"Yes, but she was also very worried about me ending up all alone. She just did it because..."

"Because she loved you?"

"Because she was scared, I would do something... if I ended up alone."

"Do something?" I asked.

"It's... not important."

Helena looked away, and then I realized what she meant.

"Killing yourself?"