

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 10

Cassy pov

I sat silently at the table, trying hard to focus on my hands. Everyone had gathered in a room where all of us could be seated comfortably. I had to gulp down my food in a hurry because Elliot was there to meet us. That was what I was told. I wasn't told that he wasn't alone.

There was another man, who I guessed was the duke and perhaps Elliott's father. Mom did tell me that his father was a Duke. Everyone was damn serious and so silent. In the presence of Elliot and others, my parents didn't joke around and he too seemed to be a well behaved young man.

"Sir. Harold, this is Cassandra, our relative who is here from Europe to be trained. Since she is a royal by blood, she needs to train like one. And Cassandra, this is Sir Harold. Elliot's father and my right hand," my father, the king stated, and the latter nodded in agreement.

"I agree, your majesty. Elliot had told me about having to train a newcomer. I believe that she is the one?" he asked, gesturing at me.

"Yes. She had her first session this morning," father told him.

"Great. So, do you like it here?" Sir Harold asked me in a soft voice. I glanced at my mother, feeling a little nervous about speaking to them. This was the first time I had been facing someone formally. However, I cleared my throat and smiled, and tried my best to mimic my parent's formal demeanour.

"Yes sir," I said.

"Beautiful. Have you looked around the kingdom yet? This place is breathtakingly attractive. I bet you wouldn't find it where you grew up." He said and I smiled, not quite understanding how to respond to that.

"She has just arrived. She will take a tour. But with the royal duties and everything, it's hard for us to accompany her anywhere," father explained.

"She doesn't know anyone here besides us yet. Elliot and you are the first people she is meeting. We are enrolling her in the academy. Tomorrow is her first session. Maybe then she will have some friends to hang out with." Mother told him.

“Elliot can show her around,” Harold stated, looking at Elliot’s void face.

I felt myself go rigid. I tried my best to control my facial expressions just like them. They were so good at having a serious expression. However, I couldn’t prevent myself from heaving in a deep, sharp breath when he suggested that I tour around with Elliot.

“Yes.... actually. That would be great. Elliot doesn’t have his duties today?” father asked.

I glanced at him wanting to scream and pull my hair. Why was he doing this?

“Yes. Your majesty, I have the whole day off. My duties start tomorrow evening.” He replied politely.

“Great! Why don’t you show her around?” he suggested.

I gulped.

“Um.....maybe we can go when you are free?” I suggested, hoping that they would agree. But all I received was sighs and stares that told me to agree to go with him.

“Honey. We will not be free for a long time. Never. You should go with him because starting tomorrow you too will be extremely busy.” Mother told me, raising her eyebrows suggestively.

“Okay.” I silently agreed with a slight nod, keeping my fingers crossed. Maybe hanging out with Elliot will not be that bad. Hopefully.

“Take her on a ride, Elliot. Use a car from the garage. You may use any one you like.” My father told him. “Ask the driver for the keys. I believe you will find him in the officer’s room at the entrance.” He added.

“Yes, your highness.” He replied just as seriously. “Come with me.”

He stood up and walked away. I felt like growling at my birth parents, who I knew most probably were laughing internally, although they didn’t show much of an emotion. Fighting against my urge to roll my eyes, I stood up and followed Elliot.

“How is she related to you?”

I heard Sir Harold ask my parents as we left. I didn't care what answer they gave to him. Right now, I am way too worried about being stuck with Elliot for heavens knows how long. I can't wait to start my sessions at the academy. That way I would be too busy to see him that often, as my father had stated. That would be good.

"So senorita, what....."

"Cassandra." I corrected him.

"Okay." He smirked. "Cassandra. What would you like to ride?" he asked.

"Ride?"

"The car."

"Oh. I don't mind." I shrugged. I didn't care as long as it could travel fine.

"Well. What else were you thinking of riding? You possibly couldn't ride me here." He grinned mischievously, his grey eyes sparkling. Laughing to himself, he went into the officer's room to get the keys.

"What the f**k!!!!" I cursed under my breath involuntarily, glaring at him. He was unbelievable. I wonder how many girls he teased like that.

He walked towards the garage with me dragging myself behind him. I didn't like him. I thought as I followed. He may be handsome, but I simply didn't like him. He climbed into a black Audi. Sighing in exasperation, I followed him to the front seat.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

I remained silent for some time. I was still unhappy that he teased me like that. I felt my face heat up. How dare he talk to me like that?

"Well?" he questioned.

"I don't know. Just....take me to look around, I guess." I replied solemnly, keeping my eyes focused on the road.

He winked at me as he started the engine. I scowled and looked out of the window. I thought about the men I knew. Nolan and the one who I saw as a father. And then, I thought about Miles, the one who was supposed to be my

better half. I sighed as I felt my anger changed to sorrow. My throat tightened and tears stung my eyes. However, I fought against them. I didn't want to cry. Not in front of Elliot.

I think I am starting to despise men. After what Miles had done to me, I had the least bit of interest in looking for a relationship. If he could ignore a sacred bond formed by a higher power, what was the meaning of being in a relationship? Why do I have to be bound to another person? Why can't I be that feared Queen who was free? I don't need a man to be happy. What I knew was they were a nuisance and a huge pain in my a*s. Except for a few, like Nolan and both my fathers. They were great people. But everyone else seemed to be nothing but a headache.

I kept gazing out of the window. The place was indeed enchanting. It had beautiful trees and flowers growing everywhere. Greenery spread throughout, except the roads where the vehicles were driven. White-tipped mountains were in the view. This was definitely how I wanted my home to look like. This was my kind of place. My paradise.

The car ride was awkwardly silent. None of us said a word and I was the least bit interested in starting a conversation. I sat in my seat, ignoring his presence. I wanted to treat him like a driver who I wanted to avoid talking to. But it was just a matter of time and he cleared his throat. I could see from the corner of my eye, that he glanced at me a couple of times. Perhaps he felt that I had been too silent.

“Cassandra.”

“Hmm.”

“You don't look happy. Is something wrong? Is it something I said?” he asked, this time he sounded serious.

I looked at him. His eyes were focused on the road as he steered the wheel. Was he for real? Doesn't he realise that he has made me feel awkward?

Suddenly, he pulled over to one side of the road. I could see that the road was almost deserted. Perhaps this part of the kingdom was not so populated.

“Why did you stop?” I asked, bewildered.

He looked at me properly. The mischievous glint that sparked in his eyes was now concealed with concern. He looked at me with his forehead wrinkled in a frown. The continuous smirk that irritated me was now no more.

“Please, tell me. What happened?”

I felt myself calm down a little. Was my silence making him like that? Maybe my parents were right after all. Perhaps he was simply being himself. Forcing a smile, I sighed.

“It’s just that.....I felt weird.” I ran my tongue over my dry lips and looked away. I was trembling. Re-living those memories was something I dreaded. Miles’ words hurt, and each time I recall that night, I feel like drowning in melancholy. I couldn’t even contact my adoptive parents, partly because I was supposed to remain hidden until I was crowned. And partly because I don’t know how I would explain to them why I had chosen to attempt suicide.

Honestly, it was the worst night of my life.

My vision blurred as I sucked in a shaky breath.

“I had a bad experience with.... men.....” I bit my lips. I can’t say anything else, but he seemed to comprehend.

His face suddenly changed drastically. It was now filled with sympathy.

“I am sorry,” he whispered and leaned back in his seat.

I knew he wouldn’t quite understand what I was referring to, but I was glad that he respected my feelings. He didn’t even push me to tell him more about my experience.

“I didn’t want to frustrate you. I just.....” he paused and looked at me. “I will be there for you,” he said after some time.

“If anyone bothers you, tell me. I’ll kick their asses.” He asserted, making me giggle. The tears that I had prevented from rolling out of my eyes won the battle and were now streaming out of my eyes. Taking the tissue that he offered me, I cleared away the snot from my face.

After spending some time crying, I managed to pull myself together. I was still sniffing and gasping for breath. However, I no longer felt bad. I was glad that

he said that. Wiping my tears, I took in a shaky breath. He had waited for me to control myself, occasionally caressing my shoulder or offering a sympathetic smile.

“Friends?” I asked, offering my hand to shake.

He raised an eyebrow but then smiled a little and shook it.

“Friends,” he agreed.

My birth parents were right. Making friends felt good.