

## You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 11

Cassy pov

“Are you okay now? Do you want to go back to the palace?” he asked.

“No, I want to go for a ride. It is beautiful here.” I told him, leaning back and finally relaxing in my seat. Ever since I had come on this excursion, I hadn’t enjoyed the view. So for me, it was a bit too early to cut it short.

“There is an awesome lake in the south. We can feed the ducks there. Do you want to go there?” he asked and I nodded enthusiastically. This place just keeps getting better and better.

The rest of the time I spent with him was rather fun. He took me to a lake where we spent some time feeding the ducks and watching the fish swim. He cracked several jokes that had me laughing until my tummy hurt. My parents were right. Making friends is good and he was friendly. I was wrong. He was simply being himself.

I didn’t know how the time flew by. What I knew was, the afternoon sun had started to set and my stomach rumbled. Feeling famished, I rubbed my tummy.

“I am hungry,” I complained. Looks like we have to go back home now.

“There is a little café nearby, where mostly the army hangs out. Would you like to go and have something?” he asked and I grinned.

“Of course.” Well, looks like we are going to have a late lunch together.

When we arrived at the café, several people who were inside smiled at Elliot. There were a lot of males and females who I guessed belonged to the army. Some of them greeted him while others acknowledged his presence by a small nod. He sure seems to be popular here. I guess I shouldn’t have expected anything less. He was the son of a duke and a talented war general.

A blond waitress flashed a flirtatious smile at him when we sat at the table.

“Hey, handsome. What would you have?” giggling she uttered.

I held back my urge to scoff. She was so hilarious. Elliot rubbed the back of his neck and shrugged in my direction.

“Some chicken sandwich?” he asked.

“Fine by me. I’m starving.” I answered.

The waitress was rude enough to roll her eyes at my answer. However, I decided to say nothing. I was already holding back my urge to laugh out loud. She obviously was trying to get Elliot’s attention, but since he was showing no interest in her, she was apparently irritated.

“Two sandwiches.” He politely smiled. When she walked away, I covered my mouth and stifled my laughter.

Elliot too chuckled, shaking his head. “Don’t mind her. She likes to flirt with everyone.” He said, making me laugh.

“I was wrong about you,” I admitted. “You are not a flirt.” Giggling, I added.

“You thought I was a flirt?” he asked.

“Well.....yeah!” I chuckled.

He shrugged and smiled a little as he looked at his phone. His reaction was not what I expected it to be. I thought there was something sad about his smile and the way he looked at me. But I decided to brush it off. I have done enough jumping to conclusions already.

Our sandwiches came in no time and as we spent more time together, I realised that Elliot was no longer annoying. After I had told him about having a bad experience, he didn’t try to irritate me or even flirt with me. He was like that awesome friend I needed right now.

He was a great guy. I wonder who his lover is. Whoever it was, she was extremely lucky.

“Tell me. Don’t you have a lover already?” I asked, munching on my sandwich.

“Lover?” He chuckled.

“Yeah... A chosen mate?” I frowned. Was I saying it wrong?

“Well. There was a girl I liked. But she wasn’t ready yet. She kind of pushed me away.” He answered, shrugging his shoulders.

“Bummer. She doesn’t know what she is missing.” I replied, making him snicker. “I hope she stops avoiding you,” I added.

“Me too.” He smiled.

“Now you tell me. What happened to you?” He asked, taking a bite from his food.

I sighed. “I was mated to a werewolf. He rejected me thinking that I was a weak human.” I explained, making him snort at his drink. He coughed a couple of times before he was able to talk again.

“He thought you were human? Didn’t he know that you were a Lycan? We are all very human until we turn.” He said as soon as he controlled himself. “He is such a loser.” He added.

“Yeah. But he didn’t know about it and rejected me.” I shrugged. I no longer felt the tears gather in my eyes. Having a friend to share my problems with was great. With time, I believed that I would have enough strength to stand up for myself and face the entire world like the queen I was supposed to be.

“Well. Too bad. That’s his loss. I sure hope you don’t go back to him. I have heard what being in a bond is like,” he said.

I scoffed. “He doesn’t deserve it. He had rejected me and I had accepted it. He even said that it would have been better if I had died.” I added, and he froze.

“What?” he whispered, his grey eyes suddenly darkening in anger. I shrugged and continued to nibble on my sandwich. I felt my heart hammer in my chest. I thought I had overcome the fear of talking about it. But I guess I still have a long way to go.

“Well. No. You are very important. I need you here. Okay?” he said, making me smile.

“Sure dude. I’m here, isn’t it?” I chuckled, trying to swallow the fear in my heart.

He also smiled at me and focused on his food. There was a little pinch in my heart that told me that he was hiding some kind of pain. Something he wouldn't share with anyone. I thought I saw a hint of sadness in his smile. Maybe that was the reason he was such a jokester. Maybe he was trying to forget that pain, whatever he was hiding.

Perhaps it is because of that girl. I thought. Perhaps being pushed away was hurting him. Wait till I find that i\*\*\*\*t and pull her ears. Elliot was a great guy. Although he did get on my nerves at first, now I can see how caring and thoughtful he was. And he didn't deserve that treatment from anyone.

I'll find out who that is and I will make her fall in love with him. I think playing Cupid would be fun. Why not give it a try?

"Actually... Elliot. Who is this girl you like? Can you show her to me?" I asked.

The shock in his face was obvious. His jaw dropped open and his eyes widened. A little smirk curved his lips.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I don't know. Maybe play matchmaker?" I giggled. He also let out a little laugh.

"I don't know Cassandra. She.....I don't think she likes me." He paused his lips.

"Why?" I asked, frowning.

"She is..... It is complicated." He sighed.

"But I don't understand. You are popular, fun and hot!" I blurted out.

"Yeah?" he laughed and I nodded in confirmation.

"Well....why don't you get in a relationship?" he shrugged and my smile instantly faded away. Heaving a deep breath, I smiled and looked at the empty plates on the table.

"I told you," I whispered, my eyes suddenly brimming with tears. My throat tightened and I was afraid that I might burst into tears.

“s\*\*t. Sorry. I didn’t mean to.....” he hurriedly stood up from his seat and came across the table and stood beside me.

“Umm. Let’s go?” he suggested.

Wiping my tears away, I nodded and stood up. He paid the bill and we left the café. We walked side by side wordlessly until we reached the car.

“Cas.....”

“It’s okay Elliot. I understand. I’m still...I guess I still haven’t gotten over that pain yet,” I smiled and took in a shaky breath.

“I am sorry.” He offered a sad smile.

I looked up and our gazes met. There were a lot of unexpressed emotions in his deep grey eyes. I felt a weird urge to give him a friendly hug. Would it be weird if the royals were hugging in public? Well, they didn’t know me yet, but everyone would definitely know him. Smiling, I decided against my sudden desire and climbed into the car.

I gulped as I started to feel queasy. My heart thumped like crazy and the palms of my hands started to sweat. I couldn’t clearly understand why, however, I knew it was a new feeling. Wiping away the moisture on the fabric of my jeans, I kept focusing on the road that lay in front of me. He climbed in and I simply couldn’t hold back from inhaling deeply, enjoying his scent.

His scent! I noticed that he smelt like fresh lemongrass. Perhaps my senses were slowly improving, like those of fully developed lycans. I forced myself to hold back the smile that tried to curve my lips. Lemongrass. I simply love that smell.

“Home? Right?” he asked in a low voice and I felt as though I might melt into the seat.

I nodded, avoiding looking in his direction. The rest of the ride was silent. A ride that started silently was about to end in silence. However, the emotions involved had changed. He parked the car in the garage and was about to walk away as soon as we arrived at the palace.

“Elliot?” I called, not wanting to end the ride in a sour mood.

“I liked spending time with you,” I told him honestly. He turned around, a genuine smile on his lips while his eyes seemed to twinkle. My heart leapt as our gazes met.

“Me too, Cassandra,” he answered.

I smiled back as my heart raced. I didn’t hate him anymore. That was for sure.