

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 13

Cassy pov

Miss Murphy was a stern yet talented teacher. She demanded attention at all times, which was great. By the time she was done explaining how our lycans would slowly wake up from their deep slumber, I had memorised the entire process. Their senses slowly wake up and slowly improve. The senses of smell, hearing and sight. Then, they would wake up to communicate with us in our heads.

I smiled at the memory of how I could smell Elliot's scent. Lemongrass. I had never thought that I would love that smell but here I am. I simply loved it. We were taught that we needed to connect with our lycans so that when we shift we would be completely prepared for it. I guess I would have my own best friend in my head. Now that made me think. Elliot would also have his best friend in his head already. And mom and dad too! I still haven't seen their lycans. Perhaps the first thing I would do was to whine that I wanted to meet their lycans.

She further explained that the first shift is always painful. However, we need to let it happen and then everything will go smoothly. Once you shift, you will be a fully transformed lycanthrope. That was what I learnt. No one in the class spoke except the teacher until she finally announced that the lesson was over and that we could have a short break before the next lesson.

The whole class indulged in their conversation and Miss Murphy seemed to be digging through her purse to find something.

"Miss Cassandra? Here is a schedule of our classes. Hope to see you on time starting tomorrow." Smiling, she handed me a piece of paper.

I nodded and studied the schedule. The classes were held every day at sharp noon during the week and three of them were dedicated to physical training. I guess I was just five minutes late today.

"Hi." I heard someone greet me from behind. I turned around and saw three girls smiling at me.

"Hi," I replied.

“Nice to meet you. My name is Daphne.” The one with soft brown hair said as she held her hand out to shake mine. I smiled and shook her hand.

“I am Cassandra,” I answered.

“Zoe”

“Maya”

All three of them introduced themselves. Zoe also had brown hair but in a darker shade, while Maya’s hair was dirty blond. All three of them wore kind, friendly smiles on their lips. Which made me smile at them in return. Well, smiles are contagious.

“Nice. Which club are you taking part in?” Maya asked.

“Huh?” I frowned. I was never told about clubs.

“You didn’t know? They have different kinds of clubs. The healer’s club, the fighters, and different other kinds. Usually, we choose the ones we are interested in. Like...if you want to be a healer, then the healer’s club is perfect.” Daphne explained grinning and flashing her pearly whites at me. She brushed away the strands of soft brown hair off her forehead and once again gave me a friendly smile.

“I don’t know yet,” I told her honestly. “What club are you in?” I asked.

“Well, I come from a family of healers, so most probably I’ll be one too. My interest is in that area. So I have already applied for the healers club. Zoe here is going to the art club and Maya still has not decided what she will do yet.” She shrugged.

“Oh.” I bit my lips. I couldn’t be a healer. It was awesome that they knew everything about medicine and the healing process, but I was supposed to know everything about ruling and being queen. What club was I supposed to be in? I was the heir to the throne but they didn’t know that yet.

“They have several other programs too. I think you can ask your parents about it.” She explained.

“Right,” I replied.

“By the way, are you new here? We have never seen you here.” Zoe asked eagerly.

“Yeah... Actually. I came here just a couple of weeks ago,” I told them.

“Oh. And by any chance....are you related to the queen?” Maya blurted out, only to receive a little pinch from Daphne.

“Psst. Maya!” she hissed, making me stifle my laugh.

“Sorry. You look like her,” Maya apologised, scratching the back of her neck. Her face was now beet red and a bashful smile curved over her lips. I guess she was embarrassed by that question.

“Sorry about how blunt my friend is.” Daphne, too, apologised, glaring at Maya for a little while, who offered a sheepish smile in return.

“It is okay. And actually yes. She is my relative. I have lived abroad and now I’m here to do training,” I told them.

“Cool! We are speaking to a blood relative of our queen. What an honour!” Zoe gasped. I sighed, smiling at her.

“She thought it would be a great idea to enrol me in this academy so that I could make new friends. Since I’m new here I don’t have any.” I offered a sheepish smile as I admitted.

“Wow! That is awesome! We would love to be your friends!” Zoe and Daphne exclaimed in unison, while Maya nodded her head vigorously.

“Cool!” I laughed at their enthusiasm.

“How is she your relative? Is she your aunt?” Daphne asked. Her eyes were wide with eagerness and she stared at me without blinking.

“Yeah. I think so.” I shrugged, not knowing what else to tell them.

“Class! Now it is time for a quick lesson about war techniques! The break is over!” Miss Murphy announced and the whole class groaned.

“War techniques is the worst lesson ever,” Zoe whispered.

“I heard that young lady!” Miss Murphy’s stern voice made all of us go rigid. I turned and gave my full attention to the lady who stood in the front of the class with her arms on her hips. She kept glaring in our direction through her spectacles. She sure didn’t seem like someone who was going to fool around.

“Like it or not, this is something we all MUST be aware of.” She stressed as she glared in Zoe’s direction, who I was sure would be ready to melt into a puddle.

“Now! Pay attention to what I’m writing on the board!” Miss Murphy ordered.

While she wrote down her notes, I glanced at the timid girl who had her head lowered the entire time. She seemed to be interested in her notepad where she kept scribbling and drawing weird shapes and lines. Frowning, I took a piece of paper and wrote a message.

I like your hair.

I passed it to the girl. She read it and a little smile curved her lips. She wrote something on a piece of paper and passed it to me.

You are beautiful Cassandra.

Smiling, I wrote back, stealing glances at the strict teacher who was still writing. I didn’t want to get caught passing notes.

What’s your name?

Ava.

Came the reply. Great! I liked this. Making friends was awesome! The rest of the day was rather enjoyable. I didn’t find the lesson on war techniques boring. I was rather interested in it. Perhaps I really should pay attention to it, since I am a royal. I knew my birth parents most probably would have a lot of lessons and programs prepared for me. Perhaps more details of war and its techniques were waiting for me. Who knew?

After five hours of continuous teaching, Miss Murphy finally decided that it was time to go home. We were allowed to have a little snack in between. Because I didn’t bring anything with me, my new friends shared theirs with me.

I noticed that Ava never really spoke with anyone but I tried to converse with her as much as possible. After classes, we exchanged numbers. I asked Ava to give her number too, but she simply gave a sad smile and walked away.

“Don’t worry about her. She is weird.” Maya said.

“But why?” I asked, still staring at her retreating back as she walked ahead of us.

“No one knows. She doesn’t share with anyone,” Daphne replied.

I paused my lips. From what I had learnt in the pack, there would always be a reason for anyone to act in a certain way and I was eager to know what her problem was. We had walked to the exit of the building in no time. Ava was now no longer in sight. Shrugging, I turned towards the three who seemed to be ready to go home.

“Where do you live?” Zoe asked.

My eyes widened. Was I supposed to say that I lived in the palace?

“She is a relative of the queen. She most probably lives with them. Don’t you?” Maya stated and all I could do was offer a forced smile. I just hope that they didn’t feel weird befriending me.

“Oh wow. Yeah. Of course,” Zoe muttered, face-palming herself. “That is so cool. What is it like to live in the royal palace?” she added.

“Umm...just normal?” I laughed nervously.

All three of them smiled. Suddenly Daphne gasped.

“Is that Sir Elliot?!!!”

“OMGGGGG!!!!” all three of them squealed, making me raise an eyebrow.

What the hell was that about?

“Why is he here?” Maya asked.

I looked at him and smiled and he waved at me.

“Wait...he is here to fetch you? Woooooow!” Daphne gasped.

I shrugged.

“Is he yours?” she asked, wiggling her eyebrows at me.

“What? No!” I laughed. “He is just a friend. But he loves someone already.” I told them.

“Oh! What a disappointment.” Zoe giggled. “I have had a hopeless crush on him since forever!”

“Come on girl! He is wayyyyy out of your league!” Maya rolled her eyes at Zoe.

“I know! There is nothing wrong with having fantasies. And besides, why is it called a hopeless crush?” Zoe giggled and winked.

“Girl, you had better find your prince charming soon,” Maya said.

“I will. But right now I’ll just enjoy having a crush on someone who most probably doesn’t even know that I exist!” Zoe laughed, giving Daphne a high five.

Chuckling at their silly conversation, I bade them goodbye and walked towards Elliot who was waiting for me. Well, it looks like a lot of girls have crushes on him. Whoever that girl he likes is damn lucky but stupid. I should find who she is soon.