

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 17

Cassy pov.

I continued to punch the punching bag. Today was a Saturday but I was not in the mood to go out and enjoy anything. I was not ready to meet that i***t who had made me angry. So I decided to spend my morning in the training arena of the palace.

I didn't know how time passed by, ever since I had arrived, I had poured out my fury on the punching bag. Had it not been for my enhanced sense of smell, I wouldn't have realised that the person I didn't want to see had arrived in the arena.

"Oh hi, senorita. I see you are working extra. That's great!" he exclaimed, making me stop.

I turned around only to throw daggers in his direction. Rolling my eyes, I walked over to where I had kept my water bottle and started to sip on it. I am not going to talk to him yet. I was still fuming.

"What? Why did you stop?" he asked, coming towards me. I scowled and ignored him. I didn't even look at his face. His smirking face just annoys me to no extent.

"Hey. Cassandra. Look at me." He started to plead. I pouted and picked my bag up to leave. But he caught my hand. I glared at him and then at his hand that was holding on to my elbow.

"Come on Cassandra. Talk to me." He begged. "I don't like it when you are angry."

"What do you want?" I demanded.

"I miss you." He stated, making me scoff. "I tried to call you on your phone but you were not picking up my calls. I was hoping we could go on our weekly ride like always....you know." He shrugged.

"Well, I think I would like to train more than go on rides. Especially if it is with you," I stated.

"Why?"

“Because someone wouldn’t let me spar,” I stated, narrowing my eyes at him.

He stared at me for a few seconds and then burst out laughing. I felt my anger double. Did he find it funny? I was fuming and here he thought it was funny? I felt like growling in anger. If only I was able to shift, I would shift into my lycan and tear him apart. I hated it when he laughed at my misery.

“Is that why you are angry? Oh come on!” he finally said, when he was able to control himself. I let out a huffing breath and turned around to walk away. However, once again, he caught my arm and this time, he pulled me towards him.

I went crashing into his rock hard chest, making me yelp in surprise. Shocked at his sudden reaction, I stared into his deep grey orbs. The annoying smirk was no more when he gazed back into my eyes. What was he doing? I felt my heart race as he held me firmly in his hands. My breath was in short gasps. I liked being held by him. His scent only made it better. I shouldn’t be feeling like this. I told myself. He was nothing but a friend and he already liked someone. Besides, I was angry with him..... I think.

He continued to scrutinize my face. It was after some time had lapsed I realised the awkward position we were in. If anyone saw us right now, they would think that we were up to something. I started to wiggle to free myself from him though my crazy heart was telling me to stop and simply enjoy being held in his arms.

“Spar with me.” He said after some time.

I blinked. What? Did I hear him right?

“Huh?” I gasped and gulped. Why was my heart so hysterical?

Letting me go, he smirked.

“I said spar with me unless you are too scared to do so.” He kept looking straight into my eyes, still smirking mischievously.

I blinked. That a*****e! Was he trying to call me a coward?

“Scared? What the hell!” I cursed. “Bring it on!” I narrowed my eyes on him.

I knew he would be stronger and way better than me. He was a fully developed lycanthrope and a talented war general. The best in the army. There was no way I would be able to beat him unless he let me. But he had challenged me just now. And I was not someone who would chicken out of a challenge.

A satisfied smile spread across his face as he took a few steps backwards. He removed his shirt and put it on the bench, making my eyes go wide. His fit abs and chest were enough to make my mouth water. Dang! This guy!

Blinking, and shaking myself out of the daze I was being pulled into, I averted my gaze from the shirtless demigod standing right in front of me.

“Why do you have to remove your shirt?” I asked him. “You never do that!”

Chuckling at my question, he shrugged.

“I will be ruining my shirt. These aren’t my training clothes. I had not come here ready for training. I just wanted to see you.” He answered.

“Well, you have seen me. Why challenge me to spar?” I exhaled, giving him an unfriendly glare.

“Because someone is angry about not getting her turn to spar.” He grinned. “So? Are you in? Or are you going to chicken out?”

I rolled my eyes wishing I could wipe that damn grin off his face.

“Fine! But you are not allowed to hold me for more than.....three seconds!” I stated.

“Three? That’s too little time!” he exclaimed.

“I don’t care! You are shirtless. So no!” I scowled.

“Why? Distracting?” he smirked, making me clench my jaw.

“Yes!” I rolled my eyes, only to make him grin wider. “Ugh! I wish I could wipe that irritating grin off your face!” I hissed, not wanting to shout out loud. He simply laughed and walked to the centre of the arena.

“Come.” He invited me.

I made my way to the circle and stood in front of him, narrowing my eyes at him. He was the most annoyingly handsome guy I had ever met. He had successfully irritated me, made me feel butterflies and at the same time angered me. Not to mention being that great friend when I needed him the most. I certainly didn't understand this person who stood in front of me.

We circled each other and I knew he was waiting for me to make my first move. But I didn't. I was smarter than that. He suddenly made a move, startling me. Seeing it as an advantage, he leapt forward and simply lifted me in his arms.

"What the hell Elliot! Let me go!" I exclaimed.

"I won!" he grinned. "Now what did you learn today?" he asked, still holding me.

"That you are an a*****e. Now put me down!" I screamed. Fortunately, he put me on the ground and started to count his fingers.

"Lesson one, don't get startled by your opponent. They are only trying to distract you. Lesson two, you should never let him land the first punch. Most fights are short, and would end within a few punches, so why not land a few first yourself." He stated before letting out a little breath of air.

"But we were sparring, not fighting." I pouted.

"Yeah. But judging by how mad you were, I thought you wouldn't mind landing a few punches." He chuckled.

"Actually... Why did you do that yesterday?" I wanted to know his reason.

"Imagine, if I didn't do that, some other student would be left out and I wouldn't be able to see her performance. I can see how you train anytime. Right?" he explained, and I felt my anger completely melt away. Wow. He had a good reason.

I suddenly started to feel like a jerk. I should have known him better. He was someone who took his work damn seriously. I was simply being nothing but a b***h. Feeling sorry, I looked at his retreating back as he walked towards the bench where he had kept his shirt on. Well, perhaps I owe him an apology.

Sighing, I walked towards him. "Elliot...." I called. "I am sorry," I said.

I felt cold now, since the heat of my anger was no more. It normally would take a lot of time for me to swallow my ego and ask anyone for forgiveness, but for him, I would do it. I couldn't lay my finger on the real reason, but I just couldn't hold a grudge against him for a long time. And especially when I am wrong.

"For what?" he chuckled, not even bothering to look at me.

"For being angry. I should have known my friend better," I stated.

He slowly turned around and looked at me. His face was suddenly serious. My breathing hitched when our gazes met. Was this normal? Not wanting to give in, I stared back.

"No," he noted, making my heart race.

"No?"

"Yeah. No Cassandra. I can't....." he trailed off, making me frown.

What was it that was bothering him? Feeling that it was serious, I stepped closer and held his hand. Maybe he needed to talk about something that was bothering him. I wanted to help. He was the first male that had successfully found a special place in my heart. I wanted to believe that it was respected because he had helped me heal from a brutal heartbreak. He was special to me among all my friends.

"What is it? Do you want to talk?" I asked, wanting to offer help.

He continued to gaze deeply into my eyes. He didn't answer. He simply stared into my face, as though he was memorising every feature. What shocked me was when he cupped my face, without breaking our eye contact. My frown deepened. Goosebumps crawled all over my skin when his thumb traced my lips. I gulped.

I knew I shouldn't be enjoying it but I liked it. I wouldn't deny it. My brain was telling me that this was wrong but my heart was telling me otherwise. Oh, how I wish my lycan had woken up. Maybe then, I could ask her what she thought about this situation.

“Cassandra.” He whispered, making my heart flutter. His lemongrass scent was only making it worse. “I’m sorry. I can’t be your friend. I can’t stay in the friend zone anymore.” He told me rather seriously.

My heart was pounding frantically as I gulped the accumulated saliva. The coldness I felt, the closeness between us and my frantic heart were an extremely bad combination.

“Why?” I managed to whisper despite finding it hard to speak.

“Can’t you guess?” he asked, low toned. His husky voice made me shiver. His eyes told me a lot of things that I didn’t want to believe. I needed to hear it from him. I needed to confirm. I couldn’t jump to conclusions.

“Because.....” He whispered and suddenly stepped away from me. I felt like whimpering because he let go of me.

He suddenly smirked. “I am your instructor!” He started to laugh.

Huh? Frowning, I gulped. I didn’t find anything amusing in what he had done just now. He straightened himself and flashed his lopsided smile at me, which made my heart flutter.

“Hey? Let’s go for ice cream?” He said in between his chuckles. I offered a forced smile. His little stunt had confirmed one thing. I like him more than just a friend. I heaved a deep breath.

“I thought we weren’t friends. I mean, who goes for ice cream with her instructor?”

My heart was still hysterical but now, I felt like crying. I wish he had said something else. I wish he had said that he liked me. But that was just wishful thinking. He liked someone else. And whoever she was, was an idiot.

“Oh come on. I was joking.” He said.

But now I don’t want to stay in the friend zone. I wanted more than that.