

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 19

Cassy pov

I was simply rejoicing when he kissed me. It was surreal. I felt as though I was being transferred into another dimension where only us existed. As if everything else disappeared and nothing else mattered. I knew he was taking his time, and enjoying the moment. At first, I was stunned. It took a moment for me to realise what was happening. I responded to him as soon as I managed to snap myself out of the state of shock.

His grip was firm enough to prevent me from losing balance. I was glad. I couldn't trust my limbs with my emotions going wild. I felt that I might melt into his arms then and there. Both of us were gasping for breath when he broke the kiss. His fresh breath mixed with mine, as both of us, continued to inhale and exhale heavily with our foreheads still in contact. My heart leapt for joy. I felt like I had won the lottery. This was way better than being bound by a mate bond. Well, at least for me.

My focus was on his lips that had claimed mine a short while back. I cupped his face and traced his swollen lower lip with my thumb.

"Cass." He whispered and placed a soft, lingering kiss on my forehead, holding my small body against his as he did so.

My heart fluttered. What does this mean? Does this mean that I was the girl he liked the entire time? Well....look who the idiot is. If that is so, I guess I'm practically blind. I didn't expect things to turn out like this.

I was still amazed by what had happened. When I grabbed his arm and held it, I only did it because it made me feel better. I was feeling weird when he met me to go out in the afternoon. We had decided to go back and freshen up instead of going out in the morning since both of us were soaked in sweat after our little impromptu training session.

Ever since he left me alone, all I could think of was him. He was handsome, alright. No wonder so many girls have crushes on him. However, what caught my attention was his kindness and thoughtfulness. He was the most perfect guy I have ever met. Yes, he can be so annoying that he gets on your nerves, but still, he was perfect. Perfect for me.

My heart palpitates each time I catch a whiff of his scent. My ears constantly kept listening, hoping to hear his footsteps. And when he showed his grinning face while I was in the office with my parents, my heart skipped a beat.

I realised that his voice sounded like music to my ears and his presence had simply made it more pleasant. My parents agreed in an instant when he asked if I was free to go out for ice cream. Never had I felt so awkward to be in his presence. However, today I felt different. As I followed him towards the garage, my racing heart and my sweaty palms confirmed one thing. I like him.....a lot.

However, my heart broke a little when I thought about the fact that he liked someone. And all the time I was thinking that it was someone else. Looks like I was wrong. Or was I? Did he kiss me because he liked me or not? I wanted to know for sure.

“Elliot.” I gasped. He was still holding on to me and holding me close to him. I could hear his heartbeat as I rested my head on his chest. The sound of its constant beating was reassuring.

“Yes. My love.” He answered and I felt my heart jump with exhilaration. A smile slowly spread across my face.

Love? Really?

“Ummm...” I gulped.

“What is it?” He asked, looking into my face.

“That girl you said you liked.....who is it?” I asked, although I felt silly asking him about it. He chuckled, his eyes twinkled as he did.

“Can’t you guess?” he asked, grinning from ear to ear.

I studied his face for a while. His expression didn’t change even a little bit. His grin didn’t falter and he kept looking straight into my eyes.

“Me?” I guessed hopefully. His response was to laugh and rock me in his arms.

“Of course. You. I liked you the first day I saw you. That was the reason I tried to be a little too friendly with you. But what made me like you was the way you glared at me when I teased you,” he said, laughing.

“What?” I giggled.

“Yeah. It kind of amused me.” He said, and once again, looked into my eyes. “But what made me fall for you is when we spend time together, I realised what a great person you are. I wanted to be more than friends, but I knew you weren’t ready,” he lovingly gazed into my eyes.

I face-palmed, chuckling to myself.

“I feel like an *ídíót*,” I said as I smiled widely through my giggles. He laughed with me and once again pulled me close to his chest, where I buried my face.

“Well, you are my idiot.” He said, placing a kiss on my hair.

“When did I become ‘your’ *ídíót*?” I smirked, looking up at him.

“Will you be my girlfriend?” he suddenly asked. Well, I didn’t expect that. Well, there cannot be too many answers to that question.

“Yes.” I shrugged. He liked me and I liked him back. So why not? I thought.

He smirked. “There! You are my idiot.” His smirk turned to a broad grin as I stared back at him dumbfounded. He did it again! Ugh. This guy! But I like him so much. So he is excused.

Giggling, I hit him on the chest playfully.

“I like you, Elliot,” I said.

“Same here.” He replied huskily and started to kiss my face all over. He trailed his kisses down my neck and onto my collar bone. It felt so good when he showered me with his love. I would love to have this every single day. When his lips touched a certain point on my neck, a sudden jolt of pleasure invaded my entire body.

That feeling originated from where his lips touched my skin, and spread all over my body, making my knees go weak. My breath came out in short gasps. His hands held me in place.

“My babe.” He whispered in my ear. All of it was making my feelings go haywire.

“Ell...Elliot...” I gasped. “Wha.....what was that?” I asked. I was glad that he kept holding me against his chest. Our hearts beat together in synchronisation.

“Did you like it babe?” his husky whisper was enough to melt me into a puddle. Gulping, I nodded.

“That is where I’ll mark you, my love, when your Lycan wakes up and you complete your transformation. And, of course, when you are ready for it. I’ll mark you there and then you’ll be mine completely.” He told me in a whisper.

Mark me? Wow. If a simple kiss on that spot felt so good, I wonder what having his mark on me would feel like. I bet it would feel like heaven.

“Shouldn’t we go? It is getting dark.” He said. I looked around. He was right. The sun had fully lowered itself and the stars were now slowly appearing in the sky. I sighed. Why did the time have to pass so quickly when you are enjoying it?

“But I like it here,” I replied. “I like being here with you,” I added.

Smiling, he cupped my cheeks. “Me too babe. But we must go. If not, the king and the queen might get worried.” His response made me think.

Mom and dad. My birth parents. Elliot thinks that I was just a distant relative. What would he say when he finds out that I am their real daughter? Would he freak out? I looked deeply into his grey eyes. Standing on my tiptoes, I placed a soft kiss on his lips. I didn’t want to lose him. That was for sure. If I was going to have a chosen mate, I wanted it to be him. And no one else.

“Let’s go,” I said.

On the ride back home, I kept worrying about what might happen. I wondered for how long mom and dad wanted to keep my true identity a secret. I wondered if it would cause any problems if I told Elliot the truth. He deserved to know. Should I tell him now?

I was still conflicted when we arrived at the palace. But before I could get out of the car, he grabbed my hand and looked at me worriedly.

“Are you going to tell the queen? About us?” he asked.

“I don’t know.” I shrugged. “Why?”

“Would they be okay with it? I mean...I am your instructor.” He pointed out. My eyes widened. He had a point. But we can’t hide from them forever. Right?

“But they must know.....and they will find out someday. Don’t you think that it is best to tell them on our own?” I asked, trying to be reasonable.

He breathed out heavily and leaned in the driver’s seat before letting out a little laugh.

“I am nervous. I mean.....we are talking about the king and the queen. And what would my dad think? Oh God!” he groaned.

I laughed and squeezed his hand.

“You never thought about that when you started to fall for me?” I chuckled.

“Well, I didn’t do that on purpose....it just happened.” He replied shrugging.

“Do you like me?” I asked.

He snapped his head at me. “Hell yes! I want you and only you,” he said.

“Well, then, let’s face them,” I urged. He looked at me for a moment and smiled.

“Okay. If you are with me, I’ll do it. But tonight, just rest. Alright?”

I nodded and climbed out of the car. He was so anxious about telling them. I wonder how he will feel when he realises that I am the heir to the throne.