

## You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 26

Cassy pov

I woke up feeling a lot better. However, the feeling of despair still lingered like a dark shadow over me. Having my lycan wake was a good thing nonetheless. At least now, I have her to whine to. I found out that, even in her dormant state, she was watching what was happening around us. That saved me from a lot of explanations.

She hated Miles, just like I did, and hoped that Elliot would be with us. Our interests were the same. After all, she was part of me and we shared the same memories.

“Let’s go and train!” she exclaimed, but I grimaced. My heart plummeted at the thought of meeting him again.

“Come on Carina! You need to face it. Until when would we be hiding? We need to be strong!” She pushed me.

“I know Izzy,” I replied through our mind link. It was great that we could speak through the link. It meant we could discuss anything in front of everyone and they wouldn’t know. No wonder I was told that she would be my best friend. She already is.

“I am too anxious,” I told her after a long pause.

“As if I’m not aware of that woman.” She snorted. I felt my eyes sting, once again. I stared at my feet as I sat on my bed, wiggling my toes. I was still hurt and had no intention of freshening up. I just wanted to stay in bed and meet no one. I had Izzy and that was enough. She was fun and knew how to make me laugh. Wasn’t that enough?

“Carina! Get up this instance! I refuse to spend my first day locked in a room!” Izzy yelled, making me pout through my tears.

“But...”

“No buts, woman! Or else I would be forced to take over your body and go straight to Elliot’s room!” she threatened.

“What the hell!” I gasped.

“Yeah. And I wouldn’t feel even a bit ashamed to concede to mom and dad about how I feel. I couldn’t care less about the outcome. I wouldn’t even hesitate to urge Rex to take over his human so that we can elope! Do you understand?” she screamed at me.

“What!!!!” I shouted out loud when she threatened to urge Elliot’s lycan to take over and flee.

“Yeah! This is just stupid Carina! You like him, he likes you, and why do you have to stop being together just because of some strange proposal? Proposals are meant to be accepted or rejected. And this one needs to be thrown out of the window!” She continued to rant and all I could do was sit, stunned at her words.

“I am surprised that Rex still has not taken over his human being! Wait...I think I’ll meet him now. Since I’ve woken up, I can speak to him in our world.” She suddenly stated. My heart skipped a beat. No! I cannot let that happen!

“Hey wait!” I replied.

“What?”

“Don’t go!”

“Fine! Then you do something about this! Or else, I promise you, you are going to wake up married and mated with him tomorrow! And you’d be lucky if I didn’t make him mark us by then!”

What the f\*\*k!!!

“Whoa, Izzy. Wait. I will speak to him. Okay?” I told her and I got a breathy huff in reply. Yup, she was annoyed.

“Now get the f\*\*k out of this room. I want to see the world and meet my mom and dad too.” She responded.

Mom and dad! They must know that my lycan had woken up! This was news actually and I had been so indulged in my sorrow that I had completely forgotten that I should let them know. I hurriedly jumped out of my bed, took a quick shower and wore a simple shirt and a pair of jeans before rushing out of the room to look for mom and dad.

As usual, mom was in the dining room with him, having their morning coffee as it was still early in the morning.

“Oh look who is here!” Mom grinned. “You look so much better already,” She exclaimed.

“Oh hey! My princess!” Dad also expressed his excitement at seeing me.

“Mom! Dad! My lycan woke up!” I exclaimed and they almost choked on their coffee.

“What! Oh finally!” mom shrieked.

“Yes! I can’t wait for you to complete your final stages of transformation. And then I can finally hand over the throne to you and sit back and relax!” dad grinned as he said so. Mom rolled her eyes and shook her head.

“Richard! We still have a lot to do. We need to announce to everyone that she is our daughter.” She said.

“Well, that’s nothing. We have the reports of the DNA test. Besides, she is an exact copy of you. Do we need more proof?” he chuckled.

“Yes, we do! We need legal proof, Richard.” She face-palmed. “Sometimes I wonder if you say things like that to irritate me intentionally or just because you are stupid.” She groaned.

“You’re so cute when you get annoyed babe.” He leaned towards her and whispered. “Cute and sexy.”

I bit my lips, in an attempt to stop myself from smirking at them. It was cute that they were so much in love. However, I have no interest in witnessing them get cosy together.

“Dad, I can hear you,” I said, holding back my urge to giggle at their playful exchange.

“Of course. Your senses will now be even better since you have gone through half of your transformation. Just the ability to shift is left.” He smiled at me.

“Richie had gone to their realm to meet your lycan.” His smile changed to a broad grin.

Mom nodded. “So has Star.” She agreed. Izzy left? I frowned.

“Izzy?” I called her in my mind and all I received was silence in response. Maybe she left.

“For how long will they be gone?” I asked. They shrugged.

“They will be back honey. They went to meet their pup. Give them time.” Mom replied. An unexpressed fear gripped my heart. What if Izzy told Richie and Star about my relationship with Elliot?

“Why don’t you come and have breakfast? Do you think you are fit enough to start your training sessions?” dad asked, sipping on his coffee.

“Uh....” my heart thudded. “Maybe.... tomorrow?” I gulped. I was still troubled about going in front of Elliot. But I knew I had to face him. Or else, I feared Izzy actually might do what she had threatened me with. I sat on a stool beside the table. I was anxious as hell. However, I knew that we needed to talk. Izzy was right. We loved each other and it was silly to let a proposal get in between us.

I silently ate my bowl of cereal, secretly making up my mind to call him as soon as I go back to my room. After finishing my breakfast bowl, I excused myself and took brisk steps towards my room. I need to call him. Ever since I put my phone under my pillow, I have not taken a look at it. I wondered if anyone had called or texted me. Since I had put it on silent, I didn’t notice its notifications and had completely immersed myself in sorrow.

It was a good thing Izzy managed to knock some senses back. I would never do that ever again. She was right. We will have to face what life throws in front of us. We cannot hide away from it and expect to grow strong. I will face it and to be queen, it is necessary.

I walked as fast as I could towards my room. As I walked ahead, I thought I could smell lemongrass. I looked around, frowning. Elliot wasn’t in sight. Perhaps it was my imagination. Even my mind is playing tricks on me. I need to at least hear his voice. I almost broke into a run when someone grabbed me to pin me against the wall.

My breathing hitched. A lopsided smile spread across my face. It was him!

“Elliot.....” I breathed out.

He was breathing heavily, while he kept studying my face with his expressionless eyes. Both of my hands were pinned to the wall while he caged me in between his masculine hands.

“Until when would you run from me? Don’t you love me?” he asked without delay. His questions kind of broke my heart. Was he questioning my love?

“I have been trying to f\*\*\*\*\*g contact you Cass. Why can’t we talk? Don’t you want to be with me?” he questioned just as sternly.

I took a deep breath. My bad. I should have taken my phone I guess.

“Elliot... I love you .....” I stammered.

“Then why in the world are you ignoring me?” he demanded in a low whisper.

“I...I’m sorry babe. I was not feeling.....I was feeling weird. I was nauseous and I had put my phone on silent. I didn’t take my phone the whole day so I didn’t know you were trying to contact me.....I want to be with you.....”

Tears stung my eyes. I just hope I haven’t blown this up.

“I love you,” I whispered, fighting against my tears.

He didn’t wait for another moment before crashing his lips on mine, hungrily devouring them. He broke the kiss after some time and gasped for breath.

“I am not going to accept that proposal. I know what I want and that is you. If you are willing, that is..... Do you want me?” he whispered through his gasps of breath. His hands were now placed on either side of my hips.

I nodded hysterically. “Yes,” I said. “Elliot.....and my lycan had woken up,” I whispered.

He went motionless for a moment before his lips slowly curved into a smirk.

“When?”

“Last night,” I told him.

I saw his eyes turn a bit darker as his grip on my hips tightened, not so much that it hurt though. The distance between us lessened, just so there was none.

He started to trail hot kisses up and down my neck and his lips lingered on my marking spot.

I felt my knees go weak. My breath came out in short gasps. I was certain that his hold was what held me in place. If not, I would have simply melted down into a puddle.

“Mine!” his whisper was more like a growl. I felt myself being lifted and pressed against the wall as my legs straddled around his hips. Our lips connected in a passionate kiss. I knew that we could be seen, but honestly, I didn’t care anymore. Let them see us. Let them know about us.

Izzy was right. I will face everything. I let him dominate the movement of our lips and tongues. I was slowly getting completely lost in it when I thought I heard someone clearing his throat.

“What.....is happening here?” My dad’s voice made us break our kiss. However, our eyes held contact. He slowly put me down, yet didn’t let go of me. I gulped. Nothing prepares you for this moment, does it? I looked in the direction of his voice to see both my parents frowning at us, stunned, a few feet away from us.

## **You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 27**

Cassy pov.

My heart thudded like crazy as I stared at my birth parents without blinking. Okay. I thought I was ready to face them. I guess I wasn’t ready to be caught red-handed by them. Fiddling with my icy fingers, I stole a glance at Elliot. He, too, stared at them. I knew he was anxious, however, his face remained expressionless.

Gulping, I glanced between mom and dad. Both of them were clearly confused and perhaps shocked.

“I think we need to talk.....in private,” Mom murmured.

Dad’s eyebrows were knitted in a deep frown. His expression was stern and scary. I had never seen him like that during the time I was in the Palace. He was either fun and jovial or serious while dealing with the royal duties. I had never seen him that angry. He was fuming. His jaw clenched from time to time and I noticed that his fists were balled up tightly.

“Both of you! To my study! This instance!” he practically growled. With each syllable, I felt that I might faint. It was as though it would be easier to get swallowed up by the ground or to disappear into the thin air.

The long coat he wore swayed with the wind as he took angry steps towards his study, which was on the same floor. Mom sighed and followed him after giving us a little glance. Her face was solemn when she did. I just hope that they aren't mad at us.

“We're doomed,” I whispered. Where was Izzy? I needed her then and there! Hoping that she would come back soon, I motioned to Elliot to follow them.

“Hey, we got this. “ Elliot whispered back. I felt him intertwining his fingers with mine, giving them a little squeeze. Taking in a deep breath, I nodded. I had him beside me. Why should I worry, right?

We walked hand in hand. As soon as we entered, I felt father's glare burn into our connected hands. However, he didn't comment. Instead, he heaved a shaky breath and pointed at the seats in front of him. Mom was seated beside him. Her frowning face told me how worried she was. Was she worried about Dad losing his anger? Or was it the problems that might arise due to our relationship that was her concern?

We sat down. I tried my best to look dad in the eye, but it was hard. I feared that he might be disappointed in me. I didn't want to see that in his eyes. I sat at the table, my gaze fixed on my lap. My cold hands were placed on my knees while I continued to try my best to breathe calmly, hoping that it would bring some kind of serenity to my hysterical heart.

“Sir Elliot. What is the meaning of this?”

Dad's voice was surprisingly steady. I suppose it was part of being a great ruler.

“Can you explain?” He added after a short pause.

“Your majesty. I want to choose Cassandra as my mate.” His statement was firm. “I love her, Your Highness.” He added.

His words made me a little better. If he was courageous enough to face the king, I too must be strong to face my father and tell him the truth. After

repeating my resolution in my head, I looked at my parents. Their deadpan look gave me the creeps, yet, I gulped, strengthening my determination.

“And why didn’t any of us know about it before?” Mom asked.

“We wanted to wait until my Lycan woke up,” I replied, after mustering up all the courage left in me.

My parents exchanged glances, however, their faces remained the same. Solemn and void of any kind of emotions. I hated dealing with this side of my birth parents. They had always been so friendly from the start.

“We?” father asked, with his eyebrows raised. Mom too continued to stare at me, as though she was searching for answers to her unasked questions. I gulped. Well, here goes.

“We are in love,” I whispered.

“God!” Dad mumbled and leaned against his seat, covering his face with his hands, in exasperation. He remained like that for a while. All that time, I kept praying silently that they would let us be. Or else, things might get a bit dirty.

“How long has it been?” mom asked.

“Three months.” We answered in unison. I smiled internally. It was sweet that our answers coincided. However, the atmosphere of the room was too tense for me to be too happy about it.

“I wish you had told us,” Dad muttered and leaned forward. “What are we going to tell the duke of the south?” he asked, looking at Elliot.

He shrugged. “I would just tell him that I have chosen someone as my mate already.” He stated as a matter of fact.

“You could have just told us, Carina.” I was surprised when mom addressed me using that name. Perhaps that means we are not in trouble now?

“I wanted to..... But mom. We were kind of scared and Elliot was worried that it wouldn’t be okay to date me since I was..... you know..... your relative.” I admitted, feeling relieved that the tension had lightened up. Father was visibly relaxed, albeit he still looked as though he was worried. And mom was no



longer giving me the 'look'. She smiled at my answer and dad too chuckled at it.

"I've always liked Sir Elliot," Dad stated. "He would be a great partner for you, Carina." He smirked.

"He is perfect. He is already familiar with the royal duties and etiquette. Perhaps a few things are left to learn." Mom added in agreement with dad.

"Wait..... What?" Elliot suddenly asked after being silent the whole time. I looked at him. He looked completely confused. Of course, he was still unaware of my true identity.

"Carina? And why are you calling the queen mom?" he asked me, frowning deeply. "Royal duties? What..... I'm lost here....." he trailed off and looked at my parents. "Your highness."

Smiling, my parents once again exchanged glances. "Elliot? This is Princess Carina, our real daughter. We found her recently and the DNA tests prove that she is indeed our long lost daughter. So you are dating the future queen." Dad explained in a soft voice. I was watching Elliot's face the whole time. I wanted to see what his reaction was.

I saw how his face suddenly went completely blank. His eyes widened and his lips paused in a thin line. He stared at my parents for some time. No movement was made and no words were said. He looked as though he was completely stunned.

Once again, I started to feel uneasy. What happened to him? Was he too shocked to move? Furrowing my eyebrows, I looked away from him and at my parents who were also watching his demeanour.

"Umm....I'll mind link, Sir Harold. He should come here, I think," Dad stated.

Suddenly, Elliot breathed out a huge gush of air and looked away from my parents and leaned against the seat. His face was still frozen as he stared blankly at the empty table in front of him. Worried, I looked at my parents. Mom frowned and nodded at me, as though telling me to call him.

"Elliot?" My voice was a mere whisper. He didn't move. "Hey..." my frown deepened as I placed my hand on his stiff shoulder.

Just then, his father rushed into the study, panting and sweating. He looked as though he had run all the way.

“Your majesty.....” he gasped.

“Harold ..... Your son is in a relationship with Carina, our daughter,” Dad proclaimed. I watched him go rigid.

Wide-eyed and mouth hanging, he shifted his gaze to Elliot, who was still showing no emotions.

“Elliot....is she the one?” he gasped.

Instead of answering his father’s question, he slowly turned towards my parents. “Your Majesty, I would like to leave.” He mumbled. My heart broke a little.

There was a little pause. “You may.” Dad allowed, and Elliot left the room without delay. He didn’t even give me a little glance. His father also left after him.

“My girl finally gave in to the flirt.” I heard dad tease right after they left. However, I was now too concerned about his response to laugh.

Why did he leave all of a sudden? Was it too much for him to be with the heir to the throne?

Breathing in shakily, I turned towards my parents, who were both now smiling at me. I forced a smile, despite my worries. Oh, Izzy. I need you here.

“I....” I gulped. “I would like to go,” I told them.

“Sure honey.” Mom replied, smiling.

I hastened to leave. I wanted to think and perhaps try to contact him. Why did he leave all of a sudden without saying anything? I was frantic when I closed the door of my room and rushed towards bed to get my phone.

I saw that there were numerous text messages and missed calls from Elliot over the past twenty-four hours. Even Maya and the others tried to contact me. However, my priority was to try and contact Elliot.

I called, however, my calls went unanswered. Pouting and feeling completely desperate, I texted him after several attempts. I guess I now know how he must have felt when his texts and calls were unattended.

I ended up waiting for a reply. Minutes ticked by with no news from him.

“Got yourself in another mess?” Izzy’s voice made me jump.

“Izzy!” I exclaimed. “Girl....help me! I need you!” I begged.

“Aww. How sweet. You missed me!” she cooed, making me groan.

“Izzy. This is serious. He is ignoring me.” I felt like crying as I complained.

“Pfft. Humans are so impatient. I’ll speak to Rex. Relax.” She replied. I could feel her rolling eyes.

“Will he talk to me ever again?” I asked, holding back my sniffles and sobs.

“Just trust me, honey.” She responded and retracted back to my mind. I guess she went to meet Rex. I tried to kill time until I got any news, either from him or for Izzy to return. After a considerable amount of time passed, my phone beeped. I jumped off my bed. He replied to me!

I don’t know what to say now. Didn’t you trust me enough to even let me know your real name?

I stared at the phone. I blinked and read the text again, re-checked the sender and read the message repeatedly. No. This wasn’t what was supposed to happen. I felt my heart sink. Oh no!

## **You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 28**

Elliot pov

I walked right to my room. I knew my father was following me. But honestly, I just wanted to be alone. At least for now. After making sure that I’d locked the door, I slumped onto my bed. I need time to process what I have heard. When he didn’t knock on the door, I was relieved that he understood I needed some space.

She was the princess? The real princess? Then why did they keep it a secret from everyone? I placed my elbows on my knees and buried my face in my hands. And most of all, why in the world did she keep it a secret from me? She claimed that she loved me. Then why would she keep secrets from someone that she claimed to be in love with? It didn't make any sense to me.

I heard my phone ring. I knew it would be her. But I didn't have any desire to even take a look at it. After several calls, I put it on silent and threw it across the mattress. I was too vexed to care where it landed. I didn't hear it fall, so it should be good.

I ended up lying on my bed for God knows how long. I remained idle in my room, until I heard dad call me, knocking on the door.

"Elliot?" He called. Sighing, I dragged myself to the door and opened it.

"Son..... want to talk?" he asked.

I let out a humourless laugh.

"I knew that it was her." He suddenly said, making me snap my head at him. "You were too young to remember. But the queen gave birth to a girl who was kidnapped that same night. They were heartbroken, so we didn't talk about it. That's why you didn't know about the presence of a princess. I, being a close friend to the king, didn't want to talk about it and remind him of that night over and over again. He was hurting a lot already. Remember the late-night walks he used to take?"

I nodded as I listened attentively.

"That's how he mourned losing her. He blamed himself for the whole thing. And when I saw her the first time, I had a hunch that it was her. She looked exactly like the queen and even her scent was that of a royal. So when you took her away that day, I straight asked them if it was her. And they told me the truth. I even saw the DNA test results. It is the princess." He sighed deeply after explaining.

"Is that why you said that I should look after her?" I asked, still stiff and unable to move.

He nodded. "I just didn't expect this to happen..." he chuckled nervously.

It made sense. I wish I had known earlier. I couldn't believe that I had courted the princess, the future queen. But love is a strange thing, right? I just couldn't help it. My heart was too stupid to fall in love with her.

"I wish I knew....." I whispered, earning a pat on my shoulder.

"It is okay, son. The king and the queen didn't object, did they?" he asked, and I shook my head.

"Then why are you so tense?" he asked, making me frown.

"Why did she keep it a secret from me?" I voiced my concern and looked right into his eyes. He smiled.

"Maybe you should talk to her. She will explain soon. Remember, you must always communicate to solve your problems," he advised.

Offering a forced smile, I nodded. "I would like to be alone right now," I said. He sighed deeply.

"Just make sure you come out to eat. Lunch is being served at the moment," he told me.

Promising to go out to have food, I entered and once again locked the door. I knew we had to talk. We would, but first I needed to relax.

"Don't beat yourself." I heard Rex in my mind.

"Dude.....I don't know what to say...I thought she loved me..." I told him.

"She does." He replied, making me raise an eyebrow.

"And you don't keep secrets from the one you love," I stated as a matter of fact.

"She had her reasons," he stated.

"Dude. Why are you saying that? You seem to be her advocate!" I complained. Rex is my Lycan. Just like my lycan is a priority for me, I believed that I too should be a priority to him.

"Ah. Izzy had met me. And we spoke."

“Izzy? Her lycan?” I asked and received a yes as a reply. “And?” I asked.

“Your girlfriend is worried sick. Check your phone dude,” he replied.

“But...I want to.....”

“Shucks! Izzy was right! These humans are stupid and too emotional! Just take that damn phone and reply to her!” he growled in my mind.

“Gawd! This had better be good.” I groaned and picked up my phone, which was lying on the mattress where I tossed it.

Just as I expected, several missed calls and a message begged me to reply to her and to stop ignoring her. I furrowed my eyebrows. Doesn't she realise that her lack of communication has hurt my feelings?

I sent my reply and walked out of the room to have something to eat, as I slipped my phone into the pocket of my jeans.

When I arrived at the dining room of our place, I was surprised to see the duke of the south having his lunch with dad. I should probably have waited until they departed. I was about to step away, however, my father noticed me before I could leave.

“Elliot! Come and have lunch with us!” he invited. Well, there is no going back now. I joined them and started to eat silently, trying my best to avoid making eye contact with the duke. My father and he seemed to be indulging in their conversation, which I was thankful for. I hoped that I wouldn't have to talk about it that moment. However, it was only a matter of minutes.

The duke of the south cleared his throat, I suppose, to get my attention.

“So, Sir Elliot. Have you thought about my proposal?” He asked and once again I started to feel cold. However, I swallowed my fear, looked straight into his face and smiled the decent I could.

“I have already chosen someone as my mate. I'm sorry Sir,” I rejected his offer. I saw dad nod in encouragement in my direction and, to my surprise, the duke of the south too, nodded, showing that he understood.

“It is okay. I understand that most young people would have already chosen their mates. I have even told my daughter to find one for herself. But she is

too shy.” He chuckled. “Well, I hope she finds someone soon. Otherwise, I fear that I might not get grand pups!” He laughed to himself and turned towards my father.

“Congratulations my friend. You might become a granddad before I do,” they laughed together.

For the first time since we got ourselves into this mess, I managed to genuinely smile. That was hard, yet I was glad that he was cool about it.

“Elliot. You have a duty in the afternoon, right?” I nodded.

“Isn’t it getting late?” he asked. When I checked the time, I realised that he was right. I was almost too late already.

“Oh yeah. I should go. Bye dad, sir,” I said, smiling politely, and rushed out of the dining room to get ready to attend my duties. I knew I still had to make up with her. We had a lot to talk about. Honestly, I don’t even know what I should call her now. Possibly I should make a name for her.

I hastened to wear my uniform and practically ran to my car. Being late was something I tried to avoid, regardless of the circumstances. To me, being late for your duties shows how unprofessional you are, unless you have a valid reason. And having problems in my love life was not a valid reason for me.

At least I was feeling a little better than I did yesterday while I attended to my obligations. I knew the ball was now in my court. I just had to talk to her and tonight I would, as soon as I managed to go back home.

After a hectic day, I went back home, kicked off my shoes and lay on the cool tiles of the floor, to relieve some of the exhaustion I felt. It had been an extremely busy day on duty and training.

“Damn! I need a bath!” I groaned and dragged myself towards the bathroom to soak myself in a tub filled with warm water. It did relax my worn out muscles. Nonetheless, to relieve my exhaustion completely, I would have to rest and perhaps sleep, so I got dressed and laid my exhausted body on the bed.

I lay down and picked up my phone to call her.

“About time!” Rex huffed.

Rolling my eyes, I ignored him. Well, I was on duty. Besides, I wanted her to explain why she didn't tell me anything.

I was just about to call her when a set of knocks on my door made me sigh in exasperation. Just when I was relaxing my tired bones!

However, when the scent I had learnt to love hit my nose, I frowned. Huh? Was it her? But why would a princess come to my door? It should be the other way round.

Anyways, I got up, opened the door and as soon as I did, she barged in and closed the door behind her. I could see from her knitted eyebrows and her scowling face that she was frustrated. Crossing her arms across her chest, she glared at me.

"Elliot. Talk to me!" she demanded. I raised an eyebrow.

"Okay. I'm talking." I shrugged and stared back at her. Her scowl slowly faded away, still her forehead was still wrinkled in a deep frown. Her eyes now looked worried and hurt. Was she hurt that I ignored her for less than twenty-four hours?

"Say something." She begged.

"What? I don't know what to call you now!" my response seemed to make her feel worse.

"I'm your girlfriend. Call me anything. We are in love, Elliot... remember?" she pleaded.

I smirked. Maybe, I'll have some fun and make her beg a little before I agree to anything.

## **You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 29**

Cassy pov

I felt my heart plummet deep down when he said that he didn't know what to call me now. Nothing changed! Absolutely nothing had changed! I wanted to scream and tear the hair off my head. The only thing was that he had learnt something that he didn't know before.



I was still me! What we had between us couldn't change just like that? It is not fair!

"I'm your girlfriend. Call me anything. We are in love, Elliot... remember?"

I felt my eyes sting and my nose twitch with the tears that threatened to fill my eyes. He couldn't simply forget everything just like that!

"Love? If you loved me you would have at least told me your real name." He stated. His expressionless eyes and unsmiling face only plunged daggers into my weeping heart. No, no, this cannot happen!

Holding back my tears, I gulped, trying to swallow the lump in my throat.

"Why did you lie to me? We should go in separate ways. You are a princess anyway. Perhaps I should accept that proposal....." he stated nonchalantly.

No no! He cannot!

"I didn't lie! I didn't lie damn it!" I screamed through my gasps of breath at the top of my lungs.

I had failed against my tears. Uncontrolled sobs started to fill the room as my tears streamed down my eyes as I finally gave in to my frustration. But I didn't care anymore. I couldn't care less. How dare he play with my feelings like that? How dare he.....

"I didn't lie to you. I never lied. Cassandra is my real name. It is the name my adoptive parents gave me. I never knew I was called Carina at first until six months back when I finally woke up after being unconscious for heavens know how long. I had jumped off the cliff! I had jumped off that damned cliff because I wanted to die! But my fate was so cursed that I had to survive that fall to be found by my real father. Your king turned out to be my birth father and he found me unconscious at the river bank and I ended up being here! I thought it was a good thing because, after Miles broke my heart, I met you. But guess what? You are breaking it again!"

I was now not looking at him. My eyes wandered here and there as I continued to rant and pour out all the emotions I felt. Gasping and sniffing, I vented and didn't even bother what he thought about it.

"That day he took me to the palace, cared for me and only then was it that I knew I was their real daughter! I never asked to be a princess. I never wanted to be a princess! Is being born royal a crime? If you think being born into royalty is my fault, then forget it! I cannot control destiny!" I sobbed. I wasn't done with him yet. I glared at him. He was now staring at me wide-eyed, his mouth hanging open in shock. I suppose he didn't expect me to react like that.

"Elliot! I love you damn it! If you were going to hurt me like this, why in the world did you make me fall in love with you? Huh? Why did you flirt with me? Why didn't you try to be professional from the start? Damn it, Elliot....." I sobbed. "I hate you....." I whispered, covering my face with my hands.

"Hey," I heard him whisper and collect me into his arms. However, I wasn't in the mood to let him console me. I forcefully pushed him away, sniffing. My face was now heated up in fury. Tears of frustration and hurt continued to roll down my cheeks. I wasn't truly angry. I was hurt. Hurt that he played with my feelings.

"I hate you! I hate you, you big i\*\*\*t! Don't touch me! I don't....."

My words were cut off when he grabbed my shoulders and crashed his lips on mine. Tears continued to roll out of my eyes and drip down my chin, soaking the shirt I was wearing.

No! I cannot let him kiss me! He cannot kiss me. He doesn't want me. Why is he still trying to be close to me? I wiggled and struggled against him. However, he was way stronger than me. He held me in place, yet I wasn't going to give in to him either.

I stomped on his feet, making him yelp and loosen his grip on me. I took advantage of it and ran towards the door, but he was fast. He managed to grab my arm and pull me back into his arms.

"Let me go! I hate you!" I screamed.

"I have already rejected the proposal!" he exclaimed. Huh? No. He must be lying. I didn't want to stay in this place for another second.

"Let me go! You are lying!" I struggled.

"No! I won't. I have already said no to him this afternoon. I only want you. I don't care about your identity. I fell in love with you. I liked you because you

were everything I wanted. I fell in love with you because I..... I just... it just happened. I will not let you go, Cass.” He urgently responded, tightening his grip around me.

“What?” I hissed, suddenly slowing down. Was he for real? Then why did he say all of those things before?

“I mean it, babe.” He promised.

I gulped and looked at him. He had his hands on my tummy, holding me firmly against his chest with my back pressed to him. I turned around to study his countenance, wanting to search his face for signs of lies. He looked right into my face. I could see that he was dead serious.

“I promise. I was just trying to fool around a little..... I’m sorry.” He whispered.

It took a moment for me to fathom what had happened. I kept studying his face. A breath of relief escaped my lips when I didn’t find an indication of deception. Finally, he let me go. I turned around.

“That was mean,” I told him. I wasn’t happy with what he had done, however, the anger and fury I had felt had now dissipated.

“I am sorry. Please?” he pleaded.

My eyebrows were still knitted in a deep frown. My cheeks were cold. Glaring at him, I pulled my lips into a grim line. I wanted to get back at him for making me react like that, but I also wanted cuddles. My heart was heavy, and I needed solace. His little drama had reminded me of the hurt that Miles had caused half a year ago, and although I thought I had grown out of it, those memories still made me apprehensive.

So, instead of exerting more energy on screaming, I remained on my spot, feeling unsure of how I should be reacting.

“Hug?” He asked, spreading his arms.

My eyes once again brimmed with tears. However, this time, it wasn’t tears of frustration. He didn’t wait for me to answer. He simply collected me in his arms and rocked me from side to side.

“I hate you,” I whispered, burying my face in his chest. I didn’t want to enjoy being close to him right now, yet here I am. I simply adored being in his arms.

“But I love you, babe,” he whispered back. “I am sorry. I didn’t know .....

“What?” my voice quivered.

“Why did you jump off a cliff?” He asked. I took my time to calm my nerves before answering.

“I was rejected and it hurt so badly. When he said that it would have been better if I died, I believed him and I wanted to die so that those who cared for me would be stronger without me,” I explained as shortly as I could. My voice trembled the whole time.

“No. I need you. Don’t ever think like that. I need you with me. I want you to be my wife and chosen mate. I want you to be the mother of my pups. I am sorry I said all of that. I didn’t know that it would trigger those memories,” he sounded genuinely sorry as he apologized.

“This wolf.....is going to pay. I’ll rip off his limbs.....” I placed my hand on his lips, stopping him in mid-sentence.

“No,” I sighed. “Karma will do its job. Don’t worry about that.” I sighed, now feeling a lot better. “But Elliot, don’t you ever do that again. It ached....” I admitted.

“I won’t. I’ll just love you, like this,” he said, kissing my forehead. “and like this.” He whispered trailing kisses down my tear-stained cheeks and towards the crook of my neck. He deliberately let his teeth brush against the skin over the marking spot, making me gasp.

Waves of pleasure ran down towards my core as I trembled with each touch.

“I like that,” I heard Izzy moan seductively. My breaths started to come out in short gasps while he worked wonders using his lips and tongue. I wonder how good it would be if we were to mate for real. It felt incredible to be in his arms.

“Ell... Elliot....” I moaned. He didn’t reply. Instead, he carried me in his arms. My heart was racing when he placed me on his lap and sat down on the couch in his room. I slowly slipped into our world and soon I wasn’t able to

follow how my limbs moved. I felt as though I was being possessed. All I knew was it was heaven.

However, when I tried to remove his shirt, he smirked and shook his head. I frowned. He simply tucked away from the strands of hair that was now completely dishevelled after our intense making out.

“We can’t babe. You are the future queen. I don’t want to get into trouble,” he said.

“Huh?”

“Babe. First, you’ve got to graduate from the academy, and then I’ll ask for your hand in marriage. Before that, I cannot mark you. It would be against the royal etiquette for the royal Princess to carry someone’s mark while she was still in the academy. I don’t want to take any chances. I want to be with you for real. And for life,” he explained.

I sighed and chewed on my lower lip as I listened to him.

“And I fear that I might lose control and mark you if we are to mate now.” He added in a low whisper. I took a deep breath and forced myself to stand up. He was right. I was royalty and I had to follow the etiquette.

“Okay. I think then, it is best I leave right now.” I told him. He smiled in response and I smiled back, trying my best to ignore the bulge in his pants. I may be new to this but I knew what that could mean. I walked out of his place with my heart fluttering in happiness and with Izzy purring in excitement.

“He will ask for our hand in marriage!” she kept repeating in my mind, making me giggle.

“We should focus on our training for the next 6 months, girl. I am darn sure we will have to deal with Miles when we are queen,” I told her.

“Girl, I am with you!” she exclaimed, making me smile.

I’ve got the team I wanted with me. That was more than enough.

## **You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 30**

Cassy pov.

Months passed by. Everything went smoothly. However, ever since our relationship was found by our parents, we have been constantly advised to be careful, especially when in public. It wasn't that we weren't being careful already. However, being our parents, they never cease to stop caring and worrying about us. Yet we did manage to sneak out at times nonetheless. It was fun until I had to return home. Mom and dad would be very pissed off at me for leaving. Still, they would just brush it off in the end.

The connection between me and my Lycan increased. We trained well and everything was going how it should.

Five months passed. A few days were left for us to graduate. Just after another month, my friends and I will be graduating. It was exciting for more than one reason. One was that I would be graduating, of course. The other reason was, Elliot would ask for my hand in marriage. And there was one other reason. My parents had decided that they would announce my true identity to everyone, right after I graduated. Finally, everyone would know who I am and I wouldn't have to pretend anymore. I just hope that Maya, Daphne, Zoe and Ava won't feel too awkward being my friends despite being the heir to the throne.

One morning, I woke up, and for the first time since Izzy woke up, she didn't start to chatter right away. At first, I was relieved. However, I soon noticed how silent she had been. She wasn't saying much. Normally she would blabber so much that at times I would ask her to shut up. But today, things seem to be different.

My morning training and breakfast passed by with me not hearing from her. It was almost noon when I started to get worried about her. She was being too silent. And since it was the weekend, I didn't have anywhere to go. Elliot wasn't supposed to meet me that often, though we spoke and chatted on our phones. Darn royal etiquettes. At least I saw him during the morning training, though he had to leave right after the training was over.

I was bored and needed to talk to him. I looked at my phone and wondered if I should call him but he must be with the new recruits now. Ever since he had finalized the final selections, he had to spend the weekends training them. Yet, he made sure he attended my morning training and I was more than grateful for that.

Deciding against calling him, I sighed as I gave a bored glance from the balcony of the palace at the vast open ground in front of me. It was a beautiful

sight, however, with Izzy being silent, Elliot being busy, I started to feel a bit lonely.

“Izzy?” I called. Hoping to hear from her. But nothing. “What is wrong with you? Why aren’t you saying anything?” I asked. I knew she was still there. I could feel her presence though she didn’t reply.

I started to get tired of waiting for an answer and just decided to ignore her, just like she was ignoring me. I looked at the afternoon sun that was blazing in the blue sky. Perhaps I should go for a walk. I thought. My parents were busy with their royal duties. Everyone seemed to be busy except me. Even Ava and Maya will also be busy since both of them were selected as new recruits. Daphne had opted to attend healing classes while Zoe had recently started to learn to engineer.

So it left me to entertain myself on my own. Usually, I wouldn’t mind, since I had Izzy, but today Izzy is simply being a bitch.

I walked towards the stairs to exit the palace. Perhaps a walk would kill some of my boredom. I was barely able to exit the main gate when I heard Izzy growl in my mind.

“Shift!”

Huh? I froze. Shift? Was she going to shift? Oh no! Worried, I looked around. The royal guards were standing by on duty. No one else was around. I knew mom and dad would be in the meeting room. I needed to inform them!

I ran in the direction where their meetings were usually held. I felt sudden waves of heat spread throughout my body, each more intensifying than the last one. By the time I was able to barge into the meeting room, I was panting and sweating from head to toe.

I knew I was looking like a mess, but I didn’t care. I was in too much pain and feeling too overwhelmed to care about the pairs of eyes that watched my demeanour. I wasn’t able to recognise the people in the room. All that I knew was, my parents were there and that was all that mattered to me.

“She is shifting!!!” someone yelled.

“Is it her first?” another voice.

“She needs help!” someone else said.

I couldn't reply. Heck, I couldn't do anything. I was lucky that I was able to rush to where I could get help. Wave after wave of heat washed over me. An unbearable pain originated in my spine, which slowly spread throughout each of my bones. I could no longer move.

The pain in my bones slowly intensified to the point that I could no longer bear it. The entire meeting room filled with my screams of pain and, to my surprise, it slowly started to change to a more animalistic growl. I watched in utter horror as white fur started to sprout on my smooth skin.

I was shifting! Oh, the agony!

We had been told that the first shift was always hard and painful. It gets better later on. I knew that it was sprouting all over my body by then. The heat in my body was too much for me. Yet, I knew that I shouldn't fight against it. I should simply embrace it.

I tried my best to take deep breaths, despite the immense pain. I guess my feeble attempts to keep calm were in vain. I ended up screaming and growling with the unbearable torture of the first shift.

Finally, I squeezed my eyes shut and crouched down on the ground. I knew the people around me were going crazy, yet none of it was really helpful. I couldn't hear anything they said. Nothing made sense. I could feel my limbs elongate and my face change shape. After what felt like an eternity, the affliction finally ceased. I crouched on the floor for a little while.

My senses were enhanced. I realised that my sense of smell and hearing was better. After heaving a deep breath, I opened my eyes.

Daaaamn! Everything was clearer. Every single thing. I looked around to see the different people staring at me in shock and awe. What amazed me the most was that everything on their skin was way too clear to me. Each of their pimples and wrinkles was way too visible now.

Cool! I thought.

Upon turning a little to the left, I saw my parents watching me teary-eyed. Were they proud of me? They sure looked like they were.



“Mom!”

I called, but no words formed.

“Welcome to my mind!”

I heard Izzy. Huh? Frowning, I looked around, only to realise that I was in her mind. I had shifted, so Izzy was now in control.

“Oh hey, Izzy.” I smiled. Now I understand why they said we had to work in collaboration with our lycans. We’re two people in the same body.

“Izzy?”

Mom whispered, her eyes glossed with tears.

“Yes.” Answered Izzy in her animalistic, yet feminine voice.

“It is an honour to meet you,” my father said.

“Good thing the palace is adapted to cater for the lycans to shift.” One person among the crowd chuckled.

“How do you feel?” Mom asked.

“Great!” Izzy answered.

“Izzy, meet my dukes. We are having a meeting.” My father explained. I looked at the five men in the room, among them Elliot’s father and the duke of the south that I had met before. So I guess they were the dukes of all the provinces.

“Men, meet Izzy, my daughter’s lycan,” he added. I saw their faces change. Everyone except Elliot’s father was surprised beyond words.

“Daughter?”

“Is she.....?”

All of them started to murmur and ask different questions. My parents cleared away their doubts and answered their questions. Elliot’s father bore witness to their statements and soon everyone was staring at me as though I was a piece of treasure.

“Izzy, shift back. We would go for a run later on. We need to introduce our daughter to my dukes.” My father said.

Huffing in agreement, she closed her eyes.

“Okay. Time to shift again.”

“How?” I asked.

“Just focus on being human,” she answered.

Sighing, I closed my eyes and tried to focus on my human form. I waited. Nothing seemed to happen. Nothing except that my senses were slowly getting less sensitive.

I frowned.

“I honestly don’t know what I’m supposed to do,” I spoke out loud. Wait...that was my voice! My eyes sprung open to see all seven grinning faces looking at me. I realised that my sight was less sharp compared to Izzy’s.

“I like the Lycan senses better!” I exclaimed, making everyone laugh.

“You like to see everyone’s wrinkles better?” My father chuckled and came to stand beside me.

“Meet Princess Carina of the Great Lycanthroppe kingdom. The heir to the throne. Today she has completed her transformation and soon she will graduate from the academy. On her graduation day, we will announce her true identity to the civilians. After that, we would start preparing for her coronation ceremony. Is anyone against this?” he asked firmly, looking from one person to the other.

All of them glowed as they nodded. I beamed. One milestone was reached.

Oh yeah!