

You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 9

Cassy pov

Mom and dad were right. He sure was a hard coach. Even during the first day, he made sure that I pushed my limits. According to him, my muscles and joints were all rusted and needed to move more. By the time he was satisfied, I felt as though I might collapse into exhaustion. Surprisingly, I enjoyed the training session. I didn't feel that I was lagging behind or that I needed to complete a task which I wasn't built for like I used to feel back in the pack.

Elliot was indeed good at training people like me. Perhaps because he was educated like that, since he was also a lycan. I couldn't help but think how I used to try and fail while I competed with my friends back in the pack. Back then, I had given up. I had embraced the fact that I would always suck at everything. But I guess the truth was, those races and drills were designed for werewolves. Not hard to train and stubborn pricks like me.

I looked at Elliot as I kept the dumbbells in their place. He was grinning from ear to ear as he kept lifting the weight, and flexing his muscles. Pursing my lips, I walked away from him. I didn't understand what he was doing. Whatever that was, I chose to ignore it.

I walked a short distance away and lay flat on my back on the floor with eyes closed, taking deep and even breaths. I wanted to relax my sore muscles before I walked back to my room. Working out was always exhausting. And this training was extremely hard. Elliot knew exactly how to make me move. If it wasn't for what I thought were his flirtatious gestures, his smirks and continuous attempts to flex his biceps in front of me, I would have enjoyed every single moment of this session.

Stupid Elliot. Perhaps some other girls might be interested in those lousy attempts, but not me.

"Senorita, you did well."

I could practically feel his annoying grin as he spoke. Why in the world was he still calling me senorita? Ugh! That was worse than being called princess!

"Actually... My name is Cassandra. Not senorita." I stated, sighing deeply, my eyes still closed. I was way too tired to move. I could use some peace right now.

“Yes. But I like to call you senorita.”

His response made me look at him. He had that annoying broad grin on his lips. His grey eyes sparkled mischievously as he continuously gazed at my face. Grimacing, I got up and stretched.

“No. Elliot. It’s Cassandra. Not senorita. Okay?” I stated firmly. “I don’t like it when you call me that.”

“Oh, but I thought girls loved it when I call them seniority,” his teasing reply made me scoff.

“Shut up Elliot,” I murmured, rolling my eyes.

“Okay. Okay. Let’s just change the topic. I never saw you before. Do you live abroad? You look a lot like the queen.” He questioned.

Sighing, I nodded.

“Yeah.....I live abroad. I am here because I need to train. Since I turned eighteen recently uh.....yeah.” I stammered.

I had always found it hard to lie. But I had to this time.

“Cool. You are eighteen now? So your lycan will soon wake up. It would be fun!” he exclaimed. “I am twenty-one. Ever since I started training, I have never stopped. I loved it. That is why I decided to join the army.” He spoke in joy.

I chuckled at his excitement. He was kind of cute when he didn’t try to flirt. He looked at me. I felt his gaze linger on me for longer than I liked.

“Umm... Why are you staring at me?” I asked.

“Oh...I was staring?” he shook his head. “Sorry. Senorita,” he smirked, making me roll my eyes once again.

“Elliot. Stop!” I breathed out.

“Want to see my muscles?” he grinned, once again flexing his biceps.

“No!” I exclaimed in frustration. “I don’t want to!” I groaned, face-palming myself.

Okay, he is not cute. Not anymore.

My parents had come back from wherever they had gone and as soon as they entered, Elliot's face completely transformed to the serious and focused warrior they had known him to be. Amused by how they hide their real selves from each other, I shook my head, chuckling to myself.

That was hilarious.

"How was the first day?" father asked in his professional tone.

"Great. Your majesty, She was a natural," Elliot answered.

"Did you enjoy it?" My mother asked me and I smiled.

"Yes."

"Good. Same time tomorrow. Let's go Cassandra."

They turned around to leave. I gave one last glance at Elliot before leaving, wanting to see his serious demeanour, but what I received was a small smirk and a wink.

What the hell!

"Cassandra? Aren't you coming?" mother called.

When I looked, I saw that they were already at the exit.

"Coming," I replied and walked forward.

I couldn't believe it. Elliot was so sneaky. I was preoccupied with different thoughts as we ascended the stairs that lead to my room.

"You should make friends dear." Mother said, not looking in my direction.

"Friends?" I asked.

"Yes. Maybe we should let you mix with kids of your age. We have an academy for youngsters your age. The commoners go there to get some training. That wouldn't be like the training of the royals. But you should go there. So perhaps you could meet new people and make friends." She stated.

“Another training session?” I asked.

“Yes. It is like training yourself for your lycan. If you agree to go there, we will let Elliot teach you special tactics. Perhaps those warriors should know. Being the heir to the throne means you must be aware of everything. And also, you must be able to blend with the civilians,” she stated.

My heart leapt with joy. Making new friends, and this time with those who are like me, and if I do that, does it mean I get to see less of that flirting? That was great!

“I would love that!” I exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear.

“Wow. We should have enrolled her there first. She sure seems eager to join the academy” Father murmured.

“That doesn’t mean you can skip the special training. You must train with Elliot at least thrice a week.” He added sternly.

“Okay. Three days is fine. At least I don’t have to deal with that flirting every day anymore.” I muttered in response.

“Flirt....” father chuckled.

“He is.....”

“I know. The best you have. He is probably just being friendly....yeah I get it. But still, making friends and training with them would be fun.” I stated, cutting him in, as we reached the rooms I was given.

“The academy has two sessions. I think it will be best to enrol you in the afternoon session?” Mother asked as she raised her eyebrows at me.

I shrugged. “Yes. I think.”

“Okay. Do you want to start today or tomorrow?” father asked.

I thought about it for a while. The exhaustion I felt after the training was making me want to sleep.

“Maybe... tomorrow?” I suggested.

They nodded. "Yes. Tomorrow it is. You must be tired after the first session. You will get adjusted after a couple of sessions."

"Take a shower and go out to have something to eat," mother instructed.

"I want to have a nap," I said.

"Yeah. But first, eat something. Then you can nap." She stated. Nodding in agreement, I made my way in, ready to soak myself in a tub full of hot water.

Nothing would relax my sore muscles as much as a hot bath could right now.

"Princess! Princess Carina! Wake up!"

I woke up to the familiar voices of the healers calling me. I woke up only to realise that I had fallen asleep in the bath. Rubbing my eyes, I quickly stood up and wrapped a towel around me to go and open the locked door. I had kept the room door open. However, I liked to lock the bathroom if I was using it.

"Ooh!" I gasped when I saw how my skin had wrinkled due to staying in the water for a long time. Great! Just great!

"Princess!!! Are you okay?" they called urgently.

How long has it been? They must have come to get me because I didn't go to have food. When I opened the door, both of them sighed in relief.

"Princess! Her Majesty the Queen asked us to call you to come and have food. We were worried when we didn't find you in the room." The blue-eyed one, who I knew was called Lola, told me.

"Lola was about to tell the king." The other one stated. "Good thing she didn't."

"Yes. He would have brought the entire palace down if he thought he lost you again." Lola agreed with Mina.

I let out a little giggle. "Oh, God. Don't do that. I fell asleep."

"In the tub?"

"Yes! Look at me!" I exclaimed, pointing to the wrinkles.

Chuckling, they hastened to take something out of the drawers where the medicines were kept.

“Here. Use this ointment. This will heal that.” They said.

“What is taking so long? Oh honey you are still not dressed?” mother had entered the room and the two healers quickly bowed down. Mother waved her hand at them, gesturing to stop bowing, and looked at me with a frown.

“I fell asleep mom.”

“Honey. Sir Elliot is here to meet you. Hurry and let’s have some food.”

My eyes widened at the mention of his name. Why in the world was he here to see me? Oh good lord, please save me!

“What does he want from me?” I groaned, pouting as I dragged myself towards the walk-in closet.

“Who knows honey? But It is good to make friends. Besides, you are the next Queen. They don’t know it yet, but you should get along with them. Come on!”

I sighed. I guess I have to deal with him for now. As I dressed, my mind wandered around. Didn’t he have a chosen mate already? Perhaps he does. Mom might be right. He could have been trying to be friendly. Maybe I really should try to put up with him.

Let’s see how this goes.