

Chapter 14

Elena POV

Their voices soon faded away as they left the restroom but I remained stuck in place, still mentally struggling to understand what I had just heard. It was one thing to not want me as their Luna, I would have actually been more surprised if they had been accepting of me. But the other...

Lady Vanya? Who was that? Why were they mentioning her with Alpha Draven as if there was something between the both of them.

My heart gave a painful thump in my chest.

Was there something between the two of them?

It would answer all my questions perfectly.

Why he seemed unable to even tolerate me.

Why he hated me coming close to him.

Why he was always angry around me.

Why hadn't he rejected me then?

If he had someone else he truly wanted, why had he chosen to go on with this charade of a mating bond?

Fated mates? Bound by the goddess? What a joke.

Alphas rejected their mates all the time and no one batted an eye at it. He could have rejected me and no one would have said a thing, no one

would have fought for me.

Was this his way of being kind? Did he think he was being kind?

Ensuring I had all the comforts I needed as his Luna? Buying me clothes just before rejecting me?

I would have preferred it if he had been honest with me.

It wasn't my first time, I was practically used to rejection by now, I could take it. I would have accepted that any day, over his neither hot nor cold behavior.

One moment he was pulling me in his arms and looking worried, the next he was asking me to stay away from him.

The man was a walking contradiction and I hated the fact that I had let him get in my head. Why had he even bothered bringing me here? It wasn't like I needed a fancy dress to be rejected.

Oh. Maybe this was one of the old-fashioned ways he clung to. To always keep up appearances no matter the situation.

It made sense, I could see him ensuring every detail was perfect and formal at the gathering. He would probably do it in the old ways too. We would get in a circle, under the moon with a red thread tied between both our hands and then, just as he rejected me, the thread would be cut by the witch doctor.

I trailed back to the car, barely paying attention to the road in front of me. I didn't want to admit it but it stung. Badly.

Despite my best efforts, a tiny part of me had still been hoping, wishing for the happiness which I had been promised I would experience with my mate.

Foolish Elena. So gullible. How could I have thought that he brought me here because he liked me a little.

I pushed back the tears that had sprung to my eyes as I opened the car door with my free hand. I wasn't going to let him see how much he had hurt me.

"Are you done?" He asked, as I settled into the backseat.

I nodded, mutely. I couldn't speak yet. I was afraid my voice would betray me.

His gaze however clung to me for longer than I expected. Why was he staring? It was so intense, everything he did was intense in a way that made me feel nervous.

Oh right! The card.

I pulled the card out of the bag I had stuffed it into and presented it to him with both hands. "Here Alpha, your card."

He continued staring at me for a moment longer before he stretched out his hand to take the card from me. As he did so, his rough fingers brushed against mine and I had to bite my lower lip to stifle the gasp that had almost slipped out from my mouth.

My heart hammered furiously against my ribs. Had he noticed my reaction?

Had he seen how I had reacted to his touch? I wanted to check but I was afraid he was still looking at me.

I had never been too good at hiding my emotions, one glance at my face and he would know what I had been thinking.

So I didn't look, I didn't want to get scolded once again. Or worse, get asked to leave before the gathering.

It was only a few days left but maybe I could figure out my next plan before then. I was worried about Lara though. The last time this had happened, she had disappeared for ten years. I didn't know if she would be able to take it this time.

I made a mental note to properly have a conversation with her later. Maybe it wouldn't come as too much of a shock later if I started talking about it now with her.

"How was it?" He suddenly asked, startling me out of my thoughts.

My mind churned rapidly, how was what? The touch?

"How was what Alpha?" I asked carefully, my hands folded on my lap.

He growled lowly at that and I almost jumped out of my seat. Lara though was interested, she tried to take over but I forced her back down. I didn't need her getting us both in trouble.

"Draven." He replied curtly. "I'm very sure I asked you to call me Draven."

Then he let out a long exhale as if he was annoyed. "I'm asking how the shopping went, did you get everything you needed?"

I looked at him in surprise. Why did he sound like he cared about what I called him? And why was he asking about my shopping? It almost put me under the illusion that we were a normal couple. I shook my head fiercely, such thoughts were dangerous.

I went still. My head had been caught in a firm grasp and Alpha Draven's fingers were suddenly in my hair, massaging my scalp. And he was so close that his breath fanned my face as he asked "Do you have a headache?"



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