

Chapter 13: Packing Her Stuff

-Helena-

I sat in Wylder's car again. I had given him my address, but I knew I would have to navigate him a little, since my house was well hidden. I couldn't help but sit in my seat and study him. I knew it must have looked creepy from an outside perspective, but I couldn't help it. I just kept looking at him. Up and down. Up and down. It was not that there really was a royal family, but there had been once. A little a hundred years back, but then they had all slowly disappeared. Dying in some way one after the other, but some people were distant relatives. I knew there were a few out there. Was Wylder... the Wylder Moore? I shook my head and began to smile, but then I looked at him again. Powerful? Denitely. But why would my mother then have any contact with his uncle? My mother was a nobody, and I didn't mean that in an evil way, as if she was worth nothing. No, she was a good person, and she was worth a lot to me, but no one found her special and she carried no status. It was weird enough if she knew an alpha, but knowing an alpha who descended from the royal family was even weirder. How? How could that be? And Wylder was my mate? No... But he was... so... How could he be... the Wylder?

My head is spinning! Could you stop pondering over this? Okay, so he might be a distant relative. So what? Could you just stop? I am starting to get car sick because of this.

"If you puke, I puke," I whispered to my wolf.

Then stop!

I didn't stop, though. I kept looking at Wylder, like staring at him might give me the answer to whether he was really speaking the truth. Suddenly, though, he turned his head and looked at me. I quickly looked away, but I could see his smile in the window.

"Were you watching me?" he asked.

"No..."

"Look all you want, little mate. We are mates. You have a right to admire me as much as you want," he said.

"A right to admire?" I asked, shocked, and looked at him. "Why would I admire you?"

I crossed my arms, and Wylder laughed.

"Why wouldn't you?"

"Because you're an alpha!" I said.

"Oh, so it isn't just about status? You just don't like alphas?"

"Well..."

"I can't blame you if one broke your heart. I understand we aren't your favorites, but we are still mates, and that won't change."

"It wouldn't change even if I wanted it to..."

Wylder smiled.

"You're starting to get it."

I rolled my eyes and leaned my head against the window, now nally stopping to watch him. It took a little while. Then we were at my house. Wylder took one look at it, and I could see what he was thinking just from the look on his face.

"Okay, we can't all be born in a castle," I told him.

He turned to me and smiled a little.

"Just a mansion."

I rolled my eyes and then left the car. I didn't think he would f*llow, but he did, and soon we were both walking to my house.

"Maybe... maybe wait here," I said as I stood in front of the front door.

"Why?"

"It's my house."

"Can't I see it?" he asked.

"No..."

"Why?"

"Because... it's private," I said.

"Nothing is private between us."

"I think even mates must have a little privacy between them."

"Why?"

"Why do you keep asking me that?" I asked.

"What?"

"Just why!"

He chuckled, and I realized why he was doing it. Just to annoy me and get me to think a little extra about what I was asking him. Clever, but I would not let it get to me. I sighed and opened the door.

"It isn't locked?" he asked.

"Why would I lock it?" I asked him.

I stepped in and then turned, looking at him.

"You want to come inside? I mean, it's not like I could stop you."

He smiled.

"You're right," he said and stepped in. "You couldn't."

"Just... could you at least wait right there?" I asked him.

"No."

"Of course..."

I walked down the hallway which led to my bedroom, and grabbed a bag. I couldn't believe I was actually doing it, but it was not like Wylder was going to let me go. He wouldn't reject me, and he wouldn't just allow me to disappear from his life. He wanted me to... live with him. I still didn't get it. I couldn't understand it, because why would someone like him want someone like me around? It had been made clear all my life I really wasn't worth much, and no one wanted me around. So why did he? I knew we were mates, but it was still hard to understand. I began to pack some clothes, and I took one picture of me and my mom, and then I walked outside, nding Wylder in my living room, looking around at some books we had and pictures. Not that there was a lot. He must have felt my presence though, and slowly turned to me, smiling a little.

"It's cozy."

"It's old," I said.

"But cozy."

"Barely standing."

"But cozy," he kept saying.

I sighed and shook my head.

"Fine. Cozy."

"You can feel the love there was in this house. Did you always live here?" he asked.

"No. We moved here ve years ago."

"Why?"

I didn't know what to say. I didn't want him to know what had happened. I feared he was good friends with Alpha William and would only... wait a moment! I slowly came to realize something. If I told him what I had done to Alpha William, he had to let me go, right? He couldn't accept I had assaulted a friend of his, right?

But what if he just sends us right back to Alpha William and then...

My wolf didn't nish that, because she wasn't sure what would happen then. Would I be killed for hurting an alpha? Would I be punished in some way? My mother and I had ed for a reason. Yeah, I couldn't tell Wylder, which meant I had to go back with him.

"What?" he asked, clearly noticing the changes in me.

I was so bad at hiding what I was thinking or even feeling, but it had also been a while since I felt... anything. I had felt more today than I had in years, and it was because of Wylder.

"Nothing..."

"You have a strange look on your face," he said.

"No."

"Yes, you did."

"I just still nd it a little weird that all of this is happening."

He smiled, and came over to me, and when he stood in front of me, my breathing turned quicker. He made me nervous, but not just nervous. No, I felt excited, too. I felt... good. He shouldn't be making me feel like that, but he was.

We swore off alphas, remember?

I knew we had, but Wylder was making it very hard for me to keep true to that promise.

"You will get used to it soon, I promise you that," he said and reached out and stroked my cheek.

I shivered all over, but not from disgust. No, I felt pure warmth, and he had to feel what he was doing to me or just see the effect he had on me. He smiled, pleased, then grabbed my bag and left the house.

"Alphas are bad. Alphas are bad. Alphas are bad," I kept mumbling as I f*llowed him to his car.