

Chapter 8: Want Her

-Helena-

It was all very confusing as we stepped inside the house. Alpha Wylder had practically had to drag me because I didn't want to go inside. Not when I knew what was just going to happen soon. He would reject me. He had to! That was how it ended! It was how it was supposed to end... He pulled me with him into a living room, where he made me sit down on the couch before he went to get something to drink.

"Can we stop dragging it out?" I asked.

He turned to me and smiled.

"I'm not dragging anything out," he told me.

"Oh? Then why am I here?"

He smiled smugly as he walked over to me, and his intimidating aura made me shift a little in my seat. He leaned closer, placing a hand behind my head and invading my space. I swallowed hard, feeling the bond between us pulse almost happily because we were now close to each other.

"You're here because I want you to be, little mate," he said.

"Why?"

"Must I spell it out? You're. Mine."

"I can't be."

"But you are," he said and sipped his drink before he placed it on the coffee table in front of us and sat down. "And I want to know more."

"More?"

"About you."

"About me?"

"And this."

He pulled out the letter, and I tried reaching for it, but he quickly held it away.

"Must be dear, since these are your mother's last words."

"It is, so give it back!"

"Tell me more rst."

"Are you holding my mother's words hostage?"

"Maybe."

"Give it back!"

"Tell me more."

"Alpha Wylder!"

He seemed to change a little in front of my eyes as I said his name, as if he liked to hear it being said by me.

"Say it again," he said.

"What?"

"My name, but without title. As my Luna, that is your right."

"No, I will stick to the title," I said and glared at him.

He didn't seem happy with that and sighed as he sat down beside me. I slid further away, and he certainly didn't like that. He grabbed a leg and pulled me closer easily. I gasped, shocked when our legs were pressed against each other, and then he pulled one of mine over his, as he held his hand on my thigh. I looked at it, shocked, as if I could make it go away by staring at it, but it stayed.

"Tell me more," he said.

I swallowed hard when he almost began massaging my thigh. It felt too good when he grabbed it even harder. I had had no time really to think about how a mate's touch felt. Carter had broken our bond so fast there was no time, but with Wylder... it was just us here, and with his hand on my thigh, my heart went crazy.

Make him stop!

I wanted to, but I was frozen, and when I nally turned my head to look at him, he seemed so smug.

"Has no one ever touched you like this, little mate?"

I opened my mouth to answer, but no words came out. Where was my usual attitude?

"I will take that as a no," he said, looking only more smug.

He suddenly moved his hand higher, and I let out a surprised gasp.

"We will get to the good part soon," he said. "Now tell me more."

"R-Remove your hand rst."

Wylder didn't seem very thrilled about it, but then he nally let me go, waiting now for me to start talking.

"Well?" he said.

"It's just a letter," I said. "I think it says pretty much everything there is to say."

"About why you're here, but not who you are."

"I am just doing what my mother wanted."

"Again, it explains why you're here, not who you are and why your rst thought was I was going to reject you. I had thought you wanted me to mark you right away out there," he told me.

"That was not what I said!"

"You said go ahead."

I replayed the whole incident outside, inside my head, and I realized now how it had looked. If Wylder really hadn't thought about rejecting me as he said, not that I believed him, but if it was true... then yes, it might have seemed like I was asking him just to mark me right away.

"I was talking about getting the rejection over with."

"As I now realize," he said. "Why?"

"Because it hurts and I want it done quickly."

"It has been done to you before?"

I really didn't want to discuss it. I just wanted to be able to go back and be left alone by the whole damn world.

"No..."

"You're lying," he quickly said and then tapped a nger beneath his ear. "I can hear it."

"Fine! Yes!"

"Who?" he asked.

I turned away. So, he grabbed my chin and made me look at him.

"Who?"

"Why does it matter?" I asked.

"It matters because those who hurt my mate get to eat their own eyeballs," he said darkly.

I looked at him, shocked. Never had anyone acted possessively towards me. I didn't even know how to react to it. It confused me so much and these feelings he brought out just from touching me made me shiver with pleasure.

"It's... eh... not necessary," I said and pulled away his hand. "It's long ago now."

"When?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because it concerns my mate," he said.

"And I won't be your mate for long!"

"Why not?"

"I just told you..."

"And I am telling you now, you're f*****g staying!"

"To be your slave?" I asked mockingly.

"To be my mate!"

He growled it loudly, and I saw the glass on the table shake.

"What?"