

My True Mate Chapter 4 - Chapter Four

My body feels numb as I stare at him and for some reason, the more I look at him, Hunter's disgusted face overlaps with Lucas's.

I wrap the thick blanket tighter around myself, this feeling of emptiness eating at me.

Hunter, my betrothed didn't want me.

Lucas, my true mate, doesn't want me.

Then, who wants me?

I open my mouth but nothing comes out. The grief inside me is so thick that I just sink deeper into myself.

Finally, I say, softly, "I see."

Lucas just stares at me as a bitter laugh bubbles out of my throat, "Of course. Of course, you wouldn't want me too. Why am I not surprised?"

He frowns, "That's not what I meant."

I shrug, forcing down my feelings, "Doesn't matter. So what are you going to do to me now?"

"What are you doing?" His lip curls in anger. "I can't feel you anymore."

I just keep retreating into myself, not wanting to deal with anything. It's all so much for me – this constant rejection, being pushed out of my home, the silent bond from my Alpha.

His hands come to seize me by my upper arms, "Stop it!"

I shake off his hold, "Stop what? I'm not doing anything!"

"I can't feel you inside!" He growls, his hands grabbing me again as he gives me a rough shake.

I don't know what he's talking about but I feel a surge of anger within me and I push at his hard chest, "Why do you care?! You don't even want me!"

It's difficult to contain my emotions when this agony inside of me is ripping me apart. It's like his touch blows apart my shaking attempts at trying to bury my feelings.

"I never said that!" He snarls in my face. "I never said I didn't want you!"

I scoff, biting the inside of my cheek to keep the tears from springing out, "You just said I took away your choice. You—"

"You did," he says, harshly. "But it's done. And I'm not planning to punish you for it, so calm down."

"Punish?" I echo, a bitter sound escaping me. "What are you going to punish me for? Unknowingly snapping this bond in place? Trapping you? Go ahead. Punish me. You know what, you should just go ahead and kill me. That would make it easier for you."

The look in Lucas's eyes changes and for a moment I think he's actually going to kill me. But then he sighs, "I'm not good with people."

"W-What?" Where I was expecting more cruel words or some level of violence, he throws me for a curveball.

He meets my gaze, "I've been rogue for more than my life and I stay away from female wolves because they're more trouble than they're worth. I'm not trying to upset you so stop what you're feeling. It's making it difficult for me to breathe."

My hands are shaking as I take in his short speech, "What do you mean? You can feel what I'm feeling?"

An uncomfortable expression crosses over his face, "Yes."

I don't know whether to laugh or cry as I give him a bewildered look, my eyes still burning with unshed tears, "I don't know how to turn off my feelings. I was poisoned, framed, had my engagement broken. I wasn't allowed to see my family and I was kicked out of the pack. I can't feel my Alpha bond and now the pack hunter who was sent to kill me is now my true mate who hates me! Why don't you tell me how to feel?!"

I half shout the last part at Lucas who flinches at my loud voice.

“Well,” He grits his teeth. “Maybe by making do with the situation you’re in and by not coming to assumptions. You’ve not even told me your name!”

His snarl makes me fall into stunned silence.

“Sarah,” I say, my voice unsteady. “That’s my name.”

“Okay,” he sounds a little relieved and then gets to his feet, holding out his hand. “Come on. You need to eat.”

I stare at his hand, “B-Bu-“

When he narrows his eyes at me, I have no choice but to obey.

My body hurts as a kid to my feet but then he’s picking me up in his arms, bridal style and his voice is stiff, “You need some time to recover.”

As we exit the bedroom, I realize that this is not just a one room cabin. It’s a freaking treehouse.

Wolves live in dens. Panthers live in trees.

Lucas carries me into a large living area which is cozily set up and he deposits me in a chair next to the small kitchen, “I have some cooked steak. I’ll heat it up for you.”

My emotions which had been wildly out of control a minute ago, suddenly feel calm. But for some reason, I can tell that it’s not me. My anxiety and fear are being pressed down by something.

Before I can sort out my own thoughts, he walks over to the table and puts down a plate in front of me which is piled with meat and some vegetables, “Eat.”

I don’t even bother saying no because I am hit by a wave of hunger and I begin stuffing my mouth, ignoring the way he just takes a seat across from me, watching me.

Hot food in my stomach makes me feel more stable and once I’m done, I feel exhaustion creep up on me.

“Thank you,” I say, awkwardly.

He just grunts.

A glass of water is shoved before me and I don't hesitate in draining it.

The food and drink make me tired but it also clears up my head.

"So, what's going to happen now?"

Lucas watches me, "I've not decided yet. I was too busy making sure you didn't die."

I purse my lip and then something occurs making my head jolt up in dread.

"Does the pack know I'm alive?"

His answer is short, his eyes dark, "No."