357 REPERCUSSIONS

FIONA'S POV 1

"She is my mate." Fioma heard Erik say.

She almost choked on her food.

She slowly turned to look at him, but he refused to make eye contact.

What did he mean Anna was his mate?

Where was any of this coming from?

She had watched Anna be dramatic and tearfully speak on how happy she was to be a member of this pack, and prayed that she would finally shut up.

The last thing she had expected was to hear her mention she had found a mate.

She had not really cared much about it until Erik had been the one to say he was her mate.

She hoped it was all in her head, until he confirmed it again.

This time loud enough for everyone to hear.

She had no idea when she dropped her fork.

It was then Erik looked at her. This time she refused to look at him.

She felt betrayed, she felt insulted and humiliated.

She felt stupid and most of, she felt like a fool.

She managed to control herself throughout the rest of the dinner.

She wanted to leave as quick as possible, but she knew storming out of the dinning hall would raise questions and eyes, so she remained.

She could feel his eyes on her but she concentrated on the food she could no longer eat.

Once the men had started to leave, she joined the small crowd and hurried out of the dining hall.

She hurried away, anxious to leave the suffocated space and go to the sanctuary of her bedroom.

"Fiona!" She heard him call.

She turned and saw him pushing through the crowd and she increased her steps so that he won't catch up with her.

But in barely a few seconds she felt him touch her arm.

She flinched and withdrew still walking up ahead.

He caught her arm again and forced her to turn and face him.

"Fiona." He pleaded.

"Don't touch me!" She snapped at him jerking her hand free and pointed at him. "Don't you dare touch me!"

"I can explain." He promised.

Fiona wanted to laugh. "Explain? What do you have to explain? That you lied to me? That you made me look like a fool in front of everyone."

"I didn't mean to hide any of this from you." He swore.

She bit her bottom lip and nodded. "How long?"

He went quiet and she rolled her eyes. "Fuck you."

And she stormed off but he caught up with her again.

This time he was right in her path.

"Okay. When we were returning back. A few nights ago during the full moon, I discovered she was my mate." He said.

Fiona felt the tears burning behind her eyes, but she maintained a strong face.

"I was going to reject her." He started to explain and then a few servants went past and he was forced to keep quiet.

When he was certain they were out of hearing, he resumed. "I needed to have some time to think about it." 3

"And dropping it out there just like that was the best way for you to handle it?" She demanded. "Do you know what having her randomly say you are her mate and how much it's destined by the gods meant? How it made me feel? You said it was me and you. I kept us secret because you were too much of a coward to even tell Xaden." 1

He said nothing and she shook her head at him in disgust.

"I was wrong about you." Fiona said. "You were not who I thought you were. Have a perfect life with your destined mate. Unfortunately I won't be at the wedding."

She walked away and he tried to go after her again, but this time she screamed at him.

This time the tears spilling down her cheeks.

"Don't touch me! Don't you ever speak to me. I want nothing to ever do with you! Ever again!" She snapped and then she hurried off leaving him standing alone.

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Erik watched as Fiona stormed off.

He hated the fact that he was unable to do a single thing.

He swore and kicked a statue breaking it.

Something to unleash his anger and rage, he raked his hands through his hair in anguish and frustration.

He and Fiona had connected in a way he had only connected with his late wife.

He had promised himself that it would be he and his daughter.

No one else, but Fiona.

Fiona had taken his breath from the very first day he had met her.

She had felt the same way and soon they were all over each other's body the slightest chance they had.

It had remained a secret between them, mainly because he was scared.
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She was right.

He was a coward. 1

She had wanted to step out in the open about their relationship, but he had hesitated saying he wanted things private for now.

He wanted to strangle Anna.

She was a conniving and deceitful witch.

She had shocked him the same way she had shocked everyone.

He had in no way agreed to be her mate, he had still been deciding.

He stormed off to her room and waited for her.

He waited in the dark for over two hours until he heard the door creak open.

He could perceive her scent after all, she was his mate.

He watched as she closed the door and went to where her dressing room.

She took off her clothes and changed into her night chemise.

When she returned to the room and wakes up to the bed, he came after her.

He caught her wrist and roughly pulled her.

"What the hell was that stunt you pulled?" He demanded. "Huh? What the hell was that about?"

"You're hurting me." She yelled trying to free her arm.

"You haven't even seen hurt yet!" He swore and then he looked at her arm and saw that he was in fact hurting her.

He released her arm and she rubbed where his finger had dug in.

She was bleeding.

"I asked you a question what was the meaning of that stunt you pulled out there?" He demanded.

She rolled her eyes and sat on her bed.

"You were sluggish in making a decision so I decided to make it for you. What wrong did I do? Or did you want me to tell my brother that you are fucking his whore?"

Erik rose his hand to give her a slap.

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