

Chapter 130 Gabriel

A chill spreads across my body as I stand in shock at the sight of the empty bathroom, the open window signalling to me she has bolted, clearly she had second thoughts. I truly do not know how to feel right now. I had been so full of excitement and anticipation for our future literally minutes ago, and now... well, now, I felt a pain in my chest and felt like I was crumbling. Is that possible over someone you didn't really know?! I can't believe she had left. She had to have climbed from the window. Had she been so desperate to get away from me?!

She could have at least had the decency to fucking reject me before upping and leaving... my pain is turning to anger now... yet I feel tears behind my eyes. How can I want to cry over a girl I don't even know?! We met literally hours ago for fucks sake!

I have built myself up to this point, waiting for a girl that I have been meant to love, want, like nobody else on the planet, worship, idolise and care for like she is the most precious gem in the universe. I have waited, like I was expected to, been so patient, despite it hurting, despite being so lonely, despite my wolf pining for her. And like everyone describes to you the moment you meet them, and realise they are your mate the connection is instant, your wolf begins to crave them, you feel the most urgent need and want for them like nothing else you have ever felt once you have felt their touch.

As soon as you know they are your mate, that is it, all the thoughts of your future begin to evolve in your mind, or is that just my pathetic overthinking excuse of a brain? I am supposed to be a tough warrior, yet here I was in my mind thinking the most loved up, romantic thoughts for our future, thoughts worthy of a romantic movie, all this before even spending the night with the girl, before even getting to know her properly, all just off a few touches, all off the tales of fated mates and the possibilities they can bring...

How fucking pathetic am I?! And I used to tease Manuel for being the soft one, turns out I am just as bad, if not worse. Sat dreaming the fated mate fairytale... I feel like screaming in frustration at myself for how I was feeling. A true twist of emotions and I hated it! How could she do this to someone? Someone she had been fated to? She was meant to feel some connection to me was she not? We were fated. Meant to be. I have been waiting for her. Waiting for so fucking long!

And then when she arrives she meets me, and like Abuela said she fucking ran. I know as a warrior I am at the top of my game, the highest ranking I can be, the best I can be, I train to be the best, push myself harder to make sure I am the best. But as a mate I am clearly a disappointment and she saw me and was like 'neh, no thanks' and acted like all was good to maybe keep Lola happy for the night. But given first opportunity she ran. Leaving me feeling foolish, overwhelmed and quite frankly broken.

Is that what happened? She put on an act for us all tonight to keep her cousin happy? If she did then fuck me she did well! She could be on the fucking TV! Because I certainly fell for it. I did not question it for a second. I thought she wanted me. I thought she wanted the future with me and everything. Yet at the first opportunity she was out of here like a fucking bat out of hell! I can feel my body trembling, though in all honesty I can't tell if it is in upset or anger right now. My whole body is one big confusion of emotions.

Fuck this, I am not going to sit around and feel sorry for myself. Perhaps I am not good enough for her. Then so be it. It is not like I can change that. I will not change who I am to try and please her. I shouldn't have to try and change to make her want me. I should not need to be anyone different. So why does this hurt so bad?! NO, I am not going to feel sorry for myself! Fuck it, I need to go and run. Running will keep me busy, I can run until I am hurting, hurting will distract me from the pain in my heart she has caused. Maybe that will help me.

I head for the front door, slamming it open, letting my anger out on it as I allow my wolf Aspen to push forward, feeling the familiar feeling of my bones cracking and shifting, re-adjusting into the form of his wolf shape, his light reddish brown fur now visible as I am seeing through his eyes. Time to run, push myself to the point of pain, clear my mind if I can, let Aspen have some freedom... He runs straight for the forest at speed, a small howl of pain as he does. He is struggling with all of this too. Not sure why his mate has left him. I hate that he is suffering too. I know he wants his mate as much as I do.

I am sorry Aspen, I don't know what happened..... I tell him.

He does not respond, instead howling once more, continuing to run, full speed, into the deep forest at the outer edges of pack, slowing slightly now to prowl, he is here to take his pain and temper out on small prey I think...