

Chapter 4 Still My Mate

Liana

Wyatt keeps on hammering on the door and with every hit, my panic grows. It was easy to tell him to go to hell when I was angry. But now ... I am sober, hurt and confused. I do not know if I have the strength to face him.

"Don't worry," Nina smiles at me as if she had read my mind. "Stay here, I'll take care of him."

I nod in relief and run towards my room as Nina marches to the front door. Abruptly, I come to a stop. This is ridiculous. Why am I the one hiding from him? I am not responsible for his mess, he is. I did everything by the book until I caught him with Gwen. He should be the one in hiding, not me.

"Nina," I say firmly and walk to her. "It's okay, I'll handle him."

"Are you sure?" She looks at me doubtfully.

"Yes," I nod and lift my chin. "I must fight my own battles like I used to before I met him."

"I'm right here if you need me," she gives my shoulder an encouraging squeeze before she disappears into her room.

I take a deep breath and open the door. Wyatt looks angry and relieved at the same time. But his hair is a mess, and his eyes are red. He looks terrible.

"Liana," he breathes my name and reaches out to touch me, but I take a step back and he drops his arm.

"May I come in?" He asks politely as he pushes his hands into his front pockets.

"No," I shake my head adamantly. "I'm only answering the door before you break it and wake up the entire neighbourhood. My regards to Gwen, goodbye. Now leave."

"I can't," he says hastily as he pushes the door open. I try with all my might, but he is a wolf and so much stronger than me and he keeps the door open with ease.

"Wyatt, please," I sigh. "Just go, it's over. Have you not hurt me enough?"

"That's rich," he growls angrily as he glares at me. "After all the pain I had to endure with what you did last night."

My mouth goes dry and the blood drains from my face as I look at him. How can he possibly know what I have done last night? And what pain?

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I say with false bravado. "You're the one with the mistress and only want to marry me to become Delta. You're the one inflicting pain, not me."

"Don't play dumb with me," he growls as he steps forward and forces me to take a couple of steps back. "Even if I didn't feel your betrayal, you stink of it. I can smell it a mile away."

"I didn't betray you," I hiss at him as my anger consumes my fear. "The moment I gave you back your ring; I was free to do as I please."

"That's not how it works," he smiles ominously. "You didn't reject me, and we are still mates."

"No," I mumble as the blood drains from my face. This cannot be true.

"You're lying," I shove him against his chest. "You're making this up to trick me to come back to you. I told you it's over and I gave back your ring. We're done, Wyatt."

"It's the truth," he bellows as he grabs my wrists and his eyes bore into mine. "Ask anyone. Until you reject me, we're still mates."

"Fine," I wiggle my wrists free. "I reject you, it's over. I never want to see you again."

Wyatt throws his head back as he laughs hard and ugly. With wide eyes, I stare at him as I step back in fear. Does rejection make you go mad? Since I opened the door for him, he has been jumping from one mood to the other. That cannot possibly be normal.

"You know, Liana," his laughter dies down and he takes a step closer. "I always found your naivety amusing."

He taps me on the tip of my nose with his finger as he walks past me and makes himself comfortable on the couch.

"Cut the crap, Wyatt," I yell at him as I lose my temper and go stand in front of him. "I rejected you, get out and leave me alone."

"You tried to reject me," he smirks as he lazily leans back into the couch. "But you failed."

"What? Did I miss the magic word?" I ask sarcastically and I cross my arms in front of my chest as I glare at him. "Should I say please?"

"Like I'm going to tell you," he smiles sadistically. "No, my little human, you'll remain my mate until I'm Delta and you birth my son. After that, well ... I will reject you myself."

"I will never agree to that," I look at him in disbelief. How could I ever think that he was handsome? His thin lips are pulled into a cruel line and his brown eyes have a barbarous glare. His chin is too short and almost looks weak. His light brown hair is combed backwards and the early tell-tales that he will turn bald are already visible. But what strikes me most, is the twinkle of joy in his eyes as he looks at me victoriously. Why have I never realised how cruel and sadistic he is in seven years?

"You don't have a choice," he shrugs nonchalantly before he stands up and comes to stand in front of me. "I'll see you this afternoon at church. Now, go wash off that stench from that man that you spend the night with and make yourself pretty."

"I will not be there," I pull my shoulders back adamantly and look him dead in the eye. I will not allow him to intimidate me.

"You have no escape," he grins as he touches my cheek, and I must fight the urge to squirm away. "I already informed my father that you're planning to run away, and he increased security. You will not get out of our borders, that's a promise. Don't make things more difficult for yourself."

He brushes past me and slams the door behind him before I can utter a word.

"Nina," I yell as life returns to my loins and I rush to her room.

"Nina, you must help," I say on the verge of hysteria as I barge into her room and sit down on her bed next to her. Quickly, I repeat Wyatt and my conversation word for word.

"You must use his name, surname and rank when you reject him. And being rejected is painful. Because you're human, you won't feel it, but he will," Nina explains once I am done rambling. "So, technically you're still his mate. And when you were with that other man, he would've experienced physical abdominal pain."

"Dammit," I bury my face in my hands. "This is such a mess. Can I phone him and do it telephonically?"

I lift my head and look hopeful at her.

"No," she says sadly as she shakes her head. "Face-to-face is the only way."

"Fine," I smile devilishly as a plan manifests in my mind. "I'll go to the wedding and instead of saying I do; I will reject him."

"As wonderful as it sounds, I wouldn't advise it," Nina raises her eyebrows. "The wolves will literally tear you apart. Wyatt's father is a rank and close to Alpha Grant. Not to mention that at Wyatt's dad is a ruthless bastard. I can guarantee you his dad knows the truth about his affair and is most likely proud of his son for having a mate and a mistress. The humiliation will not sit well with him, and you'll end up paying for it."

"Then what am I supposed to do?" I look at her pleadingly. "Not showing up will also be humiliating and I'd rather die than marry him. Even if I do manage to escape, he will hunt me down."

It is quiet for a moment as Nina only stares at our hands, but I can tell she is weighing my options. I cannot think of any solutions. My mind is too clouded with panic and fear.

"I have an idea," Nina nally speaks as she looks up and gives me a dubious look. "But it's not pretty."

"Anything," I grab her hands as if they are my last lifeline.

"Okay," Nina closes her eyes for a moment before she looks at me. "There's only one way to miss your wedding without carrying any blame. You must be physically unable to go. But it must look like an accident and not a deliberate act."

"I don't understand," I frown as I try and make sense of her words.

"And maybe it's best that you don't," Nina gives me a knowing look. "I'm going to the pharmacy to get your pills. In the meantime, go take that shower and put on your wedding gown. Leave the rest to me."

I look at her for a moment before I nod and walk to the bathroom.