

Chapter 17 Seeing A Wolf

Axel POV

"If you don't mind, I don't want to talk about it," Liana says softly as she avoids eye contact and gets up.

"I do mind," I grunt as I watch her cover herself with a robe.

"Look, Axel," she says tiredly, pushing her fingers through her long, golden hair. "It doesn't concern you. I didn't break any rules or violate the terms of the contract. And I don't want to talk about it."

She walks to the door and furiously I jump up to stop her. I slam the door shut and press her back against it. Liana's eyes go wide but I do not loosen my grip on her shoulders.

"Why did you see Wyatt?" I demand but she stubbornly presses her lips together and only s tares at me.

"Tell me," I lean forward and start kissing her neck. The agony of not knowing is driving me mad. And the fact that she refuses to tell me makes me nervous for the truth.

"Why did you refuse lunch with me to go and see him?" I whisper as I kiss her underneath her ear and my hands find their way into her robe and rest on her breasts.

Her breathing turns shallow as I toy with her nipples, and I can feel her relax. If she does not want to tell me, I will use the magic of the mate bond to persuade her.

"That's ... that's not what happened," she murmurs, eyes closed as I tuck and tease her nipples while kissing her neck. "I had lunch with Nina."

Hearing her confession is such a relief. I wrap my arms tightly around her waist as I hungrily kiss her. Never in my life have I felt so possessive about a person, and I cannot say that I enjoy the insecurity that comes with it.

"When did you see Wyatt?" I murmur in her hair.

"Afterwards," her voice is a mere breath. "I wanted to pick up my personal belongings."

"Liana," slowly I pull away from her. "I ... why are you crying?"

Flabbergasted I look at the tears that silently roll over her cheeks.

"I told you I don't want to talk about it," she says angrily as she pushes me away with all her might. "I didn't want to cry again. I cried enough for one day."

"What happened?" I growl as fear clenches my heart. "Did he hurt you?"

"No," she whispers as she lowers her gaze. "He broke my heart."

Her words are like a bucket of ice being poured over my head.

"You still love him, don't you?" It feels like my heart is pierced by the words. I do not know why this is such a surprise to me. I knew it. She is human and was engaged to him, those feelings do not disappear in a week.

"He destroyed my things, okay?" She yells angrily at me. "Irreplaceable things. Not even your mountain of money can fix what he did. I had a shitty day, and I don't need to take more crap from you."

She storms past me to the bathroom and slams the door shut. For a moment I am frozen on the spot as I try and process her words. I am acutely aware that she did not deny or confirm her feelings for Wyatt.

"Liana," I knock softly on the door. "Can we talk please?"

"No," she sniffs, and frustration builds in me when I realise she is crying, and I cannot comfort her.

"Open this door," I say firmly as I try and control my anger. I might be capable of compassion, but I am also an alpha. I do not take kindly to people disobeying me.

"Go away," she shouts again.

"Either you open this door, or I'm breaking in," my voice is low as I fight to control my wolf. Our mate is unhappy, and he wants to comfort her. And I am furious at Wyatt. I am not sure exactly what transpired between them, but I will find out and make him pay.

"Have it your way," I growl when she does not reply, and I slam against the door with my shoulder. It only shudders and I groan inwardly. I am in a hurry to get to Liana; I am not going to waste time breaking through the door in human form.

With a growl, I shift and ram the door. The door splinters into a thousand pieces and I breathe heavily as I land on my paws in the bathroom.

Liana screams at the top of her lungs and curls into a ball in the corner. Confused I look at her as she buries her face in her hands while her entire body trembles. I take a step towards her, but she cowers closer to the wall and looks at me with naked fear.

She is afraid of me; the realization is so painful and intense that it takes my breath away. She was not even this afraid when Wyatt physically attacked her.

Liana POV

Holy shit! This is the end of me. I am going to die on this cold bathroom floor. In horror, I stare at the gigantic white wolf that is towering over me.

Is Axel even aware of what he is doing when he is in wolf form? Can he think and control his actions? Or is he like any other normal wolf that only reacts on instinct? What if his wolf is hungry? Would I look like food to him?

The wolf steps closer and I start to scream hysterically. I cannot control the screams or the tremors of fear. I cover my head with my arms as I press my face to my knees. Maybe if I do not look at him, he will not eat me.

"Liana, it's me," Axel's voice is soft but urgent, but I cannot bring myself to look at him.

Something touches my shoulder and I shriek as I jerk away. But the touch is warm and soothing, and I force myself to look up.

Axel has shifted back and is looking at me with his green eyes filled with concern.

"Don't do that!" I shout as I shove him hard against his shoulder and get up from the floor. "You scared the shit out of me."

"I'm sorry," he looks confused. "I only wanted ..."

"I don't care what you wanted," I cut him off as the shock and fear make way for fury. "I wanted privacy. I thought I made that clear when I locked the door and told you no."

"We were in the middle of a conversation," he too is angry now. "You don't get to walk away in the middle of a conversation."

"I told you more than once I don't want to talk about it," I all but scream at him. How hard is that to understand?

"But I want to," he argues. "I have the right ..."

"No!" I cut him off and take a step closer to him. "You have no right over my thoughts and feelings. I only sold my body to you."

"Sold?" He growls as he squints his eyes.

"What else do you want to call it?" I throw my hands up in the air. "Money is exchanged for goods. I might not be educated like you, but I do understand the basics of a transaction."

"You're wrong," he sneers sarcastically and crosses his arms in front of his chest. "You didn't sell yourself. The agreement is only for six months, remember? That would make you a rental."

"You're such an asshole," I hiss at him, turn around and storm towards the kitchen.

"Liana!" He shouts after me. "Stop walking away when we're having a conversation."

"This is not a conversation," I yell back as I turn on the kettle. "It's a fight."

If he can get technical with words, so can I. Rental! Pfft!

"Are you always this hysterical when you're angry?" He asks from the door, and I quickly glance at him.

"Are you always naked when you argue?" I shoot back as I take out a single coffee cup. I am too mad at him to serve him anything.

He growls from deep within and I swing around in fear. He sounded just like that earlier before he turned into a wolf.

"Are you okay?" He frowns when I only stare at him with a galloping heart.

"Yeah ... yes," I push my fingers through my hair and turn around to make coffee. But my fingers are trembling so hard that I hardly can pick up the spoon.

"Liana," Axel's voice is soft and cautious as he comes to stand next to me. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I croak and clear my throat. "I just thought you were going to change into a wolf again."

Gently he takes my trembling hands in his before he pulls me into his embrace. A part of me is scared beyond measure but feeling his heartbeat against my cheek calms me down and with a sigh, I put my arms around his waist to be closer to his warmth. I do not know why, and I cannot explain it but being close to him and touching him, calms me down.

"Have you ever seen a wolf before?" He asks softly.

"No," I admit softly. "Wyatt said I shouldn't, and after tonight I understand why."

"So, he never included you in any wolf activities?" He asks dumbfounded. "You never attended any tournaments or pack meetings?"

"Of course not," I look up at him as if he has lost his mind. "I'm human and not allowed to attend."

"That son of a bitch," he growls, and I jump in fear.

"Liana," he sighs and closes his eyes. "Please don't be afraid of me."

"I'm sorry," I mumble and look away timidly. "I can't help it. You're big and scary when you're a wolf. And you looked hungry."

"Hungry?" He gasps and holds me at arm's length. "Are you serious?"

"I don't know," I shrug and feel myself blush slightly. "I've never seen any kind of wolf. All I know is, I was afraid you might eat me."

His jovial laugh fills the kitchen as his arms go around my waist.

"You're adorable," he laughs as he bends over and kisses me.

"And you're pestering me," I grunt as I push him away and take out another cup. My anger has simmered enough to make him coffee. "Please put some pants on. You're a distraction."

"Oh, am I?" His voice is sultry and when I look at him, I unmistakably notice lust in his eyes.

"Yes," I clear my throat and quickly look away. "So, if you want coffee, get dressed."

"I never said I wanted coffee," he murmurs in my hair as he stands behind me and snakes his arms around my waist.

His hands slip underneath my robe and start roaming my body, creating havoc with my hormones.

"I want coffee," I say but I sound unconvincing even to myself.

"How are you going to fall asleep tonight if you have coffee at this hour?" He kisses my neck and my fingers cling to the kitchen counter when his hand glides in between my legs.

"It's decaf," I reply and gasp for air when he slips a finger inside me.

"Always an answer," he grunts as he switches off the kettle and picks me up.

His lips come crashing down on mine before I can protest as he carries me to the room. He puts me down on the bed and slips on a condom before he settles himself between my legs.

"You were right," he grins devilish, his lips only inches from mine. "I am hungry."

I brace myself for the force of him entering me but this time, he enters slowly and buries himself as deep as he can before he wraps his arms tightly around me. He holds me close, and I inhale his scent deeply as he steadily glides in and out.

My nails dig into his arms as our breathing gets heavier and he increases his pace. He murmurs my name and I close my eyes as sweet release washes over me.

"Do you still want coffee?" He asks before he kisses me and lays down beside me.

"No," I smile contently and nestle closer to him. He has completely drained me of every drop of energy and all I want to do right now is sleep.

"I'm sorry for scaring you and smashing your door," he pulls me closer.

"Your door," I argue.

"Fine," he chuckles. "My door. Goddess, I'm going to have a lot of sex with you."

"What are you on about now?" I yawn and close my eyes. I am too tired to keep up with his train of thought.

"It's the only way I can win an argument with you," he laughs and hugs me.

"I'm not sure if that's a compliment or a warning," I laugh softly.

"Both," he grins before kissing me.