

Chapter 16 Don't Forget You Are Mine

Liana

"Don't touch me," I hiss as I step away from him.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he chuckles as if I lost my mind. "All I wanted was a hug."

"I don't care what you want," I pull my shoulders back as I gain control over my fear. "I'm here to collect my things, nothing more."

"Things?" He raises his eyebrows questioningly. "What things?"

"Cut the crap, Wyatt," I lose my temper. "The sooner you let me in to collect my stuff, the sooner I can be out of here."

"I own everything in this house," his face distorts into anger as he takes a threatening step closer.

"Not my personal belongings that I acquired without you," I say adamantly.

"Yeah, well, you abandoned it when you left me, so ..."

"Excuse me, sir," Drew steps up and cuts Wyatt off. "I am ..."

"I know who you are," Wyatt growls but I noticed that he is less aggressive than a minute ago.

"Good," Drew smiles. "Then it saves me time to explain to you why you should allow Miss Liana inside."

"Fine," Wyatt grunts after a moment of silence. "You have an hour."

I do not say a word as I walk past him and head straight for the bedroom with Drew on my heels. I make a mental reminder to properly thank Drew later. He is a lifesaver.

I open the closets where I left my clothes, and my eyes widen when I look at its contents. I pull a jacket out and look at the label. It is two sizes too big. I drop it on the floor and reach for another garment and another. Every time it is the same result. It is not my size. None of the clothes are mine.

"Wyatt!" I shout over my shoulder. "Where's my clothes?"

"In a dumpster somewhere," he replies nonchalantly as he makes himself comfortable on the bed. "Gwen needed the space."

"And you couldn't throw it in a box and return it to me?" I sneer. "Instead, you threw it out to make space for your fat ass slut."

"Don't you dare," he growls viciously as he steps towards me, but Drew immediately comes to stand between me and Wyatt.

"Fine," he grunts as he glares at me.

I close my eyes and rub my temples where a headache is brewing. Arguing with this brute is not going to get me anywhere. I should stick to my plan and gather what is left of my belongings and leave.

"Where are my art supplies and scrapbook?" I ask tiredly. I am not even going to bother with other things like perfumes and lotions. Gwen would have tossed that out along with my clothes.

"How should I know?" He shrugs. "You never brought it here."

"You son of a bitch," I hiss as I storm to the study. He is only saying that to appear innocent in front of Drew. Wyatt knows very well that I brought it.

Relieve washes over me as I open a bottom cabinet and find my art supplies in the box just as I left it.

"I didn't know it was there," Wyatt says behind me, and I swing around in anger.

"That I believe," I yell at him. "Because it's the only reason why it's still intact. Now, where's my scrapbook with my family photos?"

"That I burned," he smiles satisfied.

"You evil motherfucker," I shout beyond myself as pain stabs me in the heart. "You know how much that means to me."

"And that's exactly why I burned it," he yells furiously. "Did you honestly think I will not retaliate after you rejected me? Do you have any idea how much that hurts?"

"You cheated on me for years!" I scream on the verge of hysteria. "And you planned on continuing doing so."

Silently Drew walks up to me and takes the box out of my hands.

"Let's go, Liana," he says softly.

"May everything you have done to me, come back to you," I sneer at Wyatt as I storm past him to the car.

The second Drew pulls away, I break down and start crying. I do not mind the clothes or the furniture I contributed to. But my scrapbook. I spend endless hours on it.

"Are you okay, Liana?" Drew asks softly.

"No," I sob. "That scrapbook contained all the photos of my childhood. It's irreplaceable."

Saying the words out loud makes it worse and fresh tears stream down my face. Growing up poor, we had no digital cameras. All we had was grandpa's old 35mm camera and there was not always money to buy film or develop it. And over the years, the negatives were lost.

"I'm so sorry, Liana," Drew places a comforting hand on my shoulder when he parks in front of my cottage. "I wish I could help."

"You did help," I sniff. "If it weren't for you, Wyatt would've never allowed me inside. Or worse, beat me up again. At least I have my art supplies."

"I wish I could do more," he sighs.

"Thank you," I sniff and get out of the car. Drew follows me and places the box on the kitchen table.

"Is there anything else I can help you with?" He asks sympathetically.

"No," I shake my head. "I would like to be alone now."

"Call me when you need me, okay?" He looks at me urgently. "I'll be there in a heartbeat."

"Thanks," I hug him tightly before I go to my room and curl up on my bed.

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It is nearly dark when I wake up after I cried myself to sleep. I look at my watch and abruptly sit up. Axel will be here soon, and I am not ready.

I run to a mirror and gasp loudly when I look at my face. I can scare vampires off with this face. I submerge my face in cold water in a vain effort to reduce the puffiness of my eyes before I rush through the shower.

I decide on a baby blue thong and a matching bra. Quickly I pull a dress over my head and comb my hair and apply lip-gloss.

I look at my watch and notice that he should have been here by now.

Now what? I wonder nervously. Should I text him and ask if he is still coming? Not that I am eager to see him, but I am not going to sit up the entire night waiting for him. He could be working late. Or worse, be with Angela.

The thought that he is with that dreadful woman is so disturbing that I shake my head to get rid of the image.

With determined strides, I walk to the kitchen. Whether Axel is coming or not, it does not matter. It is not like I have dinner waiting.

I gather my pencils and sketchpad and adjust the lighting before I make myself comfortable on the couch. I close my eyes for a moment to recollect the image before I start drawing.

Axel

It is much later than I anticipated when I get into the car. The meeting was excruciating long.

"Did you take Liana to see her friend?" I ask Drew as I loosen my tie. Ever since she told me she is having lunch with a friend, I have been steaming to find out who it is.

"Yes, sir," Drew replies.

"And?" I ask irritated. "Who was it?"

"Wyatt Miller, sir," he answers, and I nearly choke.

"She went to see her ex-*amant*?" I explode as my hands ball into fists.

"Yes, sir, but ..."

"Just don't," I hush Drew. If I must hear another word right now, I will drive over to Wyatt myself and rip him to shreds.

Red-hot anger boils through my veins. I want to kill. She blew me off for lunch to meet that bastard. After everything he did to her. Does she love him so much that she cannot reason straight?

"Thanks," I bark at Drew when he stops in front of Liana's cottage, and I march to the door. I do not bother to knock.

"Liana?" I call angrily as I barge in.

"Over here," she sounds startled, and I follow her voice to the living room.

She quickly places the paper down what she was busy with and looks at me with apprehension.

"Did I not tell you that you're mine?" I growl as I grab her by the shoulders and kiss her feverishly.

She does not move as my kiss demands submission and my frustration builds. Why is she not responding to the triggers of the mate bond? Does she love Wyatt so much that she cannot resist it? That is impossible and unheard of.

I calm down a little when she finally responds, and I sigh contently. Her hands glide up my arms and she curls her fingers in my hair. Eagerly my hands roam her back and pull her closer to satisfy my need for her. But it is not enough.

She yelps softly when I pick her up, but she does not say anything as I carry her to the bedroom. Softly I put her down on her feet and her gaze does not waver as I pull her dress over her head.

My wolf howls in delight and my erection grows harder as I take a moment to stare at her. I have never seen such beauty in my life.

"Don't move," my voice is hoarse with desire as I remove my clothes as fast as I can.

"Axel, wait," she says softly when I pick her up and lay her down on the bed.

"No," I growl as I kiss her neck. "I want you now."

She gasps for air when I softly bite her in her neck where I will one day mark her. I am so ready to take her, but I pace myself. I sit up so that I can look at her and soak in her beauty.

My hands develop a will of their own as they caress her from her knees, up to her stomach and her breath hitches when they finally come to rest on her breasts. Gently, I slide the lace of her bra to the side and free one breast which I eagerly claim with my mouth.

She moans softly as her fingers cramp into my hair and I take time sucking and licking her nipples. She jerks as surprise when I softly bite her nipple before I suck on her again.

"Axel," she pants as I slide my hand into her thigh, and I can feel how moist and ready she is as I gently start stroking her and I move over to her other breast. "There's something I should tell you."

"It can wait till after," I growl as I continue to stroke her.

"It can't," her voice is shallow and rapid.

I stop my caressing and sit up.

"Then tell me," I say as I pull her up and undo her bra. The very last thing I want to do now is talk. Especially if it involves a confession about her ex. But this is the second time she is trying to stop me.

"The doctor said it will take a week for the pills to work," she pants as I remove her bra and drop it on the floor.

"Is that it?" Relieved that this is what she has to share with me, I push her back into the pillows and she lifts her hips so that I can remove her thong.

"Yes," she whimpers as I slide my hands along her inner thighs.

"Okay," I bent over and claim her lips.

Her naked body against mine feels exquisite and I pull her closer. My lips trail down her jaw to her neck and I suck hard on the spot where I bit her earlier as my hand moves between her legs again.

Liana squirms and moans softly as I vicariously rub her clitoris. With every sound and with every move she makes, my erection grows harder and harder until I cannot stand it any longer.

Hastily I let go of her and stand up to get my pants. I get a condom out of my pocket and quickly puts it on before I settle myself between her legs.

"Look at me," I demand, and she obeys.

"You are mine," I growl. "Don't ever forget that."

She gasps for air when I thrust hard into her. I close my eyes and enjoy her warmth around me for only a second before I fervently plunge into her again and again.

By her breathing, I can tell that she is close to climaxing, and I go harder and faster. Her entire body tightens, and she moans from deep within. I thrust into her once more before my growls fills the room as my orgasm hits me hard.

My breathing is ragged as I roll off her and remove the condom. I turn to look at her serene face.

"Why did you see Wyatt today?" I ask brusquely and grin sourly as caution ashes in her eyes.