

## Chapter 20 Hell To Pay

Liana POV

I walk to the underground parking of the hospital as fast as I can without looking ridiculous. I am scared to face Axel. He is furious and after the way I treated him this morning, I bet his anger is directed towards me.

I shriek when someone grabs my arm and pulls me into the elevator.

"Axel," I exhale relieved as he closes the elevator door and presses the stop button. "You cared me."

"Why is it that every time I turn my back, you're with Wyatt?" He asks angrily.

"I didn't know he was going to be here," I defend myself.

"Are you taking me for a fool, Liana?" He hisses as he steps towards me, and I retreat until my back is against the elevator's wall.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I am close to tears.

"How could he know about your father's operation?" Axel's eyes burn into mine.

"My brother told him," I say urgently.

"And you expect me to believe that?" He sneers. "Why would your family reach out to him after what he did to you?"

"You don't know my brother," I mumble and lower my gaze. "And I haven't told them what happened. Only my father knows."

"And the money your brother owes Wyatt?" Axel asks. "What about that?"

"Listen, you're asking me questions for which I do not have the answers," I say angrily. Yes, I feel awful about this morning, but that does not mean I will take this line of questioning when I have not done anything wrong. "Go interrogate my brother, not me."

"You better not be lying," he grunts as his hand curls behind my neck.

"I'm many things, Axel," I watch his face coming closer. "Liar is not one of them."

His lips are merciless and demanding and I eagerly comply as the sparks create havoc with my system. I throw my arms around his neck and push closer to him. Like every time before, my body yearns for his touch. It does not matter how mad or upset I am with him, when he touches me, my body overpowers my cognitive.

He pulls up my dress and I spread my legs slightly to make way for his hand. My knees go weak when he slips his finger inside me, and I tighten my grip around his neck. He glides his finger in and out a few times before he starts rubbing me and I moan against his lips.

It is not long before my body convulses against his as he brings me to orgasm. His arms go around my waist and keep me upright as he feverishly kisses me again.

"I'm sorry about this morning," I gasp for air as his lips trail along my jawline to my neck. "I shouldn't have ignored you."

"This is your last and only warning," he murmurs as he pulls away. "If I ever catch you with another man, there will be hell to pay."

I look at him with big eyes as he steps away and unlocks the elevator. There are so many things I want to say but the cold look on his face warns me to remain quiet.

"Goodbye, Liana," he walks out of the elevator, and I want to cry.

I wanted to apologize. I wanted to thank him. Instead, I am alone and miserable in an empty elevator.

I drag myself back into the hospital. The very last thing I want to do is face people, but I have no alternative. At least no one expects me to be happy.

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I do not say a word as Drew, and I drive back home. Dad's operation was a success, and he should be discharged within the next few days. But not even that could cheer me up. Ever since Axel walked away, I feel cold and empty.

"You shouldn't worry," Drew breaks the silence. "Your dad will be fine."

"I'm not worried," my voice is emotionless. "I'm just tired."

"Are you sure that's it?" Drew frowns.

"Yeah," I smile weakly. "I didn't sleep much last night and it's been a stressful day."

Also, I had to endure my mother and her guilt trips. When can I send the money? How are they supposed to survive with Dad still recovering and out of commission? Leon's winnings will only last so long. If she only knew it was not winnings but more debt. Not that she would have believed me. Leon can do no wrong in her eyes.

"Ah, young love," Drew winks at me and I blush a little.

"Cut it out," I mumble, and he laughs heartedly.

"Are you mad at me for telling Axel what Wyatt did?" Drew asks after a moment of silence.

"No," I sigh. "I don't care that he knows. But it is a little humiliating to be involved in such drama."

I wish Axel did not know. It is really embarrassing that a man tossed me and my belonging aside like trash. I am acutely aware of my poor background and oversensitive about it. I worked extremely hard to get away from those circumstances and I hate to be reminded. Not to mention that Leon borrowed money from my ex-uncle. Axel must think we are nothing better than leeches.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Drew asks concerned when he stops in front of my cottage. "You don't look well."

"I'm fine, just exhausted," I fake a smile as I say good night and get out of the car.

I go inside and stare at the dump that is my room. I never had time to clean up this morning. With a sigh, I start straightening up. I will die of shame if Axel comes by and thinks I live like a pig.

Once I am done, I take a shower and put on fresh, lacy underwear. Satisfied that I am presentable when Axel comes over, I put on silky pyjamas and climb into bed. I am too tired to wait up for him.

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The sun is high in the sky when I wake up. Confused, I wipe my eyes and reach for my phone. Did I sleep so soundly that I did not hear Axel? He is going to be so mad.

But there are no messages or missed calls on my phone. I do not understand why I feel disappointed and hurt. It is not like we are in a relationship and that he owes me an explanation or anything.

I stand up and get dressed before I go to the kitchen. I have not eaten properly yesterday, and I am starving. I make scrambled eggs and toast but when I take out the milk for my coffee, it is sour.

I throw the milk away and enjoy my breakfast with black coffee before I clean up the kitchen. I take my handbag and spill its contents on the kitchen table. I know there is no money in my wallet. I gave the last to Mom.

I rub my temples where a headache is developing before, I put everything back. I do not have a penny on me. I have reached the point that I have been dreading for weeks. I am broke.

For a moment I toy with the card that Axel gave me. I could use this and replace the money once I find a job. But I shake my head and put it back. No, I am not going to do it. That would be wrong and then I really would be a gold digger. It was never part of the deal and if I accept it, I would be taking advantage of him. Our agreement was strictly a loan for Dad. Besides, it is not like I am about to starve. There are plenty of groceries left in the cupboards.

I send Drew a message and ask him to take me to town before I fix my hair and makeup. The time has come for me to find a job.

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I am tired and irritated by the time I get home. I have walked the streets tiredly and nally got a waitressing job. Which I am extremely grateful for. After that, I went to visit Dad. Seeing him recover was the highlight of my day.

But the main source of my foul mood is Axel's silence. It is now more than twenty-four hours since I last heard or seen of him. I keep on wondering where he is and for some fucked up reason, Angela's face pops up. It is driving me insane.

And I will rather die than ask Drew if he knows where Axel is. I do not want him to think I care.

I eat a sandwich and clean up before I take my drawing pad and pencil. I close my eyes for a moment and smile as an image pops up in my head and I eagerly start drawing.

After a couple of tries, I toss the drawing pad aside. Not even this is helping. I take out my phone and type Axel a message.

Hi

I changed my mind. Please cancel our agreement regarding my studies. It was a stupid idea. It is nothing more than doodles and a hobby. It's not worth the money.

I stare at the message for a moment before I press send. It breaks my heart, but it is for the better. I cannot study and work full-time. Once I am settled in my new job, I will sign up for night classes after the six-month agreement.

I stare at my phone, but the message does not go through to Axel. Frustrated, I toss my phone aside. Where the hell is Axel and what is he doing?