

The Alpha's Rejected Bride Chapter 12

Pain...

My whole body is burning, it f*****g hurts. My head...

Blood is spattering from my mouth as I try to cough.

I groan, why didn't I die?

Just as darkness begins to envelop me, I feel arms wrapped around me and it feels so good.

"She jumped," someone says.

"No, please don't do this," I hear a scream asking me not to close my eyes, the voice is wretched and

desperate...

"Please, don't die. Please baby, please,"

I'm trying to reach for the person talking to me but I can't, my arm is heavy.

I whimper and welcome the darkness.

I can't register anything, everything is dark and things are moving fast. I keep walking but I don't know

where I am.

Isn't it the part where someone comes to get me, taking me either to hell or heaven?

"Hello, there," a voice echoes.

I can't see anything or anyone. I feel tired, so tired. My whole body is numb.

I'm conscious now but I can't open my eyes.

I keep going in and out of the darkness.

I'm hearing voices, they are not too distant now.

"She will be fine," a feminine voice speaks.

I don't want to be alive. I just want to stay here in the darkness, where there is no one.

A voice huffs, it sounds angry.

"You have been saying that for weeks!" The sheer power of it can be felt.

After some time, I try to open my eyes and find myself in darkness again.

My eyes are not completely open, I can see a silhouette of a shadow but I can't take a good look as I slip

back into total darkness.

I groan in pain, my head is spinning.

My eyes flicker open, and I clutch them shut. The room is so damn bright. Adjusting my eyes, I open

them once more.

In front of me is a six feet man, he is imposing and the aura he exudes can't be ignored. If a

human-like me can feel it, I'm sure werewolves can't even stand in his presence if they are not strong

enough.

His gaze on me is intense.

The man has tussled dark hair and is well built.

My eyes focus on his lips, they are cherry red.

He looks like a god, a Greek sculpture. He is so hot. Something in the pit of my stomach stirs.

I can't explain what I'm feeling but it is like releasing something I never knew I had nor thought I needed.

I look at his top to bottom, he has tanned skin that is made of muscles.

My breath hitched again. My heart is hammering against my chest so loudly I'm sure he can hear it.

I look up to his strong jaw and high cheekbones and clear my dry throat.

However, the man looks angry, not furious in fact. His chest is vibrating.

Why is he mad?

Without a word, he turns on his heel and walks out. The coldness is back again.

I yearn to touch that man I don't know.

I sigh and look around my surrounding. I'm in a huge bed,

the room has a high ceiling and there is medical equipment surrounding me, some attached to my body.

The room is all white and has the fanciest furniture. A white couch, and on the middle of the white

flooring has a soft-looking carpet, and glass doors are leading somewhere.

The door bursts open and a young man walks in, he can't be more than 18. He frowns when our eyes

meet. He has an uncanny resemblance with the man who was here earlier.

His hair is disheveled and he's cute.

"Are you feeling alright?" His voice is gentle as he makes his way on the white couch. I nod. I try to smile

but my lips hurt. I clear my throat and the boy gets up alert.

"Don't cry, you're safe here," He says kindly. "We won't let anyone hurt you,"

I have so many questions to ask but my throat hurts. I want to know where I am or who brought me

here, why couldn't they just leave me?

The boy smiles and presses a button

"I'll call a nurse,"

Two seconds later, the door opens again and two nurses walk into the room.

” She’s awake!”

As the nurses move around and ask me where I feel pain, I only nod my head.

I don’t want to talk.

The nurses leave the room and I lay my head on one of the comfortable pillows.

Tears roll down my cheeks and I cry silently.

“Do you want water?” The boy with a nice accent asks awkwardly. I shake my head and close my eyes.

What happened is replaying in my head. Josh, Crystal, and Naomi betrayed me.

Why did I survive? I wish I died. My silent sobs suddenly get louder and I’m unable to hold them in anymore.

I clear my throat and close my eyes just as the door opens.

“She has been like this for a while,” It’s the boy from earlier. I feel a hand stroke my hair softly.

“Child, open your eyes?” A deep voice says and I oblige.

My eyes meet a man, he looks like he’s in his fifties, he is well built and is over 6’6 ft tall.

This man towers over everyone, his gaze is soft.

“How are you, goddaughter?” I squint my eyes, confused.

“I am king Eraldo Altemonte,” The man Introduces.

I try to sit up, knowing in whose presence I’m in but he gently shakes his head to stop me.

The King of werewolves is gently looking at me. This man is the most powerful in the supernatural realm

and why did he call me goddaughter?

“I’m sorry about everything that happened, and I’m more sorry about your father,”

I nod and croak. ” Thank you,”

My voice is dry and I'm parched.

"Enol, get her a glass of water,"

The boy grumbles something under his breath but the king is already glaring at him.

He gives the king a glass of water and he helps me drink, seeing that my arms are connected to these

machines.

"Good," he praises with a smile when I empty the glass. He points at the boy and says.

"This is my third son, Enol Altemonte," The boy smile and bows.

"Enol, this is lady Lucy," to me he says.

"Get some rest. We'll visit you later," I nod and watch them exit the room.

Later in the evening, a woman walks in and comes to me. She has beautiful dark skin and a smile

plastered on her lips.

She reads the chart that was close to the bedside table and then start to inspect me.

"Your arms are still bruised, but you'll be okay. I'm glad you're awake," her voice is cheerful.

"I'm Dr. Delish. I wasn't there when you woke,"

Delish is a foot taller than me and looks older too. Maybe twenty-five or so.

She removes one of the machines attached to my arm,

"For a human, you heal surprisingly fast," She comments.

"How long was I out for?" I ask dryly.

"Two weeks. It's a good thing Rayan licked your wounds faster before taking you to the hospital,"

"Rayan?" I ask, for some reason, I like the name.

Rayan, I repeatedly say it lowly.

” The crown prince of werewolves, do you know him?” Delish asks. She looks at me with interest, the name sounds familiar but he’s a prince so every werewolf talks about the royal family.

I shake my head.

“Can you walk?” I try to lift my legs but they are so heavy, I look at Dr. Delish worriedly.

” I can’t lift my legs,”