

The Alpha's Rejected Bride Chapter 7

We both turn to Josh and laugh.

"A dance, my lady," he extends his hand and I take, curtsying a little.

Josh and I dance the night away, we are enjoying being in each other's company and for one moment,

everything is fine.

"I love you," I laugh as we jump up and down to the new rhythm of the song. It's a fast one.

After a long night of fun, I'm exhausted and I can't hold my yawns anymore.

"Tired?" Josh chuckles, I yawn my response and he escorts me inside.

Pack members are bowing when they see us, others smiling while some girl sneers, annoyed that they

won't get a chance with Josh. After all, he is one of the hottest young men to ever walk on the planet

earth.

Maybe I'm being biased because he's my love but naturally, werewolves are insanely hot, they are tall,

beautiful and powerful.

They are amazing.

I'm standing close to my bedroom door when he suddenly presses me against it and attacks my lips with

his.

"Josh," I whisper as he kisses me. I try to push him away slightly as his kisses are getting too hot and

s****l but he doesn't stop.

I can feel his bulge against my leg.

” Ok, okay,” I push him away with more strength. Josh’s eyes are dark with desire, lust for me and I’m

not ready to engage in such activities right now.

” Let’s wait till the wedding,” I murmur against his chest. He groans and looks displeased.

” Okay, goodnight,”

He kisses my neck softly then leaves.

Sighing, I enter my room and close the door gently.

It was the next day I received the worst news anyone could have.

I’m pacing around the living room as three elders watch me like a bee that can attack anyone.

” How? When?” I can’t formulate proper sentences, how can they stand in my presence and tell me my father is dead?

Tears are streaming down my cheeks uncontrollably. I can’t breathe. How is this possible? I spoke with him just last night.

I’m sitting on the cold floor, my face in my hands while Naomi comforts me.

“It will be alright,”

I look up at her and shake my head. It won’t. My dad is dead.

Two warriors who were present said that rogues surrounded him during his usual morning run.

They were many and by the time back up got there, he was barely breathing.

I’m in the backyard, thinking about what should be done next and I honestly don’t know.

Josh is standing next to me, he opens his arms and I run into them for an embrace. Again like waterfalls,

I start to cry loudly.

” Shh, you’ll be fine,” he coos. I nod.

” But it hurts,” I sniff.

"It's supposed to," he says gently.

"Death hurts,"

After the mourning period is over. In the following weeks, everything is quiet, I hear the howls of the

members most nights.

Derek and Nana brought my favorite food but I can't eat, I miss mom and especially miss Dad.

His death is still fresh.

I wear a nice black dress that reaches my knees and pumps. Bradley and Naomi say we are going out

again today.

As I walk to meet them downstairs, everyone bows and greets me kindly.

The pack members have been supportive and kind to me. They won't let me feel depressed. Even the

girls who didn't like me at school. They come to check up on me or send gifts.

Speaking of gifts, I received flowers and a cheque from the royal family, I kept the flowers and gave the

cheque to Josh since he's running the pack.

"Hi, guys!" I wave toward Brad and Naomi.

"Hey!" They leave their controllers and walk to me.

"Is Josh not coming with us?" Naomi asks, powdering her nose.

"No, he's out for work but will be back tonight," I answer.

Josh has a meeting with a nearby pack. They are signing a treaty with a nearby. Our pack is strong but

having as many allies don't hurt.

"Have you heard from Crystal?" I ask, they shake their head and I scowl.

She is not picking up nor calling anyone back.

It stings a little. Does she even know my Dad died?

"I hope she makes it for the wedding," Brad says. Josh and I are to marry tomorrow at the city hall.

We walk to our favorite diner since we've been kids and order our favorite smoothies.

The old lady, Mrs. Yang who works here offers me her condolences and says everything we get is on the

house.

"Wow, thanks. People should die more so we can receive free stuff," Naomi says nonchalantly and I

glare at her. That's the thing about her, she just speaks without taming her words.

Bradley is also glaring at her but she doesn't seem to notice, busy drinking.

She looks at me then Brad before putting a hand over her mouth.

"I'm sorry," she whispers, looking genuinely disappointed.

"You just can't say things like that," Brad hisses. Naomi's eyes are almost teary and I shake my head.

"Don't shout at her. You know Naomi," I try to dismiss her remark but Brad is still not happy. I put a

hand over his and smile reassuringly.

He visibly relaxes and smiles back.

"I know it still hurts, Lucy. You don't have to be strong,"

Brad has always been gentle and caring towards me ever since we were young, he stopped the girls and

boys from bullying me on several occasions when Josh wasn't around.

Yes, I'm the Alpha's daughter but pack members bullied me or treated me as an outcast sometimes.

Naomi watches our interaction intensely and is that jealousy I see in her eyes.

I pull my hand from Brad respectfully.

Does Naomi like him now? I ask myself as I drink the delicious smoothie.

Who wouldn't, Brad is very handsome and not to mention his athletic body with nice dirty blonde hair.

I smile and look at Naomi, her focus is now on Brad and it's like she's seeing him in a new light. She turns to me and says,

" I'm sorry for my insensitive comment, I mean it."

" Apology accepted," Naomi smiles and turns to Brad. He nods too

The rest of the day we spend together at the diner.

Eating and singing karaoke. We are bouncing up and down in dance on the stage.

Later in the evening, we walk back to the packhouse. Tomorrow is my wedding.