

## The Alpha's Angel Chapter 9 - You Don't Deserve Him -

C9 You Don't Deserve Him

"Stella you know that you shouldn't talk that way to Ava" Katie warned.

"I can do whatever the fuck I want" she snapped.

She got up off the stool that she was sitting on and walked over to where I was. She circled me like a predator would do to its prey.

"Pathetic human" she spat in disgust.

"I'm not a human" I mumbled.

"What was that? I couldn't quite catch that?" she said with a mocking smirk.

"I said, I'm not a human"

"Right..." she drawled out.

"You don't deserve him! I do. You're pathetic and weak. You'll never be able to satisfy him the way I do" she whispered in my ear.

At hearing her words, it felt like my heart shattered in a million tiny pieces. He had slept with her. And here I was saving myself for a mate that couldn't even keep it in pants.

Suddenly I felt a rage. A rage I have never felt before. It was like something took over, because next thing I knew I spun around and shoved her to the ground. I got on top of her and delivered punch after punch.

I was blinded by anger and hurt, and I wanted someone to take it out on and she was here. She managed to maneuver me and flipped us over. I was now at the end of her fist receiving her powerful hits. I tried to block them, but it was no use.

I didn't have any training when it came to fighting. I honestly didn't know how to defend myself and my wolf was still refusing to make an appearance. I was coughing up blood now as she continued her assault.

She flipped me over so that I was on my belly and twisted my arms behind me.

"Pathetic" she whispered in my ear, before I hear a snap followed by excruciating pain.

I screamed out in pain and agony, and she got up off me. Tears blurred my vision as I tried to move my left hand. The more I tried to move it, the more pain I felt.

"What did you do?" someone shouted.

"She asked for it. She attacked me"

"You didn't have to break her arm!" the person screeched.

Katie moved next to me and helped me sit upright. I held my broken arm to my chest as the tears kept falling. Pushing past the pain I gripped my left hand with my right and snap back the bone in its rightful position.

My hand healed immediately and everyone looked at me in shock and wonder. Oh right. I have powers, rare powers that I have never told anyone about.

I could heal faster than any wolf. I could also use my powers to heal or hurt others. I've tried to avoid using it in front of people, because I didn't want anyone to find out and take advantage of my powers.

According to the books I've read, it states that the most powerful healer is born every hundred years. It also said that the healer was here to cleanse and bring peace to the world. I was here to heal and protect.

"How did you?" Katie asked, lost for words as she stared at me with wide eyes.

"Don't all werewolves heal?" I asked trying to convince them that it was normal.

"Yeah, but not that fast"

"What going on in here?" an authoritative voice boomed.

"She attacked me" Stella pointed at me and ran into my mate's arms.

What hurt the most was that he didn't even attempt to push her away as she clung to him. I felt a pang of jealousy looking at her in his arms. He wasn't hugging her or anything; he just stood there staring at me.

Stella turned back to me and gave me a victorious smirk before she buried her face in his chest. I wanted more than anything to cry.

Not wanting anyone to see the tears trying to break free, I got up off the ground and ran out of the room.

What were you expecting Ava?

Did you really think he would have run to your rescue and swoop you off your feet like a prince charming.

This wasn't a fairytale. This was reality. I have to accept that there was a possibility that what Stella had said might be true.

I was about to go outside for some much needed fresh air when the door burst open. A man ran in carrying a small boy in his arms covered in blood.

"What happened?" I asked and he ignored me and rushed inside the kitchen. I ran in after him to see him putting the small boy on the counter. Without thinking twice I walked up to the counter, squeezing through the crowd to get to him.

"I can help him" I said and leaned forward to hear his faint heartbeat.

If he didn't get medical attention right away, he was going to die.