

REJECTED: CLAIMED BY THE ALPHA MAFIA

TEMPORARY CURE

Kiara:

"Ah! Mr. Malibu!" Ariana exclaims, leaping to her feet as I cough up a dreadful amount of blood.

"Damn!" Zane groans in my mind.

He's getting hurt too, and it's satisfying to see that my suffering isn't much fun for him.

She dashes towards the door, but Zane opens it before she can reach for the handle. His eyes widen at the sight before him, and he immediately backs away, rushing out and slamming the door.

Ariana paces around the room, her hands shaking terribly. She hurries to get a glass of water from the table while I sit numbly, bloodied.

It's supposed to hurt a lot, but a part of me doesn't want it to end because I want my life to end. Even if everyone else turns their backs on me, I didn't expect my father to do the same, so I feel alone in the world, and it's becoming burdensome.

"Take this," Ariana says, handing me the glass of water. But when I take a sip, my throat burns terribly.

"Make it stop." I hurl the glass towards the door, and I look up to see Zane standing near the part of the wall where I had thrown the glass.

A part of me wishes it hadn't missed his face because that's exactly what he deserves at this moment. He's a monster who deserves to die, but every day he sees the morning sun and walks the earth with every other creature in it.

He walks into the room with an old man with grey beards, wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase. Just by looking at him, I can tell that he's a werewolf, which makes total sense because a human doctor wouldn't know what to do with me.

The man approaches me, examining my body while I cough violently. He places his hands on my chest, then shakes his head, looking at Zane.

"The poison from the stake must have reached her heart," he says, and my eyes widen. "It hasn't affected every part, but it's spreading and it could kill her in the next twenty-four hours."

I shoot Zane a killer look when he says this, but he averts his gaze.

"Is there something we could do to stop it from spreading or temporarily slow it?" He asks, and I struggle to pick my jaw up from the floor.

This man is the epitome of evil. He has the damn cure, and he's here talking about a temporary cure.

"I haven't met someone as monstrous as you are! A temporary cure?" I yell, causing me to cough up a larger chunk of blood.

"Easy. You should stop exerting stress on yourself," the doctor says, and my brows furrow.

"Then tell him to give me the damn cure! He has it and he won't give it to..."

I cough up a larger chunk, and I feel my entire gut hooked on my throat like my entire intestines are about to fall out of my throat.

"You hear the doctor, shut up!" Zane yells, pacing around the room. "Ariana, get out of here until you are needed."

As I watch the distress on his face, all I can ask is why he is concerned. He has the cure in his palm and yet he doesn't give it to me.

I watch the doctor open his briefcase on the bed, and then he takes out a lot of things, mixing them up.

"Here, drink this," he says in a moment, handing me a gooey and bubbly mixture which smells like bum.

I stare at the mixture for a while.

"You have to drink it because the poison is spreading farther than you can imagine, and in no time you'll be paralyzed," he says, and I sigh, gulping the entire content.

Unlike what I expect, the mixture is sweet, not bitter. It's the perfect expression of not judging a book by its cover.

"Well, I think my work here is done, and she needs as much rest as she can get," the doctor says, packing up his stuff into the briefcase.

Zane thanks him for what he has done while I stare at both of them, wondering how someone can be so attractive and unattractive at the same time. Zane has potential, but he is just nasty.

"Call me if any casualties occur, although I am pretty sure that it won't happen," the doctor says, leaving.

Zane glances at me briefly before he walks out of the room and slams the door. I lean into bed, holding my head with my eyes shut, while I ask the moon goddess to give me reasons for still being alive.

"Can I come in?" Ariana asks softly.

I nod without opening my eyes. She is the only person that keeps me sane at the moment, and pushing her away is foolish of me.

"I'm sorry for what is happening, but I promise never to leave your side."

When she says this, a smile creeps up my lips as I try to avoid crying.

"You know he has the cure and won't give it to me," I say, opening my eyes and then she nods. "Why can't we steal it from him?" She pauses for a moment before she opens her mouth to speak.

"The house is cities away from here. We took a flight to get here, and I do not know how to get back. I doubt the cure is here, because he wouldn't risk it."

A flight? This man is definitely on to something and I have to find out what.

"Where does the doctor stay?" I ask.

"I can't really tell, but I know he used to be held hostage at the mansion when Mr. Zane got his wolf, but they got to a mutual ground and now they are friends," she says, and I scoff.

It is definitely deep down because everything for him is done with force, pathetic, I think.

"Thank you for being here for me. I don't know what I would have done without you," I say to Ariana, then I shut my eyes to sleep.

I wish I could turn off my emotions, but they are there and they hurt so much that I feel I might die in my sleep, and it's all because of a man who won't love me...