

CHAPTER 17: PANIC ATTACK

Clutching her bleeding arm, Claire looked up at Kyle, who stood there with a victorious smirk, no hint of remorse in his eyes. Now that she had achieved her first target, aka getting an injury, it was time to teach the arrogant asshole a lesson.

"Are you done yet, baby girl? Do you need me to kiss your boo boo?" Kyle taunted her, and she smiled at him, making him frown.

She couldn't tell him she had deliberately allowed him to strike her, but she could show him how pathetic he really was.

Unlike the last time when she had let him attack first, this time Claire took the lead. She ran towards him with such speed that before he could even blink; Claire was already in front of him. She raised her foot and did a perfect roundhouse kick, knocking him on his hard head and hopefully giving him a concussion.

Kyle stumbled back, his eyes widening in disbelief. Then he slowly pointed his finger at her, the disdain in his eyes replaced by confusion. Claire steadied herself, expecting him to attack again, but then his eyes rolled into his head and he fell down as if in slow

motion. When he didn't get up from the ground and remained motionless, a deafening silence filled the arena, broken only by the howling of the wind.

Claire looked around, and to her relief, Liam was not present in the crowd. The people had their eyes widened in awe and disbelief as they stared at the pack's princess. They had never seen her fight in public before this and from her fragile looking frame; they had imagined her to be a helpless damsel. But what they witnessed now proved their assumption wrong. Because she had just knocked down a man double her size without breaking a sweat, and the perfection in which her move was executed showed how she was not a novice. Slowly, someone started clapping from the back of the crowd, and soon whistles and cheers filled the arena as they hailed her as their hero. Perfect!

Claire turned to see Devin standing there. His eyes were widened to the size of saucers, and his jaw was almost hitting the ground. But next to him, Eunice stood there with a worried look, her gaze on the wound in Claire's arm, which was still bleeding. She already knew Claire's skills and hence the outcome of the fight wasn't a surprise to her like to the rest.

Eunice stared at the wound with a worried look, but Claire shook her head. It will spoil the tough image

she had just painstakingly created.

"Hey girl, could you add this to my stash of weapons? I want to keep this beauty as mine," Claire said, thrusting the sword in her hand towards Eunice.

Eunice looked as if she wanted to protest, but then her gaze bored into Claire's as if searching for something. Seeing the determination in her gaze, Eunice sighed and nodded before walking away with the sword.

Claire waved at the crowd with a cheerful smile and then turned away. She started walking, and once she was away from the prying eyes of the crowd, her gaze fell on the wound on her arm.

With her werewolf healing, the blood had stopped flowing by now, but it still looked grotesque to see her pale skin covered with blood. She hadn't felt it at the moment because of her excitement to make Devin watch her injury, but now that she was alone, the sight of blood didn't sit that well with her.

The moment when she looked down to see the dagger sticking out of her belly as Diana stabbed her kept flashing in her mind. Her heartbeat started rising as she remembered the red blooming in her white dress, the blood seeping away from her, leaving her to die with her unborn baby.

Claire gasped, her breathing erratic as her face turned pale. Sweat covered her forehead, dripping down her face, while she leaned into a tree, her sight turning blurry as the image of the packhouse overlapped with that of the altar where she had laid dying. She knew it was all in the past, and she was fine now. But knowing it didn't help with the panic attack. She hadn't imagined that she would have trouble with blood after her traumatic death, but maybe she should have known. After all, dying was no joke and expecting to be unscathed after it was stupid.

"Are you alright?" Devin asked suddenly, holding Claire's hand, and she stared up at him, feeling relieved to have an anchor to reality.

'Do I look alright to you, buddy?'

Claire blinked at him tiredly, hoping it would be worth it. If she gets to see Sebastian because of this, she would do it all over again even if it was scary as hell.

Devin pulled her over to a bench where she plopped over, closing her eyes tiredly. She may have blacked out for a moment because the next thing she knew, Devin was splashing water on her face.

"It will be fine," Devin said, but it sounded as if he

was speaking more to himself than to her. After drinking the water he offered her, Claire looked at Devin.

"Is it still bleeding? Does it hurt so much?" Devin asked, mistaking her dizziness was because of her injury. In a way it was, but not like he thought. The wound was barely aching now, but he didn't need to know that.

"I will take you to the doctor!"

"Wait!" Claire called out to Devin, who paused.

If he took her to the doctor, he would obviously say that it's just a flesh wound which had already started to heal on its own and needs no treatment. Devin should have known it on his own, but he was panicking about seeing her in such a state, and he wasn't thinking well. Or maybe he thought her wound was more serious than it was, and in that case, she would not let him know otherwise. She wanted to know what Sebastian will do when he knows she was hurt.

"I will be fine. I just need to go to my room and have some rest. If you don't mind, could you walk me to my room? I am feeling a bit faint."

She wasn't lying. She was still feeling dizzy, maybe

from the blood loss, which obviously wasn't as little as she had intended. Or maybe it was because of the panic attack that hadn't yet faded away completely.

"Are you sure?" Devin asked dubiously.

"Yes, please..."

"Alright."

Though he still looked doubtful, he complied with her wishes and helped her to her room. After demanding that she take care of herself, he left the room with a worried look on his face. Seeing him leave, Claire smiled victoriously, even if she was still feeling queasy. It will be worth it...

The next day, Devin was strolling in the garden with Eunice when he received a call. He took the phone, knowing it will be Sebastian, calling for his daily update about Claire. Devin gulped, fearing for his life at the thought of telling Sebastian that Claire got injured under his watch. Only the moon goddess can help him from the wrath of his ruthless friend now!

"Hello?" Devin answered, but it came more like a question.

"What?" Sebastian answered, his tone suspicious as he heard Devin's hesitation.

"Oh, Seb! How are you today? The weather is really nice, right?"

When Sebastian just stayed silent, Devin turned red. He cleared his throat awkwardly before speaking again.

"So what's up, dude?"

"Devin..." Sebastian answered, his tone eerily calm.

"Yes?"

"Just shut up!"

"Okay!" Devin answered enthusiastically.

"Have you seen Claire today?"

When he received no answer, Sebastian sighed.

"Devin?"

"Uh, can I answer? You told me to shut up!"

Sebastian let out a growl and Devin straightened up, beads of sweat forming on his forehead even if the pissed off alpha was miles away from him.

"Ah, yes, I saw her a while ago."

Sebastian remained silent for a moment, and recognizing his hesitation, Devin perked up.

"What's the matter?"

"How are Claire and Liam getting along?" Sebastian blurted out, unable to help himself. The sight of Claire feeding him with her own hands, a gentle smile on her ethereal face, refused to leave his mind. He was restless being away from her, the thoughts of her being cozy with Liam irking him to no end.

"Oh... Claire and Liam?" Devin asked, the nervousness in his voice replaced by playfulness.

"Devin! Don't test my patience!"

"Stop being mean, dude!"

When Sebastian just growled in response, Devin raised his hand in surrender, even if he couldn't see it.

"Alright. Relax, man. So Claire and Liam, right? They are getting along really well. In fact, they are the sweetest couple I have ever seen. They adore each other and you should see the way they stare into each other's eyes as if no one else exists in the world but them," Devin taunted Sebastian.

With a devilish grin, he continued in a mocking, sad tone. "She may as well have forgotten you, man. Distance definitely doesn't help the hearts grow fonder."

Sebastian went radio silent on the other end, and Devin felt chills slithering down his spine. Even though Sebastian was far away, his agitation was palpable, and suddenly Devin regretted taunting him. Maybe he went overboard with his teasing?


Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Sebastian broke his silence by letting out a thunderous growl that somehow felt like it had reverberated all around Devin. He let out a shudder involuntarily in reaction before gathering his courage. He was an alpha, for God's sake!

Devin realised Sebastian was about to cut the call and he called out in a panic. Even if he didn't want to be the bearer of bad news, he knew it would be worse if Sebastian came to know about Claire later. He will be pissed Devin didn't tell him at the time and that was a can of worms Devin certainly didn't want to open. Better to get it over now!

When he realized Sebastian was still on the line, Devin took a deep breath.


"Claire got wounded while sparring!" He blurted out. There he said it!

"What?!" Sebastian growled from the other end, his voice shrill with unrestrained anger. Now what was

 +20 BONUS

the mighty alpha going to do?

 Comments

 Vote (2.2k) 