

Rejecting My Contracted Luna Chapter 4 - CHAPTER 4 Alpha Heir Of The Crescent Pack

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Emma's POV

Beep. Beep. Beep.

My arm flings out to my side to turn off my alarm, but my arm doesn't hit the table that is usually beside my bed. Reaching over a little farther I try to hit the alarm again but once again there is nothing besides my bed. Taking a deep breath, the smell of disinfectant hits my nose and my eyes fly open. There is nothing above me except a white ceiling. Looking from my right to my left I realize that I am in a hospital room.

"Shit," I mutter to myself as I pull off all of the cords that are attached to my chest and my head. The beeping that woke me from my sleep becomes erratic and I push all of the buttons on the machine beside me trying to get it to shut up. That is when I realize that my left arm is in a cast and there is an IV in the right arm. My father is going to be so angry when he realizes that I've added another bill to his mountain of debt. I have to get out of here before anyone can get my information.

Looking around the room I search for my clothes but the room is void of anything that could belong to me. I run my hands through my hair, trying to calm myself down when I notice that there is a bandage covering half of my head. "No, no, no," I whisper to myself.

Ripping the IV from my arm I gingerly get up from the bed and make my way over to the only mirror in the room. It is over a tiny sink in the corner of the room. My face is bruised badly. Whoever my father gave me to last night was not gentle. Carefully I unwrap the bandage from my head and tears fall freely from my eyes when I realize that they have shaved part of my head. Bracing myself on the edge of the sink I let out a quiet whimper. My father is really going to kill me this time.

Just then the door to my room opens and a tall and handsome with bright blue eyes walks into the room. I back myself into the far corner of the room as far away from him as I can possibly be.

"Hey," He says gently, "I don't think you are supposed to be out of bed yet." He reaches out his hand for me and I shrink away from his touch and he hesitantly pulls his hand back. "Do you remember me?"

"No," I shake my head as I slide down the wall of the hospital room and curl myself into a small ball in the corner.

"What is the last thing that you remember?" He sits down on a chair next to the hospital bed and gestures for me to come and get back on the bed.

I don't answer him, I only shake my head "no" again.

Mr. Tall and Handsome lets out a frustrated sigh and runs his hands through his dark hair.

"I am Ethan, Alpha heir, of the Crescent Pack. Do you know what a Pack is?"

I nod my head up and down in response and Alpha Ethan flashes a brilliant smile in my direction. I open my mouth to apologize for being on his Pack land but no noise comes out of my mouth. So I just close my mouth and lay my chin on my knees and stare at the handsome Alpha that is smiling at me.

Patting the bed he beckons me forward. "Can you get back in bed so the doctor can check you out again?"

Tears begin to stream down my face as I shake my head furiously from side to side. I can't let anyone tell my father that I am here.

"Hey," Alpha Ethan says sweetly, "No one here is going to hurt you. You are safe now."

There is a gentle knock at the door and a she-wolf in a white coat comes into the room with a bright smile on her face, but it fades quickly when she sees that I am huddled on the floor.

"What did you do?" She fusses at Alpha Ethan and he holds his hands up in defense.

Glaring at Alpha Ethan the she-wolf turns her attention to me and smiles at me gently.

"I am Dr. Rosen, and this brut is Alpha Ethan," She says as she gestures over to Alpha Ethan. "We are here to help you."

She kneels down in front of me and offers me her hand, but I don't take it. I just stare at her hand. Finally finding my voice, "Please, let me go," I beg. "I did not know I was on Pack territory."

"Is that what you are worried about," Alpha Ethan says from across the room. "I brought you here." There is a little huff in his voice.

"I don't have any money to pay you," I tell the doctor as tears stream down my face. I look from her to Alpha Ethan and more sobs escape my chest. My father will never forgive me for ending up on Pack's territory.

"Maybe you could give us some space," Dr. Rosen asks Alpha Ethan to leave the room and he pushes himself out of his chair and storms out of the door. Dr. Rosen shakes her head and mumbles something about stubborn Alpha. She offers me her hand again and this time I carefully place my good hand in hers and she helps me to my feet carefully.

Setting me back down in the bed the doctor looks at me with pity in her eyes. A look that I am all too used to.

"Can you tell me what happened?" She asks me in a small voice.

I shake my head back and forth. "I am not sure," I admit. "The last thing I remember is my father pouring me a glass of whiskey... he must have drugged it."

The pity in Dr. Rosen's eyes grows as she looks at me. "Is this something that he does a lot?"

I nod my head in response. "He is in debt," I have no idea why I am telling her these things but for some reason, I feel safe. "He uses me to pay for them sometimes." I shrug my shoulders like it is no big deal but I can still feel the anxiety rising in my chest as I think about all of the men that have touched me.

"He sells you to pay off his debts?" Dr. Rosen asks, clearly appalled. I only nod in response. "Are you part of a Pack?" she asks me curiously. I shake my head "no." "What about your mother?" And I simply shake my head "no" again. "How long has this been happening?" The doctor finally asks the million dollar question.

I shrug my shoulders. "Since I was five or so," I tell her and a loud roar erupts from outside of my hospital room. I jump on the bed and try to cover myself with the blanket.

"It is okay," Dr. Rosen says as she pats me on the leg. "It just appears that the young Alpha has been eavesdropping on our conversation." My eyes flicker to the frosted glass door and I can see a shadow on the other side pacing back and forth in front of my room. Dr. Rosen squeezes my hand to grab my attention. "I would like to keep you here for a few more days before I release you."

"If I am not home tonight my father will be angry," I tell her, afraid of what he is capable of doing.

The doctor reaches up one of her hands and tucks one of my wild curls behind my ear.

"You aren't going back to him," She says sweetly. "If need be you can stay with me."

Tears stream down my face when she tells me that I don't have to go back to my father. "I will earn my keep," I promise her.

"I just need you to get better first," Dr. Rosen says sweetly. Then she pulls the clipboard from the end of the bed and flips open the first page. "Now, what is your name?"

"Emma... Emma Walters," I whisper and Dr. Rosen fills out the paperwork in my chart.