

Alpha Simon Rejected Me As His Mate |

Chapter 9 - Mate!

Simon understood that the only way he could catch his prey was by luring it. He had only attended the party for that purpose. He was well aware of his attractiveness and it had always been to his advantage to entice women into the woods with him so he could eat them.

No exception applied to the girl he met at the party. She was infatuated with him at first sight and he could even read how her heart was beating when he caught her in his arms. She would be too simple and sweet to consume.

She was also beautiful and he couldn't deny that. Although Simon thought she was the most beautiful person he had ever seen or was about to eat, he needed to stop deluding himself. No matter how beautiful she was, she was going to be his dinner. He watched her until she climbed into her car. Acting as if he was having an argument on the phone was all part of the plan to lure her into the woods and he didn't believe it would work.

What a fool!

The moment he changed into his wolf, he smelled her fear. If she spots him, she might be tempted to flee, but he could easily catch up with her. After all, he was an Alpha, which gave him the power of speed and strength.

As he came out of hiding and approached her, she turned around and began to run with her long legs. Simon was quicker.

Simon eventually caught up to her and punched her in the side of the stomach, which caused her to fall to the other side of the tree. She was crying out in pain. She was in so much pain that Simon could see it, and he even noticed her mouth moving. She was saying something.

She started to cry, but that wouldn't stop him from feeding on her.

As he approached, she wanted to run away from him. He was furious at how hard she was trying to get away from him when his paws grabbed her legs and dragged her closer to him. He had eaten humans before, but they didn't seem to be as stubborn as this girl. Simon dug his canines into her stomach and began to feed on her.

Despite her screams, Simon was unable to free her. He only cared about killing her.

Devil is his vicious, ruthless wolf. It was just as furious as Simon was, so Simon was powerless to direct it.

He continued to consume her because he believed he was getting his revenge.

When Simon heard loud music suddenly coming from a particular direction, his gaze travelled the path before coming to rest on a cellphone. Her phone was ringing. He was enraged by the noise the phone was making. He pulled his teeth from her flesh and with his talon, ended the call.

He could see how much pain she was in when he turned back to face her.

Simon had never gone through anything like that before. He wasn't sure why, but he felt weak on the inside.

He has a heart of stone. His wolf was a vicious one. Wicked wolves don't care about other people. Not to talk less of a human.

What was wrong with him? He was clueless.

As Simon drew nearer, he could see how terrified she was. His eyes were glaring at her as if they were going to keep eating her. However, the reality was different. While Simon was supposed to continue eating her, he instead began to sniff her.

He could still smell fear around her, despite the fact that she had no scent other than her perfume. She caught his eyes when she opened them and when he looked into her clean, brown eyes, he was immediately absorbed.

What was going on with him? That's a question he'll keep asking himself.

Suddenly, both Devil's and his own facial expressions changed. They weren't sure why they had such strong feelings for this particular human. Never before had they shown mercy to humans. They always take human lives.

In pain, the girl screamed. Her wound was gushing blood and bleeding incredibly quickly.

Simon gave her a long sniff before turning to leave and remaining motionless on the ground.

He also began to experience unpleasant pain without knowing what was wrong with him. He had never experienced such agony before. Something seemed to be tugging at his chest and it hurt a lot.

Simon glanced away from her body for a moment, then immediately returned his attention to her. He wasn't aware of the cause of his pain until he recalled his father's words when he was still a young pup. His father had described the suffering and joy that werewolves experience when they found their mate. It also determines the type of circumstances they meet. Be it under happy or sad circumstances.

Then, Simon realised what was happening and why he was suffering so greatly.

Mate....

It turned out that the human who was in agony was his mate and he was feeling great pain because his mate was also in pain.

Scarlett realised the red eyes had been silently watching her for a while. It was no longer attacking her.

She had to survive and get back to her car.

In pain, she struggled to get herself up but it was so difficult that she frequently collapsed. She needed a way to live. She didn't want to die.

At last, it felt as though Scarlett suddenly had strength. She finally managed to stand up after numerous failed attempts. To stop the blood from pouring out, she put her left hand on her torn stomach. She attempted to run despite the fact that her legs were still shaking. She galloped and ran as fast as her spaghetti-legs would allow. She left her phone behind.

Breathing heavily and shaking, she managed to make it out of the woods, and as soon as she spotted her car, she jumped inside and locked the door. Trembling, Scarlett wasn't thinking straight as she started her car. She was able to see that the party was still going on as she drove off without her friends.

She eventually arrived at the front of the mansion. Much to her surprise, the beast didn't pursue Scarlett and kill her as she had suspected it would. Her house was directly in front of her, which gave her a small sense of relief. When she got out of her car, she hoped that her family wasn't awake as she looked down at her blood-stained, torn clothing. What would she say to justify what had occurred to her family?

Scarlett opened the door slowly, trying not to disturb anyone, but when Isabella's voice rang out, she gasped. "Scarlett?" Scarlett's name was called, and Belly rose from her chair. In the living room with them were October and Mia.

What would she say?

Scarlett made a valiant effort to hide her rough face from them.

"Where have you been?" Belly questioned. Scarlett raised her hand to stop Belly from getting any closer as she was about to approach her. In her tracks, Belly halted. "You did not answer the phone when I called your number."

Scarlett's head was bowed and she remained silent. Belly was the one who called just as the beast was about to kill her. She saved Scarlett's life without knowing it.

Belly spoke louder than before. "I am talking to you!"

Mia remarked, "Mom? There's blood on her,"

Scarlett felt their gazes on her.

"Have you been involved in a fight?" October got up as well, but Scarlett didn't want her mother to get any closer to her. "You just left the funeral ground like that without saying anything. We were scared, Scarlett, because we couldn't reach you."

"You look pale, Scar." As Belly's hand touched Scarlett's, she jerked her hand away.

Prior to Belly getting any closer, Scarlett quickly ran for the stairs and then into her room, locking the door behind her.

Breathing heavily, Scarlett dashed into the bathroom and took off her clothes. Her pain was palpable to her. She had never experienced pain like she was experiencing it now.

As she washed her stomach in the shower, blood began to flow from it. She was afraid to touch her own body. For the first time, her body irritated her.

Scarlett noticed how distorted her stomach was when she stood in front of the mirror after getting out of the shower. The fresh bruise was deeper in every spot, but there was a scar on it that looked like a tooth print in a circle.

She retrieved the bandage from the medicine cabinet and securely girded her waist with it. She immediately placed the ruined clothing in a trash bag and hid it beneath her bed because she didn't want her family to discover the evidence. Scarlett pretended nothing had happened as she made her bed.

If the bleeding didn't stop, she had already made up her mind to go to the doctor first thing tomorrow morning before school.

Scarlett made an effort to ignore her discomfort, but as she went to her nightstand to turn out the light, she fell to the floor and went unconscious.