

# The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 169

Chapter 169

CAMILLA'S P.O.V

*I was standing in a completely dark room and I came to the conclusion that I hated it. I was standing in front of a mirror and when I looked up to it, I saw myself but with a gaping wound in my chest. Out of instinct, I reached up to touch my chest but there was nothing there. My brows scrunched as I took in the mirror, the image wasn't moving, the mirror was solid, so why was there a hole in my chest when I couldn't see one? I had spent what felt like forever trying to figure out what the hell was going on.*

*When I started bleeding from my nose in the room, I had tried to call out for Ryker down the bond but for the first time in a long time- I couldn't. It was like something was blocking me from my wolf. I tried to get to the door hoping I could find a guard to call for him but I passed out before I made it two steps. At first I was worried but I knew that Ryker would find me sooner or later, it just might take a while because he was with Riley.*

*Tain*

*was*

*After spending more time analyzing the mirror, I decided that it was broken and the mirror, I decided that it was broken and took a seat cross legged on the floor. It slowly driving me mad and that was the last thing I needed. I needed to concentrate on waking up. I closed my eyes and*

*willed myself back into my body. I tried to cold ground, I*

*There was a slight tingling in my toes but that was it- I didn't move. I cursed and tried again and again but nothing. I was just about to give up when I heard a voice. It was familiar but I couldn't put my finger on it. I tried to listen out for it hoping to hear more but nothing.*

*pictured the smell of the room and Rare my body on the*

*Scent*

*"Hello?" I called out hoping they could hear me but I got no response. "Please help, I want to leave."*

*hands*

*Only my voice echoed back to me. I let out a groan and ran my*

*my hair. I turned back to the mirror and was shocked to see that the hole in my chest was healing itself, almost knitting itself closed. I watched with equal parts horror and fascination until it became as small as a penny but it didn't close completely. It remained open just a little and it stopped. I didn't know how, but I knew that hole would never close no matter what I did.*

*"She should be awake soon," I heard that same voice from earlier. "I can tell she is trying to wake."*

*"Who are you?" I yelled out but I got no response. "I'm trying but I can't wake up. Tell me how!"*

*I came to realize that it was a one way street. I was probably hearing what was going on outside of my body and they couldn't hear me. I let out an exasperated sigh wondering how the hell I was going to do this. Just as I was giving up, I saw a bright light appear overhead. I had to shield my eyes from the brightness. There was no essence in the light, no sign of life, it was just light. I knew I was to reach out for it so I did, my fingertips barely brushed it when I felt myself getting sucked into it. There was a sharp pain in my head and my body and I let out a groan.*

*I felt something soft like feathers beneath me and I forced my eyelids open only to find a face staring down at me. It took me a second to realize it was Ryker. He let out a sigh of pure relief as he took me in. I was back in our room, laid on the soft bed and surrounded by pillows. I knew there were other people in the room but my attention was solely on him. He looked like he had been through hell, his hair was sticking up at the ends and his eyes were heavy as if he hadn't slept.*

*"You found me," I croaked out and he nodded.*

*"I took far longer than I should have and I wouldn't have noticed if not for Lyla," he admitted and I turned to the side confused as to who Lyla was for a second until I saw her. She was the witch who had helped Audrey. As soon as I recognized her, fear gripped my heart.*

*I sat up straight despite the pounding in my head and the protests from Ryker. "Is something wrong with Audrey? Is the protection already wearing thin?"*

*"Your daughter is fine," she assured me and my shoulders immediately went slack with relief. "I am here about you, Camilla. You are toying with things that you do not understand. Every witch within a knowledge of the arts has been able to feel what you have been toying with."*

*"I don't understand," I groaned placing my hand on my head in an attempt to ease the splitting headache that was forming. I barely managed to hide a wince when it started to get worse.*

*Ryker noticed and lay me back gently in bed. I realized I had been changed out of my dress and into a more comfortable nightgown and I couldn't have been more grateful. He walked into the bathroom and returned with a warm washcloth that he placed on my forehead. It did not completely take away the pain but it eased it a lot.*

*"I don't know what you're talking about, what am I toying with?"*

*"Life and death," she said simply. "Someone has been bleeding death into the land and you, my dear child, are bleeding life. This is more than a witch, this is the embodiment of*

death and you are trifling with it like some common adversary."

"Did you come here to tell me to stop?" I asked. "If you did, you're too late because Ryker has been asking me to do that for days now."

"Yet he asked you to heal his sister, did he not?" she shot back and I went silent. Even Ryker stilled next to me, I could feel the guilt radiating off him but he kept his expression carefully neutral. "I will only say this once, Camilla. I don't care who is dying next, you cannot heal them. You cannot toy with life and death, there will be consequences and it might be something that you cannot pay."

It was obvious that her words were not empty. There was something she had seen or something she knew that prompted this kind of response. Was there someone else I would want to heal? Was Christine or someone close to me going to get hurt? I stared at her trying to get a read on her but she was good at keeping her emotions at bay.

"Who is it?" I asked but she stayed silent. "Can't you at least just give me a hint?"

"If I tell you then it has to happen. The best I can give is a warning, Camilla, I hope you do right by it," she bowed. "I will be staying in a cottage just outside the town. I have a feeling I will be needed here more than you might think."

She walked away leaving both Ryker and I alone. I tried to speak to him but he cut me off by demanding I rested. I wanted to refuse but he handed me a glass of water. I drank it and immediately began to feel drowsy. It took me a minute to realize he had drugged me but before I could protest about it, I was out like a light.

I woke up a few hours later with the sun about to set. My headache was almost completely gone and I felt a lot better than before. The room was completely empty which I found a little weird but I managed to drag myself out of bed and into the bathroom. The bath was already full which I found suspicious but I was too tired to ask questions. I dipped into the tub and relaxed. The warm water hit all the right tendons leaving me a mess of bones inside.

I was so relaxed that I didn't realize when I started to drift off. It was a panicked shout that had me jerking up in the tub. Ryker poked his head into the bathroom and when he saw me, he let out an audible sigh of relief. I was so stunned that I

didn't realize what had just transpired.

"I thought something had happened to you," he admitted as he made his way over to me. "I left to find something for you to eat when you woke up and you were gone when I returned."

"I just felt filthy," I mumbled but the tension still didn't leave his shoulders. He helped me out of the tub, his eyes never once straying down to my body. He wrapped the robe around me and led me back to bed. "I need to get dressed though."

"We aren't leaving the room, don't worry," he assured me. He handed me a steaming tray of food and my stomach grumbled. I hadn't eaten since last night and my body was reminding me of the consequences of my decision. "How are you feeling?"

*"I should be asking you that."*

*He smiled. "You're the one that got hurt, Camilla. I see no reason why you should be inquiring about my own well being. I am fine, I am alive."*

*"Why did you drug me?" I asked and he stilled. There was no use beating about the bush, he had crossed a line by drugging me and he knew it.*

*"I'm sorry," he whispered. "I just needed you to rest and I knew you wouldn't unless you had to. You have risked so much of yourself already, I did the only thing I knew how."*

*His words were thick with self loathing and guilt. It was almost hard to hear.*

*"This isn't your fault," I said but he wouldn't look at me. "Ryker-"*

*"I asked you to heal her, I made this happen. Say whatever you might, but this was my fault."*