

The Rejected Luna

Chapter 71

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The girl without a wolf

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Jane's Stance

I was already out of bed before dawn, pacing the front yard and looking out for any sign of Vi.

I couldn't sleep well last night, I kept having nightmares of him getting killed by the Alpha King and never coming back to me.

My repeated nightmares got rid of whatever sleep I was to get last night. I staked out of the pack house, awaiting his return, praying hard to the moon goddess that she does me this huge favor by bringing Vishal back home to me, to us.

But when the sun rose high up in the sky and there was still no sign of him, I lost my cool. I was wailing and screaming out his name, I couldn't hold it in anymore. He was yet to return, and there was every chance that he might have been killed already.

And it wasn't just me who was worried and hysterical, Ella was too. Even Ray was having it as hard, but whatever agony they were feeling was nothing compared to the hell that had let loose in my heart.

If Vishal doesn't return to me anymore, then I'm surely gonna end my life with my own hands. A life without Vishal, I'd rather not live it. He was my air and the only reason I try so hard to be strong. With him gone, I'll be lost forever.

"Jane, please. Take it easy," Alpha Scott pleaded with me, as he crouched next to me, "Crying this much would only cause you more harm,"

But his words fell on deaf ears, and I didn't spare him a glance. How could I not cry when my mate was out there and I wasn't sure if he'll be returning to me or not? I had every reason to cry.

"He's still alive, Jane. I can still feel his link to the pack, so he's still alive," he reassured me repeatedly but that only made me feel worse.

If Vishal was still alive, then why isn't he coming back to us yet? Did he by chance suffer brain damage from his fight, and now, he has no memories of us?

If that's the case, then it's even worse than dying. Knowing Vishal was still alive somewhere but he has no memories of me would kill me slowly. Even the thought of it makes me shudder. I hope that's not the case.

Lost in my crying, I hadn't noticed the commotion earlier.

"What's happening?" I wasn't sure who asked the question, but it was that question that brought my mind back to reality.

We all stood alert waiting to know what all that noise was about. They were like screams of panic. I exchanged confused stares with Ella and she came to stand next to me, holding my hands firmly.

Soon, a few warriors came running in and they had a half-dead man in their arms. He was covered in blood and he looked pretty bashed in.

"Is that...Fuck, that's Vishal!" Ray yelled out, running out to go meet the warriors halfway. Scott followed him and so did Ella.

I was stuck in a spot, letting his words replay in my head. Vishal? My Vishal? That's him?

My eyes trailed over the half-dead man as they brought him closer to the front porch. I was trembling in fear as I took him in, how did he end up this bad?

"Someone get a doctor!" Scott yelled as they rushed him into the house.

"Jane," Ella came to hold me and that was when I broke down into massive tears. How did my Vishal end up like this? He looks almost dead like he was holding onto the last air.

Soon, I rushed into the house, desperately needing to talk to him. I need to remind him that he promised me that he'll be fine, so dying is never an option. He can't die on us, he can't.

He was placed in the room where I spent the night, and Scott kept trying to resuscitate him by applying pressure on his chest. The doctor was taking so long to get here and we were slowly losing him.

Soon, the doctor arrived and we were asked to head outside. I didn't stop crying and praying to the moon goddess that she spares his life.

The Doctor came out an hour later, and we rushed to him to know if he's gonna be alright. I hope he'll be.

"He'll be fine," the Doctor assured us, and we all let out sighs of relief, "he just needs hours of good rest,"

"And his wounds? Are they deep? Will he heal from them quickly?" I asked frantically.

"Yes, all he needs is a good run. He's lucky to have sustained the wounds in his wolf form. So yeah, like I said, have him shift into his wolf form and get a good run. His wounds will disappear," the Doctor said.

It was supposed to be a piece of good news, but we had mixed feelings about it. Yeah, shifting into our wolf form helps us heal quicker. But the shifting process comes with a very excruciating pain. Not every werewolf would wanna shift when injured, especially as bad as Vishal was. The deeper the injuries, the more painful the shifting process.

"Thanks, Doc," Ray shook hands with him and he left, "Now we have to convince Vishal to have the shift,"

"It's gonna be tough. He looks pretty bashed up," Scott sighed. "Still, let's give it a try,"

"After he's had enough rest, that is." Ray chirped in.

Two hours later, they headed inside to go get him, and Ella and I waited outside for them. Soon, they came out and he was with them. He had his arms around their shoulders and his feet barely touched the ground. He had all his weight on them.

"Vi," I whimpered, going over to him and cupping his face, "Please, I know how painful it's gonna be, but you have to do it, for us,"

"I know. Don't worry, I'll do it," he managed a smile but winced as his face stung from the bruises it had.

They guided him into the woods and out of our sight. We waited a while and then came his agonizing cries. It went on for a while and we didn't hear it again.

I giggled happily, knowing he has shifted into his wolf form. Thank you, Vishal. Thank you, thank you, thank you so much! I was overwhelmed, this has to be the happiest day of my life.

Soon, they were walking out of the woods engaged in a boyish banter. Vishal looked very much okay, free of the wounds and bruises, if you saw him now, you wouldn't believe he was almost not breathing hours ago.

They got to where we stood and I jumped into his arms excitedly, he held me close and spun me around like we were kids. I was giggling so loud I could be heard from a thousand miles.

"I missed you so much, babe," he cooed, wetting my neck with kisses, "God, you don't know I much I missed kissing you,"

"Me too," I mumbled, "I couldn't sleep, I was so worried. What happened to the Alpha King?"

"He's still out there. But his wolf left him in the middle of the fight so he's worthless now. He can't harm anyone even if he wanted to. He's as good as dead,"

In the werewolves' stories, when a wolf abandons his human, they become useless. They literally lose their mind and wander around aimlessly. They eventually become lunatics, and slowly they depreciate. The bottom line is, they become miserable forever.

"Thank goddess!" I squealed, kissing Vishal on the lips. He wrapped his arms around my waist, hugging me closer.

The Alpha King deserves such an ending for all the horrible things he did to us. I don't know if not feeling any bit of sympathy for him makes me a monster, but I hope you understand. It's hard to sympathize with a man who abused me countless times and almost had my mate killed. The only thing I was feeling right now was elated.

I held Vi tighter as we deepened the kiss, God, how much I missed this. His kisses, his caress, his warm sucks, his dick, the slow, deep way he fucks me. I missed them all.

"Get a room!" Scott yelled, and Vishal flipped him the bird, chuckling as he broke the kiss.

"How about we take this inside the room?" He grinned, swooping me up into his arms. My legs wrapped around his midriff and my arms were wrapped around his neck. My pussy got wet from excitement as we headed inside for a good fuck.

The next day, Vishal, Scott, and I returned to their pack, and I assumed my position as the mate of their Beta, Vishal.

Life wouldn't get easier, hell, it might get worse, but we had each other to lean on.

I'm a girl forged from pains, I was rejected, I didn't have a wolf, I got broken, I cried, I fell, and fell again.

But in all, I don't feel a bit of resentment because the universe compensated me by giving me the best mate ever. By giving me Vishal.