

Chapter 0012

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Genevieve:

"Ouch!" I screamed, trying to move my arm towards the front. But the pain was too much to bear. My elbow bone was sticking out, causing me to wince and cry out loudly.

"Dude! Are you a fucking monster?" Bellamy arrived and shoved Emre away from me, creating some space for himself to sit on the ground and examine my arm.

"Don't fucking touch me," I yelled, startling him with my sudden outburst.

"You guys told me to fight her," Emre explained before receiving harsher stares from the others.

"We didn't ask you to hurt her. You were supposed to defend yourself only, you dumbass, Mr. Muscles," Caspian hissed, attempting to touch my arm. I kept moving around to prevent any of them from touching me.

"Let us have a look," Bellamy grunted, but I shook my head even more aggressively this time.

"Don't touch me. It hurts when you touch," I cried out, crawling away from them and continuing to cry.

"But how are we going to help you if you won't show us your arm?" Caspian complained.

"This is madness. You guys are acting like I did it on purpose," Emre continued with his story.

I understood now that Emre wasn't at fault, but I was so furious at the moment that I didn't want any of these men to touch me.

"Dude, look at her. She's a weak, bratty princess. Did you really expect her to fight back?" Bellamy acted like he cared, but he also taunted me for being weak.

I didn't want their feigned concern or compliments.

As I continued to wince and crawl away from Caspian on the ground, I forgot about the looming presence of the giant standing behind me. The pain in my arm was all-consuming, and I couldn't think about anything else.

Bellamy got up to argue with Emre, who was constantly trying to defend himself. I watched as they bickered, their voices growing louder and angrier. But their argument was suddenly cut short when I felt a hand grab my broken arm.

"ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" My scream ripped through the air, and my body felt numb. The next thing I knew, I was dropping to the side lifelessly.

I let out a scream as Wolvin, the massive giant, pulled my arm towards him with a quick jerk. I could hear the bones in my arm grinding against each other as he tried to place them back into their proper position.

My body convulsed with pain as I felt the bones snap back into place. It was like a wave of agony was washing over me, and I could barely keep myself from passing out.

Wolvin let go of my arm, and I cradled it with my other hand.

"Fuck you, Wolvin!" Caspian yelled, instantly giving support to my body and holding me in his arms.

"I fixed it," Wolvin grunted.

"You could have been a little gentler with her, though," Bellamy's voice reached my ears.

"Gentleness doesn't always work," Wolvin excused himself.

"You two need to realize that this isn't the wild, and she isn't a wild animal. Ugh! Have you two never treated a woman before?" Caspian groaned.

I felt my body being carried in Caspian's arms and brought back to the living room, where he placed me in his lap and made me rest my head on his chest.

I was so lifeless that even moving a muscle seemed difficult for the time being.

"Tell me again, why is she in your arms?" Bellamy complained.

"Because, let's just be honest, I'm less scummy than the three of you here," Caspian replied in a sassy tone.

"Put her down," Emre demanded.

"Not the one who hit a poor woman," Caspian hissed. I could imagine them staring at him in disbelief.

"What is she wearing on her neck?" After a brief silence, Bellamy spoke, and my heart revived.

Even the mere mention of my pendant was enough to awaken me.

I jolted awake and struggled to be put down. Caspian had no choice but to sit me down on the side. His gaze was filled with concern.

"I have a crippled wolf," I blurted out without any hesitation, revealing the true identity of my wolf. Despite the stigma attached to her name, I refused to hide the bond that we shared. She was a part of me, and I loved her fiercely, regardless of what others thought of her.

It was only because of her own pain that I silenced her with the help of my pendant.

She couldn't bear the pain, so I gave her a gift of eternal sleep.

I missed her, but what could I do?

Four figures stood before me, blocking all the light. Emre, with a judgmental look on his face, was the first to speak.

"You don't have a wolf to heal you?" The question implied that they already knew something about me. I had lost everything I cared about, and the weight of that loss was evident on my face.

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