

4. Birth parents

Cassy pov

I inched. My head was throbbing painfully and I had no idea what was going on. The only thing I knew was, I was in pain and I didn't like it. Slowly, incoherent voices caught my attention and I realised that I was not alone. What was going on?

Groaning in pain, I turned my head to a side, hoping to reduce the pain I was in. But it was useless. However, as time passed by, the voices that I heard became clearer.

"She is waking up." I heard a soft female voice, unfamiliar to me.

"Yes." Another voice, equally soft and soothing.

Where was I? That was not my mom. Nor any of my besties. They sounded strange. Even their accent was foreign to me. They most certainly were not from our pack.

Still groaning, I tried to open my eyes, despite the pounding headache. However, my eyelids felt too heavy for me and it was hard to open them.

"Easy princess." The voice cooed. "You have hit your head brutally. Perhaps that is why you have lost consciousness." she said, kindly caressing my arm.

Huh? Hit my head? What had happened? I tried to scrutinize my memory, in an attempt to realise what was going on with me. I remember going to the annual bonre with my family and friends. And then..... I met Miles..... my mate. And then he rejected me. I recollected the painful moment he screamed those unbearable words at me. I was so disheartened that I had walked over to the cliff and tried to end my life then and there.

The fall!!! I must have hit my head when I fell! But..... doesn't it mean that I should be dead? A weak human like me shouldn't be alive after that. I was nearly a hundred per cent certain that I couldn't have survived that fall.

The throbbing in my head increased as I tried to think, making me groan. The memories of my last moments ooded back to me. It was as though I could still hear how he screamed at me.

I felt my heart sink at those painful memories. He had rejected me. In addition to that, he was cruel enough to say that I was better off dead. And he was right. I was better off dead.

I felt my tears lter through my eyelashes and roll from the corners of my eyes, dripping onto where I was lying. Slowly I gained enough strength to open my eyes. However, I quickly had to shut it because of the blinding bright light that forced me to squeeze my eyes shut. After letting my eyes adjust for some time, I looked around.

Everything was white. The sheets, curtains.... everything. The oor was tiled in pure white with golden owerly patterns on them, while the walls were whitewashed. It looked so.....pure and clean.

Perhaps I was dead. Maybe I am waking up in heaven. Who knew? My eyes landed on a slim young woman who was dressed in a pure white dress. I stared at her delicate beauty, dumbfounded. She had bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks. Her burgundy hair was tied up in a bun. But what perfected her beauty was the smile that decorated her soft pink lips. Another equally beautiful lady stood beside her, smiling just as brightly as her friend. What differentiated both of them was the facial features. Everything else was the same. With bright green eyes and light brown hair, she looked as though she was a runway model.

Wow. They looked just like angels. I gulped. Were they angels? Wondering, I stared at them for some time, until I gathered enough courage to clear my throat and speak.

"Am I dead?" I asked, in a shaky voice, wondering what I had done in my life to wake up in heaven.

The blue-eyed lady giggled in her soft, melodious voice. Wow. She even sounds like an angel. At least she didn't seem to be from this world.

"Princess. No. You are not dead. But we are so glad we found you." She replied, confusing me.

"Yes. You were lucky to be found at that time. If a lot of time had passed we might have lost you, princess." The green-eyed one added.

Why were they calling me princess and why in the world am I not dead yet? I had jumped off of a freaking cliff. I must be dead by now.

I wanted to ask so many questions, but the headache forbade me from doing so. Wincing in pain, I closed my eyes.

"Princess, your parents will be here soon. They had gone a little while back to attend to some important matters of the kingdom. We will be here with you until he returns." One of them said after pausing for some time. I was too disturbed by the headache that seemed to get worse to realise who had spoken at the moment. However, my eyes ung open. Okay. Now that is more than just weird. What kingdom?

"What? Lady, do you know that you don't make any sense..... At all?" I asked, trying to ignore the pounding headache to the best I could.

They giggled.

"I am sorry princess. I know I don't sound believable right now. But it is true. Your parents will be back soon." She repeated and the other agreed by nodding her head.

I let out a sigh and scrunched my nose. I was exhausted and in too much pain to deal with this.

"Fine. But let's get one thing straight. Number one, stop calling me princess. I hate that. Number two, what kingdom? My father was just a normal.....wolf." I blurted out.

"And number three. I don't have the energy to think right now. My head feels as if it might explode. So let me rest and then maybe we can talk." I stated.

Smiling like a heavenly angel, the green-eyed lady nodded and took something that looked like an injection.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Oh, this? This is some essence that would help you fall asleep for some time and accelerate your healing process." She explained.

Oh. That was ne I guess. But why was she speaking in a strange accent? She sounded like she belonged to a noble family or something like that.

"Who are you?" I asked after some time.

I held back a yawn, as I tried to look into her face when she replied, ghting against the drowsiness that kept overpowering me. Damn, whatever that essence was, it is damn effective.

"I am a royal healer, your highness," she replied.

"What?" I whisper-shouted, the drowsiness now winning over me. Royal healer! Holy s**t! Didn't they treat the royal lycans only?

I wanted to ask a lot of questions, but I was now too drowsy to do anything else except sleep.

Yes... sleep....my brain was shutting down.

"Damn!" I managed to let out a weak whisper right before I succumbed to the effects of the essence she injected.

Once again, I woke up in the strange white room. And this time, the two white ladies weren't anywhere to be seen. I noticed that the headache was now completely gone. I looked around and my heart skipped a beat when my eyes landed on a tall, buff man staring at me. Unlike the pure white robes the ladies wore, this man was wearing a black velvet coat over a white dress shirt. His jet black hair was neatly combed.

His deep brown eyes lit up when he saw that I had woken up and a wide smile spread across his thick lips. Gasping a little in excitement, he hurried towards the exit.

"Rita, hurry! Carina had woken up!" He called out, obviously exhilarated.

My eyes widened as I stared at the entrance. What the eff..... Carina? Who the hell was that? I kept staring at the doorway, silently watching who in the world was going to come through that door. Who was this Carina? And why were they so ecstatic to see me wake up?

"I am coming!"

I heard a female voice shout. Okay, so that must be Rita. Frowning, I kept my gaze xed at the entrance and my mouth dropped open when a lady stumbled inside....who looked.....just.....like me.

My confusion only increased. I was so stunned that I had forgotten how to form words. It was a good thing that I was lying on a bed, otherwise, I would have fallen in utter shock.

"Carina! My baby! You are back!" she was crying as she ran over to me, and grabbed my hand, kissing it over and over again.

What the hell!!!!!!

Dumbfounded, and my mouth wide open, I looked at the man, who was now clearly ghting against his unshed tears. He slowly walked over to me and put his arm around the female who was now crying hysterically.

"Hello, my dear daughter. I never thought that I would nd you after all these years." He whispered in a shaky voice.

Still, speechless and shocked beyond words, I gazed at the man and the woman. They were my birth parents????? Oh. My. God!!!!!!

"Carina.....say something." The woman whispered through her tears.

My mouth closed and opened a couple of times. Nonetheless, my tongue refused to form words for a long while.

"How....." I was nally able to stutter. I shook my head and inched, realising that my head was injured from that fall. But then, I gulped. I will have to face them, right?

"How do you know that I am your daughter? My parents....." I trailed off, thinking about the ones who I had known to be my parents.

But they were not my birth parents. I looked at the woman, who I felt that I was an exact carbon copy of, feeling that my question most probably was useless. With her fair complexion, emerald green eyes and white-blond hair, she looked like an older version of me.

"We knew you would ask that question," the man said. "We also needed proof. So we did the DNA testing."

"And?" my heart raced.

"You are our daughter, Princess Carina. The one that was stolen from us eighteen years ago." He explained in a solemn voice, handing me a rolled-up sheet of paper.

I took it from him and scanned through the results. 99% positive. They were my parents. With my heart hysteric and breathing heavily, I trembled as I glanced at the two, who were my real parents.

Once again, I felt speechless. Tears gathered in my eyes, which I desperately tried to blink away. This was overwhelming. Holding back a snie, I gulped.

"Why am I not dead? I jumped off the cliff." I croaked, still ghting against my tears.

They were taken aback by my revelation. Still, they were quick to cover it.

"You are a royal lyan honey. Why would you die that easily?" she whispered kindly, tucking away a loose strand of hair behind my ears.

Lycan? I stared wide-eyed at them. The tears that gathered in my eyes now threatened to roll out at any moment.

"But tell us, honey. Why would you jump off a cliff?" she asked, and then I could no longer hold back my tears.