

Alpha Luka And His Human Mate Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Victoria's pov

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!!" I shouted as I dived down, sliding on my chest just in time to catch his hand.

Those years of track in high school and college actually paid off, but I could already feel the bruise forming on my chest. I grabbed him with my other free hand after bracing myself so I didn't slide off the cliff with him. I groaned as we slipped a little, and I couldn't believe how heavy he was.

I peered over the cliff to see him unconscious, making him heavier and harder to hold. I realized that he must've hit his head when I grabbed his hand. I slowly pulled him up over the edge, ignoring the shock of pain that ran through my chest.

Yep, it's bruised.

After successfully pulling him on flat land, I laid beside him to catch my breath. I felt like I ran a marathon as my chest rose and fell rapidly. However, I didn't mind since I saved him. I took a glance at him, seeing how peaceful he looked in his unconscious state.

There was blood at the back of his head so I concluded that that's where he took the blow. If he had jumped instead of stepped off the cliff, maybe his head wouldn't have gotten hit.

But if he had jumped, maybe I wouldn't have caught him.

'Well what now?', I thought as I pushed myself up on my elbows so I could get a better look at him. I pondered on whether to take him to the hospital or not, but unlike any sane human being, I was skeptical about the idea.

After the little encounter I had with him, I think I knew that he wouldn't like that very much. And there wasn't anything major wrong with him physically, so it wouldn't be that necessary. I'm a nurse after all, so I could treat his head and send him off good as new.

Home it is then.

I spent almost half an hour just getting him to my car. It was not easy to carry a fully grown 200 pound man, and I tried as much as possible to avoid dragging him so he wouldn't get hurt and dirtier.

Imagine waking up to find his clothes gone in a stranger's house—definitely not appealing.

The journey home was somewhat heart wrenching as I thought about all the possible reasons why Luka would try to kill himself. He looked like one of those people who had everything together, but as they say, it's always the ones that seem like they have it all together who's hurting the most.

The effort to get him up the stairs was rendered pointless seeing that it was much harder than I thought it would be, so our guest had to settle for the couch.

I sat on the couch across from him just staring for about 20 minutes. My heart hurt for him when he shifted a little with a pained expression on his face. I had no idea what was happening in his life, but I oddly had an urge to erase it. I hated that I couldn't make it better in that moment—strange, since he was just a stranger.

I sighed deeply, realizing that it was getting late and exhaustion dawned on me. Guessing that he wouldn't be waking up anytime soon, I decided to take a shower and wash this horrible day off me.

The warm water beat against my back in a perfect massage, and I could feel all the tension, stress and pain slowly lifting. The shower was lovely, and I realized that it was exactly what I needed. I hopped out feeling very refreshed and much better than before as I dried my hair and mumbled a song. But as if the universe couldn't grant me peace, I heard a sudden loud crash downstairs, causing me to quickly make my way to see what had happened.

The sight in front of me had my mouth falling to the ground in utter shock. Luka was up and fuming, and I could literally see the steam radiating from him.

It seemed as if he remembered everything, and he was not happy about it. But I couldn't just make him die. Yes he's a stranger, but his life is valuable. All lives are.

My eyes drifted from him to my purple vase that was now shattered on the ground, causing my heart to clench at the sight.

Damn I loved that vase.

His head snapped to me with a deadly look on his face, and I shrunk back at the slight but effective movement. His eyes were dark as night and he looked as if he was about to kill me. I had to resist the urge to run.

"You" He growled in a venomous snarl as he pointed an accusing finger at him. "Why the hell did you save me!?" He shouted at the top of his voice, his body shaking vigorously. I stepped back even more into the wall as my heart rate picked up.

"Well?!"

I snapped my eyes to him, feeling a little irritated at the way he was talking to me. I understood completely that he was hurting and unhappy with life, but what kind of human being would I be if I watched him kill himself? I shook the fear away and sized up somewhat to him.

“Well I’m sorry for ruining your plans Luka but I couldn’t just stand there and watch you kill yourself!” I shouted back just as loud. My neighbours were probably awake and wondering what was happening. There was never noise coming from this house.

“Why the hell not Victoria? You don’t even know me!”

“Because that’s not moral Luka. I’m sorry but I just couldn’t let you go through with it when I’m standing right there” I pointed out, lowering my voice a little. I pleaded to him silently to understand my motive, since any living human with a good heart would’ve.

He sighed, closing his eyes for a bit as if trying to calm himself down. I relaxed when I saw his eyes back to normal as he opened them again. How did he even do that?

“If I wanted to be saved, I would’ve done it in a place with a lot of people” He croaked out softly as he looked away.

I felt guilt rush through me but quickly push it away. I did the right thing, I had to believe that. And I would do it again in a heartbeat, even if I don’t know him.

I sighed. “Luka..” I whispered, taking a hesitant step closer to him. I didn’t know how unstable he was, so I tried to be careful. I didn’t know what exactly to say to him, so I was stuck at ‘Luka’.

He looked towards me at the sound of my voice, and his eyes roamed down my body widely as if just noticing what I was wearing. I subconsciously glanced down too, seeing I was only in my towel from my shower earlier. I held onto it tighter as if it would betray me and fall any moment.

“I’m gonna go put some clothes on. You can sit on the couch while you wait, I won’t be more than five minutes. I left a glass of water on the...” I stopped abruptly as I saw that the glass was no longer there, but on the floor with my vase. “On second thought, I’ll get you some when I get back.”

I saw a small smile playing on his lips as he scratched the back of his neck awkwardly. “Uh yea sorry about that. I lose control sometimes” I flashed him a smile, letting him know it was okay and made my way to my room to get my clothes.

My mind soared with endless ways of how I could possibly help him. Can I even help him? It took me so long to even get a hold of myself over the years, not to mention helping a complete stranger.

It broke my heart to think that he wasn't content with life. I could see so much potential in him by just looking at him. It's wrong to let it just be stripped away from earth like that. After all, you can't kill purpose.

Making my way back down stairs, I saw Luka picking up shattered glass pieces from the vase that was broken. I smiled at the small doing, seeing that he wasn't a bad person at all.

"I picked up most of the pieces, since I was the one that broke it" He muttered lowly with the cutest guilty look on his face while looking away slightly.

I casually waved it off, silently telling him that it was okay as I walked over to the couch where I gestured for him to join me.

"So why do you want to kill your self?" I asked, getting right to the point. I internally slapped myself for coming out like that, and even he looked slightly taken aback, before his expression turned cold. He pursed his lips and looked anywhere but me.

"Why would I tell you that? All I know about you is that your name is Victoria and you kidnap strangers who try to jump off cliffs" He muttered, meeting my gaze with a 'matter of fact' look. I sighed, realizing that this would be harder than I first intended.

"Well my name is Victoria Deslandes. I'm a 21 year old nurse at Newsome Hospital. I live alone and I have a cat. Now, would you be comfortable trying to talk about it?" He looked at me, then blinked a couple times. In a second he was doubling over in laughter as if someone had just told him the funniest joke in the world. It was so contagious that I couldn't help but smile too. It was beautiful.

His laughter died down after a while, after which he looked at me as if I had grown another head. "Do you really think I'm gonna open up and pour out my soul to you?"

I sighed as I saw that this wouldn't go as planned. I was tired too, so I decided to simply call it a night. I got up with a yawn as I gently held onto his forearm, trying to get him up the stairs.

"Um what are you doing?" he asked in a serious tone. I simply nodded towards the stairs with an innocent smile on my face.

"Oh no no no no Victoria. I'm sorry but I'm not like that" he quickly yanked his hand away, sounding a little pissed off.

I scrunched my face up in confusion. I was just being hospitable since there was no way I was making him go home now at 11 in the night while he might have a concussion.

'I'll never understand men,' I thought while shaking my head.

Men...

Oooooohhhh.... Oh shit!

Realization hit me and my eyes widened in horror.

“Oh no no Luka! I wasn’t trying to sleep with you” I laughed awkwardly. ” I’m just offering you a room to stay till morning since you might have a concussion and it’s late in the night”

“Oh” He looked slightly embarrassed at his accusation but I simply waved it off.

Speaking of his head.

“Let me take a look at your head. I can assess the damage and see how major it is” I took a step closer to him and attempted to check the wound, but he jumped back quickly.

“No need for that. My head feels completely fine” He rushed out in sort of a panicked way. I smiled slightly at his reaction, concluding that he might be one of those people who were afraid of doctors.

“No, I insist. What kind of nurse would I be if I didn’t at least check?” I quickly grabbed him and turned him around abruptly, surprising him with my strength.

To my utmost and terrified surprise, his head had no opening, bust or even scratch. Only thing that made me know I wasn’t hallucinating was the dried blood matted in his hair. How is that even possible?

“How did you-“

“I think I’m ready for bed now. Thank you for your hospitality and concern. You’re really a nice person Victoria” He rambled out quickly, cutting me off mid sentence. I simply nodded slowly and made my way up the stairs with him on my tail since I was exhausted anyway.

Something was up with this guy– I could feel it. Knowing my curious mindset, I wouldn’t stop until I found out what it is. I’m not even sure if I wanted to find out, but for some strange reason, I fancy him.

Or maybe I’m just delusional and horny. Yea that’s it.

I pushed the door to my bedroom after I decided to let him stay there tonight, since the other bedrooms belonged to my parents and my aunt and nobody went into them but me. He could’ve stayed in the guest room, but it was currently my personal storage

room. Once inside, I mentally applauded myself for being a tidy person. Imagine how embarrassing it would've been if my room was a mess?

"Is this your room? Your scent is everywhere in here" He asked as we entered.

"Uh yea this is my room. I'll be staying in the room down the hall if you need anything and I'll bring you some water, painkillers and a snack before I go to bed"

He smiled a genuine smile and opened his mouth to say something, but I cut him off by talking first. "What did you mean by my scent is everywhere in here? I don't wear perfume" I didn't miss how he stiffened at my words.

"I-uh-you smell like soap" He stuttered, avoiding eye contact.

"Riiiiight..... So do you have anybody to call to tell them you won't be coming home tonight? I looked for your phone when you were sleeping and I couldn't find one"

"Shit" He muttered. "It must've fallen off the cliff. Caleb is gonna kill me for real this time. Can I use your phone?" He looked genuinely scared and I had to try really hard to mask my amusement.

"Just give me the number and I'll call them for you. You need to rest after the day you've had"

"Thank you Victoria. For everything since I got here"

"Well it's the least I can do after stopping your suicide mission" I laughed but he looked unamused.

"Too soon? Yea okay I'll just go then" He nodded as I made my way towards the door.

Looking around one last time to ensure there were no sharp objects or ropes, I exited, leaving the door slightly open so I wouldn't wake him if he was asleep before I brought his water.

I dialed this Caleb guy's number and he picked up after the first ring. Someone's worried.

"Hello?" A gruff voice laced with worry answered through the phone.

"Hey Caleb, my name is Victoria. I have your friend." □□□□□□□□