

Chapter 3

So Willow had been reborn too.

No wonder, in our previous lives, she and Ryan had no connection on the surface, yet in this life, they were openly engaging in the kinds of intimate actions only couples would dare to. It seemed they had already confirmed their shared rebirth and were determined to use this opportunity to rekindle the unfinished bond from their past lives.

Lowering my gaze, I thought of the memories from my past life.

Back then, I had married Ryan with a heart full of joy, naively believing I had found my happiness.

Because of our union, Ryan's pack, Silver Claws, had attracted countless allies from outside packs, forging powerful alliances. I had stayed by Ryan's side, assisting him in securing numerous business deals. Under our efforts, Silver Claws quickly rose to become the wealthiest wolf clan.

The elders of Silver Claws had praised me as a blessing to their family, treating me with exceptional care. Yet, I remained blissfully unaware of the truths lurking in the shadows.

It wasn't until much later that I discovered the unspeakable secret between Ryan and Willow.

This time, I wouldn't make the same mistake.

That day, my mother came to my room to inform me that Lucas Trivett would return from abroad in seven days.

The news caught me off guard. In my previous life, Lucas, Ryan's uncle, had remained a lifelong bachelor. I had assumed he would make the same choice in this life.

But here we were, our marriage progressing smoothly.

I only remembered Lucas as a dependable older brother figure. Despite his age, he exuded a calm presence that always put me at ease. Marrying him would provide me with a sense of belonging that no one else could.

The next morning, I headed to my dessert studio bright and early to begin taste-testing and designing the flavors and style of my wedding cake.

Since college, I had been working on turning my dream of owning a dessert studio into a reality. In my past life, Ryan had always been dismissive of my desserts, going as far as to say my aspirations were "unworthy of the future wife of a wolf pack leader". To appease him, I had abandoned my passion—even buying a generic wedding cake instead of crafting one myself.

This time, I was determined to design the perfect wedding cake, one that truly reflected my vision.

A few days later, I sent a fresh batch of honey cakes shaped like crescent moons to the kitchen's cold storage. Shortly after, I inadvertently stumbled across Willow's social media post.

In the photo, she was sitting on one of the counters in my dessert studio, holding a plate of my Moon Goddess cakes. The cake was a mess—its shape distorted, its cream smudged carelessly.

Smiling brightly, she leaned against Ryan, her face radiating smugness.

The caption read, [Ryan rented out Alice's dessert shop for me. The Moon Goddess cakes are so sweet! It's such a blessing to be spoiled like this!]

Rage surged through me.

Those cakes were the culmination of days of meticulous effort, designed as the signature dessert for my wedding. Now, it had been desecrated and turned into a cheap prop for their flaunting.

I stormed into the dessert shop, only to find Willow smearing cream across her upper body. She pressed herself against Ryan in a scandalous display. Their intimacy was so brazen, it made my stomach churn.

She deliberately swayed her cream-covered body in front of Ryan, giggling as she fed him bits of cake from it.

"Those cakes were meant for my wedding!" I snapped, my voice cold and sharp. "What right do you have to touch them, let alone ruin them like this?"

Willow turned toward me, momentarily startled, but quickly replaced her shock with a pitiful expression. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she whimpered. "Ryan, did I do something wrong? Why is Alice so upset?"

Ryan stepped in front of her protectively, his gaze filled with irritation.

"Alice, it's just a cake," he sneered. "You'll make new ones anyway. What's the harm in letting Willow try some?"

Then, with a mocking glance, he added, "Besides, it's not like the design or flavor is that impressive. Your skills are still nowhere near a professional bakery. You should be honored that Willow likes it."

His audacity left me speechless. Not only did he disregard my hard work, but he even had the nerve to ridicule me.

My eyes scanned the room until they landed on a spatula on the counter. Without hesitation, I grabbed it and scraped off every bit of cream from Willow's body. Then, I threw every cake she had touched into the trash.

"Ryan, if you obviously don't care, then watch closely," I said with a bitter laugh. "I won't keep anything that's been tainted—and that includes people."

A heavy silence fell over the shop. Ryan's expression froze, clearly stunned by my decisiveness.

"Alice!" he roared, reaching out to grab me.

But before he could, Willow let out a pitiful cry. "Ryan... I think she cut my skin... It hurts so much..."

She clung weakly to his arm, whispering, "But don't worry about me. Go comfort Alice instead... It's all my fault anyway..."

Ryan hesitated for a moment before turning back to me, his eyes now burning with anger.

"Don't bother with her!" he snapped coldly. "Jealous, spiteful women like her need to learn to reflect on their behavior."

I didn't spare him another glance as I turned and walked away.

This was just the beginning.