

Chapter 7: The MysteriousVoice

Eden’s POV

“Lycans?” The auction house broke out into exclamations.

“Is it true? Are they Lycans?” Everyone whispered, wide-eyed at the thought. Anxiety and confusion rippled through the room.

But then, the man at the table calmly took off his coat. Everyone watched as he hung it on the back of his chair, revealing a crisp white shirt and navy suit vest. He strode to the stage, letting loose a powerful Lycan aura. His air of nobility was palpable. His aura emanated from him and spread out through the room, passing over everyone, one at a time, and as it did, each person felt like they had been hit by an invisible force. Then his aura settled over them, like a heavy blanket. They were powerless under the suffocating pressure of the Lycan’s aura.

I watched him, transfixed, as his aura hit me. It was like a lightning bolt straight to my heart. My heart raced and I began to breathe quickly. I couldn’t take my eyes off him, even though I knew that making eye contact and staring at him like this could get me killed.

The room was full of fear and curiosity. Who was this mysterious man? But no one could speak; they were all under his spell. Or intimidated.

“Your Majesty,” his beta said, waiting for further instruction.

“Go on,” the man said to Ansaldo.

The beta released Ansaldo. He immediately collapsed to the ground. "Yo...your Majesty..." he uttered in disbelief, his lips trembling. "You...you're the Lycan King!"

What? Was that true? This mysterious man was the Lycan King?!

“So the rumors are true! The Lycan King’s really back!”

“But that’s not possible! The Lycan King's been gone for over a hundred years!”

“I thought he was just a legend?”

“No. My grandpa saw him once. Or so he claimed.”

“But he looks so young! How can he be more than a hundred years old?”

Whispers rippled through the crowd. Everyone was astounded.

“Quiet,” the Lycan King said casually. His voice wasn’t overly loud, but it held a natural authority that demanded obedience. In the face of the Lycan King’s absolute power, others were like newborn babies, compelled to follow him. Everyone fell silent without realizing it. Then, one by one, they bowed in respect.

“Apologize to her.” It was the unmistakable voice of the Lycan King.

To me? He wanted an Alpha to apologize to me? In front of all these people? I was as shocked as the crowd.

It wasn’t that long ago that I’d been forced to apologize to Scarlett. And now here I was, being apologized to? By an alpha none-the-less? I never thought anyone would do that for me, or that someone would ever defend me like this.

Alpha Ansaldo had no choice but to obey. He turned to me, his look humble and embarrassed. He lowered his head. His voice was shaky as he uttered his apology.

“I, I apologize,” he stuttered.

It was humiliating for him! A public apology to a wolfless rogue? Then all eyes were on me. They were waiting for me to accept his apology. I furrowed my brows, apprehensive. But then I made eye-contact with the Lycan King, and I saw a flash of kindness in his eyes.

He was forcing a powerful alpha to apologize, in front of a room filled with other powerful alphas. I didn’t know what I had done to deserve such kindness from the Lycan King, but I knew I had to accept.

I nodded in acceptance of the apology. The room fell silent.

Then the Lycan King approached the cage. He rattled it and the whole cage shook. I almost lost my footing. He pushed on the door, the noise echoing through the room. I recoiled. His strength was evident as forced the door open.

I cowered, afraid of this mysterious man and what he might do to me. But he calmly reached out his hand to me. A faint smell hit me then. White pine and amber. Although it was faint, it was intoxicating.

I had never smelled something so delicious in all my life. It wafted through the air as I took it in. I hesitated, but again, I saw the flash of kindness in his eyes. I reached out and placed my hand in his.

And then I felt a surge from within. It was warm and electrifying as it ran through my body. I could feel it, coursing through my blood. My head lolled back as this unfamiliar feeling lit up every nerve ending in my body. I felt like I was going to fall, so I gripped his hand. He gripped mine back. My grip was firm, much firmer than usual. I snapped my head back and stared at our hands, wide-eyed.

He tugged me towards him.

“Come, Cookie,” he whispered, a half-smile on his face. I walked towards him, bracing myself for the pain in my bruised ribs. But the pain was gone!

I blinked. My eyesight felt clearer. My eyesight had never been bad, but it had never been this good. All my senses were on high alert; the edges of everything looked sharper. And again, there was that scent – white pine and amber.

‘Eden...’

A gentle, ethereal voice echoed in my mind, accompanied by a strange and pure energy that flowed through my entire body, stirring my soul.

Who is calling me?