

8 | Spasms

We were both staring at my hand. It squeezed his bottom tight, fingers digging into his flesh through the thick fabric. I tried removing it, but I found it impossible. In fact, I had zero control over it!

What the actual hell?!

I tried to yank it away, but it was grasping him for the love of it, and an evil chuckle sounded in my head, "Poor you, you were so close!"

I was, wasn't I? A part of me wanted to cry. I was so close to having him out of my life for good! And now Ruhn stared at me as if I had committed a crime against the whole Royal House.

"How should I read this?" He raised his brow at me, and I gulped, trying to help myself with my other hand. By now, I was desperate.

"It's-- not what you think!" I insisted, panicking.

"Are you sure?!" Surprisingly, Ruhn didn't move. I would expect him to tear my arm off by that point. I was pretty sure there was a scene similar to this in the book. He didn't like to be touched by strangers. Especially the ones he despised! Oh, God!

"It's a spasm!" I almost yelled at him the first thing that came to my mind, and he frowned at me, clearly not buying it.

"Do you take me for a fool?" He growled menacingly, and I felt a shiver go down my spine.

"Of course not!" I tried to retrieve my unfortunate limb unsuccessfully. "It's a-- condition we have."

"Never heard of such a condition!" Ruhn cut me off but still didn't do anything.

"My family tries to keep that a secret. Just give me a sec, and I will x it!" I bit my lip nervously and dropped to my knees. I was going to take my hand off his butt, even if I would have to saw it off personally. I started working on each finger separately, unclenching them one by one. I could do this! This was easy!

Finally, the fingers were off the Lycan Prince's behind, and although one of my hands tried to claw the skin off my other hand, I was safe now. Probably.

The claws on my rebellious hand elongated, and this couldn't mean anything good.

"You aren't getting away this easy!" the voice in my head hissed.

"Will you stop?!" A snarl escaped me, followed by a loud growl that almost made the walls shake.

"Onyx Tynan!" Ruhn's eyes ached red. "Would you quit this circus show? You aren't that good of an actress."

"It's not a show!" I protested as my arm finally stopped trying to kill me, and I raised my eyes at the prince. He turned to face me, and although his face told otherwise, he was definitely very happy to see me. Memories ached through my mind at the sight of his prominent "happiness", and I gulped uncontrollably, which only made him emerge a low dark growl.

"Onyx," he exhaled heavily, and I locked my eyes on him, not knowing how to apologise now. At least I was already on my knees, so I was one step in the right direction.

"What is going on here?" I heard the voice of my fake father and inched. Conrad and Cesarre appeared behind Ruhn's back, but their eyes were now glued to me.

"Sis, at least get a room!" My sibling winked at me.

"So, was that it?" The Prince smirked, his words laced with bitterness. "You catch us in the act, and I can't get rid of your daughter?" He glared at me and then at Conrad. I quickly got back to my feet, feeling the blood rushing to my cheeks. I thought that nothing would ever be more humiliating than my recent walk of shame, but it turned out I was wrong! Things could always take a turn for the worst.

"No, no!" I shook my head so hard it started to hurt. "I told you, it's just a spasm! This condition of mine--"

"Condition?" Conrad's eyes widened. "So soon?"

Crap. Tell me he wasn't thinking that we were talking about pregnancy. Please!

"No, no, father!" I shook my head. Gosh, it was hard to have so many people nearby who could potentially kill me. But Conrad would prefer to sell me first, so Ruhn was, for now, the most dangerous one in the room to me, and I had to appease and calm him down first. "I mean the condition I have had for so long. The one with the spasms. Those really bad, horrible spasms that--"

"Nonsense!" Father of The Year interrupted me. "My daughter is one hundred per cent healthy and has no conditions!"

That. Idiot. Couldn't he take a hint?

Ruhn's lips twitched. For a second there, I thought that it was a smile. Why would he smile, though? Did he imagine how he would kill me already?

"Daddy, there is no reason to hide it!" I tried to save the situation. "Alpha already knows. The genie is out of the bottle."

Conrad ached me a scowl, and I swallowed the lump that formed in my throat.

"I don't see why you try to hide," Cesarre interfered, surprising me. "That condition isn't a big deal. So, she has convulsions sometimes--"

"Spasms!" I corrected, jabbing him with my elbow.

"Spasms!" My brother repeated with a very serious face. "They don't affect her life much. She just has to be careful when swimming, that's all."

"Right!" I nodded, and Cesarre wrapped his hand around me, pretending to be the good big brother that he was not. But the rascal was having fun and decided to go with the owl, which was just the help I needed right now. So, I was going to take it. Conrad clenched his lips so tight they formed a thin line but didn't contradict us. And I had to give it to Ruhn. He still hadn't exploded and managed to keep his face straight through the whole thing.

"Goodbye, Tynans!" He turned to leave, and Conrad stepped away to give him the way.

"It was a pleasure to see you in our house, Alpha Brynmorr. I hope there will be more surprises like this in the future. I am sure it will make my daughter very happy."

Ruhn huffed at the statement but didn't say a word as he left the mansion. I, however, knew that it wasn't the time to relax. Conrad's eyes glowed menacingly with purple light.

"What the hell was that now?" he demanded, taking a step in my and Cesarre's direction. "What was that rubbish about spasms and conditions? No Alpha would marry a sick Luna! What were you thinking?"

"I was acting according to the situation," I muttered. "I had to think fast."

"Think? No one asks you to think!" Conrad scoffed and raised a hand to slap me. "Your task is to stay silent and pretty and to give us a royal baby! But you had to turn it into a circus!"

I sighed and lowered my head in the hope of calming him down.

"But didn't it go well?" Cesarre let go of me and stepped away, stretching his arms and back as if his muscles were stiff. "I mean, I'd never expected Ruhn to visit us personally after he threw her out. That man never goes to any kind of length to see his women. The few he had, that is."

"True," Conrad went to the bar section of the living room and poured himself a drink. "It was a good sign that he was here. What did you talk about?"

"He brought my clutch. I left it the last time we saw each other." I felt so cold and lonely in this room as the two of them observed me. It felt like an interrogation and not a family chat. I didn't even know if it was okay for me to sit down.

"Did you leave it there on purpose?" Conrad gave me a stern cautious gaze.

No, I didn't.

"Yes, Dad." I looked him in the eye and forced a smile. If I wanted to survive here, it was best to start playing the game as soon as I could. The Tynan family did not appreciate kindness, emotions and affection. They valued sharp intelligence, manipulative skills, and the desire to reach their goal, even if they had to sacrifice other people in the process. They were the villains, and they wanted to place one with their blood on the throne. This was their game, and if I wanted not to be killed, I had to pretend it was my goal too.

The fake father studied my face carefully, and I held his gaze without blinking. Strong, I had to be strong here. Even if I wasn't.

Fake it until you make it. That was the saying, wasn't it? So, I was going to do just that. I'd be the perfect Tynan daughter, even if I had my own agenda. I would survive and leave this place. Leave this family, the Crown Prince, Zion Valore, and his damn owl behind me.

"There was a slim chance that he would bring it personally, but I got lucky," I said confidently, and Conrad looked at me as if he had seen me for the first time. "To be honest, I simply hoped that he would return it to me and I would be able to approach him later to thank him for it. But as Cesarre pointed out, it turned out much better than this. I guess everything I did - worked."

"And what did you do exactly?" Conrad gulped the whole glass of what looked like whiskey in one go. I couldn't tell if he was happy with me or angry.

"I realised something about Ruhn," I was getting bold, radiating fake confidence. "He doesn't like women who cling to him, so there is no point in doing that. Instead, if I ignored him, he would come to me himself."

"That doesn't sound like a good plan to me," Fake Father growled, not impressed by my idea and ruining my perfect plan at the same time. "People need to see you together, and for you ignore him, they will not. At the same time, there is no guarantee that he will come for you again. It didn't look like he was happy when he left today."

"That's because you interrupted us," I dared to say, and he ached me a warning glare.

"Don't forget yourself, Onyx!" he grunted.

"I'm sorry," I tried to bounce back, "it's just that I feel that I'm on the right path here, and I think I know what to do next."

"What would that be?" Cesarre interjected, leaning over one of the marble columns.

"I should miss the Moon Goddess Gala," I stated bluntly, and they both stared at me as if I was mad.

"Out of the question!" Conrad broke the rest of my hopes into tiny little pieces. "Zion is going to be at the Gala. Other eligible bachelors too. And we all need to be there to represent our family in its full glory. No one is missing the event!"

No, no, no. I couldn't go there after I told Ruhn that I would not be attending. The risk of him killing me would increase again because I would look like a complete liar. I had to try and get this.

"It will ruin all my progress!" I clenched my fists. "There will be other opportunities to meet--"

I didn't get to finish my sentence as the head of the Tynan family was right next to me in an instant, grasping my throat tightly and about to lift me up in the air. What did I do? I should have kept my mouth shut! Now he will do this for me...

One of the main windows burst open, and an owl flew in, screeching and trying to attack my father. The bird clawed his arm that held me around my neck, which made him unclench his fingers and release me.

I remembered the owl's name and tried to get his attention as he tried to poke Conrad's eyes out. Although maybe I should have let him.

"Fillin!" I called him, but he ignored me and kept attacking, so I yelled louder, "FILLIN!"

That made the little demon bring his attention back to me. I could swear his eyes widened.

And I realised that I wasn't supposed to know his name.

I just gave myself away to the demon owl.

NOTE: How would you call this chapter?

Please, consider giving your Moon Tickets to this book. It helps it a lot to be visible. It's currently on the first page, and it's something a new book almost never can get.