

# Kidnapped And Rejected

## Chapter 151 - 200

Chapter 151

It is not your damn business, OK?"

Wendy snarled **with** an eye roll.

"The rule is there for a reason. You just follow the rules. And stop asking silly questions."

She took one more critical look at Janet and let out a snort, "Let me go fetch you a maid's uniform. You can't wear your current clothes."

Wendy left the room, grumbling some complaints.

Janet's gaze fell back on that piece of paper, focusing on the last line.

The West corridor on the – floor.

Lance was the owner of this castle. It must have been he who made this rule.

So what was in the west corridor on the -4 floor that he didn't want people to see?

Whatever it was, **it must** be something important to Lance.

She remembered that location at heart and decided to check it out sometimes.

Wendy returned shortly after with a maid uniform.

"Put this on." she tossed the clothes on the floor and demanded.

The texture of that uniform was very raw, and it felt itchy against the skin.

Janet moved around uncomfortably in the clothes and scratched the back of her neck

Wendy noticed that and let out a sarcastic snort, "The lowly servant's clothes don't suite you, my lady? Too bad but it is the only thing you are going to wear from now on... Wait a second!"

Her eyes caught something that just fell out of Janet's collar.

“What is that?” she gasped, astonished.

“A golden locket,” Janet said flatly.

It was a gift from Casper.

He gave this to her before she went to the Riverside Pack for the training.

Wendy gulped. A hint of greed flickered across her eyes.

“Y–You can’t wear this in the palace. It is against the rule!”

Wendy stuck out a hand, her palm facing up.

“I am confiscating it now.

Janet sneered, “What rule? I didn’t see such a rule on the wall.”

“I–It is a convention! The maids are not supposed to wear expensive jewelry in front of the masters. Give it to me!”

She reached over to snatch the golden locket from Janet.

Yet Janet caught her hand hastily.

“It is mine,” Janet looked down at her icily.

Wendy’s lips trembled. A fearful look appeared on her face.

Janet’s iron grip was hurting her wrist... This woman was so powerful and strong!

No wonder that she could become the Gamma.

“Are we going to have a problem?” Janet asked.

“No...No. I am sorry.” Wendy stuttered.

Janet slapped her hand away, “OK so now I am dressed. What is next?”

“Now we are going to have dinner and then I will assign you a room...This way.” They left the office walked down the hallway and got to the dining hall.

This underground dining hall was a thousand times shabbier than the one upstairs where the masters ate.

Because it was underground and there were no windows, the entire room was dark and dingy.

The floor, the chairs, and the table...everything seemed so dirty and sticky.

There was a thick layer of dirt and grease on the table surface as though it hadn't been washed in decades.

Janet grabbed a tray and joined the line of maids taking food.

She could feel hostile glares coming from all directions. But she ignored all of them. When it was her turn, the chef stared at her for a few seconds and then pushed a bowl of soup across the counter.

Janet frowned.

But she clearly saw the others have cold slices of sandwich for dinner.

"What! Do you have a problem?" the chef howled, "Starve if you don't like the soup!"

Janet looked down at the soup.

She could tell that it tasted horribly just by looking at it.

Eventually, she said nothing took that bowl of soup, and walked away.

She heard some nasty jeers behind her back.

Of course, no one would sit her during dinner. So she found a corner and sat down, taking a sip of her soup.

She almost spat it out instantly.

The soup tasted like rotten eggs mixed with dirt. And she would not be surprised if there was the chef's spit in the soup.

Janet took a deep breath and pushed the bowl away.

She would definitely get sick **if** she had this. A stomachache would make her first day tomorrow even worse.

Wendy came up to her after dinner.

She took a look at Janet's untouched bowl of soup and giggled, "You don't like your

meal?”

“You mean a bucket of slop?” Janet said coldly.

“Watch your tongue!” Wendy warned, “You are lucky enough that we feed you. If you want to starve yourself, fine. Just don’t pass out tomorrow in front of the maters.”

With that said, she tossed Janet a room key.

“The key to your room. The room number is b13. Tomorrow’s gathering time is 5:00 a.m. Don’t fucking be late.”

Wendy walked away.

Janet didn’t want to stay in the dining hall and faced her disgusting bowl of soup. So she pushed the chair away and left the room, going to find her room.

But she couldn’t find the room b13.

She searched the entire basement, from East to West. Yet there was no room b13. She tried to stop someone in the hallway and asked them where this room was.

But nobody would talk to her.

Everyone just strode right past her as though she didn’t exist.

She wandered around for nearly an hour. All the maids and servants had finished. dinner and went back to their separate rooms.

Eventually, before the light in the hallway went out, Janet found where room b13 was.

But it was not exactly a room, more like a utility closet where they kept the mops, located right next to the public toilet.

There was a small, handwritten sign on the door which said “b13.” And Janet **was** pretty sure that the sign wasn’t there before today.

No wonder she missed it earlier.

She opened the door with her key and found that the closet was even smaller than she thought.

The space was not even enough for a grownup to lie flat.

And there was no bed. Just a patched, crumpled, dirty blanket tossed on the floor.

Janet picked it up.

The blanket was still wet, and it smelt horribly. As though someone just used it to mop the toilet floor.

Janet's chest rose in rage.

She grabbed the blanket and turned around, hurrying down the hallway.

She found Wendy's dorm and banged on the door with her fist.

"Come out!" she snarled.

The door opened a crack after a few seconds and Wendy stared at her warily through the crack

"You shouldn't wander **around** in the hallway It is hadtime already

Janet showed her the blanket, "This is all I find in my so-called room. Where is my bed?"

Wendy replied with a nervous smile, "We don't have any extra beds. Get used to it alright? I am going to sleep now. Don't come and knock again."

She was about to close the door. But Janet held the door panel and stopped her.

"I won't look for troubles. But I certainly will not let the others bully me." Janet said in a freezing voice. "Find me a proper room with a decent bed. Or, I am taking your room instead."

Wendy quivered for a brief moment and then snarled, "I am your fucking supervisor! Learn about your place! You are not a lady anymore! Fuck!"

Janet grabbed her collar and pulled her out of the room.

"That is right. I am not a lady." Janet stared straight into her fearful eyes. "A lady doesn't punch people. But I will."

Wendy shivered even more violently. And then she suddenly started screaming:

"-Help! Help! The crazy bitch is attacking me! Somebody help!!!"

Doors flew open in the hallway and a lot of maids stuck their heads out to look.

When they found that Janet had Wendy's collar in her hand, they all rushed out screaming and came at Janet.

Someone pulled Janet's hair. And another one scratched her face.

Janet gritted her teeth in frustration.

She could easily take down all those women if she wanted to. But she didn't want to harm any of these girls and certainly didn't want to turn this into a dogfight.

Right at this very moment, a husky voice came from the end of the hallway: "Wow. What is going on here?"

All the girls jerked around simultaneously.

A tall and muscular figure was leaning against the wall with a smile on his lips. His golden hair was as bright as the sunshine even u

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## Chapter 152

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Westin was the last person Janet expected to see here.

This was the maid's dormitory, restricted to men. The guard's rooms were on the other side of the building.

Westin shouldn't have the access.

Yet nobody here was top panicked to see a man enter their dorm. Instead, all maids seemed pretty excited to see Westin.

"Westin!"

One maid cried and hurried to welcome Westin, wrapping her arm around Westin's, "What are you doing here? Are you here to play poker with us tonight?"

Before Westin could answer, two more maids rushed over slapped the first maid's hand away, and yelled:

"Gill! You stick at poker! Westin, you should not let her play with us this time."

"Yeah, she is such a bad player. Westin, come over to my room. I just bought a new bottle of Bourbon, your favorite kind."

The first maid named Gill blushed with embarrassment.

She snapped, "The Bourbon you bought is the cheapest kind you can find in a liquor store! Westin doesn't drink her wine. It will hurt your tongue. Come and hang out with me. You said that you liked playing poker with me, didn't you? Tell them, Westin!"

Janet watched this bunch of women fight over Westin with a raised eyebrow.

It sounded like Westin often came to the maid's dorm during the night and hung out with them.

He made all the girls go crazy for him.

What a womanizer.

Just then, Wendy cleared her throat, silencing all yells and yammers.

"What the hell are you doing?" she said sternly to those maids, "There is a curfew! And you are all getting up early to serve the masters tomorrow. Have you all lost your mind?"

Gill and the other maids pouted and lowered their heads.

Wendy then turned to Westin and a smile appeared on her lips again, "Westin, but if you would like to kill some time before bedtime. We can talk over a nice bottle of wine in my room..."

Janet let out a loud, sarcastic laugh.

"What the hell are you laughing about!" Wendy glared at her.

Janet shrugged, "You didn't allow the other girls to hang out with Westin, but you can do it yourself. I am just laughing at the double standard."

Wendy's face turned tomato red.

"I am the supervisor!" Wendy yelled, "I am just–We are going to discuss some serious matters–"

"What serious matter? Oh, like when can I get a decent room with a proper bed?"

"You whiny little bitch–"

Westin raised a hand and interrupted their quarrel, "Wendy, I appreciate your offer. But I am not here to chat with you or play poker tonight."

Wendy looked disappointed, "But..."

"Not tonight," Westin said in a polite yet firm voice. "I am here to check on a certain someone."

Hearing him say that, all the maid's eyes lit up with excitement.

"Who?" Gill asked with an expectant look, "Is it me?"

Westin smiled.

His gaze traveled across the crowd and landed on Janet's face, "Janet, how are you doing tonight?"

An astonished gasp could be heard from the crowd.

"You are here to check on her?!" Gill snarled, "How did you know her?"

Yet Westin didn't answer. He was still looking at Janet with his full attention, "So what is the earlier fuss about? I heard that you don't have a room?"

Janet looked sideways at Wendy, who suddenly seemed very nervous.

"All I get is a closet with a dirty rag tossed on the floor," Janet said. "As for the reason, maybe you should ask the supervisor."

Westin turned his gaze back to Wendy.

"Wendy?" he demanded, his voice

cold.

Wendy gulped. Her breathing became shallow, "I...It is just temporary. We don't have an extra room. All dorms are full..."

"So when can I get my own room?"



“Soon.” Wendy simpered, “Let me see what I can do.”

But Janet knew that “soon” probably meant never.

Westin said with a nod, “OK. I see what is going on here. I have a simple solution to this,”

Janet looked at him.

Just when she thought that Westin was going to press Wendy to arrange her a room, she heard his voice saying:

“Before Janet gets her own room, she stays in my room.”

“What?!” gasped all maids in unison.

“NO! It is against the rule!” Wendy cried.

Janet parted her lips in astonishment, staring at Westin in awe.

Her staying in Westin’s room... Was he crazy?

Westin still looked very calm, “I don’t see why not. Janet doesn’t have a room and I am inviting her to stay with me. Is there a problem?”

“Maids shouldn’t stay the night in the guard’s room!” Wendy cried, “And you only have one bed....Are you giving it to her? Or are you—are you staying in the same bed?”

Westin chuckled lightly, “I believe that the rule can be bent. As for the sleeping arrangement, me and Janet will figure something out.”

With everyone staring at them in disbelief, he offered a hand to Janet.

“What do you say?” he asked with a smile.

After a long pause, Janet answered with a nod, “Sure. That works.” “NO!!” Wendy snapped.

She looked furious, partly because Janet wouldn’t be sleeping on the cold, damp floor as she had hoped, partly because Janet was going to spend the night with the man that they all loved.

Janet darted her a cold glare, “It is your problem that I don’t get a room tonight. If you don’t like this arrangement, fix it soon.”

She walked up to Westin.

“Let us go,” she said.

Westin beamed and rounded his arm around her waist.

When they were about to leave, Janet heard Wendy’s angry voice behind her back, “If you leave, I will report this to the maters-”

Westin paused and looked beyond his shoulder. His gaze turned cold and sharp abruptly, “I don’t see why we need to bother the maters with this. Don’t you agree, Wendy?”.

Although Westin looked nice and approachable most of the time, he could be pretty intimidating when he was serious.

Wendy quivered. Slowly, she lowered her head and murmured a “yes.”

Westin smiled, “Good. I am glad that we reached a common ground.”

He held Janet and led her to leave the maid’s dorm.

Janet shook his hand off as soon as they stepped onto the staircase.

“Thank you.”

She said in a polite yet distant voice, “But I can crush on a bench somewhere. You don’t need to take me to your room.”

Westin chuckled, “Are you dumping me already? How cruel.”

His sexy, husky voice sent a shiver down her spine.

She quickly looked away from his gorgeous face and asked, “Why are you here tonight?”

“I heard that your crazy ex finally let you out of his room. So I have to come and see how you are doing. Looks like I come at the right time.”

Janet gazed into the air, saying nothing.

“Come and stay with me for the night, alright?” Westin said, persuasively, “The guards are patrolling around everywhere. They will catch you if you stay on a bench and ask a bunch of questions. You don’t want that kind of trouble.”

Janet sighed.

He was right about that.

“Fine.” she caved in, “Where is your room?”

Westin’s room was not/in the basement but on the third floor. It was not as fancy as Morgana’s room but nice and spacious enough. It even has its own private bathroom.

Probably the captain’s privilege.

Westin turned **on** the light and said. “Make yourself comfortable Would you like to

Westin turned on the light and said, “Make yourself comfortable. Would you like to take a shower?”

“No. I am good.”

Westin chuckled and pulled his shirt over his head, “Then excuse me for a moment.

He got into the bathroom.

Janet looked around the room, which was tidier than she had expected. No dirty laundry on the floor. All clothes were properly hung **in** the closet. Even the bed was made.

There was only one twin–sized bed.

Janet cast a quick look at the bed. Her heart rate quickened slightly.

Don’t be ridiculous. She told herself internally.

Then she went to sit on the couch and waited for Westin.

Moments later, Westin got out of the shower.

His damp hair clung to his forehead, adding to his rugged charm.

The water droplets glistened on his chiseled chest and slid down his n body following his well–defined abs, eventually disappearing into his shorts.

upper

He was indeed gorgeous, making it impossible to look away.

“Why are you sitting on the couch?” he asked, drying his damp hair with a towel.

“There is only one bed.” Janet pointed out the obvious.

“And?” Westin raised an eyebrow.

"I don't mind taking the couch," Janet shrugged.

Westin chuckled lightly and walked up to her. He bent down, bracing his hands on the back of the couch, and looked straight into her eyes.

"There is only one bed. We are mates. And I am crazy about you.

His eyes gleamed brightly under the damp, golden hair.

"You see where I am going with this?"

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Janet's heart skipped a beat.

She could smell the fragrance of the shampoo and his enticing scent. Her wolf was making a light little purr, urging her to accept his invitation.

But she shushed her wolf.

"Do you want to fuck?" she asked, cutting straight to the chase.

Westin blinked, looking a little taken aback. After a little pause, he burst out laughing, "You just made me love you even more, Janet."

Janet raised an eyebrow, "Do you? Or do you not?"

"I do. But I prefer to put it like this: I want to please you in bed, both physically and emotionally in a most loving and respectf

emotionally, in a most loving and respectful yet very rough and dirty kind of way."

He smiled, and wrapped a lock of her hair around his finger, "How does that sound? Any better?"

Janet shrugged, "Sounds no different to me."

Westin chuckled, "Then what do you propose, my lady? I will that you ask me to do."

V was to –

"I know nothing about you yet," Janet said. "How about we get to know each other at little bit better first?"

This man was hiding something.

She could be sure of that.

His identity was a mystery. He went undercover in the city of Grace Ruin for a certain reason. She must dig that out.

At least, she should know whether he was an enemy or a friend.

She would rather spend the rest of her life alone than mating with an enemy.

Westin chuckled, "Old-fashioned. I like that."

He sat down on the floor, crossing his legs, and propped his hands on the floor behind his body, looking chilled and relaxed.

"So, what do you want to know?" he asked.

Janet stared at him, "Who are you?"

She was asking about his real identity, not the fake one that he currently uses.

He smiled, "Westin Lawson. I already told you my name."

Her heart sank slightly.

1. OK. So he chose to keep on lying.

But she decided to give him one more chance, "Why do you come to the city of Grace Ruin? Why pledge your loyalty to Lance? And why do you serve in Morgana's troops?"

"That was a lot of questions," he said, smiling.

"You just said that you would agree to anything that I asked you to do." Janet pointed out.

"Well, yeah, fair enough."

He rubbed his chin, pondering, and answered after a little pause, "To answer your second question first, no, my loyalty is not with Lance. My loyalty is with my people and my people only."

"Your people?" Janet pursued eagerly. "Who are they?"

Was he an Alpha of a smaller pack? And that was why she hadn't met him before?

Yet Westin simply replied with a mysterious smile and an elusive answer, "Yes, my people, AKA the people under my reign."

Janet frowned.

That was practically bullshit.

"Oh And I came to this city because I have noticed the chaos, the turmoil. I want to stay in the center of this storm and keep myself updated on the progress."

"Anyone who is not blind can notice that," Janet said coldly. "There is a war."

"There is always a war, between the werewolves and the rogues." Westin corrected her. "But this one is different. This is no normal war. If someone doesn't put a stop to this turmoil, the order of this world will be lost, permanently."

She looked at him, even more suspiciously.

"So you are talking about yourself, right?" she couldn't help but ask in a slightly satcastle voice, "You. A common rogue soldier. Putting a stop to this world war,"

Westin didn't look offended.

He started laughing again, sounding amused.

"A little guy can have dreams," he blinked innocently.

"I would call it narcissism."

He laughed, "Sure. But maybe I was talking about your ex, Alpha Daran. Maybe he is the world's savior, not me. You two came to this city to kill Lance and end this war, right? That was the original plan....Till he lost all control and decided to hang with the evil guy instead."

Janet didn't like to discuss Daran with him.

So she looked away.

“Mind if I ask a couple of questions myself? Since we are getting to know each other now?” Westin asked.”

“What?”

“Since your ex is one of the bad guys now...” Westin leaned in and stared at her with a charming smile on his lips. “...What are the chances of you getting back with him. again?”

This man just didn’t know how to take a hint.

She didn’t want to talk about Daran.

But he just kept stepping on her pain spot.

“I am not going to answer that,” she shrugged.

“I thought this is a must–answer kind of situation.” he protested.

“I would rather stay in silence than lie,” she mocked.

And that was you, a liar.

She added internally.

A charming liar, of course. But still, a liar full of bullshits and craps.

Westin let out a sigh, “OK. So looks like you are not very happy with my answers tonight. Do I still have the chance of taking you to bed tonight?”

Her wolf was screaming “Yes.”

But she ignored that and answered icily, “No.”

“Very well then.”

Westin stood up and stretched his body a little bit.

Then he bent down and spooned Janet up from the couch in one swift move.

Janet was shocked.

“What the fuck!” she cried, struggling in his arms, “What are you doing!”

Was he going to force her just because she said no?

His arms were wrapped firmly around her shoulders and legs no matter how hard. she resisted.

“Relax,” he said.

He walked to the bed, and set her down, nice and gentle.

“You have a nice sleep,” he smiled, looking down at her panic-stricken face. “Do you want me to tug you in?”

She glared at him, her heart still racing.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

A playful smile appeared on his lips, making those dimples on his cheeks even more obvious.

“If you keep staring, I might get the wrong idea and climb up to the bed as well,” he said, half-joking, half-serious.

...You are going to take the couch?”

“Yeah. Obviously. Can’t let the lady sleep on the couch.”

He yawned, stretched, and paced back to the couch.

“Good night,” he said before turning off the light. “I will wake you before the maid’s gathering time.

The light was off. The darkness fell upon them.

Janet pulled the bedsheet up to her chin and wrapped herself in it.

She could not figure out this man.

Daran was hard to read already. But this man was even worse.

His thoughts and mind were hidden behind the charming smile that he wore as a mask, and it was impossible to decipher.

He was dangerous. And mysterious.

And **most** importantly, very charming.

When Janet woke **up** again, the room was already filled with bright morning sunshine.



She stared at the ceiling for a few seconds in a daze. And then sat up abruptly.

Fuck!

What time was it?

Why didn't Westin wake her up? He said he was going to wake her up!

The couch that Westin slept in last night was now empty. He was not in the room anymore.

She found a note beside her pillow:

*Couldn't wake you in your sleep. I will be thinking about you all day today. Lots of love, Westin.)*

She looked at the clock on the wall.

It was already 6:45, way past the gathering time.

"Shit!" Janet balled that note and threw it into the trash bin angrily.

Westin really fucked her with this.

And she suspected that he did it on purpose.

If she got punished for being late, she was definitely going to pin this one on him.

Janet dashed into the bathroom to freshen up and then dashed out.

She left his room in a hurry and ran to the basement as quickly as possible.

When she got there, she found all the maids already gathered in the hallway, standing in lines.

And Wendy was standing at the front of the lines, talking to a tall man.

Everyone turned to look at Janet when she dashed in, including Wendy and that man. Janet came to a sharp stop, and her jaw dropped.

It was Daran!

What the hell?

What was Daran doing in the basement this early in the morning?

Shouldn't he be in his suite right now, waiting for the maids to come up and serve him?

"You are late!" Wendy snarled.

"Y-Yeah...I know." Janet answered absent-mindedly, still looking at Daran.

There was a sullen look on his face. He was eyeing her darkly.

"Your master came to get you, but he couldn't find you in your room!" Wendy

snapped, "Alpha Daran, my deepest apology. This is indeed outrageous. I have never seen such a disrespectful maid in my entire life-

"Where were you last night?" Daran asked abruptly.

Janet bit her lips, feeling reluctant to answer.

Daran let out a cold snort and turned to Wendy, "Where did she sleep last night?"

Wendy hesitated.

Westin warned her not to tell the master about it. But now she was questioned by the

Alpha himself, right to her face.

Between Westin and Daran, she chose to cave into the latter.

"She...she was with a guard last night..." Wendy muttered. Daran's voice got dangerously cold, "Which guard?" "Wendy!" Janet hissed.

But she had already answered, "A-A guard named Westin."

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Westin.

The moment Daran heard that name, a scary expression appeared on his face.

His eyes narrowed and brows furrowed as he took in deep, ragged breaths, trying to contain the rage bubbling up inside of him.

...You spent the night with him,” he said in a strained voice, staring at Janet for confirmation.

Janet bit her lips.

She didn't want Daran to know about this since she didn't want to cause Westin unnecessary trouble.

Yet it is out in the air now. She would not deny it either.

“Yes.”

She answered briefly, loud and clear.

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Daran balled his fists at his sides, his knuckles turning white from the force of his grip.

His whole body radiated an energy of barely restrained fury.

“How...dare...you!” he growled, his voice rumbling with anger.

“Who I spent the night with has nothing to do with you,” Janet said quickly.

Wendy and the other maids looked back and forth between the two of them with an astonished look.

They were probably all wondering how Janet gathered the courage to talk to a master like that.

Daran let out a cold snort.

He strode forward and held Janet's arm in an iron grip.

“I am taking this maid away with me.”

He was talking to Wendy, but his eyes were fixed on Janet's face like a hawk.

Wendy nodded hastily, “O—Of course, Alpha Daran. Whatever that works out for you...”

Daran grabbed Janet's wrist and marched away, causing her to stagger behind him. They took the elevator and went up to his suite. On the way, they encountered many maids who were about to wake their masters from their sleep.

Those maids all looked at them with shocked eyes as they walked by and kept staring even when they were gone.

Rumors about her being dragged to Daran's room would be flying around the palace even before the breakfast **was** served.

Daran kicked the door open and shoved Janet in.

There were already a few maids waiting inside. They were here to help Daran freshen up and get changed.

"Everyone out." Daran let out a cold sneer as he stared at Janet. "She will be my maid today."

The other maids bowed and hurried out of the room, escaping the scene hastily. The door closed and left the two of them standing face-to-face with each other. "What are you doing still standing there?"

Daran opened his arms and said in a cold voice, "Don't you know how to help your master get changed?"

He was still dressed in loungewear, which proved that he had left the room in a hurry this morning and didn't even have the time to get changed.

Janet took a deep breath.

She knew that Daran was mad and he was venting his fume on her.

If she resisted or argued back, this would turn into another meaningless fight, which was the last thing that she needed right now.

So she walked up placed her hands on the first button of his shirt and started undressing him.

When she got to the third button, a hoarse voice traveled down from above her head:

"You used to help me get dressed like that all the time when we were married."

He sounded sad and nostalgic.

But not all the time. Janet corrected him internally.

He was not around most of the time. She spent eighty percent of their marriage waking up in an empty room alone.

That lonely feeling still haunted her even today.

Daran didn't get the reaction that he was hoping for. His breathing became heavy again.

He asked in a freezing voice:

"Did you undress that Westin guy like this yesterday?"

Janet's hands paused.

He caught her wrist again/His palm was surprisingly cold and slightly shaking as though he was afraid of something.

Π

"...Answer me," he said, half-demanding, half-pleading.

Janet took in a deep breath and said, "No."

Flames of hope rekindled at the back of his voice, "So you didn't sleep with him last night?"

Janet got to the last button and took his clothes off

Janet got to the last button and took his clothes off.

"I don't want to bother you with my personal stuff, master." She stressed the last word, reminding him of their current positions.

She walked to the closet and came back with his suit.

She was going to help him get dressed and he snatched the clothes from her and put it on himself.

"I am going to find that out." He said to her darkly, "If you dare to betray me and sleep with that lowly guard, I can make him regret being born. It only takes me one thumb to crush somebody like him to death."

Rage flared in Janet's chest.

Betray him?

What the fuck was he talking about?

Was he so delusional that he had forgotten that they were no longer mates

nymore? They had nothing to do with one another!

Did jealousy really make him go crazy?

“Don’t you have somewhere to be, master?” she reminded icily, hoping that he could fuck off as soon as possible.

Daran was in the middle of tying his tie.

Hearing her say that, he pulled the tie back out again and dumped it to the floor furiously.

“You would love me to disappear, don’t you? So you can sneak out during the day and hang out with your second chance mate?”

He let out a cold laugh.

“But too bad. I am staying in today. Right here. With you.”

His jealousy and paranoia were getting out of control.

Janet rolled her eyes internally and decided that she was not going to let his bad temper affect her.

A few moments later, the maids came back to the room to do the daily cleaning.

They often did this during the day when the masters were out.

So when they walked in and found Daran still sitting in a chair with a book in his hand, they hastily lowered their backs and stuttered:

“M—My apology, Alpha Daran...we can come back...”

“No need. Do whatever you need to do.” Daran turned the page and said, “And give her something to do. Keep her busy.”

He was talking about Janet.

The maids hesitated. After a short pause, one maid walked up to Jane and asked her in a careful voice:

So do you know how to dust the bookshelf?”

Lunet nodded

“OK. You will be in charge of the dusting-”

“Give her something more difficult!” Daran snapped with his eyes still on the book.

Startled by his sudden snarl, the maid shivered in fear.

Janet sighed and said to her, “It is OK. You can give me something more challenging to do.”

Daran apparently wanted her to suffer.

He would not stop until he got what he wanted.

The wise thing to do was to simply obey.

The maid gulped nervously and went to grab her a ladder and a bucket of rags, “Well...in that case, you can clean the window. Be careful when you climb up...don’t fall down from the ladder.”

Daran’s suite had a floor-to-ceiling window, about 5-6 meters high.

Janet first went to the bathroom and filled the bucket with soap and water and then came back.

She rinsed the rags in soap water till it was nice and clean.

Then she set the ladder against the window and climbed up.

Cleaning was not challenging at all.

She did this all the time in Riverside Pack.

The Diaz always drowned her in hard labor. And when she married Daran, she hoped that she could get the others to like her by taking up house chores.

But that didn’t work out at all.

She cleaned the window from the top to the bottom. First, wipe it with a damp rag and a second round with a dry rag.

Then the glass was spotless.

Half an hour later, the maid came to check on her progress and was shocked. “Wow! You are really good at this!” the maid gasped.

Janet looked down and smiled, “The trick is to use soap water instead of tap water.”

From a peripheral look, she noticed that Daran’s eyes were no longer on his book anymore.

He was peeking at her.

Was he worried that she couldn’t get her job done?

Janet let out a cold snort internally held the ladder and started to climb down.

Yet she missed a step.

The ladder swayed dangerously and then crushed to the floor!

“Watch out!” the maid screamed.

Janet fell off the ladder.

She immediately protected her head with both of her arms and waited for the pain.

H

Yet it never came.

The next second, she fell into a pair of steady arms, which held her tightly against his chest in a princess–style hug.

She blinked and looked up and found that it was Daran.

He just sprinted at her from his chair and caught her before she fell to the floor.

His breathing was short and ragged. And there was a furious look on his face. “Are you stupid?” he snapped, “If I haven’t been watching you, you might break your fucking legs! Can’t you just be more careful?”

Janet blinked, perplexed.

Wait.

So he had been peeking at her because...he was genuinely worried that she might fall?



**\*\*Please stay tuned for more on how Janet gets herself out of this dilemma, story will be updated everyday!**

## Chapter 155

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## Chapter 155

### Chapter 155

Daran held Janet in his arms.

When he found that she was staring at him, he quickly dropped her down to the floor again.

“If

you hissed.

can’t climb the ladder without falling, find something easier to do.” He

Janet pulled herself up from the floor and said, “You asked me to do something challenging.”

“That was because I didn’t know that you are such an idiot.”

Janet frowned.

When she thought that he was worried about her, she had a fleeting gratitude at heart.

Yet that gratitude quickly died out again.

He was a complete jerk. And that was it.

He had never treated her with a horrible attitude even when they were back in

Riverside Pack. Back then, he just ignored her all the time.

Janet had to admit that his cold shoulder was easier to put up with than this moody, petulant version of him.

Where did all his temper come from?

Was it because of jealousy?

The maids rushed over and took the ladder and the bucket of rags away.

Janet promised them that she would be careful this time. But they would not let her climb up and clean the window again.

She was sent to fold the bed sheet and arrange flowers in the vase.

Daran was called to the Counseling Hall in the afternoon.

He warned her dangerously before leaving the room.

“Stay here. Do not wander around. You hear **me**?” he grabbed her chin and forced her to meet his dark eyes. “If I come back and find that you have left, I might lose control of my temper.”

She stayed in silence stubbornly.

“Say that you have heard me!” he snapped, tightening his grip.

...Yes.” She gritted, irritated.

He stormed out of the room.

The other maids had finished cleaning and left as well. So Janet was all alone by herself without anything to do at the moment.

She picked up the book that Daran read earlier and flipped through a few pages.

Then she paced to the door and placed her hand on the doorknob.

She tried turning the doorknob.

The door was not locked.

Which meant that she could sneak out and go find Morgana, Kass, or even Westin if she wanted to.

She froze by the door, pondering.

But was it worth the risk?

After a few moments of hesitation, she decided to give up on that.

Daran couldn't watch her every single day. She would get a better chance later.

Now she would just stay on the safe side and try not to enrage that angry beast.

That proved to be a wise decision.

Because Daran came back sooner than expected.

He said that he would be gone for 3 to 4 hours. But it only took him less than 2 hours and now he was back.

When he burst into the room and found Janet on the floor flipping through his book, a gleam of joy lit up in his eyes.

"You stayed," he said deeply, sounding appeased.

"I kind of have to, don't I? You didn't give me a second chance."

Janet turned the page and glanced at him briefly.

"Did you run all the way back?" she asked with a frown.

There was a thin layer of sweat on his forehead. And his breathing sounded shallow.

Daran let out a snort, "I thought you had snuck out. Can't concentrate while thinking about that."

Janet closed the book and looked at him. "I am curious What **would** you do if **you**

Janet closed the book and looked at him, "I am curious. What would you do if **you** came back and found that I was gone

She didn't believe that he would hurt her.

He paused. And then gave her an evil grin.

"I will make you a customized collar and chain and lock you to my right hand." He said in a nasty tone, "That way, you have to stay closely by my side no matter where I go. Like a fucking dog on a leash."

A chill was sent down her spine.

She glared at him.

That was disgusting!

He was pleased by the horrified look on her face and walked up to her.

“So? Do you like that idea?” he knelt down by her side and leaned in, breathing into her ears.

She tilted her head to avoid him, “I hate it.”

“It can be a golden collar and chain. Better?” he murmured hoarsely.

She breathed angrily in silence.

He chuckled and bent down to kiss her.

“Don’t...” she tried to push him back.

Yet he caught her resisting forcefully and pressed his lips on hers.

To her surprise, it was a rather soft kiss. He savored her lips gently, very tender and careful, like caressing a delicate petal.

Electricity coursed through her body.

It was sad. Really. Although she hated Daran to the gut now, she still couldn’t resist the physical temptation.

Her wolf woke up and made a purring sound like a cat being rubbed on the belly.

Her wolf was not as excited as when she was with Westin last night. But Janet could tell that she missed Daran’s wolf as well.

God! Which one did you pick?

Janet couldn’t help but yell at her wolf internally.

Daran finished that kiss with a gentle peck on the cheek and pulled away.

He stared at her, deeply.

Janet felt that she was about to drown in those heavy emotions in his eyes. Her mouth dried. And her heart rate quickened.

He parted his lips as though he was about to say something.

Yet just then, her stomach made a grumbling noise.

“...I am hungry,” she admitted frustrated.

Daran froze. And then burst out laughing.

He stood up and rang the bell asking for the dinner to be delivered to his room

He stood up and rang the bell, asking for the dinner **to** be delivered to his room.

Janet secretly let out a sigh of relief internally.

Whatever Daran had to say at the moment, she was not ready for it.

15 minutes later, a servant brought a tray of food to the room and set it down on the dining table.

Janet stood by the table, wondering if she should take this chance and excuse herself.

She was a maid now. All maids dined in the basement.

“I...”

She uttered one word and was interrupted by Daran.

“I don’t like the avocado on the salad,” he said critically.

Janet frowned. What was wrong with the avocado?

“And the steak as well. It is medium rare, not rare as how I like it.” He complained.

She sighed, “Do you want me to run down to the kitchen and bring you something else?”

“No. It is fine.”

He pushed the plates across the table to her.

“You can have these,” he said.

Janet froze.

She looked at him and found a suspicious tinge on his cheek. And he was avoiding her gaze as though he was suddenly nervous to meet her eyes.

And then she got it.

This was his way of asking her to stay and have dinner with him.

After a short moment of hesitation, she sat down by the table and grabbed the fork.

He didn't yell and grab her hand forcing her to stay this time, which was an improvement.

Plus, she was really hungry. And the food looked really nice, much better than those slops that they served in the basement.

She could feel him staring at her as she gobbled down.

There was a gentle smile on his lips.

Janet finished up her dinner and then collected the dirty plates.

"I am going back to the basement if you don't need me for something else," she said.

Daran leaned back in his chair and opened the top two buttons on his shirt.

"Draw me a bath," he said idly.

It was getting late and Janet really didn't want to stay in the same room with him.

It was too dangerous.

**She** didn't **trust** him She also didn't trust her self-control

She didn't trust him. She also didn't trust her self-control.

But since he had already asked...

Janet set the dirty plates down and went into the bathroom.

She turned on the water tap and added a few drops of essential oil to the bath water.

She still remembered his favorite scents: grapefruit and geranium.

There were so many things about him that she wanted to forget but just couldn't chase them out of her head.

Janet sat on the bathroom floor and stirred the water.

She began to think about another pressing matter-

Where was she going to sleep tonight?

She still didn't have a room. And she didn't want to go back to Westin's.

So her only option is the bench?

Just then, footsteps came behind her back.

"The bath is almost ready." She said without turning around, "You can come back a few minutes later...Ahh!"

A startled gasp escaped her lips.

Daran rounded his arms around her waist and pressed her against the bathtub. His hot lips fell on the back of her neck and started nibbling her bare skin.

"No!" she cried urgently, trying to fight back with her elbow. "Get off me!!!"

"Don't push me away...Just don't...OK?"

He murmured in a strained and bitter voice as though going through some painful struggles internally.

"Every day without you...it is like hell...I can't stand it anymore," he breathed.

Janet gritted her teeth. She cupped some water with her hands and splashed at him!

He froze.

Janet jerked around and found water dripping down from his hair to his face. And his eyes were slits of rage.

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## Chapter 156

Chapter 156

Janet knew that Daran was pissed by her rejection.

But she was angrier than him.

She had made it clear that she didn't want anything to do with him anymore! But he just kept harassing her.

This had to stop!

Janet grabbed the nozzle and pointed at Daran.

She turned on the cold water and the water sprayed all over Daran's head.

"What the fuck!" Daran growled furiously. "STOP!"

Janet dumped the nozzle on the bathroom floor and shoved him aside, dashing out of the bathroom.

She headed straight towards the door to leave.

But before she could reach the door, Daran grabbed her shoulder from behind and forced her to stop.

There was water dripping down all over his body. He took one hand to wipe his face. and glared at her in full rage:

"-What the hell was wrong with you?!"

"I thought you knew why," she gritted. "If you like to play this master and maid game, fine, I am all gamed. You are the master and I am kept here as a prisoner. It is what I deserve."

His jaw tightened, "It is not what I want-"

"But us? It is done! Finished! The end! How many times do I have to repeat that to you? No matter how many times you beg me, seduce me, or force me, we can never go back! You understand?!"

The room lapsed into a deathly silence.

Daran stared at her in a frenzy of sadness and anger. She didn't know where those strong emotions came from—she was the one who was entitled to be sad and angry, not him!

Yet seeing him like that, a sharp pain seized her heart.

Her wolf made an agonizing little moan, weeping internally.

After a long pause, he asked, "But what if I can't stand the life without you?"



“You should have thought about that before you betrayed all of us.”

“I told you! I did that for a reason! For a brighter future!”

“Yes, a brighter future, and plus the extreme power and a shiny new throne! God, Daran, you made a choice! Stop moaning about the price you paid and just bear with the consequences! Don’t tell me that you have already regretted it!”

Daran heaved out a heavy breath.

“I don’t regret it,” he said coldly. “If given a second chance, I would do it all over again.

Janet clenched her fists.

Yes, that was the Daran that she knew. Cold, ruthless, decisive, willing to do anything **to** get his way.

A heartless aspirant.

Daran stared deep into her eyes and changed the topic, “Where are you going to sleep tonight?”

“...None of your business.”

She could crush out on a bench and wait for the morning to confront Wendy again. “Sleep here,” he said in a forceful tone.

“We went through that already! I am not going to sleep with you!” she snapped.

“Sleep in this room! Not sleep with me!” he snarled, “There is plenty of room here. Pick a damn spot where you want to sleep at. The bed, couch, chair, even the bathtub or the floor!!

Janet gave him a suspicious look.

If she stayed the night, would Daran take this chance and make again?

a move on her

Seeing the look on her face, his face darkened again, “I will not take advantage of a woman who just clearly rejected me, OK? I am not that low.”

“...Fine.”

Janet walked to the couch and laid down, closing her eyes, “Good night then.”

She heard his footsteps going into the bedroom, and then the light was out, and the bedroom door closed with a gentle bump.

She slept in two different men's rooms for the past two nights.

One man, sweet and charming, yet had his mouth full of bullshit and lies and was full of mysteries. He didn't even trust her enough to give her his real name;

The other man, cold and ruthless, had just thoroughly betrayed her. Yet she could feel that he still cared for her deeply and the way he looked at her often gave a tug at her heartstring.

The moon goddess gave her two completely different men.

Yet it was not up to her whom she would be with eventually.

It was always in the hands of the fate.

Janet let out a small sigh in the darkness and closed her eyes.

Janet slept on the couch.

Yet when she woke up the next morning, she found herself sleeping on the bed, inside the bedroom, with a soft blanket covering her whole body.

She lay there in a daze for a few moments and then slowly sat up.

She looked to her side.

Daran was not in bed with her anymore.

She heard footsteps and voices in the living room. So she got out of bed and walked outside.

Daran was sitting by the table drinking his morning coffee. A few maids were setting the table and serving breakfast.

They looked around simultaneously when she stepped out of the bedroom.

The maids seemed astonished at first.

Then they quickly lowered their heads and exchanged a meaningful look with each other.

Janet instantly knew that they had the wrong idea.

They probably thought that she climbed onto Daran's bed last night and seduced him.

But she didn't even know who she ended up in his bed herself!

This was unbelievable.

"Did you have a good sleep last night?" Daran asked with a faint smile.

She marched over, pulled the chair, and sat down by his side.

"How did I get to the bed?" she asked in a voice that was only audible to the two of them.

Daran raised an eyebrow, "You sleepwalked to the bedroom and kept knocking on the door. I had to let you in before you woke the entire floor."

She was pissed, "Bullshit! I never sleepwalk!"

"Well, you did last night."

He set the coffee mug back on the table and changed the topic before she had the chance to ask more:

-Come and meet Harper and Lance with me after breakfast."

She frowned, "Why?"

His long finger tapped on the table and he said, "Lance is going to hold a Crowning Ceremony for Harper."

Janet was stunned.

A Crowning Ceremony?

Harper was going to be queen?

She screamed about her being Lance's queen all the time but nobody took her seriously.

Now, she was finally getting what she wanted.

"Lance agreed to that?" Janet asked, skeptical. "I thought he was not that into Harper."

She saw how Lance was when he was with Harper. He didn't even defend Harper in front of Daran.

A man like him would seriously crown Harper as his queen.

"Yes, he agreed himself," Daran said with a light snort. "But it wasn't easy. Harper climbed up to the roof and threatened him with her life. She said that she would jump off in front of everyone's face if he didn't give her a title. Lance was furious. But he caved in eventually.

That was what Harper was best at—using her craziness to get what she wanted. "So, how are you feeling right now?" she asked.

Daran looked at her with a frown, "Me?"

"Yes. The woman you rejected me for is now marrying another man, your new boss. How does that make you feel? Jealous? Angry?" she smiled a sarcastic smile.

His face darkened.

Yet she was not done teasing him just yet, "Are you going to barge in and ruin the wedding? Screaming 'I object' when the pastor asks if anyone objects to this marriage? Like in a cheesy soap opera?"

Daran stood up abruptly and grabbed her chin forcefully.

"Stop that," he warned darkly.

She looked back at him defiantly.

"First of all, I never loved Harper. So I don't give a damn about who she is marrying. And second—"

His thumb caressed her cheek gently.

"If you dare to marry Westin, not only would I barge in and object, I would also bring a gun and shoot every fucking man standing in my way."

A shiver was sent down her spine.

"Now hurry." He let go of her and said icily, "I am going to meet Harper and Lance. You are coming as well."

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## Chapter 157

### Chapter 157

Daran took Janet to Harper's suite, which was the very first time Janet stepped into Harper's room in this palace.

Her room was extremely lavish, decorated with delicate tapestries and expensive ornaments. The tea set was made of pure gold and the carpet was made by one hundred percent cashmere.

This room was even fancier than the room that Harper had back in Riverside Pack. Harper was really doing everything she could to show off her wealth and power. When Daran and Janet came in through the door, Harper was standing before a full-length mirror, fitting for the upcoming Crowning Ceremony.

The room buzzed with the chatter of maids and designers, all desperate to please the new queen and make her look absolutely the best for the occasion.

"Daran, you come!"

Lance beamed and stood from the sofa. He was flipping through a jewelry brochure, looking very bored, before they walked in.

"My best man!" Lance said fondly to Daran.

What the fuck...best man?!

Janet snapped her head towards Daran, rounding her eyes in disbelief.

Daran agreed to be Lance's best man.

A respected Alpha as the Rogue King's best man?

Janet was stunned by the irony behind this.

Daran accepted that title calmly, "Why do you ask me to come?"

“Well, since you are my best man, I think you should also do a fitting. We have the Grace Ruin’s best designer in this room. They are probably not as good as the people in your pack, but they will do. Go on to the next room and have them measure you.”

Daran nodded.

He walked away for a few steps and then paused looking beyond his shoulder. “Stay here,” he said to Janet deeply.

Lance smiled and looked at Daran’s back as he walked into the next room.

Then he turned back to Janet.

“How is the maid life suiting you, Janet?” he asked with a snide smile.

“Not so good,” Janet said icily. “I prefer my life as a Gamma.”

Lance burst out laughing, “Well! I am sorry to hear that, but that is not going to happen. You are a maid now. Try to enjoy all the cleaning, laundry, and house chores. You may fall in love with all those eventually. If you behave, I will marry you to a rogue butcher or peasant and let you build a life here.”

Janet said nothing and replied with a hostile glare.

Just then, Harper called out to her from the mirror:

“Janet! Come to me.”

Lance gave a nudge on her shoulder, “Go on. The queen is asking for you.” Janet dragged her steps and slowly walked towards the full-length mirror. Harper was dressed in a flowing gown of delicate lace and shimmering silk. Her maids fussed over here, making sure that every detail was just right.

When Janet came close, a designer was adjusting the waistline with a couple of pins. She accidentally pricked Harper with one of the pins.

“Ouch!”

Harper cried loudly and jumped up, “You pricked me, you idiot!”

The designer immediately fell on her knees, shivering in fear, “M—My apology my Queen...it **is** an accident...”

An accident?! I don’t think so!”

Harper pointed a finger at the designer and snarled, "I think you did it on purpose! There are a lot of bitches like you who think that they can hurt me and replace me as Queen themselves. I am telling you now—it is not going to happen!"

"No, my queen!" The designer cried desperately, "I have never thought about replacing you...I was just doing my job!"

Harper spat at her face, "Shameless liar. Guards! Drag her out and flog her!"

The guards jumped at the designer and yanked her up from the floor.

Janet saw all that and clenched her fists.

This was classic Harper.

Always eager to torment her servants and maids to prove her superiority.

The designer was weeping.

Janet couldn't help but say, "There is no need for that."

Harper paused.

Then she slowly directed her gaze at Janet.

"What did you just say?" she stared at Janet, gritting.

"I said there is no need to flog this poor girl," Janet looked back at her defiantly. "She made a small mistake. Be a good master and forgive her."

"Forgive her?"

Harper started to giggle, a malicious gleam in her eyes, "Are you trying to act like a saint now Janet? Do you think that you can get everyone to like you by flashing those big, innocent eyes? It is not going to work, bitch! I am the queen. And you are a maid! You don't get to teach me what to do!"

Harper waved her hand and hissed at the guards, "Take her away!"

The guards dragged that designer and took her out of the room.

Harper finally looked pleased.

She opened her arms and showed off her fancy gown to Janet, "Look at me. How do I look?"

Janet snorted and looked away, revolted.

"You are jealous!" Harper laughed, "Well, you have a reason to be. You never had a big, crowning ceremony, right? Daran didn't give you shit. Because he doesn't like you. Not even a bit. Oh, your wedding night, do you know what he did?"

Janet held her breath.

Daran was not with her on that night.

Harper giggled and leaned in, whispering into her ears:

"Daran was in my room on our wedding night. He was drunk and complained to me what a horrible mate the moon goddess had blessed him with. He even said that...if he had a choice...he would rather have me as **his** mate."

Janet's lips slightly quivered.

"That is right!" Harper beamed, "Nobody likes you! You are an unwanted, sad little bitch. Even if you have become the

Gamma and Blood Moon Pack's princess, he could still toss you aside in the snap of a finger!"

Janet's body started to shake.

Her wolf was growling furiously inside of her..

Harper was provoking her on purpose, making her do something stupid in front of everyone so that Harper could punish her.

She shouldn't fall for that trap.

But it was so hard to control her temper and she just wanted to punch Harper's face right now-

"What are you talking?"

Janet jerked around and saw Daran standing by the door.

He was looking at the two of them with narrowed eyes.

There was a moment of silence in the room. Everyone froze in their actions and. stared at him, unblinkingly.

Daran looked so hot in his freshly tailored suit.



The suite was impeccably crafted, the sleek lines and sharp angles accentuating his strong jawline and broad shoulders.

The color of the fabric, a deep jade, complemented his eye color perfectly, and the subtle sheen of the material caught the light in a way that made him look even more dashing.

The maids began to blush.

They were not supposed to look at the masters directly.

But he was impossible to look away from.

Daran ignored all other maid's gazes and looked straight at Janet.

"What were you talking about?" he pursued, "Why do you look mad?"

Janet cast a cold look at Harper.

"N-Nothing!"

Harper stuttered in panic, afraid that Daran might find out about how she tried to provoke Janet, "God! Daran, you look really nice. No wonder all the girls in this palace are all crazy about you."

Daran frowned.

"That is right," Lance crossed his arms and echoed. "I have heard many maids. talking about you, Daran. I know that these lowly maids are not good enough for someone in your status. But they are good enough to have some casual fun with."

...What is your point?" Daran asked coldly.

Lance shrugged with an idle smile, "There are many pretty girls here in this room. Come on. Pick one. Or two. I will have them bathed and sent to your bed tonight."

The maids held their breath and exchanged excited looks with each other.

They were all very fond of Daran.

His gorgeous appearance, his mighty aura, his masculinity...

He was every girl's dream.

So who got to be the lucky one tonight and spent the night with him?

Their heart rate quickened just thinking about the way this handsome man fucked in bed.

He must be a wild beast.

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## Chapter 158

### Chapter 158

“No, I am good,” Daran said coldly without hesitation.

A lot of the maids looked disappointed.

Why did he reject them? Were they not pretty enough?

Some of them even bent their back on purpose to show off their cleavages.

“Daran, you are hurting these poor girls’ hearts.” Lance chuckled, “What is the matter? Are they not good enough for you? Because I know there are some prettier girls in the palace. Just say the word and I will have them delivered to you.”

Daran frowned.

“What is this obsession of yours to keep sending women to me?” He said impatiently. “I already told you. I don’t want them.”

Lance laughed, “Don’t get me wrong, brother. I just want to make sure you have everything that you need here. Come on, how long has it been since you last had a woman? Even that girl in the nightclub—you just danced with her and that was it. What is the matter?”

Janet’s heart skipped a beat hearing Lance say that.

Daran didn’t sleep with all those women?

But... But she thought that he was having crazy fun here.

Why did he turn down all those girls?

While she was thinking about that, Lance voiced out her question for her:

“Daran, is it because you are still in love with another woman?”—

The room lapsed into a deathly silence.

Everyone was looking at Daran, holding their breath, waiting for him to answer.

Even Harper had stopped fiddling with her earrings and stared at Daran instead. The furrow between Daran’s brows grew deeper.

He looked reluctant to answer.

Seeing his reaction, Lance chuckled, “Then let me make a wild guess here. The woman that you are still in love with...is it Janet?”

All eyes darted to Janet in unison.

Janet clenched her fists and felt her palms sweating.

“Where are you going with this?” Daran asked icily.

“Well, I just think there is a slight issue here...if you are still in love with Janet. She is our enemy. I am afraid that hanging out with her may get you to change your mind again and she might tempt you to go back to Riverside Pack.”

Daran raised an eyebrow.

Then he slowly turned around to face Janet.

There were many strong and heavy emotions looming in his gorgeous eyes.

The way he stared at her right now... made Janet’s heartrate fasten.

Daran slowly opened his mouth and said, “I-”

“He is not in love with me.”

Janet beat him to it and spoke up first.

Her heart was racing inside of her chest. She gulped, calming herself down, and looked to Lance.

“Maybe he has a woman that he loves but that is not me. We are ancient history already. And...And I don't love him either. There is no feeling between us,” she said firmly.

Everyone in the room was stunned.

And there was a brief moment of awkward silence.

Lance first burst out laughing, “Oh my god. You hear that, Daran? She rejected you—in front of everyone's face! How cruel...and you are going to let her do that to you?”

Daran's face **was** dark

He glared at Janet, the muscle under his right eye slightly twitching because of rage.

He looked like he wanted to thread Janet into pieces with his paws. Janet's heart was thumping like crazy against her chest.

She dodged his gaze nervously and looked down at her feet.

She was lying.

She knew that Daran still had feelings for her.

And there was a small part of her that still cared for him.

But this was wrong...They could never go back.

Might as well just deny it and move on.

After a long pause, Daran spoke up icily, “I have probably been too nice to you...to let you think that you have the right to reject me.”

Janet bit her lips in silence, saying nothing.

“That is right, Janet. You don't get to say no to your master.” Harper sneered. “You are a maid now...a lowly fucking slave. Any guards, servants, or staff in this palace. can take you to bed, whenever and wherever they want. You should realize that by now already.”

The crowd jeered.

Lance rubbed his chin and said, “But Janet is a beautiful woman. I can tell why you are still interested in her body. If that is the case-”

“No.”

Daran cut him off icily, "I have no interest in that disrespectful woman. Her sole presence disgusts me."

Janet's body trembled involuntarily.

Her wolf made a sad little growl internally.

Harper jumped in and said excitedly, "Well, in that case, you should allocate her to me! I will surely teach her how to behave around the masters. Not to flatter myself, but I am pretty good at training slaves."

"I can train my own slave," Daran said in a freezing tone. "And...You."

He pointed at a pretty maid standing in the corner.

"You are coming into my room tonight," he ordered.

The maid widened her eyes in excitement, her face turning red.

She couldn't believe that she was this lucky!

All her companions looked at her in jealousy.

"Well, nice." Lance beamed, "Have fun, my brother. I still see you later."

Daran turned and walked to the door. The pretty maid that he chose hurried to follow.

When they got to the door, Daran jerked around and snapped at Janet:

"Hustle. You should get the door for your master."

Janet breathed, controlling her temper.

She walked over and pulled the door open for them.

Daran didn't say a single word on their way back to the suite.

As soon as he got into the room, he walked to the couch and sat down, his face stone.

cold.

The maid snuck up to him and breathed into his ear, "Master...do you want to start now? I am ready."

Daran said nothing. He sat there, perfectly still, like a marble statue.

The maid pouted in frustration.

She climbed up to his knees and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Master...my feet hurt,” she said in a sweet, seductive voice. “Can you rub my ankle. for **me**?”

Daran averted his gaze and looked to Janet, who was still standing by the door in silence.

“We have a slave who can do that for you,” he said.

The maid bit her lips.

It was not exactly what she was aiming for. But fine.

“You!” she beckoned to Janet, “Come and rub my feet.”

Janet took in a deep breath and walked up to them.

She knelt down before the maid and put her feet on her lap.

Then she started rubbing the maid’s right foot.

The maid looked down at Janet with a triumphant smile on her lips. She leaned back. into Daran’s arms and said fussily:

“God, your hands are so rough. You are hurting my skin. I can even feel that callus on your palm! How many years of house chores have you done?”

Janet let out a light little snort.

“I didn’t get these calluses from house chores,” she said.

The maid giggled, “Then what? Heavy lifting? Wood chopping?”

“Sword, gun, and martial arts training.”

Janet raised her head and looked at the maid’s horrified face.

“I have killed many rogues with this pair of hands.”

She chuckled and added some pressure to the maid’s angle, “...you can feel it, don’t you?”

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## Chapter 159

### Chapter 159

Janet's sharp gaze sent a shiver down the maid's spine.

After a brief moment of astonishment, the maid jerked to Daran and cried, "M—Master, she is threatening me!"

Daran raised an eyebrow.

Janet saw a fleeting smile in his eyes as though he was amused by their conversation.

Yet the next second, that faint smile was gone.

And he was back to being cold and indifferent again.

"**Master**, you have to punish her! She is so disrespectful," the maid pouted

"How did she threaten you?" Daran said coolly, "I didn't notice,"

The maid parted her lips like a fool, "B...But you heard her saying that kind of stuff...the sword training and how many rogues she killed"

"She was simply laying out the truth," he said.

The maid twisted her lips in fume.

**She** wanted to say something else, but Daran cut her off, "Go take a shower,"

That meant that he was taking her to bed now!

The maid beamed and jumped off the couch, heading towards the bathroom.

**She** gave a disdainful look at Janet when she walked by and murmured, "Bitch,"

Janet let out a snort internally.

The bathroom door closed with a thud followed by the sound of running water.

Janet took in a deep breath and turned back to Daran, "So, master, if there is nothing else-"

"Hold on."

Daran leaned in and grabbed her chin, staring deep into her eyes,

"I am going to fuck that woman tonight," he said in a sullen voice, "Do you have anything else to say to that?"

Janet clenched her skirt, "...You made a decision. Then that is it."

"And you are fine with that?"

Janet lowered her eyelids **and** said nothing.

"Look at me!" he hissed, tightening his grip. "You said that you didn't love me. Then whom do you love? Westin? You just met him for less than a week! We have known each other for years-"

"Then you can imagine the feeling of being betrayed by someone whom you have known for **years**."

Janet rescued her chin from Daran's grip and stood up.

"Master, please allow me to excuse myself." **she** said to him calmly, "And...have a good night."

She didn't give Daran a chance to say anything else and walked out of the **room**.

Before the door closed up, she heard a loud noise behind her, as though the tea set was swept to the floor.

It was about dinner time.

Janet went down to the basement, thinking that maybe she should grab a bite before confronting Wendy about the room arrangement again.

**She** came to the dining hall and heard some loud cheering and laughter inside.

"Wendy, you got a pair! Westin, time for the showdown! Show us what you got!"

Janet pushed the door a crack and found a large crowd gathered by the long dining table.



Wendy and Westin sat on the opposite side with some dice, cards, and coins on the table.

They were playing Texas Hold'em poker.

"Westin, if you have something larger than a pair, then you win. You can take all the money I have left and as promised-"

Wendy looked at Westin with a sheepish smile.

"I am going to give you a kiss."

Westin raised an eyebrow.

Before laying his cards out on the table, he casually looked up and found Janet standing by the door.

"Janet!"

His eyes lit up and he stood up at once, "I have been waiting for you."

He pushed his chair away and smiled at the astonished crowd, "You guys have fun. I have something else to do."

"But-But you haven't shown your cards yet!" Wendy stuttered, "The game-the bet-"

"I fold."

Westin tossed his cards to the table and pushed all his coins across the table to Wendy, "You win. Congratulation."

"You are so close to winning!" one maid cried, "Giving up right now is such a pity!" "Well, I don't like to keep a lady waiting."

Westin shrugged and waved his hand, "Later guys."

He walked up to Janet and flashed her a wink, "Shall we? I have a surprise for you."

They exited into the hallway.

Janet asked him where they were going but Westin looked all mysterious and just told her to follow him.

They walked down the long corridor.

Janet couldn't help but ask him, "What cards do you have back in there?"

“Full house,” Westin said in an offhand tone.

That was huge!

He would definitely win if he stuck around.

Janet gasped “You are kidding! Then why did you walk away? You would have taken every penny out of Wendy’s pocket.”

“Like I said,” Westin gave her a gentle smile. “I don’t like you keep you waiting. Not even for a second.”

More sweet talk.

This man really knew his way around women.

“Plus...” Westin added, “If I win, she will want to offer me a kiss. I don’t want that. So it is better to lose some money and just walk away.”

Janet teased, “Walking away from a pretty girl’s kiss? I didn’t know that you are such a gentleman.”

Westin chuckled deeply. His sexy, husky voice echoed in the hallway.

“Wrong. I am not a gentleman. There is only one woman in this world that I want her to kiss me, and that woman is not Wendy.”

Janet felt her cheeks flaming.

She was glad that the hallway was dark, and Westin could not see the tinge on her face.

“So...”

Westin leaned in and whispered into her ear, “...When can we play poker?”

Janet steadied her heartrate and said, “I don’t know how to play poker.”

“It is easy. I can teach you.”

“Why? So that you can win all my money away?”

“No.” he grinned, “So that I can spend more time with you.”

This man.

He was impossible to resist.

Janet didn't know how to answer. While she was struggling with an answer, she heard Westin say, "This is us."

They were standing in front of a door.

"What is this place?" Janet asked.

Westin gestured for her to open the door with an encouraging look.

Janet turned the doorknob and pushed the door open.

She was stunned.

This was a nice, neat little room with a skylight right above the twin-sized bed. On the nightstand, there was a freshly picked bunch of red roses in water.

Janet was too shocked to utter a single word.

"So. Do you like it?"

Westin pushed her into the room and closed the door.

"The room is a bit small, but you get to see the stars and the night sky through the skylight. Oh, and I hope you are not allergic to flowers."

...I am not." Janet looked around the room. "Did you get this room for me?"

"Yeah. Before you got here, I played a few rounds of poker with Wendy and secured this room for you."

The last man who went through all these troubles to take care of her was her brother, Casper.

Janet turned around to face him and said, "Thank you...for all the trouble."

A charming smile appeared on Westin's lips, "It is not a lot of trouble since I am pretty good at poker. But you look grateful, and I am going to take advantage of that... So yeah, you are welcome."

Janet laughed, "Do you always say what you think out loud?"

"Yes. I am a very straightforward man."

Westin took a step forward, closing the gap between them, and cupped her face.

“And right now I am thinking...this is probably the right timing to kiss you.”

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## Chapter 160

Chapter 160

They locked eyes with one another.

Then Janet put one hand on Westin's shoulder and leaned in.

She stole a quick peck on Westin's lips and then backed away again.

“There,” she grinned.

Astonishment flickered across Westin's eyes.

He grabbed her wrist and chuckled, “You are cheating.”

“Yes.” she blinked at him playfully. “And I cheat at pokers as well. Do you still want to play with me?”

“Always. Do you want to start now?”

Janet wanted to spend more time with this guy as well.

She was still very curious about his identity and wondered if she could get him to say the truth somehow.

“Hold on a second,” she said. “I am going to take a quick shower. When I come out, you are teaching me how to play.”

“Sure thing.”

He sat behind the table and took a deck of poker out of his pocket, “Take your time. We got all night.”

Janet stepped into the shower and pulled her shirt off. She stayed in Daran's room last night and didn't get to shower. Her body was sweaty.

A refreshing cold shower was all she needed right now.

She turned on the water tap.

It made a weird, squeaky noise and then suddenly started spraying in all directions.

"Ah!" she gasped.

The water tap was broken!

Westin heard the noise from the outside and he immediately raised his voice and asked, "Is something wrong?"

Janet tried to turn off the water, but it wouldn't work. She pressed her hand on the nozzle yet still couldn't stop the water from shooting out.

She has drenched all head to toe.

"Janet!" Westin called out to her again, his voice coming close to the bathroom door again.

"What is the matter? Everything OK?"

"No..." Janet wiped some water off her face and said, "The water tap is broken! I can't get it to shut down!"

"Let me come in and take a look!!

"O-OK. Hold on!"

She ran to the towel rack and pulled off a bath towel and used it to wrap around her naked body.

"Come on in!" she cried to the outside after that was done.

Westin dashed in.

He took one quick look at the spraying water tap and rushed to the sink. He turned the shut-off valve under the sink and successfully shut off the water supply.

The tap stopped spraying at once.

"OK, so there is a shut-off valve." Janet nodded, "I didn't know that."

“Yeah, always shut the water supply first before fixing a water tap.” Westin said in a joking sort of way, “I bet that you have not fixed anything in your house, not even changing a light bulb.”

Janet was slightly embarrassed.

She did a l

of mailing work in Riverside Pack, but she never fixed anything. They have staff for that kind of work.

Westin rolled up his sleeve and bent down to check the tap, “I think I need to remove the handle and take a look at the internal parts. Some of those parts might be damaged or worn.”

He looked professional.

Janet came to sit on the bathtub and looked at him as he worked, “You know this kind of stuff. Do you have a part-time job as a maintenance guy?”

Westin screwed off the handle, “No. But all men know this kind of stuff.”

Not all men.

Janet said internally.

She bet that Daran didn’t.

Daran was born as a golden prince, surrounded by countless maids and servants. He didn’t even need to change his own clothes.

And that made Westin seem even more mysterious.

He possessed the same land of noble quality as Daran did, but he was also very wordy and down to the earth at the same time.

that

Janel was now even more curious about this guy’s background.

“Plus, I am the eldest son.” Westin continued, “I guess the eldest son always takes up more responsibility”

This was the first time that he ever told her about his background.

Janel was intrigued, "You have siblings?"

"Yeah. One brother and one sister."

She wanted him to say more about himself. But he stopped right there.

"Looks like one part was worn out." he said. "I might need to change the part to fix the tap. I will run down to the hardware store later. So right now, do you want to take the shower in my room instead "

He turned around to Janet while saying that and caught Janet staring at him, unblinkingly.

After a small pause, his lips lifted **into** a playful smile, "What are you looking at, Janet?"

"You, apparently," Janet replied in a light voice.

"Do you suddenly find me attractive now?" Westin chuckled, "If I knew that you have thing for repair guys, I would get down on my knees and fix that damn tap as soon as I met you."

"I always find you attractive." Janet raised an eyebrow and pushed a lock of damp hair out of his forehead. "And I also find you...very hard to read."

"Well, I am like a book sitting on your lap—all you need to do is turn the cover," he said in a husky voice.

Janet moved her hand to his shoulder and gave him an abrupt nudge.

Westin was caught off guard.

He tripped backward and slid into the bathtub.

Janet moved into the bathtub as well. She spread her legs and sat on his lap.

Westin's breathing became heavy Instantly.

His eyes darkened.

"...If you are not going to kiss me right now, I am going to get seriously offended," he said hoarsely.

Janet caught his throat with one hand and pressed his head against the wall.

"Who are you, really?" she asked forcefully.

His lips curved up, "Westin."

"Liel"

Janet leaned in, tightening her grip on his throat.

"You are not a rogue, aren't you?" she questioned, "Are you an Alpha? How come I never met you before? Are you part of our alliance?"

They were only an inch apart from each other.

Janet could smell his enticing scent. She bet Westin could smell hers as well.

His muscles flexed under her palm as though he was working hard to contain his inner beast.

She knew the influence she had on him.

And she was using that to get him to talk.

"Alliance..." he smiled, his voice strained. "I have no interest in your juvenile alliance."

Janet's heart skipped a beat.

So he knew about the alliance!

"You are an Alpha!" she pursued eagerly, "Which pack?"

She was almost 99 percent sure that he was an Alpha.

Yet to her surprise, he laughed, "Wrong, babe."

Janet narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

But she could tell that he was not lying this time.

He denied himself as an Alpha. He didn't look like a common soldier. And he was not a rogue.

Who the fuck was he!

Janet was getting more and more frustrated.

The smile on Westin's lips grew wider as he moved his hand to the back of Janet's neck.



“If you kiss me...” he tempted, “I will give you a small hint.”

Janet looked down at him.

This was a power fight.

She didn't want to give in just yet.

Right at this very moment, she heard the sound of the door opening up, followed by Wendy's voice:

“...Master, this is Janet's room.”

Janet's body strained instantly.

She wanted to climb out of the bathtub at once, but it was too late.

Heavy and hurried footsteps came straight to the bathroom.

A tall figure came dashing in.

Daran froze by the bathroom door.

His eyes focused on Janet, who had only a bath towel wrapped around her body and was sitting on Westin's lap in the bathtub.

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## Chapter 161

Chapter 161

Janet knew that she had nothing to hide.

She was not Daran's Luna anymore, nor his mate.

Yet when he barged in here and saw her with Westin, her first instinct was still to cover Westin up.

Because the look on Daran's face was just....terrifying!

His handsome face twisted in anger. His eyes burned with fury. His breathing was heavy and erratic.

The air around him seemed to crackle with tension. She could feel the intensity of his emotions!

Reason, rationality, and his human side seemed to be fading.

All that was left in his eyes was his animal side—that raw, unbridled rage!

“Daran!” Janet hissed urgently, “Don’t-”

Yet Daran didn’t give her a chance to finish.

He lunged at Westin and grabbed his collar dragging him out of the bathtub.

He threw a powerful punch at Westin’s face, so powerful that Janet heard a light cracking noise of the broken bones!

“Daran!” Janet screamed.

Westin coughed and spat a mouthful of blood out.

He raised his arm to defend himself. But Daran caught his shoulders easily with both hands and threw him against the wall.

Westin’s body crashed into the wall right a deafening noise. The enormous force caused a great collision. The brick wall came crashing down and fell on Westin’s collapsed body.

And Daran was not done yet.

With a long growl, he stretched his body, and wolf fur quickly appeared on his human skin.

Daran shifted!

Into a massive black wolf!

He bared his sharp fangs at Westin and let out a menacing growl.

A creeping chill was sent down Janet’s spine.

Westin could probably take a few punches from Daran if Daran was in his human form.

But not Daran's wolf!

That black wolf would absolutely kill Westin!

"STOP-!!"

up

Janet yelled at the top of her lungs and staggered forward, trying to break the fight.

But she was too small and weak.

It simply took the wolf one swing of its tail and Janet was knocked to the floor again. She struggled to raise her head and looked ahead.

The black wolf placed its paw on Westin's chest, pushing him down to the ruin of bricks.

Its mouth was wide open, ready to bite off Westin's head at any second!

"Westin!" Janet cried, "Shift! Or he will kill you!"

Westin's jaw tightened staring at the giant wolf in front of him.

was

His body was covered in blood. His hair was a mess. And his right arm twisted into a strange angle.

Yet even at this critical moment, Westin still remained in his human form.

Janet's body trembled.

She didn't get it.

Why didn't Westin shift?

He didn't stand a chance against Daran in his human form.

In a split second, something hit Janet.

There was one explanation to that—Westin COULD NOT shift.

He was not a rogue. He came from the same world as they did.

He was a friend, not an enemy!

“Daran, SPOT!” Janet yelled at the top of her lungs, “He is our friend! He is here to help us...You can’t kill him!”

Daran’s body froze for a brief moment.

Then he said in a freezing voice, “He is a fucking rogue.”

“No, he is not! Look at him. He can’t shift. Just like me.” Janet cried.

Westin’s lips trembled slightly.

But he didn’t deny Janet’s word.

Janet stared at the giant black wolf and said in a shaky voice, “Daran, you said that you betrayed us and turned to Lance because you wanted to unite the two world and bring permanent peace, right?”

“Yes! But you didn’t believe me!” Daran growled, glaring at Westin beneath his paws. “And you let this fucking bastard to get to you-”

“If you are really doing this for a good deed and not personal interest, you shouldn’t kill a friend who might be able to help us!”

Janet clenched her fists, “If you kill him...I will never, NEVER forgive you!” Daran, still in his wolf form, looked down at Westin, and then back at Janet. His yellow eyes filled with rage and hurt.

“You won’t forgive me?” he repeated, his voice deep and menacing.

“Yes. And I will fucking kill you to avenge him!” Janet cried with angry tears.

giedinger eyes.

Daran flinched as if he had been physically struck.

The black wolf shrunk and transformed into a tall man.

Daran dropped Westin to the floor and strode to Janet, his breathing coming in short and labored gasps.

“You want to kill me?!”

He grabbed Janet's collar and yanked her up from the ground,

His hands were stained with Westin's blood.

"For him? For a guy who you barely know—And you are willing to do that to me?!" he roared.

Janet blinked to stop her tears from falling.

"Yes!" she said shakily, "Because you are growing more and more like a monster! Killing innocent man simply because you are jealous... You are a cold fucking monster!"

Daran's face twisted.

He looked as though he wanted to snap Janet's throat right now and then destroy the whole world.

Then he burst into laughter, "Janet, you dare to say these cruel things to me because you knew that I still love you. No matter what you say or what you do...I will always forgive you."

Janet bit her lips.

Daran was right. That was what she thought.

He could force her to be a maid, humiliate her with words, or even roar at her.

But she didn't believe that he was capable of harming her physically.

...Was that going to change today?

"You really do believe that there is nothing I can do with you, right?" Daran let out a cold sneer. "But you will be surprised by what a jealous man can do."

He grabbed Janet's shoulder and dragged her out of her bathroom.

Janet cast one quick glance at Westin. He was still struggling to pull himself up with his body covered in blood.

Then she was pulled away by Daran.

It was already curfew. There was nobody outside, just the two of them marching down the hallway.

Janet could hardly keep up with his long strides.

“Where are you taking me?” she hissed, “And what are you doing in my room!” She thought he was going to spend the night with that pretty maid.

“Silence.”

Daran said darkly, “You still have time to wonder about me? I don’t think understand the kind of situation that you are in.”

you

They took the elevator **and** went up.

Moments later, they stopped at a closed door.

Janet’s eyes widened with shock because she had recognized this place.

Daran seized her chin and forced her head up, “You are right. I can’t hurt you. Every time you enraged me, I just kept telling myself–Do it. Show her your rage. But I just

can’t. It is weak and pathetic, but it is also the truth.”

He tightened his grip, “I can’t...but somebody else can. I am handing you to the one person who won’t hesitate to destroy you.”

Janet breathed, “Don’t...”

Yet Daran had already knocked on that closed door.

A few seconds later, a voice came from behind the door, “...Who is it?”

It was Harper.

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## Chapter 162

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“It is me. Daran.”

Footsteps came to the door and then the door was opened a crack.

Wendy peeked cautiously from the crack.

“M–Master!” she gasped, looking afraid. “I was just coming up to tell the Queen about...about what happened downstairs.”

Looked like that she saw Daran fighting Westin and got scared and ran up to Harper to tell on them.

“Tell Harper I need to see her,” Daran demanded,

Janet struggled trying to rescue her hands out of Daran’s grip, “Stop....are you fucking losing your mind Daran?!”

He was going to hand her to Harper?

Was he crazy???

“Yes, I am!” Daran growled darkly. “And it is all because you made me this way!” Wendy gulped and pulled the door open, gesturing for them to come in.

Daran gave a hard nudge on Janet’s shoulder, pushing her in.

Harper was sitting in front of the dresser while a maid brushed her silky long hair.

She looked at Daran and Janet through the mirror.

Her eyes widened with shock and alertness.

“What are you doing here?” she asked suspiciously, “It is late. And let me warn your that my room is guarded by soldiers!”

Daran let out a cold snort, “Relax. I am not here to do you any harm.”

He shoved Janet, causing her to stagger forward a few steps.

“You **said** that you were good with training slaves,” he said icily. “I might need your area of expertise.”

Harper’s jaw dropped.

She stood up and turned around to face them, her eyes gleaming with excitement and a faint hint of doubt.

“Wait...Her?” she gasped.

Daran nodded.

“This isn’t some sort of trick, is it?” Harper asked again, “I thought she had you wrapped around her finger! Did you change your mind? What happened?”

A few days earlier, when she tried to cut off Janet’s hands with an axe, Daran came barging into the Counseling Hall and threatened to do the same to her.

It had only been a few days since then.

Why did his mind change so abruptly?

Daran snorted and cast a dangerous look at Janet, “I found that no matter how nice I was to her, she just wouldn’t appreciate it. She took my true heart and tramped it on the ground. This ends now.”

Janet snapped, “It was clearly the other way around! You fucking betrayed me first! God, you are such an arrogant piece of shit!”

“I didn’t betray you. But you did! You gave your heart and body to another man! And now you are fucking paying for that decision you made!” Daran growled.

Hearing what Daran just said, Harper suddenly started laughing, “Wow Janet! Did you sleep with somebody else? Talking about a real cunt here...Seriously, you really need to drop that slutiness. Let me help you with that.”

“Back away from me!”

Janet took a step back from the two of them and balled her fists.

“I am not going to let you touch me!” she gritted, “Remember that time in the dungeon when you tried to hurt me, and I knocked off your front tooth? Well, Harper, if you want to try that again, I am all game!”

Harper froze.

A fearful look flickered across her eyes.

She still had a fake front tooth made of gold.

She didn’t even dare to grin since that happened.

“Daran...” Harper said under her breath, “You have a feisty slave here.”



Daran said nothing and simply loosened his tie.

He reached out a hand to grab Janet.

Janet tried to fight back but she didn't stand a chance against Daran. After a few vain struggles, Daran seized her wrist and tied her hands with his tie.

"You may want to switch that into an iron chain later," he said to Harper freezingly.

"Daran!" Janet snarled in disbelief.

This was real...He meant business.

He was really handing her to Harper and had her tortured!

Even after Daran switched sides, he never stopped protecting Janet from the others. He always made sure that Janet was safe, and that nobody could hurt her.

But that had changed now.

He tied her up personally and sent her to the butcher like she was meat on the platter!

Strong emotions washed over her.

Her wolf started to howl furiously.

Her heart hurt more than the time when she got rejected by him.

"DARAN!"

She cried with furious tears welling up in her eyes.

"I hate you! I fucking hate you! GO TO HELL!!!"

The light died in his eyes.

His eyes looked like two lifeless glass balls now.

"Save some of that energy," he said quietly. "You can use that later."

He headed to the door.

"Wait! Don't you want to stay behind and watch?" Harper asked excitedly.

"No." He didn't slow his pace.

“And how far can I go exactly?” Harper pursued, “Can I chop her hands? Her legs? Things may get extreme, and I might kill-”

Daran stopped by the door and looked beyond his shoulder.

“No missing hands or legs. No permanent injuries,” he said sternly.

“Then what is the point of all these...”

“I said NO.” his voice was colder than ice. “When I come to fetch her later, I want her back good as new. Keep that in mind.”

He stormed away.

Harper pouted and looked at Janet, who was lying on the floor and panting roughly. “You!” she pushed Wendy, “Go clog her mouth and tie her feet as well.”

Wendy hurried to do as she asked.

Janet was so worn out by those strong emotions that she didn’t even fight back.

After seeing Janet’s fours were tied and her mouth was clogged, Harper finally relaxed and walked up to her.

“Look at you. You sad little thing.”

Harper giggled and patted Janet’s cheek.

“The man who loves you the most has now abandoned you, AGAIN. How does that make you feel? You must feel like a complete failure, a piece of trash.”

Janet shut her eyes.

She didn’t want to look at Harper.

Harper’s face made her stomach swirl in disgust.

“Look at me.” Harper tempted, “Open your eyes and look at me. Then I will tell you a little secret about Daran.”

Janet paused.

Slowly, she opened her eyes again.

Harper’s mouth stretched into a wide, evil grin seeing Janet do that.

“Wrong.” she giggled, “Maid’s code of conduct... Rule number 2... Never look at the masters straight **in** their eyes. Wow, you are really gullible and lack discipline.”

Harper raised her hand up in the air.

SLAP!

A hard slap landed on Janet’s face.

Janet’s ear went deaf for a brief moment. After a long while, she finally retained her listening and heard Harper’s brisk voice again:

...We are going to have a lot of fun now, aren’t we, Janet?”

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## Chapter 163

Chapter 163

Harper tormented Janet brutally that night.

She called in two soldiers and had them hold Janet tight as she lashed Janet with a **whip**.

Soon there was no good skin left on Janet’s body for Harper to land her whip on. The blood streamed down and painted the white carpet red.

The pain was unbearable.

Yet Janet bit on the cloth that clogged her mouth and stayed perfectly quiet the whole time.

She would not give Harper the pleasure of hearing her groan out in pain.

Eventually, it was Wendy who got scared and whispered into Harper’s ears, “My Queen, we might need to call it a night...Master Daran said that he didn’t want any permanent wounds...”

Harper snorted, “It is just a couple of lashes, nothing permanent. Why? Do you find this bitch pitiful and want me to stop?”

Her vicious tone sent a shiver down Wendy’s spine, and she stuttered, “No...of course not. She deserves every bit of this, my queen.

“Of course, she deserves this. Let me tell you this: what I am putting her through right now doesn’t come close to what she did to **me**.”

Harper moved her wrist and tossed the whip on the ground, “But my hands are **getting** sore. The King is coming to have dinner with me tomorrow. I don’t want to look worn out. We will call it a night here.”

Wendy let out a small sigh of relief.

“Do you want us to take her somewhere else?” the guards asked, “The smell of blood is quite unpleasant ”

“No, I want her in my room. The blood smell reminds me of my victory. It will help me to get a good night’s sleep,” Harper smiled.

The guards bowed and exited the room.

Janet lay on the cold floor with her eyes closed and her whole body drained in blood and cold sweat. Every inch of skin was in prickling pain.

If Harper thought she could defeat her through some physical pains, then she was wrong.

Anything that didn’t kill her made her stronger instead.

Her mind was sharper than ever.

She would never forget that it was Harper who held the whip and lashed her today.

And even more importantly, it was Daran who caused her into this situation.

Janet fell asleep on the carpet by Harper’s bedside—or maybe she passed out due to heavy blood loss.

She woke up the next morning feeling somebody fumble with something on her neck

She opened her eyes and found Wendy crouched down in front of her.

Noticing that Janet had woken up, Wendy jumped back in panic as though she was afraid that Janet might bite her.

“Good morning, sleepy bird.”

Harper was sitting on the couch with a cup of tea in her hands, smiling briskly at Janet, “Did you have a good sleep last night?”

Janet eyed her coldly in silence.

Harper giggled, “I for one slept soundly last night, knowing that you were curled up beside my bedside like an injured fucking dog...Oh, did you find my present for you?”

Janet touched her neck and felt something cold like steel against her skin.

“...A collar?” she asked in a hoarse voice.

The smile on Harper’s lips grew wider as she replied, “Not just any collar, my dear. A very high-techy collar with a microbomb implanted in it. Wendy, why don’t you loosen her up and let her take a look at that in the mirror?”

Wendy carefully approached Janet and untied those ropes that bound her hands and feet.

Janet held onto the bedpost and slowly pulled herself up. That small movement caused a sharp pain to shoot through her body and she immediately wanted to crush

back to the floor.

Yet Janet strengthened her back anyway, knowing that Harper was watching her.

She would not look weak.

She moved to the mirror on the dresser and looked at her own reflection.

On her blood-stained neck, there was a silver-made choker with a locket attached to

1. it.

She tried to open the locket, but it stayed shut.

“Don’t try opening it up,” Harper grimaced behind her back. “Unless you want to Trigger the microbomb.”

Janet turned to look at her, “Why?”

“Well, I figure that it will be less fun if I just lock you to my bedside and lash

you *like*

a dog. That is not very creative. With this sweet thing on your neck, you can move around, and I can trust you to behave. Everybody wins.”

Harper leaned back on the couch and raised an eyebrow, “Oh, and don’t try removing it forcefully. It won’t work.”

“...How do I know that you are not bluffing?” Janet hissed.

The choker looked perfectly normal to her.

“Oh, do you want to have a try?”

Harper pulled out a remote from her pocket and flashed it at Janet, “I know that you have a strong wolf...But no wolf can heal you when you are a pond of blood and scraps of meat.”

Janet stood stiffly on her spot.

After a long pause, she said, “...Fine. What do you want?”

“Great!”

Harper clapped her hands together and beamed, “Come over here. There is something that I want to do with you.”

**Janet** slowly walked up to her.

Harper had Wendy bring something from the closet and set it on the table.

A nail polish kit.

“I thought we could have our nails done,” Harper smiled sweetly. “We never got to do this kind of sister stuff back at Riverside Pack, didn’t we? Now it is time to make up for it.”

A manicure?

That was it?

Something told Janet that this was not as easy as it seemed.

“Hurry. I will let you do mine first.” Harper urged, “I want egg–shell white with some silver glitters.”

She gave her hands to Janet.

After a little hesitation, Janet took her hands and started working with her nails.

She first clipped Harper's nails and filed them to an oval shape. Then she started applying the base coat before the nail polish.

She wanted to shove that nail clipper into Harper's eyeballs or maybe clip Harper's fingers off.

But the guards were standing right behind the couch, and she was too severely injured to fight them.

Plus, the choker on her neck was literally a ticking bomb.

30 minutes later, Janet was done with Harper's nails.

Harper lifted her hands up and admired Janet's work under the sunlight.

"A little rough, but fine considering that this is your first time

Harper sighed, "You know, back at Riverside Park when we were both children, mom and I used to talk about what you should do with your life in the future. Apparently, no man would love and ask to marry you. And we didn't want you to be an old virgin living under our roof when you were to so I suggested that you should

be trained for certain skills. Manicure was on our list.

Janet ignored her mumblings and went to collect those nail polish tools,

Harper's tone suddenly became sullen and grim:

"And then Daran found you as his mate. Well, aren't you a lucky little bitch? If it weren't for your mate bond with an Alpha, you would be rotting in some filthy gutter right now struggling to have your stomach fed."

Janet raised her head up and interrupted Harper, "Do you need me for anything else?"

Harper froze.

Then gradually, a creepy smile appeared on her lips.

"Yes, I haven't done your nails yet," she said sweetly. "Now give me your hand, Janet."

There was no escape from this.

Janet pressed her lips into a thin line and slowly reached her hand to Harper.

Harper took Janet's hand and held it tightly.

She didn't reach for any clippers, files, or brushes, but instead pulled out a bamboo splinter.

Janet held her breath.

Her hand flinched involuntarily in Harper's grip.

"Anything wrong?" Harper asked, flashing those innocent eyes.

Janet's heart was racing in her chest.

She swallowed and answered in a dry voice, "...No."

"Well good." Harper smiled, "Because I figured, there is no better nail polish...than your own blood."

She clenched Janet's hand and shoved the bamboo splinter right under Janet's thumbnail!

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## Chapter 164

Chapter 164

A sharp, prickling pain'shot through Janet's body.

This hurt even more than the lashings!

Fingers were highly sensitive areas with all the nerve endings, and even more so for the nail part

Even a tiny paper cut could hurt for days, let alone shoving a bamboo splinter right under the nail!

Cold sweat drained Janet's shirt. She couldn't stop herself from shivering and arching her back with this extreme, harsh pain that dominated her mind.



There was noise in her head. It took her a few seconds to realize that it was the sound of her blood racing through her head.

Amidst that noise, she heard Harper's scoffing:

"...Oh I am sorry. Was this too hard? I can be gentler...all you need to do is to beg me."

Janet's chest rose and fell rapidly, her voice trembling, "...Stop..."

"That sounds forceful, rather than pleading. So maybe we ought to try again?"

Harper drew that splinter out, slowly and painfully, deliberately lengthening the time frame of this torment.

The raw texture of the bamboo made it extra torturing on the way out. It probably left some tiny fibers underneath the nail.

Janet widened her eyes.

A gasp of pain escaped her lips, "...Ah!"

A gleeful expression appeared on Harper's lips, "So it does hurt, doesn't it? I wouldn't know since you haven't said a word yourself."

She loosened her grip.

Janet immediately took her hand back.

Blood dripped down from her fingertip and dropped to the cushion.

"Oh look at that!" Harper pointed at the blood stain with an exaggerated tone, "The color red looks good on your nails but horrible on my cushion. You should wash that, Janet."

Janet hid her injured thumb behind her back

Her hatred towards Harper had reached a new top.

She grabbed the cushion and turned to head towards the bathroom, but Harper said behind her back:

"No, I want you to wash it here. Under my watch."

"...There is no water."

“That can be fixed.” Harper snapped her fingers and called to Wendy, “Get her a bucket of water.”

She and Wendy exchanged a meaningful look, and the latter one went into the bathroom and soon returned with a bucket of water and soap.

Janet soaked the cushion in the water with one hand, keeping her injured hand outside.

“Use both hands!” Wendy snapped, “You won’t get the blood stain off unless you rub the surface hard with both of your hands. Do you need me to teach you this mailing stuff?”

Janet took a deep breath.

Slowly, she sank her injured under underneath the water.

A sharp pain came from her fingertip as though the seemingly harmless water had just bit on her finger.

And she immediately realized what was going on...There was salt in the water.

A dirty little trick to increase her pain.

She could feel Harper’s gaze on her back. Harper was waiting in high hope to see her cry out in pain or—even better—get on her knees and beg for mercy.

Yet she ignored the throbbing pain and the gaze on her back and kept on scrubbing the cushion.

As though she didn’t just get her thumbnail almost peeled off.

Harper didn’t get the reaction that she was hoping for, and she soon became impatient.

“...Stubborn bitch!”

She growled under her breath and shot up from the couch.

“You!” she beckoned to Wendy, “You stay here and watch her clean up this place. I am heading to the salon. Can’t waste my whole day on this tramp!”

Harper stormed away.

Wendy stayed in the room and watched Janet as she cleaned.

After Janet washed the cushion, she made Janet scrub the floor because she claimed that she saw Janet’s hand dripping blood onto the hardwood floor.

“Then can I get a band–aid for my thumb?” Janet asked.

“No. You may not.” Wendy snorted condescendingly. “Band–aids aren’t for maids and slaves.”

“Then I might keep dripping blood,” Janet said icily.

“Then you will just keep wiping them off,” Wendy replied with a nasty grin. “Oh, and you don’t want to use a vacuum. These hardwood floors are very delicate. Wipe them with your hands.”

Janet kept her knees on the hardwood floor and her upper body down to the ground all day, cleaning, wiping, and waxing the floor.

She couldn’t feel her legs anymore.

Her shoulders were sore. Her back ached like hell.

And her hands were soon rough and chapped in the soap water.

Wendy would pace over from time to time and point out some invisible stains and dust.

She would deliberately step on the part that Janet had just cleaned a moment before, leaving some dusty footprints behind, so that Janet had to re–do the area all over again.

It took Janet a whole day to get the floor absolutely spotless.

She didn’t even get a lunch break because Wendy said that she should eat anything until her work was done.

When the night fell and the light came up in the room, Harper finally came back.

She just got her hair blown and her face radiant with joy.

“The King is coming to have dinner with me!”

Harper strode into the room crying and left a trail of footprints on the glossy floor that Janet spent her whole day on.

“Everybody hustle!” she yelled, “Light those candles! Get rid of those withering roses! Bring out the best china and puff those pillows and cushions! Hurry!”

Everybody hurried to work immediately.

Harper rushed to the mirror to check on her looks for the final time to make sure that her appearance was absolutely perfect.

When the table was set and the wine was breathing in the decanter, Lance finally arrived,

He complained as soon as he stepped into the room:

“Can’t we just have a simple dinner in the dining hall? Why make such a fuzz? What is the occasion?”

Harper was waiting for him by the door in a tight-fit evening dress and 6-inch stilettos.

Yet Lance didn’t take a single look at her carefully prepared looks for tonight and simply tossed her his heavy coat rudely.

Harper fumbled to catch his coat. She almost tripped in her skinny heels.

“I—I want to make this night special, My King.”

She said with a fawning smile and hurried behind Lance’s back, “There are just a few nights away from our wedding day and I want to enjoy some alone time with you.”

“Whatever.”

Lance slumped down onto his chair and loosened his tie impatiently.

“But don’t make this a regular thing, OK? I am very busy. I don’t have time for this every single night.”

The smile on Harper’s lips became stiff.

“...Of course...I wouldn’t dare to bother you...The thing is-” she sat down by Lance’s side and placed her hand on his forearm, “-there is something I want to check with you...about our wedding...”

Yet Lance didn’t pay attention to what she said at all.

His eyes found Janet standing in the corner.

“Janet?” he frowned, perplexed, “What are you doing here?”

“...Cleaning the room, apparently,” Janet said in a cool voice.

Harper gritted her teeth, looking infuriated to lose Lance’s attention.

She leaned her upper body towards Lance and tried to bring the subject back, “So, as I was saying, about our dinner-”

Yet Lance was still not listening, “What is that on your neck? Is that a choker? A present? From whom?”

“Something your wife gave me to keep my behaviors in check. She didn’t tell you? I guess married couples don’t share everything with each other,” Janet said with a raised eyebrow.

Harper clenched her fists under the tablecloth.

She could hear Janet’s acid tone.

“My King, what she *is* wearing doesn’t matter!” she tried desperately to get Lance’s attention back, “What matters here is the thing that I am about to tell you about our wedding=”

Yet she got interrupted for the third time by Janet, “If there is nothing else, I am going to have dinner downstairs. I haven’t eaten anything all day.”

That was the last straw.

Harper grabbed bread from the basket and threw it at Janet, “You want to eat? There! Eat like a fucking dog on the floor. Now can you shut up? BITCH!”

There was an awkward silence in the room. Every maid and servant held their heads down in the corner holding their breaths.

Eventually, it was Lance who broke this silence:

...You are starving her?”

“Yes my king but that is not the point-

“You need the rogue’s food in her system to keep her in this city!”

Lance roared, standing up and sweeping everything on the table to the floor.

“Are you a fucking idiot, Harper?!”

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## Chapter 165

Chapter 165

Harper looked as though she had just been slapped on her face.

Her body trembled violently in humiliation. Her face changed from red to grey and then to pale.

“...She just missed one day’s meal. It is not a big deal,” Harper gritted, holding on to her last thread of dignity.

“And that increases the danger of her escaping. We don’t want to take that risk!”

“She *is* a maid, and she is closely watched by dozens of guards in this palace. It is perfectly safe-”

“She is a fucking Gamma!” Lance snarled, his furious voice echoing across the room, “I have seen her kill more than dozens of guards! You are a fucking moron to underestimate her!”

Harper’s cheeks flamed.

There were shameful tears circling in her eyes.

“Can we not do this in front of everyone?” she pleaded with a hushed tone, “I am still your queen. Please don’t underestimate me in front of my maids...”

Yet Lance kept an indifferent attitude, “A decent queen would never cause me so many troubles. Maybe you should take a moment to reflect upon yourself.”

Harper looked as though she wanted to vanish in the thin air.

After a short pause, she jerked around and growled to the maids and guards in the room:

“Leave us! Get the fuck out of here!”

Everyone hurried to exit the room holding their heads down.

Lance said to Janet in a softened voice, "You go ahead and find yourself some band-aid for your thumb."

Janet said nothing and glanced at Harper before she left the room.

She saw Harper glaring at her with flames of jealousy burning in her eyes.

Janet walked out of the room and closed the door behind her back.

Yet she didn't walk away but instead pressed her ear against the door panel, listening attentively for the noises inside.

She soon heard quarrels.

"You can't do this to her, Harper! You can't torment her like a fucking salve!" Lance snarled, "Whatever you are planning just stop it right now!"

Harper yelled back like a manic, "But why? My King, I don't understand! You were perfectly with me chopping off her hands a week ago! What made you change your mind?! Is it because you like her? You think she is pretty and suddenly feel sorry! her, don't you!"

"Stop acting like a fucking jealous woman! CHRIST!"

Another crashing noise came from the other side of the door.

Sounded like Lance broke a vase or something.

After a short silence, Harper started to sob.

Lance spoke up again in a strained and impatient voice:

for

"Don't give me that tear work. I am not buying that...Anyway, Janet means too much. to Daran. Since I still need Daran's help, we want to keep the woman he loves safe."

"But you don't understand, my king! It was Daran who came into my room last night and asked me to teach that bitch a lesson. And he did accept the maid that you sent him the other day, didn't he? I am telling you! He doesn't care about Janet-" "You are so fucking dumb!"

Lance sounded frustrated, "Daran didn't sleep with that maid! **He** hasn't slept with any other women since he got here! He said that he wanted to have Janet tortured because he was jealous, but he still loves her! He was saying one thing but thinking exactly the opposite!"

“Daran...He still loves her?”

Harper was utterly stunned, “No I can’t believe this... She was so cold to him...”

“Janet has her own charms.” Lance said coldly, “She is independent, strong, fierce, and attractive, the whole package. It is perfectly natural **for** a **man** like Daran to fall in love with her. She is way better than a certain type of woman with nothing but pretty face,”

The final sentence hurt Harper’s self-esteem.

She couldn’t help but hissed, “You spoke very fondly of her. Why? Do you find **Janet** attractive yourself—”

“Don’t start this with me.” Lance warned dangerously, “Anyway, just keep things civil with Janet. If you don’t want her, **fine**, send her down to the kitchen and keep her out of your sight.”

“But I hate her!” Harper cried,

“Then suck it up! You are not hurting her. Period!”

Harper breathed heavily as though she was doing everything that she could to control her temper.

“Why is Daran so important to you anyway?” Harper hissed, “I heard a rumor saying that you are making him The King! You can’t seriously be considering that can you? If he is the king, what does that make you? About what about me?! Am I still the Queen?”

Janet’s heart jumped to her throat.

That was the same question that she had been wondering.

Lance couldn’t be that nice to give this kind of supreme power away to Daran.

So what was Lance planning on exactly?

She wished that Lance could answer Harper.

But Lance simply replied with an impatient tone, “Stay out of my fucking business.”

Janet let out a small sigh.

Looked like she was not going to get any useful information out of their conversation.

She raised her hand to knock on the door.



"Come in!" Lance said.

Janet pushed the door open and walked back inside. She was immediately face-to-face with Harper's tear-stained face.

Harper jumped and immediately turned away from Janet, hiding her crying face.

"What do you need, Janet?" Lance asked rather softly.

"If there is nothing else, I am going downstairs to have dinner and turn in for bed," Janet said.

Lance nodded hastily, "Yes, go! And starting tomorrow, you will be working in the kitchen. Wendy will fill you in later."

"Wait!"

Harper cried abruptly, "My King, while Janet is still here, there is something I want to ask you. About our wedding."

"Again?" Lance rolled his eyes, "Go ask the wedding planners. I paid those people a shit load to save myself from all these troubles-"

Yet Harper persisted anyway, "I want to invite my parents to our wedding! They will want to be here for me when I get crowned as the queen!"

Janet raised her eyebrow.

Hellen and Paul?

Well, wasn't this a nice surprise?

She hadn't heard from the Diaz again since she left the Riverside Pack.

"YOUR PARENTS?"

Lance roared.

"We are at war with the Riverside Pack, you idiot! Do you know how much trouble it will be to sneak our parents across the border? No! Absolutely NOT! I don't want to waste my manpower on this!"

"But Janet can go!" Harper cried defiantly, "She can go to the Riverside Pack and bring my parents here. It is my parent that we are talking about! I want them to be here for my wedding!"

“Are you fucking insane?! She will never come back once she leaves!”

“No, I have a micro bomb implanted in her choker! She will absolutely come back! I am not doing the wedding unless my parents are here!”

“FINE! I will not be threatened. This marriage is over now!”

Janet let out a cold sneer.

She wouldn't mind going back to Riverside Pack.

But Lance was right. She wouldn't come back, even with that death threat on her neck.

Yet she also knew that Lance would never let her.

So she turned around, exited the room, and let the two yell at each other.

She could still hear Lance's furious roar and Harper's desperate cry from the end of the hallway.

The next day, she reported to the kitchen as Lance said.

The head of the kitchen maid was a chubby woman with a friendly face.

She didn't give Janet a hard time like the others did, but instead gave her a basket of potatoes to peel.

Janet found a stool moved it to the corner of the kitchen and got to work.

She didn't mind working in the kitchen.

The kitchen was a very hectic place. Everyone was busy with something and didn't have time for her.

She would get her long-lost solitary back.

Plus, it would give her time to work on her escape plan.

Nobody came to talk to her for the whole morning, which was exactly what she was hoping for no more troubles.

When Janet was halfway through peeling that basket of potatoes, she heard a gentle tap on the window.

She looked up to the window. But there was no one here.

She looked around. Everyone was still caught up in their own work.

...Did she hear it wrong?

Janet lowered her head.

But she immediately heard another tap, crisp and clear this time.

This time when she looked up, she saw a person grinning at her through the window.  
Flaming red hair.

Big, wide smile.

Janet gasped under her breath...Morgana!

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## Chapter 166

Chapter 1661

Janet blurted out, "What are you-

Morgana put one finger on her lips, shushing her, and pointed to Janet's left. Janet saw a back door leading to the yard on her left.

She immediately stood up, bent down, and snuck out of the kitchen quietly.

The head maid was yelling at the others to give her a hand with the pastries.

No one in the kitchen noticed that Janet had left.

As soon as Janet was out of the kitchen, she sprinted forward to hug Morgana, "Morgana! How have you been?"

How long had it been since she last saw Morgana?

They last saw each other during Janet's latest attempt to escape. They were kept apart since Daran caught Janet back and locked her up.

It must have been half a month already.

Morgana hugged her back tightly, "I am fine! That fucking son of a bitch Lance sent me out on patrols to keep me away from you...So how are you? What the fuck—look at those bruises and scars on your face and body!"

Janet still got a huge slap mark across her face.

Her rolled-up sleeves showed plenty of stripes on her forearm.

"Who did this to you? Was it Harper? Or Daran?" Morgana hissed.

"It was Harper...Look, probably can't talk for long." Janet looked back to the kitchen, "I still have work to do."

"Don't worry. I got that covered."

Morgana blew a light whistle, and a soldier-looking woman rounded the corner, walking in to them.

She was about the same size as Janet, with the same fair color. People wouldn't be able to tell their differences by just looking at their backs.

"Meet my soldier, Claire," Morgana introduced.

Claire beamed at Janet, "Nice to meet you, Gamma Janet. I have heard so many things about you. Go ahead and talk with Lady Morgana. I got you covered."

She let down her hair and put on a mask.

She borrowed Janet's apron and headed into the kitchen.

"Will this work?" Janet was a bit worried.

"Relax. The people in the kitchen just met you today. They won't be able to tell the difference. Come on, we really need to talk."

Morgana led Janet to a small shed next to the kitchen where the maids kept the firewood.

Two men were in the shed, waiting for them.

Kass, and Westin.

Westin strode forward and pulled Janet into his arms as soon as they came in.

He hugged her tightly, **his** finger trailing the slap mark on her cheek.

"It is my fault," he said hoarsely.

"No. It is nobody's fault." Janet patted his back reassuringly. "There is nothing you can do under that circumstance."

Daran had obviously lost his mind the other day. Westin didn't have his wolf so there was no way he could win that fight with Daran.

He tried his best already. Janet didn't blame him.

Westin breathed heavily, "...I will make them pay. I promise."

"OK, you two lovebirds can find another time to cuddle." Morgana said, "We don't have much time."

Janet blushed and pulled herself away from Westin's hug. Yet he still kept one arm. around her waist.

"Hey Kass," she smiled at Kass, relieved to see him still doing alright after all these times.

Kass replied with a soft smile.

"So, the most important issue at hand." Morgana said, "We should figure out a way. to help Janet escape. She can't stay in this palace any longer. Look what those monsters had done to her."

"I think I will be safe for the time being." Janet said, "Lance just warned Harper to stop abusing me last night. Somehow he still finds me useful and wants to use me to get to Daran."

"But we can all agree that his collaboration with Daran is just temporary. Once he is done with Daran, he will put your head in a noose without a second of hesitation. Janet nodded, "Yeah, that is right. And I really need to alert Casper about what is going on with the rogues. So if there is a way to escape, that would be nice."

Kass rubbed his chin, a deep furrow between his brows.

"It is going to be harder than you expect," he said grimly. "The size of the soldiers guarding this palace had doubled. And you need a pass granted by the king himself to leave the Grace Ruin. This city is literally an iron bucket."

"There must be some breaches that we can find," Morgana frowned.

“Unless you know any secret tunnel leading outside, not guarded by the soldiers, then I don’t know which route is safe for us-”

“...The wedding,” Westin said abruptly.

Janet’s eyes lit up.

Right.

The wedding!

It was the perfect timing, with all the guests coming into the city and the palace. packed with outsiders and strangers.

It would be hard for the soldiers to watch over them.

Plus, Lance and Harper would be preoccupied by the wedding.

“The wedding will work,” Janet nodded firmly.

“Great! Then we will set the mission date for their wedding.” Morgana grinned, “My guy will find

an opening and snuck you out of the palace. Then-

“It won’t be necessary.”

Westin interrupted her.

“Janet will be coming with my men.”

There was a short moment of silence in the shed.

All three of them were stunned by what Westin just said.

“Y–Your men?” Kass blinked his eyes, utterly confused. “...I don’t get it. You work for Morgana, don’t you? Doesn’t ‘your men’ equal to ‘her men’?”

Morgana let out a cold snort, fixing her eyes on Westin’s face, “Wake up, Kass. This guy is no regular soldier. He has a secret identity that none of us know.”

Westin ignored the two of them.

He turned to Janet and said in a deep voice, “I will have my guy come and find you at the wedding. He will escort you out of the city, keeping you safe.”

“Hold on a second!”

Morgana cried, raising her voice, “You can’t decide that kind of thing yourself! At least tell us who you are first.”

Janet stared at Westin closely as well.

She did want to know about his identity first before letting him help her.

Yet Westin simply said nonchalantly, “My identity is not relevant here.”

“What the fuck? I am not placing Gamma Janet’s safety in the hand of a stranger!” Kass protested.

“Yeah, what if you are an enemy? What if you abduct Janet? We can’t take that risk!” Morgana echoed, “We are on the same board here. Just tell us your secret!”

Westin slowly turned to look at the two of them.

His face became cold and grim.

“... You two are rogues. Hence, I don’t trust you.” He **said** in a condescending voice. Morgana rounded her eyes in rage.

Though she was a bit intimidated by Westin’s aura, anger still made her blurt out:

“We were the ones helping Janet before you showed up! You are the untrustworthy ! You are the untrustworthy guy here, not us!”

“I am her mate. I won’t harm her.”

Kass huffed, “Oh yeah? Look what **her** first mate did to her!”

Westin’s face darkened.

“Do not compare me to **Daran**,” he said icily. “And frankly speaking, what you two think means very little to me. Janet is all I care about.”

He turned back to **Janet**. The grim look on his face softened instantly.

“What do you say? Do you trust me?” he asked.

Janet looked back at him, pondering.

After a few moments of hesitation, she nodded, “I might regret this later...but yeah. I

do trust you.”

“Gamma Janet!” Kass cried.

“You are making a huge mistake!” Morgana snapped.

“Calm down, you guys,” Janet said reassuringly. “I can feel it... Westin is not a bad guy. He is after the same things we do.”

Her last bits of doubt about Westin were dispelled when she saw that he couldn’t shift into his wolf.

Which meant that he didn’t recognize himself as a rogue.

That spoke louder than anything else.

“I vouched for him,” Janet stressed. “Please trust me.”

Morgana and Kass still looked reluctant.

Westin smiled and picked up Janet’s hand, planting a kiss on the back of her hand. “You won’t regret this,” he said in a husky voice, his eyes gleaming gorgeously.

“But when we get out of this safe, I want to know about your identity,” she demanded.

Westin replied with a mysterious smile and whispered, “...You will find out about it yourself sooner than you expect.”

Janet raised an eyebrow.

She was curious. But she didn’t pursue it.

Morgana rubbed her hair looking frustrated and

Morgana rubbed her hair, looking frustrated. “Janet...if you really think this is the right decision, then fine. Kass and I will still look out for you,”

“Thanks. I appreciate it.”

Janet smiled.

“Oh, and before I leave this place for good, there is something else I want to do.”

The three of them looked at her simultaneously.

“I want to fuck Harper’s wedding,” Janet said freezingly.



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## Chapter 167

Chapter 167

There was a short

silence in the shed.

Then the three of them burst out laughing in unison.

“That is the spirit, Janet!” Morgana cried, “You have got to make that bitch pay!”

“I believe you already have a plan?” Westin looked at Janet with a grin.

“I do,” Janet nodded.

Kass pursued eagerly, “Then what is it? There are only 3 days left before the wedding, so we better hustle. What can we do to help? Please let me be a part of it. I can’t miss out on the fun!

“We can abduct Harper. Make her miss the wedding,” Morgana suggested.

“Our we can hire somebody to throw paintballs at her wedding dress! It would be a blast to see her walking down the aisle covered in paint!”

“Actually...”

Janet said, interrupting their heated discussion, “I am thinking something more subtle, something that can keep ourselves off the radar. Westin still needs to get me out of the city that night. We don’t want to draw too much attention.”

“Don’t worry about that,” Westin smiled at her in an indulgent sort of way. “You can overturn the entire palace and that is **fine**. You have my back. But tell us what you were thinking originally?”

“The thing that Harper cares about the most is her reputation.”

Janet said in an icy tone.

“Her reputation stinks in Riverside Pack. Now she probably thinks that she can start over and become the most powerful woman in a place where nobody knows her... Well, I am not going to let that happen. I will expose her past. I will rub her reputation on the floor.”

Westin rubbed his chin, “Makes sense. But how?”

“There are pictures.”

Janet said.

“Pictures that she will not want her future husband and all the guests at the wedding to see.”

Kass let out an astonished gasp.

Morgana cried out enthusiastically, “Well great! Do you have those pictures with you?”

Janet shook her head, “No. All I know is that Harper keeps those photos in an album on her phone. If there is a way for us to get hold of this phone-”

“I can do it,” Westin said.

Kass and Morgana looked at him, skeptically.

“You?”

Kass asked in a highly doubtful manner.

you. A common s

Stealing the Queen’s phone? Seriously, Westin, don’t try to

swallow more than you can chew.”

Westin shrugged, “You said it yourself—I am not just a common soldier.”

He turned to Janet and pecked her cheek.

“I better get to work,” he said in his usual husky, sexy voice. “Can I see you in your room tonight?”

“Of course,” Janet smiled.

Westin left the shed in long strides..

Morgana snuck up to Janet and whispered into her ear, "Seriously, Janet, do you really trust this guy? He seems off to me..."

"I trust my instinct, which has never betrayed me for once." Janet patted her shoulder, "Now, shall we go and get your soldier Claire out of that kitchen?"

They went back.

Janet switched places with Claire.

Nobody in the kitchen noticed that she was gone for quite some time. The headmaid was still lashing at the others for being sluggish.

After a long day of peeling potatoes and chopping vegetables, Janet went back to her room, exhausted.

The bathroom wall that Daran destroyed during the fight with Westin had been fixed.

Janet tried the water tap. It was working soundly, now.

She popped in for a quick shower and sat on her bed, waiting for Westin to show up. When the clock struck eleven-fifty, a knock came on the door.

Janet rushed to get it.

To her surprise, Westin did not come alone.

He brought that maid named Gill with him.

Janet stood frozen by the door, holding the door panel with one hand, and looked at Gill with high alert.

This woman was not very nice to her before..

"I ask her to help." Westin explained, "She is responsible for changing the bed sheets in Harper's room."

Janet lowered her voice, "Can she be trusted?"

Westin nodded, "She wouldn't dare to say a word."

Gill seemed very nervous,

She constantly looked beyond her shoulder to see if there was anyone else in the hallway.

“Can we p

please hurry?” she asked in a strained voice, “I really can’t stay for long...! “Where is it?” Janet asked.

Gill reached into her pocket and took out a cell phone.

Harper’s phone.

“I lifted this from her nightstand. She is in the shower right now...But when she finishes the shower and comes out looking for her phone and can’t find it-”

“I will be done with it in 5 minutes,” Janet said.

She reached out to take the phone from Gill.

Yet Gill clenched onto it and would not let go.

“Don’t be mistaken that this means I like you!” Gill hissed, darting a hostile glare at Janet. “I am doing this as a favor for Westin. If I get caught later, I will absolutely throw you under the bus!”

Janet let out a light sneer, “Noted. Now hand it over. We don’t have much time, do we?”

She took that phone from Gill. Westin shoved her a laptop.

“I think you might need this.” he t

in the hallway guarding the door.”

Janet nodded, “5 minutes.”

her a blink, “Go do your thing. We will be

She went back to her room with Harper’s phone and the laptop and set both things on the table.

She tried to turn on Harper’s phone. It was protected by a 6–digit password.

Harper’s password...

She didn't think Harper was capable of coming up with some super complicated password.

Janet pondered for a few seconds and then tried the date Harper got saved from the kidnappers first. On that day Daran rejected her and Harper always saw that day as a big triumph.

It was wrong.

She then tried Hellen's birthday.

Still not correct.

Well, the only possible number left was-

Janet entered Harper's birthday.

The phone unlocked on her third try.

Janet let out a cold snort internally.

It was unbelievably easy but made sense. Because the person that Harper loved the most in the whole wide world was herself.

Janet clicked on the photo album and scrolled down.

She soon found what she was looking for-

A secret album that contained over 80 photos.

Each photo captured Harper in bed having sex with a different man.

This was Harper's deepest, largest secret.

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## Chapter 168

Chapter 168

Harper took this photo herself.

She was quite proud of her charms. So she took those photos to commemorate how many men she had seduced to bed.

Many of those men were older than Harper and were already married with kids.

These photos came with another important purpose.

When Harper ran out of the monthly allowance that Hellen and Paul gave her, she would extort those married men with these sex photos.

“You wouldn’t want your wife and kids to see this, would you? I will keep my mouth shut with a very reasonable price.”

That was something that Harper used to say to those men.

The reason that Janet knew so many details was because Harper used to show this off to her all the time.

She would open this album and flash the photo at Janet’s eyes.

“Can you imagine how hard those men beg to sleep with me? Even after I asked them for money?” Harper giggled, “Of course, you can’t imagine it. Because you don’t even have a single admirer. You will probably die as a virgin, Janet!”

The showing-off was not even the worst part.

One time, Janet refused to do Harper’s homework for her, Harper threatened to photoshop Janet’s head to those sex photos and passed it out to everyone on the street like flyers.

“Then they will think of you like a total tramp!” Harper laughed so hard at that time.

Back then, Janet had nothing but herself to rely on and of course, she was frightened, “No...they won’t believe you...I will tell them that it is you in these photos...”

“And whose words are they going to buy? Mine, or yours?” Harper threatened.

The answer was quite obvious.

Harper was still Riverside Pack’s little princess, and Janet was the Diaz’s most unwanted daughter.

So Janet caved in.

She did Harper's homework, along with other thousands of unreasonable things that Harper forced her to do.

Now, it was finally time for Harper to become the victim of her own mistake.

Janet made copies of all of those photos and kept the copy on the laptop that Westin lent her.

She used a tissue to wipe off all her fingerprints.

Then she went to give the phone back to Gill.

Gill and Westin were still waiting for her in the hallway.

When Janet came out, Gill had both of her arms tightly wrapped around Westin's elbow and said to him in a pleading voice:

...At least say yes to a date with me."

Westin pulled his arm out.

"Sorry. But I don't feel that way towards you." Westin replied in a cold and distant manner.

Gill looked humiliated, "Then what is this? Are you using me? And toss me away as soon as you are done?!"

"I made this clear when I came to you and asked for help. You could have said no. It was entirely up to you."

That sounded cruel.

Gill looked at him with her eyes welled up with tears. A few seconds later, she threw herself at him again.

"Oh Westin...I can never say no to you! I am your yes-machine! I am actually glad that you chose me rather than any other woman. I am still special to you, aren't I?" she sobbed.

Janet let out a small chuckle.

Westin could really make a woman go crazy for him.

"Janet!"

Westin saw Janet by the door and quickly shook off Gill and walked up to her.

לII

“You found those photos?” he asked.

Janet nodded and gave the phone back to Gill, “Thank you for this. Now you should head back before Harper notices anything.”

Gill shoved the phone into her pocket and hastily ran away.

Westin stayed behind and whispered to Janet, “...There is nothing going on between me and her.”

“No need to explain.” Janet smiled.

“But I want to. In case you get the wrong idea.”

“What wrong idea? That you are a woman magnet? A playboy?” Janet joked.

Touch 11 Westin hold his chest pretending to be stabbed in the heart “This hurts

“Ouch.” Westin held his chest, pretending to be stabbed in the heart. “This hurts more than the time your crazy ex threw me into a concrete wall.”

Janet laughed, “Stop messing around! You really should get going. It has passed curfew now. You don’t want to be seen here.”

Westin leaned in and stole a quick kiss on her cheek before rushing away.

The next day, Janet printed out those photos.

She needed a perfect way to present these photos to the guests during the wedding. She couldn’t just hand it out to them like

flyers, which drew too much attention;

She also didn’t want to just leave the photos on the table for the guests to discover. It

didn’t have the dramatic effect that she was hoping for.

Luckily, she already had an idea of where she wanted to hide those photos.

Janet hid the photos in her apron and went to the kitchen.



It was still super hectic down there, with everyone busy working on the feast for the dinner party after the ceremony.

Janet took a couple of hours to finish the work that she had at hand and then reported back to the headmaid.

The headmaid was busy working on the wedding cake.

“Can I help with this?” Janet asked.

“You?”

The head maid used the back of her hand to mop at her brow, “Do you know how to bake?”

“Yes. I am actually quite good at it,” Janet said.

This was not a lie.

Back in the Riverside Pack when she was still Daran’s Luna, Janet self-taught herself how to bake and cook.

At that time, she believed that if she could be better at these housewife skills, maybe Daran would grow fond of her in time.

The head maid shot her a skeptical look, “I don’t know...This wedding cake is a big deal, the spotlight of the dinner party. I can’t afford to mess it up.”

“I won’t be clumsy. I promise.”

“I don’t trust you with this.” The head maid said gruffly, “Why don’t you start whipping some of those creams? Let me see what you got.”

This was an easy task.

Janet went to get the chilled cream from the freezer and poured it into a bowl.

She grabbed a hand mixer and started whipping.

Of course, using the electronic whisk was a more time-saving option. But Janet knew from years of experience that the cream whipped by a human hand got a better

texture than machine-whipped cream.

She started at a low speed to avoid splattering and then gradually increased the

speed.

Many maids would feel their hands getting sore after a few minutes.

But not Janet.

The hand mixer was so much lighter than those iron swords or pistols that she trained with.

She stopped when the cream formed stiff peaks and went to present it to the head maid.

The head maid scooped some cream with one finger and had a taste.

“Not too bad!” she looked impressed. “You do know how to bake. Now you can help me with the batter.”

Janet offered, “I can take care of the wedding cake by myself.”

“No! Absolutely not! If you mess up the cake, it is going to be me who gets scorned and punished. I am not letting you take the wheel.”

Seeing that the head had her mind made up, Janet stopped pushing and got back to work.

They spent an entire day on this cake.

It was getting late. The other maids had left the kitchen. They were just halfway through the cake.

“Ah, my shoulder! And I can’t feel my back anymore!” The head maid groaned, “You sure that you don’t want to take a rest?”

Janet kept her eyes on the cake and said, “No I am good. You should go ahead and have some rest. I got this.”

Janet had won her trust with today’s hard work.

Yet she still looked a bit reluctant.

“I kept a nice bottle of wine in the closet. You should go ahead and open that. Pour yourself a glass and enjoy it in the lounge. You deserve that,” Janet smiled.

She had her research done about the headmaid.

This woman was an alcoholic. There was nothing she liked more than a nice bottle of wine.

The head maid's eyes gleamed with greed.

She licked her lips and finally caved into that temptation, "Well...alright! I am going to refresh myself with that drink. You keep up with the work. I will check back later." She went to grab that bottle and hurried to the lounge next door.

A triumphant smile appeared on Janet's lips.

She finally got a moment alone with this cake.

The wedding cake was 3 feet high and had 10 layers.

She would hollow the cake and hide the pictures inside.

Just imagine the look on Harper's face when she cut the cake and all those pictures about her ugly past came flying out.

She couldn't wait to see that.

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## Chapter 169

Chapter 169

The head maid got herself hammered with that bottle of wine and fell asleep in the lounge.

When she woke up, it was already 6 o'clock the next morning.

"Jesus Christ!"

She jumped up and sprunt into the kitchen crying, "Fuck we don't have much time left! How is the cake coming along?"

The wedding cake was already finished.

When she came dashing in, Janet was just adding one finishing touch—placing the couple's figurine on the top layer.

The wedding cake stood 10 layers high, covered in buttercream pink frosting, and decorated with ribbons, red roses, and white lilies.

It was made to perfection.

The head maid could already imagine the guests staring at this piece of work in awe. "Holy...Did you make this all by yourself?" she gasped.

Janet nodded, dusting some flour off her apron, "Yeah, what do you think?"

"It is...absolutely perfect."

The head maid walked around the cake, admiring it from all directions. She couldn't find anywhere that needed refinement.

"Great work, Janet. Really, fabulous work!" she said, "I will be sure to mention your name to the masters when they ask about this cake—"

Janet waved her hands hastily, "No, no please don't. This is all you. I just offered a little help."

The head maid smiled to Janet with gratitude in her eyes.

She thought Janet didn't want to steal her thunder.

But what she didn't know was that there were a dozen photos hidden in the hollow core.

Like a time bomb, waiting to be ignited.

On the day of the wedding, the head maid made everyone get up and go to work before the sun came up.

The stove was on since 4:30 and the heat made everyone sweat like hell.

None of them had time to stop and take a break. They had to take turns grabbing a quick bite for their lunch or they wouldn't be able to get their work done before the dinner party.

Janet overheard a couple of maids complaining about the workloads.

"I am so done with our job!"

One maid growled, chopping the vegetables.

One maid growled, chopping the vegetables.

“Us kitchen maids are forced to stay down here, by the oven and stove, and get all the heavy works done! While those sluts upstairs get to attend the ceremony a parties with the masters. It is so not fair!”

“I know!” the other maid snapped while squeezing a lemonade, “That tramp Gill kept texting me photos of the morning reception and all those gorgeous male guests. Oh, have you seen the queen’s wedding gown?”

“No. Have you?”

“Me neither! Because we are stuck here! But that tramp Gill has. She said the wedding gown was absolutely stunning. The Queen looks like a real goddess in it...”

Janet smiled icily listening to their conversation.

This must be the day that Harper dreamed about since she was born.

The wedding of the century, powerful mate, expensive wedding gown, fancy parties, and herself surrounded by guests under the spotlight...

Too bad that this beautiful dream would not last.

It would be ruined the moment Harper cut that wedding cake.

The wedding ceremony was held at the church.

After the ceremony, the King and Queen and all the guests would return to the palace for the dinner party.

At around 6 o’clock in the afternoon, a servant came down to the kitchen saying that they needed a couple more maids to help out at the dinner party.

This was the chance to attend a fancy party.

All maids shot their hands up in the air, volunteering for this dream job.

Yet the head maid pointed at Janet specifically, “Janet, you go.”

The others were rankled.

“Why does she get to go?” one maid cried, “She is the new one!”

“Because she hustles and got all her work done!” the head maid roared back, “Anyone who has a problem with this can go scrub the toilet tomorrow!”

Janet loosened her apron and left the kitchen with the servant.

The servant brought her to the Grand Ballroom, where the dinner party was held.

The ballroom had been transformed into a fairyland.

The arched high ceiling was adorned with intricate moldings, ribbons, and sparkling chandeliers. The walls were lined with golden wallpaper and large windows draped in luxurious curtains.

The tables were set with fine china and crystal, and the smell of gourmet cuisine wafted through the air.

Most guests were already in the ballroom, gathered in small groups, chatting. The room was filled with the soft hum of conversation and the occasional burst of laughter.

the wealthiest one percent in his kingdom to this party.

Everyone was dressed in fine evening wear, with women in flowing gowns and men in sharp tuxedos.

They all looked so noble and elegant.

“Keep your head down! Don’t look at the masters.”

The servant hissed at Janet as they crossed the room staying close to the wall.

“You can’t afford to offend any one of these people,” he warned.

Janet rolled her eyes internally.

The servant placed her behind the bar and asked her to help serve drinks.

A few guests immediately came forward and placed their orders.

Janet took their orders and looked around the ballroom.

She didn’t see anyone she knew.

No sight of Daran, Morgana, Kass, or Westin.

Lance and Harper hadn’t arrived either.

“Two glasses of champagne,” said a haughty voice behind her back.

Janet turned around.

Her eyes widened with shock when she saw the person who just spoke.

It was Paul!

Standing next to him was his wife, Harper’s mother, Hellen.

Looked like Harper still managed to get her parents across the border and bring them to the wedding.

An astonished look appeared on the couple’s faces when they saw Janet.

After a short pause, Paul burst out laughing, “Oh my god, look who it is! Working behind the counter as a maid! What happened, Janet? Did your Alpha throw you out of the army forcing you to get a job elsewhere?”

Hellen giggled, “The last time we saw you, you seemed very hoity toity with Alpha Daran and Alpha Casper behind your back. Did they abandon you? Lost interested in your sluttiness?”

Janet let out a cold snort.

She pretended that she hadn’t heard their sarcasm and poured them two glasses of champagne as they asked..

“Here is your order,” she said coolly.

Paul slammed his hand against the counter and snapped, “Watch your goodman attitude! You are a fucking maid now. And my dear daughter is the queen! We can tramp you like a fucking ant now-”

“Your dear daughter?” Janet chuckled icily, “You mean the same daughter that you turned your backs on when she was brought to trial in Riverside Pack?”

She despised these two.

When Harper was charged with crimes, they threw Harper under the bus without hesitation to save their own asses.

Yet now they came crawling back to their discarded daughter as soon as she became the queen.

What a hypocrite.

Hellen's cheeks seemed to be on fire.

"Harper has already forgiven us! Or she wouldn't invite us to her wedding!" she cried, "I think that you are just jealous! Isn't it right Paul?"

"Yes! Jealous!" Paul nodded hastily, "Harper has the world's most powerful man as her husband and mate now. And you? You fucking have nothing! You should get on your knees and beg for our mercy now!"

These two were impossible to talk to.

Janet rolled her eyes and decided not to waste her time on them, "Now if you don't mind, there are other guests waiting in line to get their drinks."

Her attitude enraged the Diaz couple.

"There is a hair in my champagne!" Paul said sharply.

"Where? I don't see it."

"Are you saying that I am fucking blind?"

Janet took in a deep breath, fighting down her anger.

She emptied the champagne and poured them another two glasses.

"Now. Happy?" she asked icily.

Hellen felt the glass and cried, "The wine is warm! Do you know how to do your job or not? I am reporting you to your supervisor!"

They just wouldn't leave her alone.

Janet clenched her teeth.

She suddenly grabbed a bottle of bourbon and poured the whole entire bottle onto Hellen's handbag!

"What the fuck are you doing!" Paul snarled.

"My handbag!" Hellen let out an ear-splitting sharp cry, "This is a limited edition, worth more than a million! You can't afford it in a lifetime you cunt-

Janet reached out a hand, grabbed Hellen's collar, and dragged half of her body over the counter.



“Fake,” she hissed into Hellen’s ear.

Hellen froze at once.

“The hardware looks cheap, the material feels flimsy, the stitching is off. Even the logo isn’t in the right font.”

Janet let out a cold laugh.

“I have an entire closet full of handbags in the same brand. I can tell the difference.”

Hellen blushed furiously, breathing heavily.

“Do you want me to scream it out loud? Let the other guests know?” Janet chuckled darkly, “They will definitely be interested to hear that the Queen’s mother is wearing fake.”

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## Chapter 170

Chapter 170

The Queen’s mother.

Wearing fake.

It was such a scandal!

Some of the guests tonight were already unhappy with the choice of the Queen. They didn’t think an outsider like Harper deserved to marry their King, especially since that she was an outsider without any title or power.

If they heard that the queen’s mother was carrying a fake handbag, they would definitely laugh their asses off.

And it would piss Harper off greatly.

Harper was the queen now. Hellen didn't want to upset her powerful daughter!

Janet stared at Hellen and chuckled, "So, are we going to have a problem?"

Hellen swallowed, "...N-No."

"And your drinks?"

Paul grabbed a glass and quickly took a sip, "It is fine."

"Good." Janet smiled.

They couple didn't dare to say anything else. But they kept darting angry glares at Janet.

Just then, a servant by the door announced loudly:

"-Ladies and gentlemen, The King and the Queen!"

The heavy double door swung open with the organ pealing solemnly in the background. All guests turned around and looked towards the entrance.

Lance and Harper walked in holding hands.

Harper had changed out of her wedding gown and was now wearing an elegant, floor-length gown made from sumptuous, rose-colored silk.

The gown fitted at the waist and featured a deep V-neckline and was adorned with hand-embroidered lance detailing that shimmered in the light.

The long, flowing skirt added a touch of drama and sophistication.

She accessorized with a statement necklace made from diamonds and pearls, which sparkled against the skin.

Each of those diamonds was the size of a quail egg

Applause broke out in the ballroom. Harper smiled and nodded to all directions, her face radiant with delight and complacency.

"That is my daughter!" Paul said loudly amidst the applause, "See? My daughter is the queen. I am your King's father-in-law!"

Compared to Harper's thrilled expression, Lance seemed less excited.

He held Harper's hand walking to the center of the ballroom and announced in a dull.

voice:

“-I present you, my Queen, Harper Diaz.”

He let go of Harper’s hand as soon as he said that.

The crowd applauded again. Many guests came forward to talk to the King and his newly crowned Queen.

Paul and Hellen immediately abandoned their drinks on the counter and blended into the crowd.

“Coming through!” Paul cried, pushing himself through.

Hellen giggled stupidly behind his back, “Make way for the King’s mother and father-in-law!”

The crowd parted and they got up to the front.

“My King!” Paul bowed to Lance in a dramatic manner, “It is such an honor to finally meet you. Harper said so many nice things about you...”

“Mr. Diaz,” Lance nodded nonchalantly.

“And the wedding!” Hellen picked up the topic and gasped, “The wedding is just absolutely gorgeous! Oh my, I have never attended a fancier wedding before-

“It is fancy because it cost a fortune,” said a voice behind their back.

People looked to their back and saw Morgana walking up to them in a flaming-red long gown, looking absolutely stunning.

She had a mask over her face to cover the hideous birthmark on her face.

“My King.”

Morgana curtsied to Lance casually and completely ignored Harper’s presence. Hellen darted this beautiful woman a hostile glare, “What do you mean ‘cost a fortune’? My son-in-law here is the King! He owns the entire rogue kingdom. Of course, he can afford it. It is so ungraceful of you to talk about money here, on my dear daughter’s wedding!”

Morgana slowly turned to look at this woman.

This woman, and the man stood by her, were her birth parents.

The people who had abandoned her, cold-bloodedly.

She had been preparing for this day since she heard that Harper was bringing her parents to this wedding.

Hatred burned in her eyes behind the mask.

These two deserved to rot in hell.

“On the contrary, money is exactly what we need to talk about.”

Morgana crossed her arms and let out a sneer:

“Every penny spent on this wedding comes from our national treasury. Your daughter insisted on having the best stuff on everything: brand-new silk bedsheet for everyone, tailored made guest nightrobes, redecorating the entire palace,

exquisite jewelries for herself...We even paid for your clothes and accessories for tonight, Mr. and Mrs. Diaz.

“I have never seen the bill,” Lance said with a frown. “How much in total?”

“50 million,” Morgana said coolly.

“...50 fucking million?!”

Lance raised his voice furiously, “Why haven’t I heard about this before? Are we going to fucking drain our national treasury for this fucking wedding?!”

Morgana shrugged, “I showed this bill to the Queen. Apparently, she believed that this is a money worth spending.”

Harper’s cheeks seemed to be on fire.

She gasped urgently to defend herself, “I—I know it is a lot. But this is our wedding! Once in a lifetime! 50 million is nothing compared to its significance...”

“You are the one to say!” Lance glared at her, “I already took me enough manpower to get your parents across the border. And 50 million spent on one night?! You have never contributed a single penny to this kingdom!”

Harper looked as though she just got slapped at the face.

This was her big night. And every guest was staring at her. She could see the mockery in their eyes.

She couldn't be humiliated. At least not tonight!

"Can you stop now?" she gritted, "Many of my friends in Riverside Pack spent millions on their weddings. How come I didn't see their husbands complain?"

Lance sneered, "Oh now you think Riverside Pack is better? Then why don't you go back there and see if Daran still wants you as his Luna?"

Light snickers could be heard from the crowd.

Most guests were gloating over Harper.

None of them liked her very much.

Morgana added, "Oh. And I do remember you saying that the bride's side will be paying for half of this wedding, correct? So when can I receive that check from you?"

Harper gulped nervously.

But she couldn't back down from this fight.

She puffed her chest and snorted arrogantly, "25 million is nothing for my family! Mom, dad, write her a check"

Paul and Hellen widened their

eyes!

shock.

"B...But darling..." Hellen lowered her voice, her face flaming red. "We don't have that kind of money..."

Paul nodded, "Yeah. Remember the tax issue we had in Riverside Pack? We haven't sorted that problem yet... King Lance even paid out transportation to the border..."

"All our houses and cars were confiscated by Daran's Financial Minister..." Hellen scratched her head, "We were actually wondering if you could arrange a place for us to stay at here...since we lost our house back home..."

Harper widened her eyes, mortified.

How was this even possible?!

“Hold on a second, are your family broke?” Morgana raised an eyebrow, “Then how come when I brought the money issue to you, you told me not to worry about the money since your family wealth exceeded my imagination? Are those just big words?”

The crowd jeered.

Hellen’s body trembled. She could hardly hold her fake handbag, “How are you! And why are you trying to sabotage my daughter’s wedding? Are you the King’s whore? How give you a right to-”

“I am the King’s Cabinet Minister.” Morgana eyed her icily, “So you better watch your tongue. Do not disrespect me.”

Hellen quivered under her sharp gaze.

Paul stuttered, “I—I am sure we can sort this out. My son-in-law here is the King for Christ’s sake...”

“Stop calling me that.”

Lance redirected his freezing stare to Paul, “Everyone—including your daughter—refers to me as the King.”

A gorgeous waltz music started to play in the background. Guests in the far distance came to gathered by the dance floor, waiting for the King and Queen to open tonight’s first dance.

“Let us get this fucking thing over with first.” Lance hissed to Harper, “We will have a thorough conversation about this later.”

Harper bit her lips holding the tears in her eyes.

She gave her hand to Lance and let him drag her into the dancefloor.

That bitch Morgana ruined everything!

But it was OK. There was still time to fix this. She would enjoy the rest of her night and find a way to cool Lance’s fury later...She could do it...

Harper took a deep breath and put on a forced smile.

Yet before they could start dancing, a loud voice rose above the music and the chatters, announcing:

“-Sir Edwin is here!”

Hearing that, Lance immediately abandoned Harper in the dancefloor and rushed to the ballroom's entrance.

"Where are you going!" Harper cried to his back.

There was a commotion in the ballroom. Everyone was standing on their tiptoe gazing at the door as if somebody important was going to show up.

Janet noticed this behind the bar.

She turned to ask another servant behind the counter, "Who is Sir Edwin?"

"You never heard of him?" the servant gave her a strange look.

"No. Is he like a noble or something?"

"Oh I forgot. You are from the other side of the border." The servant giggled.

He lowered his voice. And whispered to her in a mysterious voice:

"...Then have you heard about the Lycans?"

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## Chapter 171

Chapter 171

The Lycan?

Janet was stunned for a few seconds and then burst out laughing, "No. You are kidding."

"You don't believe me," the servant snorted.

"Well then, because...Lycan is nothing about a myth."

Janet had heard many stories and fairytales about the Lycan since she was a child.

In those stories, the Lycans were just like them, except for the fact that they were stronger, more powerful, and more ruthless.

But it was more like a mythical creature, created by the bard and fairytale writer to keep children away from the woods at night.

Yet now, this servant was telling her that the Lycan was real. And the Lycan was here at Lance's wedding.

How was she supposed to believe something this ridiculous?

The servant saw the skeptical look on her face, and he shrugged, "It is a myth to you, but not to us. The Lycan has kept a friendly relationship with us for years...Well,

'friendly' is probably not the right word. They WATCH OVER us."

Janet laughed, "You meant like a god or something?"

She meant this as a sarcasm.

Yet the servant looked very serious, "Yes. Exactly like the god, or guardian if you prefer."

"You are kidding. The rogues are a bunch of anarchists. You would let another being rule over you?"

The werewolves and the rogues had fought for  
years for  
power.

The rogues never bent their back to anyone, not even an Alpha.

Yet they submitted themselves to the Lycan?

"Because..."

The servant gulped with a hint of fear flickering across his eyes, "...You have any idea how powerful the Lycan is. They are the earliest group of werewolves created by the Moon Goddess. They exhibit ancient powers that we werewolves don't. Words

said that even their wolf form is different than ours."

Janet was intrigued, "Different how?"



Yet the servant didn't answer.

He was staring at the gate in awe as everyone else did.

Janet followed his gaze and saw the man who just walked in with Lance.

This must

Sir Edwin.

He was a very handsome guy, about 6 feet high.

He had silky, raven-black hair that contracted elegantly against his pale skin. His features were chiseled and aristocratic, with a strong jawline and high cheekbones.

His eyes were a captivating shade, like deep, mysterious pools of midnight that drew others in.

Janet stared at him.

This guy looked as though he just come out of a medieval oil painting.

But she didn't see how he was different from any of them.

Maybe he was just a phony. Janet thought internally.

Lance stood by Sir Edwin's side. The two were having a heated conversation about something.

People's attention was drowned in this honored, mysterious guest.

Everyone including Lance—had completely forgotten that Harper was still waiting in the dancefloor.

Harper clenched her fists in rage, her body shaking with humiliation.

This was supposed to be her big moment!

Yet her thunder was completely stolen, first by Morgana, then by this guy who showed up from nowhere.

She wanted to scream, yell at someone, or maybe smash things.

But she also knew that making a scene would only make Lance despise her more.

Just then, she saw two maids carrying her 10-layer wedding cake into the ballroom. She found her punchbag.

Harper strode up to them and snarled, "Is this my wedding cake?"

The maids quickly placed the cake on the counter and curtsied to her, "Yes, My Queen."

"It is hideous!" Harper snapped, "Who made this? I want the pastry chef flogged for this! Which one of you is the pastry chef?!"

"N-No...it is not us my queen..."

The maids shivered in their spots, not knowing what to do.

Janet saw this from the distance and hastily walked over, "What is the matter?"

One maid saw Janet and blurt out at once, "It was her! She made this cake with our headmaid. My Queen, please punish her instead of us!"

Harper turned to glare at Janet.

"You made this?" Harper hissed.

Janet frowned, "I helped a little. What is the matter with it?"

"It is fucking tacky and hideous! The decorations...roses and lilies? Are you fucking kidding me?" Harper gritted, nitpicking. "Get this ugly thing out of wedding. NOW!"

Janet narrowed her eyes.

This cake was the most important part of her plan.

This **cake** stayed

my gorgeous

This cake stayed.

"It is just an ordinary cake," Janet said. "There is nothing wrong with—"

"Are you fucking saying that I have bad taste?" Harper roared.

Janet rolled her eyes internally. It was exactly what she meant.

She tried to talk some sense into Harper, "We spent days on this cake. If you say no to this one, you won't have a wedding cake at all."

"So you don't have a backup plan? I don't care. This is your problem. Get me another one in 10 minutes!" said Harper crossly.

Janet took in a deep breath with rage surging up in her chest.

... Maybe she should just smash Harper's stupid face directly into this cake.

Just then, a deep voice came behind their backs:

"What are you two fighting about?"

It was Daran.

Janet hadn't seen him earlier. Maybe he ran late.

Harper quivered at the sight of Daran. She was always afraid of him. But then she remembered how Daran handed Janet to her to have Janet tortured.

Maybe Daran would take her side this time.

"I was just telling Janet that the cake she made is hideous. And I deserve something better." Harper said.

Daran glanced at the cake casually and looked back at Harper, "I didn't see anything wrong with it."

Harper widened her eyes, "Are you fucking taking her side again? Have you already forgotten how she betrayed you?!"

Daran's face darkened.

He let out a cold snort, "I don't need you to remind me. Go. Lance is asking for you."

"But the cake-"

"Stop making a fuzz." Daran stared at her icily. "You are already accused of being extravagant. Don't bitch about the cake anymore."

Harper bit her lips unwillingly.

She darted one resentful glare at Janet and then stormed away.

Janet took a quick look at Daran.

This was the first time they saw each other after that night he brought her to Harper.

The initial rage had disappeared.

But her hatred towards him remained the same.

“...There is something wrong with the cake, isn't it?” Daran said abruptly.

Janet rounded her eyes.

She quickly hid her panic and pretended to be calm, “What do you mean?”

“Stop playing dumb with me, Janet. I am not Harper,” Daran chuckled. “A regular 10–layer cake is really heavy, and it takes at least 3-4 men to lift off the ground. Two

maids carried this cake into the ballroom all by themselves.... Let me guess. The cake is hollow, isn't it?”

He took a step closer to Janet, his hot breath spreading on her earlobe:

“-What is hiding in the cake?”

Janet froze.

Daran was by far the smartest and most observant guy she knew.

...What do you want?” she asked stiffly after a long pause. “You didn't say anything to Harper.”

“I don't mind you sabotaging her wedding,” he said coolly, crossing his arms.

“Oh, so you hate her now?” Janet said sarcastically, “I thought you two were sadist buddies. It is very easy of you to switch sides, Daran.”

Daran lapsed into silence.

There was an unreadable expression on her face.

He said in a hoarse voice after a long pause, “...I am sorry about that night.”

His apology set fire to her rage.

“You are fucking sorry?!” she jerked around to glare at him, “You think one apology will make up for what you did?! She fucking flogged me! Plucked my nails off! Humiliated me! If it weren't for you, I would never have to go through all those fucking torments!”

His gorgeous face contorted. He looked frustrated.

"I let jealousy get to me. Anger clouded my mind." he said darkly, "But if you didn't mess around with that Westin first-

"That is your big excuse?! You punished me for moving on with a better, more decent guy. You don't have that right!"

"I DO!" he growled, grabbing her wrist forcefully. "Because you are mine!"

"Oh for fuck's sake

"Listen to me!" he hissed, lowering his voice so that no one else could hear. "Lance is giving me full details about how to become The King tonight. I can really put a stop to everything this time, Once this is behind us, we can still go back and pretend. nothing has happened...Just—give me a bit more time, Janet."

Janet looked back at him coldly.

"You had your chance. You gave it up yourself," she said freezingly.

"Janet-

Daran looked traumatized.

He wanted to say something else.

But a voice interrupted him saying:

"

...Your wedding cake is gorgeous, Queen Harper."

Daran and Janet looked around and found Sir Edwin standing a few feet away, with Lance, Harper, and a large group of guests behind him.

Harper looked flattered to hear his compliment, "Thank you, sir."

There was a cool smile on Sir Edwin's lips, "I can't wait to have a slice."

"What are you waiting for?" Lance elbowed Harper, "You heard Sir Edwin."

"Oh...right. I will cut the cake right away!"

She rushed to grab the knife.

When nobody was paying attention, Sir Edwin's eyes flickered to Janet.

And he blinked at her..

Janet frowned.

... What was this guy doing?

On the other side, Harper had dug the knife into the cake.

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## Chapter 172

### Chapter 172

The cake started to wobble when Harper cut a slice off

“Watch out!” a maid cried.

The next second, the ten-layer cake came crashing down and fell right onto Harper's head.

“AHHH-”

Harper let out a deafening scream, her face, and body covered in jam and cream. The gorgeous gown that she was so proud of was completely ruined.

An astonished gasp could be heard from the crowd. Guests backed away hastily to stay away from the sticky cream on the floor.

There was a disgusted expression on Lance's face.

He cast one disdainful look at Harper and turned to Edwin, “Sir Edwin, let's get away from this mess. Don't let the cream get on your shoes...

“Hold on a second.”

Sir Edwin bent down and picked up a piece of paper from the crumbs, "What is this?"

"A paper?" Lance frowned, "What is it doing in the cake?"

Sir Edwin wiped the cream on the tablecloth and presented it to the guests with a crooked smile, "Looks like a photo...Oh, and a very interesting one."

Guests huddled over.

Even Lance leaned over to take a closer look.

Then everyone's face changed abruptly.

It was a nude pic, with Harper in bed with a middle-aged man. He grabbed her hair and was riding her like a horse.

"Jesus Christ!" One female guest screamed, covering her eyes with both of her hands, "How disgraceful...it hurt my eyes!"

There was an uproar in the crowd.

"It looks like Queen Harper!" somebody cried, "It is her nude pic!"

"And there is more on the ground!"

Guests swarmed in and scrabbled for the scattered photos hidden in the falling cake.

Harper wiped the cream on her face and saw a photo lying by her feet. She picked it up, saw what was in the photo, and her face contorted with horror.

"Stop! STOP!!"

She roared, threading the photo into pieces, and rushed to fight over the remaining photos, "Stop looking at it! This fucking private! I am ordering you as the Queen

FUCKING STOP!!!"

Yet nobody listened.

She tried to snatch a photo from a guy's hand. She slipped on the cake, tripped, and fell to the floor with her face facing down.

"Eh..." she groaned painfully, yet nobody came to give her a hand.

There were photos everywhere, at least dozens of them. All guests had joined this peculiar “treasure hunt.”

The ballroom had lapsed into complete chaos.

“Look at this one!” one guest held a photo up in the air, “They are having an orgy!” A maid stared at the photo in her hand and gasped abruptly, “Wait a second...I know this man. This man is one of the Riverside Pack’s elders. He is married with 3 kids!”

Sir Edwin heard her and asked, “Are you sure?”

“Y–Yes...”

The maid said in a shaky voice:

“Before I became a rogue, I was a maid working in this elder’s house. My mistress suspected her husband of having an affair. And she thought he was banging one of the maids in the house. She fired and expelled all of us for it!

The maid pointed a finger at Harper and snarled furiously:

“But it was you! I lost my job, left my hometown, and became a rogue because of you! You tramp...Why did you have to fuck another woman’s husband?!”

Harper clenched her teeth looking humiliated, and growled, “Shut your fucking hole! I can do whatever I want!”

“But my mistress had a miscarriage because of her husband’s affair!” the maid cried, “You have blood on your hand!”

Harper swayed on her spot.

Then she threw herself at Lance, dropped to her knees, and grabbed his pants, looking at him with teary eyes:

koma a moot but

“My King, please... Please don’t believe what they say! Yes, I have a past, but so ist everybody! My past doesn’t affect my love towards you....

Lance was livid with rage.

He kicked her aside ruthlessly.

“Get your dirty hands away,” he hissed with disgust.



Sir Edwin crossed his arms and said with a cool smile, "But your past does say something about your character. Does the Rogue King really want an adulterer as his Queen?"

Lance glanced at Harper, who sat on the floor with her hair messy like a bird nest and her gown ripped apart. Her face was smudged by cream and tears.

"D–Don't..." she widened her eyes in horror, "I am not an adulterer...My King, you have crowned me already... You can't take it back!"

"I sure can!" Lance hissed under his breath, "You fucking brought shame to me, you tramp! In front of all my subjects and guests! I should fucking hang you for this!!"

Harper quivered on her spot.

This was the most important day of her life.

She finally got what she deserved, a powerful husband, a crown, and a dream. wedding.

She had a minor setback in Riverside Pack. But she recovered from that. She worked her way up from a lowly slave to a Queen—a Queen was much better than an Alpha's

Luna!

This was her revenge on Janet!

She could make that bitch Janet envy her. She got everything. And that cunt got nothing!

But why did her past have to be exposed tonight?

She was already so close to her goal—SO FUCKING CLOSE!!!

She clenched her ruined skirt and suddenly raised her voice crying:

"Then how are you any better, Lance? If I am a tramp, you are a dickhead yourself!"

Lance rounded his eyes, "What the fuck did you say? Have you lost your fucking mind?"

"You fucked around yourself. Don't think that I didn't know!" Harper laughed coldly, "How many women have you fucked? Possibly all the maids in this palace? You have no right to be all mighty and condescending. You dog!"

The guests gasped in unison, horrified.

Lance roared back at the top of his lungs, "I am the King! I can do whatever I please! A night with the King was the best thing that happened in those women's lives-" "Then I am the Queen!" Harper screamed, "If you get to fuck around, so can I!"

Lance's eyes were slits of wrath.

He raised one hand and slapped Harper's face:

"You are Queen because I made you! But you are not that any more—Guards!"

A group of armed guards rushed forward.

"Escort this woman out of here!" Lance snapped.

"Yes, my King!"

"NOOO-" Harper screamed, pulling her own hair.

Hellen and Paul had been hiding in the corner, afraid that this could back at them.

Now they heard that Lance was going to dethrone Harper, they hastily rushed forward.

"Your Majesty, please forgive my daughter!" Hellen wept, "She is your mate! Your destined one. Please don't throw her out!"

Paul cried by her side, "Yes! Somebody did this on purpose to sabotage your wedding!"

Paul's words brought some sense back to Harper.

She suddenly straightened her back, jerked around, and glared at Janet in rage. "YOU! It was you!" she snarled.

Everyone looked at Janet following Harper's gaze, astonished.

Janet raised an eyebrow.

She had been enjoying this dogfight in a very good mood. This thing played out even better than she had expected.

"What do you mean?" Janet asked calmly.

"You made this cake! You hid the photos! You want me gone!" Harper shrieked like a manic, "I want you flogged! Skinned alive! Your ashes poured down the drain you

evil cunt-

“Shut up,” Daran hissed dangerously by Janet’s side.

Lance frowned. His skeptical eyes flickered towards Janet.

Just then, Sir Edwin spoke up in a chilling voice:

“King Lance, is this how you run your Kingdom?”

Lance shivered, “W–What do you mean, sir?”

“The person at fault here is clearly your mate Harper. But she is trying to get away with it by randomly accusing an innocent maid. As the King, are you fine with that?” Sir Edwin snorted.

Harper cried, “Janet is not innocent! She-”

“ENOUGH!”

Lance barked, his eyes gleaming with fume, “I have let you disgrace me enough. Guards, clock her mouth and drag her out. I will deal with her later!”

Guards jumped at Harper and did what Lance asked of them.

They carried Harper out forcefully, with Hellen and Paul crying and chasing behind

They carried Harper out forcefully, with Hellen and Paul crying and chasing behind their daughter despairingly.

The dinner party ended in a most dramatic way.

Lance fled the room as soon as Harper was kicked out. He probably didn’t want to face the mockery on other’s faces.

Janet saw Daran follow Lance out of the ballroom. Maybe he was up for something, but she didn’t care anymore.

She and Daran had gone on separate ways already.

Janet wanted to find Morgana and Kass and let them know that their plan had worked.

She blended into the crowd of guests leaving the ballroom and headed out.

Yet her wrist was grabbed by somebody from the back.

*It was Sir Edwin.*

## Chapter 173

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## Chapter 173

### Chapter 173

...Westin?!

Janet's jaw dropped. She was rendered speechless.

Westin did tell her that one of his men would come and pick her up at the wedding.

But he didn't say whom exactly.

Janet thought that it would be a servant, or probably a guard...Bur Sir Edwin? The Lycan?!

Her eyes widened as she realized another matter.

Wait, if Edwin was the Lycan and he was Westin's guy, didn't it mean that-

"Westin is Lycan?!" she blurted out, utterly shocked.

Edwin smiled.

He put a finger over his lips and whispered, "Shush. Few people knew about Westin's real identity. We want to keep it that way."

Janet's head was a mess.

A million thoughts whizzed through her head.

No wonder Westin had kept his mouth shut about his identity in front of them the whole time.

The Lycan was nothing but a myth to them. Even if he admitted it, they would not believe in his words.

And something else just hit Janet.

During the one-on-one battle between Daran and Westin, Westin chose not to shift into his wolf.

Janet thought it was because he couldn't.

But the truth might be the other way around: he could. But if he shifted, his wolf would give away his identity instantly.

Because the Lycans looked differently than the werewolves.

"...But why *did* he go undercover?" Janet asked after a long pause, "The rogues recognized your reign. You could have just given Lance the order for whatever you are trying to do here. What was Westin after?"

Edwin shrugged with a faint smile:

"The rogues don't recognize our reign. They are afraid of us. That is all. But even with fear, they still dare to do all kinds of things behind our backs. The sort of things that they would never admit to in front of our faces. Westin went undercover to put a stop to those things."

"But what kind of those things? Does it have anything to do with the supreme power and 'The King' that Lance told Daran about?"

"Look."

Edwin spread his hands and smiled, "I am happy to spend a whole night answering your questions, which I am sure you have a lot. But I think you better ask Westin about those questions yourself. And if we are to meet him in time, we better **hurry**."

The time is limited."

Janet looked at him, quietly weighing the current situation.

"I have one more question," she said.

Edwin gave her a polite smile.

"What will happen after you take me out of the city?"

“Well, we can send you back to the other side of the border, if that is what your prefer. But even we can’t predict how the situation will exacerbate. If the worst thing

happens, a war breaks out, then we would want to keep you somewhere safe-”

‘And where is that?’ Janet asked skeptically.

“By our King’s side.” Edwin grinned, “He and his royal guards will keep you safe.”

...A Lycan King?

Janet frowned, “I don’t even know your King. Hell, I didn’t even know you people existed till this very day! Are you sure that he is willing to protect me?”

A bizarre smile flickered across Edwin’s eyes, “Oh, I think he will be more than willing. Thrilled, if you ask me.”

He checked the time, “Now it is a quarter to 8. I scheduled to leave the city before 10. Do you need to go somewhere? To pack some stuff perhaps?”

“I want to go back to my room and get changed,” Janet said. She was still dressed in her maid uniform with an apron.

“Of course. Then please meet me in the woods near the South Gate. I will be waiting.”

Edwin flashed her a blink and then walked away.

Janet turned on her heels and dashed out of the ballroom.

The corridor was packed with hovering guests. The guards tried to ask them to leave and go back to their separate rooms. But the guests remained outside of the ballroom and kept discussing enthusiastically about what happened tonight..

“Do you think the King will hang his mate for that?” a girl asked her friends when Janet passed by.

“I am not sure. Sleeping around is demeaning, yes, but not a crime,” her friend said.

“But humiliating the King is a crime.”

“Whatever. All I know is that Harper is doomed. There is no way she will remain as the Queen.”

Janet pushed herself through the crowd and left those chatters behind her.

She came down to the basement and ran to her room.

It was total chaos at the maid's dormitory as well, with people running around sharing gossip and the supervisors screaming at their subordinates, asking them to clean up the mess upstairs.

Nobody noticed Janet in this chaos. The guards sent to watch over her were nowhere to be found.

Everything was working perfectly according to **the** plan

Everything was working perfectly according to the plan.

Janet came into her room and locked the door behind her.

She peeled off her maid's uniform, tossed it on the ground, and pulled her sportswear out of the closet.

Right as she was slipping on her leggings, she heard a knock on the door.

Janet held her breath.

Who could it be?

Was it the guards? Coming to make sure that she remained in this palace?

Just when she was hesitating whether or not to answer, a voice came from the other side of the door:

"...It is me,

Daran."

Janet bit her lips, staring at the closed door.

"It is OK. You don't have to answer me if you don't want to." He said deeply behind the door, "But I know that you are in there. So just listen."

Janet took in a deep breath and stayed in silence.

"Lance had given me the details. He said that for someone to become The King, a certain ritual is required. This ritual takes both me and him to work. And he is asking me to meet with him right now."

What ritual?

Janet screamed internally.

Did you trust Lance on this? What if he hurt you?!

She wanted to scream at Daran for acting recklessly and stupidly.

But she fought with herself and remained quiet.

Daran continued in a hoarse voice, "I don't know how this ritual will work. I guess the only way to find out is to go by myself. I know we had our differences, Janet. But

I still believe that this is the solution to all problems. If I succeed tonight and become The King, I will order all rogues to never tramp our borders-

"But what if you fail?" Janet interrupted him abruptly, her voice shaking.

There was a short pause.

Then he spoke up in a hoarse voice, "It is nice to hear your voice again before I leave."

Answer my question!" Janet snapped, raising her voice. "What will happen if you fail?"

"It won't come to that. I will pave my way back to you with the skeleton of our enemies if I have to," he said solemnly.

Yet that didn't ease her off.

It deepened her worries instead.

So it was indeed dangerous.

He wouldn't use those phrases if it wasn't dangerous!

"You might die. Isn't it right? No matter how you sugarcoat it, there is that possibility! Right, Daran?" she cried.

He sighed on the other side of the door.

She took that as a yes.

"... What if you die, Daran?" she asked, her voice choking.

She desperately wanted him to deny that once again, saying that he would survive this no matter what.

Yet all she heard him say was:

"If that happens, remember that you are the only woman I ever loved till the day I die."



That was the last of his words.

She heard the sound of his retreating footsteps.

He was gone.

The jacket slipped through Janet's grasp and fell on the floor. She slumped down, holding her head with both hands. Her mind went blank.

What the hell was Daran trying to do here?

Was he trying to guilt her into remembering him after his death?!

But she wouldn't!

He was the victim of his own fucking decisions! He chose this path. He chose to betray her. She didn't owe him a damn thing.

And that part of him loving her...That was BULLSHIT!

A man who truly loved her would never ask Harper to torment her like he did.

He was a ruthless, cold, selfish monster who knew nothing about love.

The right thing for her to do was to escape this city with Westin as planned and let Daran rot in this fucking palace!

Janet covered her face with both of her hands and felt tears welling *up* in her eyes.

She knew what was the right thing to do.

But she was also struggling painfully internally.

Walking away with Westin.

Going after Daran.

Between these two men, these two options, which one should she choose?

Chapter 174

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## Chapter 174

Chapter 174

**Janet** buried her face into her palms and stayed like that for nearly one minute.

Then she looked up and wiped her tears away.

She had made up her mind.

She would not go after Daran.

Daran had his own thing to do. She wouldn't be of any help to him.

Plus, she never agreed with Daran's approach in the first place. If he decided to be the martyr and risk his own life for it, so be it.

Though she made the rational decision, she still could not ignore the splitting pain in her heart.

Despite all the harm that Daran had caused her, she truly wished that he could survive it this time.

Janet stood up and put on her jacket, slipped on her sneakers.

She wanted to leave her room immediately after, but then she heard the sound of Wendy knocking on every maid's door, driving them to go upstairs and clean the mess.

She didn't want to be seen by anyone. So she stayed in her room quietly with the light out and waited for Wendy and the others to go away.

About 40 minutes later, the hallway finally became quiet again.

Janet opened the door a crack and swiftly dashed down the corridor.

Edwin told her to meet him in the woods near the South Gate.

She knew a shortcut, which went through the West Wing of this palace and led to the

palace's back door. She could avoid being seen by the others.

Janet took the staircase and quickly came up to the ground floor.

Most guests and maids were still gathered in the ballroom on the other side of the palace.

The West Wing was completely empty when Janet entered it.

She picked up her pace, heading straight towards the back door.

Yet just then, the floor shook violently beneath her feet!

Janet was almost knocked to the ground.

She regained her balance and looked around in panic.

...What was that?

An earthquake?

Another wave hit right after the first one. The palace rattled, its floor trembling, the once-steady walls quivering as if shaken by an unseen force.

A loud, rumbling noise filled Janet's ear as though the foundation of this palace was being torn apart!

An astonished gasp escaped Janet's lips as the fragile artifacts chattered to the ground. The next second, the chandeliers swayed dangerously overhead, and then came crashing down to the floor!

She dodged just in time. The chandelier didn't hit her. But the flying glasses chipped her skin.

...WHAT THE FUCK!

Janet struggled to pull herself up. But the waves just kept getting stronger and stronger.

The wooden floor sunk and cracked up. Janet stumbled and fell through the huge crack in the ground!

"AHH-!!!"

She let out a terrifying scream as the darkness underneath swallowed her.

After a 10-second fall, her back crashed hard to the ground, almost causing her to throw up.

She slumped on the ground, groaning painfully, as the thick dust and crumbles kept falling onto her face.

Two loud wolf howls came behind her back.

Janet jerked around.

The silver moon shone from above, illuminating the scattered pillars and fragments of the palace, creating an otherworldly battlefield.

In the middle of this battlefield stood two giant wolves.

One wolf had silky black fur like the color of the night sky; the other wolf was smaller, looking rather sickly and bony.

It was Daran and Lance!

Janet rounded her eyes in shock

Daran said that he was going to meet with Lance about the ritual.

Looked like things fell apart and they started fighting. The fight got so intense that it destroyed the entire palace!

But what happened?

What did they talk about exactly that led to this fight?

**“You** lied to me, Daran!”

Janet heard Lance’s voice growling

**“You** said that you are my friend, my ally and we are going to accomplish great things together. But **you** FUCKING LIED!”

Lance’s wolf lunged at its black adversary, teeth bared

Daran dodged swiftly

“You just want the power for yourself,” Daran’s voice was cold, echoing through the temple  
the true liar!”

2005

”

Lattice faded furiously and attacked again.

The grand quivered beneath Janet as the wolves clashed with bone crushing force, each outlasted by the onslaught of the monsters around the debris strewn all

Jarur stumbled around, hardly avoiding the falling pillar as the dark wolf's Jesus ground iterated

The bony wall, **not** to be outdone, retaliated with a barrage of swift strikes, creating a chaotic dance of fangs and claws.

This was getting out of control.

Janet quickly retreated behind a partially collapsed wall and evaluated the situation. Daran was clearly stronger.

But no matter how many wounds he created on Lance's body, they just would not kill Lance.

The Rogue King was immortal in this place.

And since Lance had nothing to fear, he attacked fiercely. There were already a few deep cuts on Daran's body left by Lance's paws and fangs.

Daran couldn't win this!

Janet's eyes scanned across this place urgently, looking for a solution.

She spotted a giant pillar, leaning against a crumbling wall. One gentle push and the pillar and the wall would topple down together.

They could use it to trap Lance and win time to get out!

Made up her mind, Janet dashed out of her shelter and ran towards the pillar.

“DARAN!”

She cried as she ran.

“OVER HERE!”

Daran jerked around. They locked eyes.

Anger and disbelief flickered across his eyes as though he was wondering what Janet was doing here.

Janet pointed at the pillar. And she could see that he understood her plan immediately.

It was amazing. They didn't need words to communicate.

They knew one another so well that they could read each other's minds with just one look.

Daran dived at Lance again and sunk his fangs into Lance's neck. He picked Lance up with his mouth, shook his head, and threw Lance at that crumbling wall!

Lance snarled furiously.

His back hit against the wall.

The great force caused the wall to crush down along with that giant pillar and fell right on Lance's body...

A huge cloud of dust rose. Lance was buried in the ruins.

"LET'S GO!!"

Janet yelled and rushed to Daran.

The black wolf lowered its back and let Janet climb up.

Its rear legs pushed against the ground and leaped upwards. It jumped between pillars and rocks and climbed up to the top.

sificent palace was now a ruin of stones and dust.

The once magnificent palace was now a ruin of stones and dust.

Janet could hear horrified screams and cries from the distance.

"Go to the South Gate!" she clenched onto the black wolf's fur and cried to its ears.

The black wolf paused for a brief moment and turned on its heels, heading to the South.

The wolf ran at its highest speed. The destroyed palace quickly receded into the background.

The night wind gushed on Janet's face. She could hardly keep her eyes open. Roughly 15 minutes later, they arrived at the woods near the South Gate. Janet saw torches and lights in the distance.

"Stop...We are here."

She slipped off Daran's back and rushed forward.

Edwin just came out of the woods to welcome her. He looked astounded.

"Hey Janet, are you OK?" He cried to her, "I heard a huge noise from the palace like there was an earthquake or something...Wait, you brought Daran with you?"

Janet grabbed his wrist and hissed, "He is hurt! He needs help!"

Edwin raised an eyebrow, "Helping him is not part of the deal."

Janet's heart was seized by anxiety.

"This is fucking urgent-" she cried.

"What is going on?"

A tall figure stepped out of the darkness and walked up to them. His golden hair was brighter than the afternoon sunshine.

It was Westin.

"Westin! I know it is a lot to ask but..." Janet's voice started to tremble. "...but please help Daran-"

A low groan came behind their back.

Daran had shifted back to his human form. He held his stomach and swayed on his spot, his face pale as a piece of paper.

Blood was gushing out from the wound.

He stumbled forward and crushed onto his knees.

"Daran-!!" Janet screamed.

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## Chapter 175

### Chapter 175

Janet rushed to hold Daran's shoulder.

She could feel his body trembling under her touch. The blood dripped down from his fingertips and fell **to the** ground, forming a small pool of blood.

Normally, Daran's wolf could heal his wound...But this one was too severe!

Daran would bleed to death before the wolf's healing power kicked in.

He needed medical care!

"Westin!" Janet snapped her head back and cried, "Please, I am begging

you...Daran—he might not be your favorite person on this planet, but we are on the same side! Please save him!"

"...Don't..."

Daran hissed under his breath, "Don't fucking beg him...he won't do it..."

"Swallow your goddamn pride!" Janet snapped.

Westin crossed his arms in front of his chest, his face unreadable.

Edwin let out a cold laugh, "According to Westin, Daran tried to kill him on numerous occasions. Why would we save the life of an enemy?"

Janet clenched her fists, "He is not your enemy!"

Edwin crinkled his nose. He apparently didn't agree.

Yet Westin raised a hand and stopped Edwin from arguing with Janet.

"See if our men have some bandages," he said quietly, looking at Daran. "We should stop his bleeding first."

Edwin rounded his eyes and blurted out, "But my King-



Janet's heart skipped a beat.

She couldn't hide the shock on her face.

Wait a second...King?

Westin was not only a Lycan....

He was the Lycan King?!

"Go," Westin repeated himself.

Edwin still looked reluctant, but he followed Westin's order and disappeared into the woods.

Westin walked up to Janet and crouched down till he met with her eye level.

"Sorry that I have kept my identity from you." he said with a faint smile, "It must be a shock to you."

Janet was rendered speechless with shock.

After a long pause, she finally found her tongue again, "Yeah...Lycan is a myth to us...let alone the Lycan King..."

Westin shrugged, "We don't normally show ourselves in front of you. It is natural that you don't know that we exist."

"Then what are you doing in the Grace Ruin this time?" Daran asked abruptly.

His voice **was** weak because of the blood loss.

Yet his tone was harsh.

Westin narrowed his eyes at Daran, "You should learn to be more respectful now that you have known about my identity."

Daran let out a cold laugh, "You are Lycan's King, not my King. **The** roques chose to

Daran let out a cold laugh, "You are Lycan's King, not my King. The rogues chose to bend their backs to you, but it doesn't mean that I will do the same. Now tell me, why did the mighty Lycan King go undercover himself? What is your goal?"

The two men stared at each other hostilely.

Tension was quickly building in the air.

Janet was looking at Westin as well.

She had the same question.

It was

still unclear as to what the Lycan was trying to accomplish here. Westin said, something about restoring the peace once before. But that was very vague.

After a few moments of silence, Westin said, "We want to kill Lance."

"Because?" Daran immediately pursued.

"He is a threat to this world. He has caused too many wars and—"

"BULLSHIT!"

Daran snarled, interrupting Westin forcefully:

"This isn't the first time that werewolves and the rogues went to war. The Lycans never gave a shit about it. Why do you suddenly care now?"

Westin's face grew cold.

"I don't need to explain ourselves to you, Daran." he said icily, "The main point is that we are trying to end Lance's life. Just say if you are with us or not."

"Let's say that I do..." Daran kept his gaze fixed on Westin's face, "Do you have a plan? Lance is immortal in his territory. We have to lure him out of this place."

"It is going to be hard."

Janet joined the discussion, worried, "We did it once already. He will be alert this time."

"It doesn't have to be so complicated this time." Westin said, "You already destroyed his palace. His subjects are all panicked. I will have Edwin go into the city and shout the message to his subjects, saying that anyone who remains in this city after midnight tonight will be executed by the Lycans. The rogues fear us. They will leave. Once this land is vacated, it will no longer be part of Rogue's territory. Lance won't be protected by the Rogue King's immortality."

Hence, they would be free to kill Lance right in the city.

It sounded like a workable plan.

Edwin came back with the bandage and tossed it to Daran.

"You don't need maids to help with that, do you?" he asked mockingly.

Daran rolled his eyes.

"I will help him," Janet said.

Westin stared appraisingly at Janet, "You are not changing your heart again, right. Janet? Remember how he hurt you before?"

Daran's eyes were slits of rage, "Stay the fuck out of our business-"

"I know what I am doing. Thank you, Westin." Janet said in a polite yet firm voice, "Now if you don't mind, I want to have a word alone with Daran."

Westin shrugged and stood up, "Fine. I can be the bigger man here."

He headed towards the woods but stopped again after a few steps.

"But don't get too intimate with him, alright?" he looked back at Janet with a faint smile, "...I might get jealous."

Then he left.

Daran glared at him till his back disappeared into the woods and hissed, "What a condescending asshole-"

"You are no better," Janet snapped.

She ripped off Daran's jacket and started wrapping his wound.

With her hands busy with the wrapping, she asked Daran in a low voice, "Now I want you to be completely honest with me. What did you and Lance talk about before your fight?"

Daran hissed at the pain, "...Why do you ask?"

"Don't fucking play dumb with me!"

Janet snapped as she continued with her work:

"We had a chance of killing Lance before. But you got cold feet at the last second and chose to become Lance's buddy. So why choose to work with Westin now? What happened? How do I know if you aren't going to change your mind again?"

Daran breathed out a heavy sigh, “I needed him alive because he is the only one who knew how to make one because The King, The Werewolf King. If he died, this secret buried with him.”

“Yeah, that part I am aware of. So now-”

“He just told me the method,” Daran nodded.

“And? Spill it out! Why are you paranoid that I might fight for the kingship with you or something?” Janet snapped.

Daran chuckled lowly, “Easy. I am just getting there. Become the Werewolf King, requires both a strong Alpha and the Rogue King. One party should offer his blood as a tribute to another, as a symbol of submission. Both parties must act VOLUNTARILY during the whole process.”

Janet rounded her eyes in shock.

...A voluntary blood tribute?/

At this very moment, so many things started to make so much sense to her.

Like why Lance insisted on bringing them back to the Grace Ruin, despite the objections from his subjects.

And why Lance was so obsessed with being friends with Daran, even though they appeared to be enemies.

Because winning one war was never Lance’s goal.

Lance wanted to be the Werewolf King from day one.

To do that, he needed Daran to offer him the blood. And he couldn’t force Daran. He needed to win Daran over first!

“Oh my god....this–this is...”

She murmured, still overwhelmed by all the information.

“Shocking? Appalling? Hard to believe? I know,” Daran agreed.

“So earlier, you two started fighting because-”

“I offered him my blood, but the ritual didn’t work. Naturally, he knew that I was never really on his side, and that I had been lying about my loyalty. He was furious.”

Janet nodded slowly.

She could imagine Lance's frustration.

"Hey."

Daran cupped Janet's face and stared into her eyes, "This will soon be over. Lance is at the end of his wits. We will kill him. But before that, I need your help with one more thing

Janet blinked, "What is that?"

"Lance is dead. But there will be a new Rogue King. This person must be somebody we can trust, somebody who is not a war manic, somebody we can control, somebody-

Janet widened her eyes as Daran uttered the last few words:

"-who will voluntarily offer me the blood after we kill Lance."

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## Chapter 176

Chapter 176

"...You want the new Rogue King to give you their blood. You still want to be the Werewolf King," Janet said after a long pause.

Daran didn't say anything.

But she could see ambition dancing in his dark eyes.

"So what you said was all craps, right?"

Janet couldn't help but raise her voice:

"You said that you only want the kingship so that you could put a stop to this war. But now the war is ending, permanently, as long as we back the right Rogue King!" "But

people will change. Even if a person is a pacifist now, it doesn't mean that they won't change into a complete war manic in the future!"

Janet knew perfectly well about how much a person could change.

Take Daran as an example.

Look how much he had changed.

Janet's voice was strained, "But we will find a way to keep the rogues in check. The Lycans are here to help-"

"You want to rely on the Lycan's help?! Do you want to submit yourself to another species? Wake the fuck up, Janet! They are even worse than Lance!"

Daran grabbed Janet's wrist and hissed into her ears:

"Do you know where Lance knew about this ritual? From an ancient text that the Lycan had kept from us. Apparently, the Werewolf King is the only one who has the power to stand up to the Lycans. For the purpose of better controlling us, Westin and his men don't want the Werewolf King to emerge. They want to fucking rule us like a bunch of slaves!"

Janet froze on her spot.

She wanted to tell Daran that this was not true.

Westin was simply here to lend a hand, to help with their crisis.

But then she recalled what Westin said to her before in her bedroom:

*...There is always a war, between the werewolves and the rogues...But this one is different.*

*...If someone doesn't put a stop to this turmoil, the—order of this world will be lost, permanently...*

Westin didn't care about the previous wars.

He simply cared about this one.

Because this time, Lance got hold of the way to overthrow Lycan's reign.

And the "order" that he talked about had nothing to do with the balance between them and the rogues.

Westin was referring to the dynamic between the werewolf and the lycan. He didn't want that dynamic to shift.

Daran picked up on the astonishment in Janet's eyes.

He let out a cold laugh, "Shocked? Looks like your goody two shoes isn't exactly a saint himself, right?"

"Stop! I am trying to think-

"Once he has total control over us, do you think he will still treat you this nicely?! The Lycans think of themselves as the superiors. He will never treat you equally! Wake up to this Janet-

"But I still won't help you to achieve your personal goal, Daran!" Janet cried.

Her chest rose and fell rapidly in anger as she hissed:

"Stop sugarcoating it! You just want the fucking power for yourself. You are a ruthless pragmatist, taking advantage of this war! And I WILL NOT diminish myself to be your goddamn tool!!!!

Daran's face grew cold.

He looked at Janet's anger-filled face, chuckling icily, "You know that I get what I want no matter what, right?"

"Yeah. A ruthless pragmatist. Just like I said."

Janet shook his hand off her wrist and stood up.

"But leave me out of your plots and schemes," she said sternly.

She turned to walk away from him.

Then she heard his deep voice from her back:

"You don't need to help me. Just don't share these with the Lycans. They are not to be trusted."

Janet said nothing and went into the forest.

Westin was talking to Edwin in a low voice, surrounded by his men.

He raised his head when he saw Janet walking close and a soft smile spread across his lips.

"You are done with him?" he asked.

Janet nodded, "It is not easy to convince him to work with you, Lycans."

Edwin raised his eyebrow, "But what choice do you have? You can't put an end to this yourself. You need our help."

Janet frowned.

Maybe she was being paranoid... Yet Edwin's words came across as condescending and it did not make her comfortable.

Was this how Westin thought of them as well?

A bunch of useless losers who depended on the Lycan's rule and support?

"Janet."

Westin stared at Janet with an alluring smile on his lips:

"What made Daran and Lance suddenly start fighting? Did Lance tell Daran anything?"

Janet avoided Westin's gaze.

Daran's words rang in her ears-

*They are not to be trusted.*

"...Nothing," Janet said lowly after a while.

"Really? Lance didn't say anything to Daran?"

"They probably have a quarrel or something. But I don't know about the details," Janet said elusively.

Edwin frowned and opened his mouth to say something.

But Westin stopped him and smiled:

"Forgive me for being nosey, but I just want to make sure that Lance isn't feeding Daran any false information that will cause him to get cold feet again."

"He won't. His mind is made up. We all want to kill Lance," Janet said.

"Then I trust you for it!"



Edwin stretched his shoulders, "Well, then I better go into the city and chase the rouges away. I will report back to you later, My King."

He bowed to Westin and disappeared into the woods.

"You might want to get some shut eyes before the big fight." Westin said gently to Janet, "Are you chilly? Do

chilly? Do you need my coat?"

"No. I am fine."

Janet walked away a few steps and lay down under a tree.

Yet she couldn't sleep.

Her mind was occupied by all the mess with werewolf and Lycan.

A thought flickered across her mind in the meantime:

Who did Daran want as the new Rogue King originally?

She didn't get a chance to ask him.

A few hours had passed, and the moon moved to the center of the night sky.

Edwin came back after 12 o'clock and let them know that it was go time.

Daran had taken some time to heal. He looked much better now.

"So we will go into the city and hunt Lance down."

Westin said to the group gathered by the woods, "He knows that he has lost his protection. He will be hiding from us. So we better divide and conquer. Janet, do you want to come with me?"

Janet hesitated.

Daran spoke up icily, "She stays with me."

Westin snorted, "You sure you can protect her?"

"My wounds are healed."

"But she is still safer with a Lycan."

The subtext of the werewolf's inferiority made Janet frown.

I

"I don't need anyone's protection," she said coldly. "But I better go with Daran, in case he needs my protection."

Westin's face went dark.

Daran grinned.

"Janet is right. I do need a capable Gamma's help," he said briskly.

Westin cast a dark glance at Daran before leaving with his men, while Daran, on the other hand, seemed to be in an awfully good mood.

"Drop that smug grin." Janet hissed to him, "We should go."

Edwin's warning worked. The once—hectic city was now completely empty. Not a single rogue could be seen on the street.

Daran and Janet went back to the palace and checked the place where they last saw Lance.

But he was no longer under that giant pillar.

A trail of blood started from underneath that pillar and disappeared into the darkness.

That must have been the direction that Lance headed.

Daran and Janet followed this blood trail.

Lance's blood led them deep into the ruined palace.

Some of the walls had toppled over, blocking their way. They had to bend their back or squeeze through the narrow cracks.

The blood stains underneath their feet grew heavier as they went on.

"His wound seems to be getting worse," Janet whispered.

"Yeah. Because he has lost the Rogue King's power. Come. I think we are close."

10 minutes later, they found themselves climbing up a tower.

"I think I know where he was headed," Janet said in a hushed voice. "There is a drawbridge on the top of the tower, leading directly to the back mountain. If Lance made it to the drawbridge, he could easily escape into the mountain without having to go through the city."

Daran nodded.

His face changed abruptly the next second. He put a finger over his lips and gestured for Janet to keep quiet.

They heard voices coming down from a few flights above.

"...Please help me transfer the King to a safer place. There is still a chance!" said an urgent female voice.

"Forget it! I am not putting myself in danger! Lance is fucking doomed!"

Janet and Daran looked at each other.

They both recognized the second voice.

It was Harper.

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## **Chapter 177**

## **Chapter 177**

Chapter 177

"Doomed? No, no! King Lance is still alive. I just need you to help me transfer him to a safer place!" hissed the first voice.

Janet recognized this voice as well.

It was the woman who went undercover with Lance in Crimson Fortress, the same person who pretended to be Lance's wife, Layla.

Harper clicked her tongue impatiently.

Layla blurted out again, "King Lance lost his healing power because this city is not longer the rogue's territory. But I have chosen another city nearby as our new headquarters. Just help me transfer the King there and he will restore his power-" "Why would I do that?" Harper laughed icily.

"You are his Queen! His mate! You said that you loved him-"

"I fucking lied, alright? The only thing that I liked about him was his power. Now he has lost all his subjects, even his palace, he means nothing **to** me now!" Harper said ruthlessly.

Layla cried in disbelief, "How can you do this....."

"Fuck off you bitch! Stop harassing our daughter!"

That was Hellen.

Sounded like Hellen and Paul were together with Harper.

"Yeah, stay out of our way!" Paul yelled, "Your King wasn't even willing to throw my daughter a decent wedding. Why would we save his life now?"

Layla gritted, "You can't possibly compare these two things-"

"Why not? Your King humiliated me in front of all the guests! We are done!" Harper said in a vicious voice, "Actually, I hope that he dies now so that the Moon Goddess. can start arranging for my second chance mate."

"YOU COLD BITCH!"

Layla roared in sorrow:

"It if weren't for him, you would still be a fucking slave bossed around by Janet! I am fucking killing you right now!"

There was the sound of fighting, followed by curses and painful groans.

...Layla knows where Lance is," Janet whispered to Daran.

Daran nodded, "Let's go get her."

They leaped up the stairs, going after their target.

At the top of the staircase, they saw Layla grabbing a handful of Harper's hair and smashing Harper's head against the wall.

Harper cried miserably.

Hellen and Paul were pulling Layla's arms, trying to break up the fight. They jerked around in unison when they heard the approaching footsteps.

They all froze in horror when they saw Janet and Daran coming at them.

"Fuck!" Harper shrieked.

She elbowed Layla and knocked her over, rushing straight at the door, with her parents on her heels.

Layla tried to run as well.

But she didn't make a few steps far before being tackled to the ground by Daran.

Daran grabbed her collar and hissed, "Where is Lance!"

Layla spat, "You wish!"

Daran tightened his grip, "Spill it now! Don't make me fucking force you."

"You can kill me now! I will never turn my back on my King!" Layla cried.

It was going to take some time to get this woman to talk.

But Harper and her parents were getting away now.

A cold sense of hatred surged up in Janet's chest.

She once swore to herself to finish Harper when she got the chance.

Now was her chance.

"I am going after Harper. You catch up later," Janet said urgently to Daran.

Daran nodded.

Janet dashed across the room and wrenched the door open.

She was immediately welcomed by a strong gush of wind.

She was now standing on the top floor of the tower, facing a 30-foot-long drawbridge, which was the only way that linked the tower with the back mountain on the other side.

Janet looked under the drawbridge.

Underneath the drawbridge was the broad, raging river that went around the city of Grace Ruin.

The tower stood 10 stories high.

If one tripped and fell off the drawbridge, they would immediately be swallowed by the fast-moving river and die without a full body.

The drawbridge swayed dangerously in the gushing wind.

Snow started to fall, making the surface of the bridge extra slippery.

Hellen and Paul were moving forward slowly, holding on to the cord of the bridge for support.

Harper had made it to the other end already. And she was crying to her parents:

“Hurry the fuck up! We are running out of time!”

“We can’t! It is too slippery! The fucking wind and snow!” Paul snapped.

“Wait for us, darling!” Hellen yelled.

Harper stomped her feet impatiently,

And then she saw Janet, who stood at the end of the bridge, gazing at her coldly like the Death itself.

A terrible chill was sent down Harper’s spine as she screamed:

“Janet is here! SHE IS COMING AT US!!!!”

Hellen and Paul looked beyond their shoulders, and both let out a horrified cry.

They tried to move faster.

But the frost on the floor and the strong wind made it impossible.

Harper clenched her fists, her heart thumping heavily against her ribs.

Her back was drenched by cold sweat.

There was no way that her parents would make it past the bridge in time.

Even if they did, Janet would still cross the bridge and hunt them down.

None of them could escape Janet.

...As long as this bridge still existed.

Harper swallowed.

A malevolent idea flashed across her mind.

With a shaky hand, she drew a dagger out and started cutting the cord that bound the bridge.

Paul spotted her doing that. His face distorted in horror.

“What the fuck are you doing!” he barked at his daughter, “Fucking stop that! You will kill us!”

“Sorry mom and dad! But if the bridge stays, none of us will escape!” Harper cried back, hurrying with her work.

“HARPER NO-” Hellen screamed at the top of her lungs.

Harper gritted her teeth in silence. Tears streamed down her face. But she didn’t stop cutting.

“We are your fucking parents!” Paul’s furious voice traveled from the distance, “Among all of our children we love you the most”

“Oh yeah?! Then sacrifice your life for your favorite child!” Harper bellowed.

She clenched the dagger.

And cut through the cord decisively.

The cord snapped with a sharp crack. The bridge fell from one side.

Hellen and Paul screamed in terror, a scream that was soon swallowed up in the roar of the blizzard.

Harper turned and disappeared into the darkness without casting a single look back at her parents.

Janet had just stepped on the bridge when it collapsed. So she made it back to the safe area just in time.

She looked down, trying to see if Hellen and Paul had fallen into the river.

Yet to her surprise, these two were still dangling in the air, holding onto the remaining part of the bridge tightly.

The cord at Janet's side of the bridge was still intact. But if Janet cut it as well, the entire bridge would fall and there was no way these two would survive.

"Janet-"

Paul struggled to look up, his face full of sweat.

"My sweat darling...My dear daughter! Pull us up!" he cried.

Janet lifted her lips into an icy smile, "You are wrong. I am never your daughter."

Even during the time that she stayed in the Diaz family, they never treated her like their daughter.

More like a slave.

"But you are!" Hellen yelled, her voice shaking in fear. "We—we love you, Janet! Harper is an ungrateful bitch! But we know that you are not! You are different! You are a sweet and soft soul-"

They would literally say anything to get Janet to save them.

Just then, a series of footsteps came from her back. Janet turned around and found Morgana coming out through the door.

"Kass and I heard your voice. What is going on here?" Morgana asked urgently.

Janet looked at her.

She took out a blade and placed it in Morgana's hand.

"I think you are the one who should make this decision," Janet said.

Morgana held the blade in a daze.

Yet when she saw who was hanging in the air down below, her face changed abruptly.

"Let them live? Or kill them?" Janet whispered into her ears, "It is your call."



Morgana clutched the blade.

Then she removed her mask with one hand.

You recognize this face?" she cried down to Paul and Hellen.

"Who the fuck are you!" Paul snarled, "Move! Let us talk to Janet!"

Hellen rounded her eyes abruptly and stuttered, "W–Wait...the birthmark...You–You are..."

"Yeah. I used to be Morgana Diaz, till you abandoned me heartlessly in the hospital on the day I was born.

Morgana laughed coldly.

"I bet you never imagined that I would survive, that we would meet again... That your life would one day depend on my mercy!"

Paul and Hellen were shocked to their very core.

"W...Wait!" Hellen cried, "Morgana...is it? We are sorry! We should never do it to you! So please "

"Pull us up! Let us make it up to you, Morgana! We are a family!" Paul shouted.

Hatred and resolution gleamed in Morgana's eyes.

"No. You are not sorry.

She said deeply, gazing down at the couple's horror–stricken face.

"You are just afraid....As you should be."

With that said, she raised the blade up in the air.

And swung it at the cord without hesitation.

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## Chapter 178

### Chapter 178

The cord snapped with a sharp cracking sound.

The entire bridge fell off and crashed down into the river. Paul and Hellen screamed in terror, but their voice was immediately swallowed by the raging turbulence.

Janet and Morgana stood on top of the tower and looked down.

The remains of the bridge floated down the river. Blood painted part of the water red.

Janet placed a hand on Morgana's shoulder, feeling the tremble of that body under her touch.

"You did the right thing," she said to Morgana quietly.

"Yeah."

Morgana took in a deep breath, "They left me in that hospital to die. I guess 20 years isn't a very long time for me to have my revenge."

"Congratulations," Janet smiled.

"Thank you. But what about Harper? Did she escape?"

Janet let out a cold snort, "She can't. I won't let that happen."

She gazed in the direction where Harper had taken.

Yet now there was a question-

With the drawbridge fallen, the only way that linked the tower to the back mountain. was gone.

If she took a detour, that would take a long time, and Harper would be long gone.

She needed to find a way to cross this 30-foot wide gap. Quickly.

"Come onto my back."

Janet turned around and found Daran striding out of the door.

“But Layla-”

“Kass is with her. Layla won’t get away. I am coming with you to get Harper.”

Daran stretched his body and shifted into his wolf.

The giant black wolf lowered its back and let Janet climb up.

With a long howl to the moon, the wolf pushed the ground with its rear legs and leaped forward!

Janet clung tightly to the wolf’s fur as they soared gracefully across the gaping chasm, the cold wind biting at Janet’s cheeks.

The depth underneath her was daunting. If they slipped, they would absolutely crash and die.

Yet Janet was not afraid.

Because she knew that she was safe with Daran. He would never let them fall.

The wolf landed on the other end safely. Janet gazed into the forest ahead. The twisted branches and tangled vines created an impenetrable darkness.

“Hold tight,” Daran warned her.

Together they dashed into the woods.

The moon cast a silver glow, revealing the glistening snowflakes that danced through the air. The rhythmic crunch of snow beneath the wolf’s powerful paws echoed in the silent night.

The snowfall had intensified. The flakes settled on the wolf’s black fur and Janet’s hair.

This blizzard helped in their case.

Because they had found footprints left by Harper on the snowy ground.

“Follow the footprints!” Janet whispered to the wolf’s perked-up ears.

They ventured deep into the woods. In the distance, the soft echoes of footsteps reached their ears.

Janet’s gaze sharpened as the wolf suddenly picked up its speed and spurred forward.

They had spotted their target, Harper, who was trudging clumsily through the blinding snow.

Harper looked back and let out a horrified cry.

She tried to pick up her pace, move around swiftly.

but the snowfall had made it extremely difficult to

The wolf jumped and tackled Harper to the ground. The wind knocked out of her as she landed hard on the snow-covered forest floor. She struggled against the wolf's grip, but he was too strong. was trapped.

She

Janet sat straight on the wolf's back and loomed over Harper, a cold smirk on her face.

"Just give up already. You are not getting anywhere," Janet said.

She slid off the wolf's back and walked up to Harper with the sharp blade in her hand.

Harper backed on the ground, quivering violently, her eyes full of fear and horror. "No...No don't!" she cried with tears streaming down her face. "Please, don't kill me! I don't pose any threat to you anymore! Lance is doomed. The entire Grace Ruin. is ruined. You have your win already. Just let me live-"

Janet kicked Harper's shoulder and knocked her down.

Harper struggled to pull herself up again.

But Janet stepped on her shoulder and pinned her on the cold ground.

"I have given you a chance already, back in Riverside Pack. I thought even a rotted soul like you deserved a chance to start over."

Janet looked down at her frightened face and snorted, "But what did you do? You ganged up with Lance, killed Veronica, and fled the city. You are beyond help, Harper. Today is the day you DIE!"

She held the blade with both of her hands stabbed down!

Harper screamed, rolling to the side, and narrowly dodged this one strike.

The blade made a deep cut on her cheek. Blood poured out and spilled on the ground, making a striking contrast to the white snow.

Harper breathed heavily.

The desire for survival gleamed in her eyes.

“DARAN!” she cried abruptly. “Daran are you going to just stand there and let her kill me?!” → Their Warrior Luna Update to [Chapter One–Thirty–Two]. Tap to read now>>

The giant wolf stood silently a few steps away, its fur blending seamlessly with the shadows.

Janet let out a cold sneer. She raised her blade to stab one more time. Yet Harper roared again:

-I saved your life once, Daran! When we were both children, remember?! Now it is time for you to pay back that debt!”

Janet’s hands froze in the air.

Harper sensed a slim chance of survival. She quickly got up, shoved Janet aside and crawled to Daran on her knees.

“R–Remember? When you were a small kid... You got lost in the forest one time and nobody could find you, not even the soldiers. You almost froze to death...I–It was me who brought you home. You wouldn’t become a great Alpha as you are not if it weren’t for me!”

Daran shifted back to human.

His body became stiff when Harper grabbed the hem of his pants.

“Remember that day? It was a snow day...Just like tonight.”

Harper looked up at him. Tears mixed with blood and streamed down her face, “You must remember what it felt like to freeze...and the joy when you realized that you were saved! Daran, you owe me! You owe me a FUCKING LIFE!”

Daran let out a shaky breath.

He did remember that day.

He was 4 years old.

He went into the forest alone to explore this so-called forbidden place and got lost. The snow kept falling mercilessly and soon buried him. He remembered passing out near a stream, his heart filled with loneliness and fear.

He thought that he would definitely die.

Yet when he opened his eyes again, he found himself on the back of another person. That person carried him tightly and trudged across the snow-laden woods, going back home.

He didn't take a clear look at that person's face.

He only remembered that person's tiny shoulder and the sense of security that surged up in him at the time.

He blacked out again on that person's back.

When he woke up a couple of hours later, he was back in his bedroom, with Harper by his bedside.

Harper told him that it was her who found him and brought him home.

From that day onward, Daran started to treat Harper in the most special manner, which was why Harper dared to call herself the "Princess of Riverside Pack."

Yet oddly he never experienced the same kind of security **with** Harper ever again.

Yet oddly, he never experienced the same kind of security with Harper ever again.

Now...Harper

Now... Harper was using this as leverage to beg for his mercy.

Should he let her live?

Daran narrowed his eyes, his face unreadable.

Janet suddenly let out a loud laugh.

"You saved him? Are you sure?" she asked Harper icily.

"Of course I am sure! I was there myself-"

"OK. Then let me ask you this."

Janet walked up to her and grabbed a hand of her hair, pulling her head up.

"Where did you find him in the forest?" Janet asked.

Harper hissed at the pain coming from her scalp. "I—I don't fucking remember! It was so long ago—"

"Sure you do. It was the best thing that happened to you—saving the future Alpha's life and making him feel that he owed you. SO THINK!"

"It—It is " Harper panicked, "It is a tree! Yes, I found him underneath a tree!"

Daran snapped his head up.

Disbelief flickered across his eyes.

"Are you sure?"

The icy smile on Janet's lips grew wider, "Do you want to take another guess?"

"I...A tree, or maybe a cave! I...I don't remember..."

"Wrong."

Janet pointed the blade at Harper's throat and said in a freezing voice, "The right answer **is** near a stream."

Daran's heart skipped a beat as he stared at Janet, unblinkingly.

"How do you know what the right answer is!" Harper cried.

"Because the person who saved him decades ago—"

Janet smiled.

-was me."

Harper rounded her eyes in shock.

She couldn't believe this.

It was her parents who asked her to tell Daran that she saved his life. They said that it was a great opportunity to gain the future Alpha's trust.

Harper always knew that she was an imposter. But she didn't know who the real deal was. She always presumed that it was a soldier.

But...But Janet?!

Janet saved Daran?

Janet saved Daran?

How was this possible-

Harper didn't finish that thought because the cold blade had sunk into her throat the next second.

Blood gushed out.

Harper held her bleeding throat, her eyes widened with horror and slowly crushed to the ground. Died.

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## Chapter 179

Chapter 179

Janet looked down at Harper's dead body.

A sweet sense of revenge surged up in her body.

This woman had been her nightmare since childhood. Even to this day, she still carries some lashing scars on her back left by Harper.

Now, finally, she ended her own nightmare.

And it felt...so fucking awesome.

Janet cupped some snow to rinse off the blood on her blade.

Her shoulder was grabbed by a large hand the next second. And her body was spun around forcefully by Daran.

Daran looked into her eyes. His face was full of some heavy emotions: shock, anger, and even sorrow...

"...It was you?" he asked in a trembling voice.



Janet looked away from his face and looked down at her own feet, "Apparently so."

"Why did you say anything!"

Daran raised his voice abruptly, his furious roar echoing through the silent forest: "I thought it was Harper! And that is why I treated her **so** nicely for years! If I knew that it was you, I-"

"You what?"

Janet let out a snort, "You would treat me better? You would hold me dearly as your mate? You would not leave me to the rogues when I was kidnapped?"

"YES!" Daran snarled, his eyes bloodshot. "But most importantly, I-I would realize my feelings towards you sooner!"

Just think about how many years he had wasted.

He married and mated with the same person who saved his life, whom he first fell in love with.

But he didn't know about that back then.

He even once blamed the Moon Goddess for arranging Janet as his mate when his mate should be Harper, whom he thought was his lifesaver.

Yet everything was wrong.

Everything was fucked up.

His life was ruined by this imposter Harper.

If it weren't for Harper, Janet would still be his Luna. And they would still be in Riverside Pack now, happily married.

"Why...Why didn't you tell me..." he asked, slightly choking, feeling a mist of tears in his eyes.

Janet rescued her wrist from Daran's grip, an indifferent look on her face.

"What you feel is not love." She said coolly, "Gratitude? Guilt? Maybe. But definitely not love."

"Of course it is!"

“NO. It’s not!” her gaze became sharp, “You said that you loved me in Crimson Fortress. But later on, you still handed me to Harper to have her torture me! I don’t care how jealous you were at the time, that is not how you treat the person you

ve!!

Daran’s body became stiff.

He stood on his spot as snowflakes continued to fall on his shoulders, shaping him into an ice sculpture.

Janet took in a deep breath, “You are a cold, possessive, and ruthless man, Daran, someone who lacks the ability to love. We can never be together, even without Harper in the picture.”

“...What would it take for you to believe me?” Daran asked in a hoarse voice.

Janet wanted to tell him that there was no such thing.

But then she paused.

“Harper begged you to spare her life in exchange for her favor to you. I saw you hesitated.” Janet stared at him, “Then let me offer a similar deal: if you agree to give up on this Werewolf King nonsense, I will reconsider us getting back together. How does that sound?”

Daran’s breathing became rough. He looked frustrated.

“Why do you need me to give up so badly?!” he hissed through gritted teeth, “If I become King, I can better protect you-”

Janet felt a sudden flash of anger as she shouted back, “SHUT UP! Stop using me as an excuse for your own ambition! You are just a power-hungry monster! PERIOD!”

“Janet-”

“And this is exactly what I am talking about!” Janet talked over him, “You say that you love me, but you always give up upon me for your fucking power! A man like you deserves to die alone on that fucking throne!”

She held the blade up and pointed at Daran’s chest.

“The next time I hear you say that you love me-

Her body, along with her voice, was trembling with rage.

“-I will slit your throat just like what I did to Harper.”

A deathly silence fell upon them.

They couldn't hear anything else besides the gushing wind and their own labored breathing.

Daran didn't say anything. He simply stared at the blade that pointed at his chest, his eyes full of sorrow.

“Good,” Janet said, her breath a pale mist in the air. “Now let us head back. We still have to deal with Lance.”

She shifted into her wolf and started running towards the tower.

Moments later, she heard the sound of paws from behind.

Daran had caught up with her.

When they got back to the tower, Morgana and Kass were still trying to get Layla to talk.

Morgana walked up to greet them as soon as they came in through the door.

“Harper?” Morgana asked.

“Dead.” Janet said briefly, “Any progress with Layla?”

Morgana shook her head, “This woman's mouth is tight. She refuses to give us any information.”

Janet frowned.

“But my soldiers are gathered downstairs. They all take orders directly from me.”

Morgana said, “I can ask them to siege the city and search for Lance street by

street-

“No, it takes too much time. Lance might get away.”

Janet walked to Layla and met with her watchful eyes.

“So here is what is going to happen.”,

Janet said to her in a freezing voice:

"If you keep your mouth shut, by the time we find Lance, which will happen sooner or later, we will take our sweet time with killing him. We will pluck his tongue, gouge his eyes, skin him alive. Make sure that he goes through a painful suffering that even makes death seem like a mercy-

"YOU COLD BITCH!" Layla roared her eyes slits of rage. "You go rot in HELL!!!"

Janet clamped her jaw and silenced her forcefully.

"Or, alternatively, you give us his location, and I can guarantee a quick and painless death." Janet said, "It is your call."

Layla's chest moved rapidly in rage.

"You know that your boss is over," Morgana said with her arms crossed in front of her chest. "Better let him die with some dignity. Don't you think so?"

Layla gritted, "...But how can I trust you?"

"I give you my word," Janet said solemnly.

Layla still looked hesitated. Her eyes traveled to Janet's back, where Daran was standing.

"You don't need to look at him. I make the call here," Janet stressed.

"...I stand with Janet on this," said Daran's deep voice from the back.

Layla closed her eyes.

After a long pause, she said, shakily, "I asked the King to hide himself... When I find a way of escaping, I will give 3 long howls to the moon, and he will know it is my signal to him and come out to meet with me."

"Great."

Janet stood up and yanked Layla off the ground, "Come with us and lure Lance out. We will give him a painless death, as promised."

They escorted Layla down the tower and went to the courtyard together. This place had a large, open area, a perfect spot for ambush.

Morgana ordered her soldiers to hide among the fallen walls and ruins before Lance turned up.

“Shall we include the Lycans in this?” Kass asked Janet, “I saw Westin and his men wandering around the East Wing.”

“No,” Daran said icily without hesitation.

“I kind of agree with Daran on this one.” Morgana shrugged, “I don’t feel like sharing our victory with the Lycans.”

When everyone had hidden properly in the shadows, Janet nodded at Layla.

Standing alone in the seemingly empty courtyard, Layla took a deep breath and let out 3 long howls to the moon.

Everyone waited in the strained silence, holding their breath, waiting for Lance to show up.

After what felt like an eternity, light footsteps came from the distance, gradually approaching.

A lean figure emerged from the darkness and stepped into the silver moonlight. Janet’s heart skipped a beat seeing his shadow on the ground.

It was Lance.

He came!

“...Layla?”

Lance stopped warily by the courtyard’s entrance and looked around the place.

Although the courtyard looked empty to him, the eerie silence still sent a chill down his spine.

“Yes, it is me, My King,” Layla answered.

“Are you alone?” Lance narrowed his eyes, sounding skeptical.

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## Chapter 180

Chapter 180

Lance was skeptical. As he should be.

The entire city was now occupied by his enemy. He had to be extra careful.

Morgana and Kass were hiding behind a collapsed wall a few feet away.

Hearing about their conversation, Morgana mouthed Janet quietly, asking if now was a good striking time.

Janet shook her head.

Lance was still too far away. If they let him slip away this time, it would be even harder to lure him out of his hideout.

They needed to wait for him to come into their circle, patiently.

Yes, My King, I am all alone.” Layla replied, “There is nobody here.”

“Then why don’t you come to me?” Lance asked. “The front gate is this way.”

“The front gate is too risky. We should pass this courtyard and circle to the back of the palace.”

Lance hesitated again.

He took one more look at the quiet courtyard—Everything seemed perfectly normal to him.

He finally let his guard down and stepped into the courtyard.

“You were gone for a long time, Layla!” he walked up to Layla in long strides. His face was still pale due to the blood loss. “How is everything? Did you find Harper?” Layla gulped, “...Queen Harper...is dead.”

Lance frowned. He didn’t look sad at all.

“That useless bitch.” he snorted, “Whatever. It is better that she is dead. We don’t need her as our burden.

He touched Layla's face with one hand, cupping her cheek gently.

"You are the only one who remains loyal to me. I will remember this, Layla. You will be rewarded after we recover from this. Anything that you want," he said softly.

Layla stared at him in a daze.

Tears welled up and streamed down her cheek.

"I...I am sorry..." she sobbed, "So sorry...my King..."

Lance widened his eyes in shock.

At the very same time, Janet jumped out from behind the ruins and shouted:

"NOW!!!"

All soldiers emerged from the shadow simultaneously, jumping directly at Lance! Lance let out a furious long howl and shifted into his wolf.

"I am YOU FUCKING KING!" He snarled, waving his claw to defend himself. "You bunch of traitors!!!"

Yet no one listened to his accusation.

They all knew that this King's number was up. Their loyalty to him was gone.

The rogue soldier's eyes gleamed with a predatory glint. Their snarls and growls echoed through the night, creating a cacophony of menace.

Together, they attacked their former King.

Lance being the lone wolf on this battlefield fought valiantly, his powerful jaws snapping and claws slashing through the air.

But the numbers were against him.

The pack of wolves and soldiers attacked relentlessly, a coordinated assault that left the lone wolf overwhelmed.

Janet never joined this fight.

No matter how strong Lance was, he didn't stand a chance against this many soldiers and wolves. It was simply a matter of time that he was killed.

She pulled Layla to the side. This poor girl was crying loudly seeing her King besieged. She had to tie Layla's hands and feet to stop this girl from rushing into the fight.

While Janet was, she caught a glimpse of Daran, standing outside of the circle, watching this fighting scene in front of him coldly.

There was a calculating look on his face, as though he was quietly evaluating when to join the fight.

Lance let out a painful cry. His shoulder was stabbed by a soldier. One more stab and he would be dead.

And this was the time Daran moved.

Daran dashed into the circle seized Lance by his throat and slowly raised his body up in the air.

Everyone thought he would snap Lance's neck right away.

But he didn't.

Instead of killing Lance, Daran flung his arm and threw Lance in another direction—where Kass and Morgana were standing!

Kass was caught off guard.

He saw Lance's body flying at them and his first reaction was to take a step up, keeping Morgana behind her back, and draw his sword out.

His sword went directly into Lance's heart.

Lance's body twitched. A deathly grey covered his face. He didn't even have time to make a single noise before his breathing stopped.

The Rogue King was dead.

Yet nobody had the time to celebrate their victory. They were all shocked by this sudden turn of events.

A ringing silence fell upon the courtyard. Everyone was staring strangely at the dead Lance and the astonished Kass.

After a long pause, somebody among the crowd spoke up hesitantly, "....He... He killed



our King...

T

A round of mutterings could be heard from the crowd.

“Now what? Does that make him our new King?”

“Fuck him. I don’t even know him. He is just Lady Morgana’s mate. I don’t recognize him as my King.”

“Wait a second. If he can be King, so can I right? It is an equal chance for everyone!”

“Now what do we do? Do we kill this kid as well and fight for the crown?”

Kass held the sword tightly, his hand slightly trembling.

Those cold and evil gazes sent a chill down his spine.

He could sense that another fight was coming, right after the one that they just fought.

The King of all rogues was such a tempting title.

No man could resist the power that this title represented!

Kass parted his lips and wanted to say something to calm the turbulent crowd. Just then, a hand was placed on his shoulder.

Morgana stepped up to his side. She flipped her flaming red hair, turned to face Kass, and gracefully got on one knee.

“I, Morgana, pledge my loyalty to your

Her calm voice echoed across the quiet courtyard.

and recognize you as my one and only true King!”

All soldiers were rendered speechless, even Kass.

After a long moment of silence, one soldier followed Morgana’s lead and got on his knee, holding his head down to Kass.

Another soldier joined them.

Gradually, soldiers got

courtyard remained standi to the ground one by one, till no rogues in this

Together, in a deep and solemn voice, they said to Kass in unison:

Π

We pledge our loyalty to you, My King.”

Kass sucked in a sharp breath, his eyes rounded with astonishment.

He suddenly reeled back around as though hit by an invisible force.

“My...My body...” he uttered in a strained voice, “Something strange is happening to my body...”

“Your wound!” Morgana gasped.

There was a deep cut on Kass’s left shoulder. Such a wound would normally take at least 3 days to heal.

Yet now this cut was healing at a speed visible to the human eyes.

Within seconds, the wound stopped bleeding and that part of the skin was as good as new.

They witnessed something similar happening to Lance before.

It only meant one thing-

That Kass was officially recognized by the throne.

He was now the new Rogue King.

Janet gazed at Kass in a trance, still processing everything that just happened.

Slowly, she turned her stiff neck and looked at Daran..

Daran’s eyes were fixed on Kass as well.

The corners of lips were lifted into a faint, pleasant smile.

At that very moment, Janet understood everything.

Kass becoming King was no accident.

He was chosen by Daran.

This made a lot of sense because Kass was a peaceful, loyal, and upright man who had Morgana's support.

And most importantly, Kass would most likely give his blood to Daran voluntarily

He was Daran's chosen stepping stone.

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## Chapter 181

### Chapter 181

Janet clenched her fists abruptly, her eyes blazing with anger.

"You fucking used him!!!" she snarled.

The courtyard's solemn atmosphere was interrupted by Janet's sudden roar. All rogue soldiers jerked around to look at her, not knowing what was going on.

Daran kept his hands in his pocket, meeting Janet's glare with cold eyes.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said calmly.

"Stop fucking pretending!"

Janet strode up to him and grabbed him by the collar.

He stood a few inches taller. She dragged his head down furiously with one hand.

"You know what I was talking about... You fucking used Kass!"

She hissed at him, her raging voice echoing in the night sky.

"You had the chance of killing Lance yourself, but you didn't. You tossed Lance toward Kass instead. You plotted this whole thing! You want him to be the new Rogue King so that he will offer you his blood!"

Daran's jaw tightened.

His face was turning dark.

"I did him a favor," he gritted. "If it weren't for me, he would never have the chance. to possess such a power!"

"Not everyone is as power-hungry as you! You didn't even ask if he wants this!"

"Why the fuck do you care?!" Daran snapped, "You aren't him. You are not even his mate. Where does this temper tantrum come from?"

Of course, she had a right to be angry!

She was the only one who knew about Daran's plan.

She had a chance to stop him.

Yet she didn't.

Fuck, she should have realized that the person that Daran wanted to be King was Kass all along!

Because it was so obvious. He was the perfect one!

Morgana was off the list because she despised Daran.

But Kass was different.

Kass spent years in the werewolf society, ruled by Alphas. If Daran ordered him to offer his blood as an Alpha, Kass would most likely say Yes out of his fear of the Alpha aura.

Daran...What a manipulative, cunning bastard!

"Wait. What was going on?" Kass asked behind their back, sounding perplexed.

"Yeah. I was totally lost." Morgana joined the conversation and asked, "What were you talking about? What blood? What plan?"

Janet jerked around and snapped, "Kass. No matter how many times Daran begs you, do not give him your blood!"

"M—My blood?"

Kass stuttered, looking completely lost, "Why does he need my blood? Does he need a blood transfusion? Was he hurt?"

"I don't think they are the same blood type, Janet," Morgana said.

“NO! It is not that!” Janet cried, frustrated. “I—I will explain to you later...”

There was a vein popping on Daran’s forehead. He looked infuriated.

“You said that you wouldn’t help me. Fine! But why do you have to deliberately sabotage my plan!” he snarled.

“Because I don’t like how you used my friends! They are human beings! Not your goddamn tool!!!”

They glared at each other in fume with tension building in the air.

They were so caught up in their fight that they didn’t notice the group of newcomers by the courtyard’s entrance.

Morgana gasped abruptly.

...The Lycans...” she hissed.

The Lycans had blocked the courtyard’s entrance. Standing up front was their King Westin.

Westin moved forward, stepping into the silver moonlight, the expression on his face unreadable.

Everyone tightened their clench on their weapons, feeling intimidated by these intruders.

After a long pause, Daran broke the silence, “As you can see, Lance is dead already. We took care of him. The chaos and turmoil that you were worried about is now gone. Now it is time for you to leave the werewolf soil.”

Edwin was standing by Westin’s side.

He let out a light chuckle, “We offered our help. Yet now you are getting rid of us without a thank you. That is not nice. Plus, nobody said that this is the werewolf soil.”

Morgana was pissed, “We didn’t ask for your help. You just showed up!”

“Your King most certainly did invite us to his wedding.”

“The old King is dead.” Morgana snorted, “We have a new King now.”

Kass held his sword tightly, keeping a watchful eye on Edwin and Westin.

"I heard you argue about offering blood or something." Westin narrowed his eyes, gazing at Daran and Janet. "What was that about?"

Janet bit her lips, unsure of what she should say.

Daran told her that the Lycans didn't want a Werewolf King. Because the Werewolf King was the only one who had the power to fight the Lycans.

And that put her in a dilemma

And that put her in a dilemma.

She hated Daran for how he used her friends for power.

But she would hate it more if the Lycans came onto their soil and messed with their business.

Westin waited but nobody answered.

He took another step forward, his gaze growing sharper.

"Lance told you, didn't he?" Westin asked in a strained voice, "He told you...about. how to become the Werewolf King."

Daran let out a cold laugh, "Why? Are you afraid?"

"Lycans are not afraid of the werewolf!" Edwin growled behind Westin's back.

"But you should."

Daran raised his chin, a disdainful look on his face, "You should learn to fear us...especially when there is a Werewolf King."

A loud, rumbling howl met their ears the next second.

It was Westin.

He dashed forward and went directly at Daran without any warning!

Daran was caught off guard. But his reflex saved him. He stepped to the side and narrowly escaped the punch Westin threw at him.

The punch was aimed at Daran's heart.

But it landed on Daran's shoulder instead.

The great force that this punch carried sent Daran flying backward and landed on the ground with a loud thud!

Janet clamped her hands over her mouth, her eyes widened with shock.

She had never seen anyone defeat Daran in a one-on-one combat!

Daran was the strongest werewolf she knew.

But Westin knocked him over with just one punch.

That was the striking physical difference between a werewolf and a Lycan!

Janet didn't dare to imagine what if that punch landed on Daran's heart instead of his shoulder.

...Daran's heart would probably explode right on the spot.

"What the fuck are you doing!" Morgana snarled.

Kass pointed his sword at Westin and snapped, "Back down, Lycan!"

Yet Westin ignored the two of them.

He walked up to Daran, step by step, and said in a low voice, "You shouldn't try to challenge us. Give up on this now. I will spare your life."

Daran let out a cold laugh. He slowly pulled himself up and stood straight to face Westin.

"You wish," he hissed.

Westin narrowed his eyes and raised one hand, "Then today is your end."

A figure dashed in front of him, standing between him and Daran.

It was Janet.

"I won't let you kill him," she said, clenching her fists.

Westin's face turned cold, "You hate him, Janet, for how he treated you, remember? I heard you two fighting about this just a moment before. You should be on my side, Janet.

"I hate him for personal reasons. This is fucking business! I am a werewolf. I will not

stand aside and watch you slaughter my people!”

“But you are my mate!” Westin raised his voice with frustration gleaming in his eyes  
“You are a Lycan’s mate! That makes you a Lycan as well. Have you ever thought about that?”

Daran snorted, “She hasn’t recognized your mate bond yet. You are no mate to her.”

“I am still better off than you,” Westin’s face wrinkled up into a grimace of disgust. “You rejected her. You are ancient history.”

“ENOUGH!”

Janet cried, interrupting their juvenile quarrel.

“Stop. The both of you!” she snapped, “Daran, cool off on your plan. Westin, there will be no more blood tonight. If you still want to kill anyone, you will have to do it over my dead body!”

The three of them stood stiffly on their spot, with Daran and Westin on the opposite sides and Janet in the middle, facing Westin.

“Fine.”

Westin shrugged. The grim look on his face was replaced by a laid-back smile. Janet instantly let out a sigh of relief.

Yet Daran found this a little too good to be true, “It comes with a cost, doesn’t it?”

“Of course.”

Westin stared at Janet, his eyes softened.

“I will agree to a truce. I will call back all my men. I will even leave Daran to play his own game of power. As long as you agree to a single condition, Janet.”

“...Which is?”

“Come to the Lycan’s land with me. And never, ever, in your whole life, see Daran again.”

Chapter 182

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## Chapter 182

Chapter 182

....What the hell?

A deep furrow appeared between Janet's brows.

Westin's proposal was shocking. She thought that he would ask her for something like recognizing their mate bond, but this

Going to the Lycan's land?

She didn't even know where that was.

It would be different from the time she left for Grace Ruin. Although she had never been to the Grace Ruin, at least she knew its geographical location.

Nobody knew where the hell the Lycans inhabited. It could be thousands of miles from her home.

"Are you fucking out of your mind?!" Daran's furious cry rang in the air, "You can't ask her to go with you. Certainly not ask her to stop seeing me. You have no right!" Westin's cold eyes traveled to him, "I am not asking for your opinion, am I?"

"Asking or not, I am saying it. She is not going," Daran hissed.

Even Morgana cried out at this moment, "Janet you can't leave with the Lycans! Who knows what they are up to?"

"Stay!" Kass said, tightening his grip on the hilt. "We will all protect you."

Westin's eyes scanned across the crowd. He looked amused.

"Look. What you all think doesn't really matter to me." he said with a shrug, "If I want to bring Janet home, there is no one here who can stop me-

"Then does my opinion matter?" Janet asked abruptly.

Westin slowly turned to look at her, his voice deepening, "...Of course."

“Then I am not leaving. With you,” Janet said.

Everyone’s face lit up hearing her say this, including Daran.

Westin narrowed his eyes into slits, “I am not asking for much, Janet. I already decided to spare all your friend’s life. The only attached string is for my mate to come home with me. I think I am being very reasonable.”

“Yet I don’t like being strong–armed.”

Janet let out an icy laugh:

“Maybe I should reject our mate–bond, right here, right now. Then you will have nothing to make a deal with. That definitely makes things so much easier, doesn’t it?”

An astonished gasp could be heard from the crowd.

Rejecting a second chance mate?

That sounded...preposterous!

Most people didn’t get a second chance mate. When they did, they always held it dearly since it was the last chance that the Moon Goddess gave them.

If Janet did this...She would most likely die without a

Westin’s face darkened.

Shock and anger flickered across his eyes.

mate.

After a long pause, he let out a sigh and put on a sad smile, “Janet, I didn’t know you

hated this idea this much...To know that you are willing to reject our mate b.

hated this idea this much...To know that you are willing to reject our mate bond...it hurts my heart.”

“You pushed too hard,” Janet said.

“Well, I guess I did. I just couldn’t live with the fear that I might lose you to another person...”

□

His eyes briefly traveled across Daran's face.

"OK, let's forget what I just asked. What will you do after this? Any idea?" he asked.

The war had ended.

Lance was dead.

The rogues were in Kass's control.

They were looking at a long period of peace.

It was time for her to go home.

"I am going to Blood Moon Pack," Janet said. "Back to my brother and family's side."

Westin said at once, "Great. I have always wanted to meet Alpha Casper. I am going with you."

The crowd agitated again.

"We don't wa

the Lycans in our land-" Daran hissed.

"The Blood Moon Pack doesn't welcome you-" Kass cried.

"You haven't even asked Janet-" Morgana snapped.

"Janet!"

Westin raised his voice, talking over everybody, "I would be honored to be invited. Could you please consider that?"

He paused, and added with a smile, "I really don't want to be away from you, not for a single day...although you haven't recognized our mate bond yet."

Janet sighed.

She pondered for a brief moment and nodded, "If you want to come, fine."

The Lycans had been hiding from them for too long.

This might be a chance for them to learn more about this mysterious species.

“Then I am coming to Blood Moon Pack as well,” Daran said urgently.

“You are an Alpha, remember? You have a pack to govern, and that pack is not Blood Moon Pack,” Janet rolled her eyes.

“The elders can handle. I am coming,” Daran said, staring at Westin like a hawk.

So it was settled—both of them would return to Blood Moon Pack with Janet.

Janet sensed that these two wouldn’t be civil with each other.

But there was nothing they could do about it.

Kass instructed the soldiers to clean up the courtyard and get rid of Lance’s body. He also sent people to call back the civilians who were evicted out of the city.

The evil was killed.

The war had ended.

Now it was finally time for them to relax and celebrate a bit.

The ballroom survived the destruction, so they decided to have a small party there. It was a bit ironic to think this place used to be Lance and Harper’s wedding just hours ago and now they were celebrating their death in the same room.

The soldiers cleared the dancefloor and built a campfire. The light danced its warmth a comforting contrast to the freezing winter night air.

Janet asked all servants and maids who didn’t have the chance to escape the palace to join them.

There weren’t enough chairs. Some people had to sit on fallen masonry and worn tapestries, but nobody seemed to mind.

Morgana opened the cellar and brought out the good wine that was only available to the masters before. The delicious smell of roasted ribs soon filled the room.

After a couple of glasses of wine, the atmosphere lightened up.

A servant started playing guitar. Many soldiers plucked up the courage and went to ask for the maid’s hands for a dance.

matai

Janet sat in the corner alone. A few moments later, Morgana came to join her with a bottle of wine.

“You should have some. This is good shit,” Morgana poured her a glass, “Lance never allowed anyone to touch these bottles.”

Janet laughed and raised the glass, “To victory.”

“To bury the son of a bitch that everybody hates!”

Their glasses clinked.

“So?” Morgana asked after a sip, “Which one are you going to choose?”

...What do you mean?”

Morgana giggled, “The Lycan King and the Werewolf King. Two greatest men on earth are fighting for you. You have to choose one.”

Janet gazed at the crowd.

Westin and Daran sat on the opposite sides of the dancefloor.

Their difference formed a sharp contrast.

Westin was surrounded by a group of maids, who all giggled and chattered around him. And he was nice to these women as well, answering their silly questions, and laughing with them despite their difference in status.

His handsome appearance, easy-going personality, and charms made him a real womanizer.

Daran, on the other side, had fewer people gathered by his side. His cold face intimidated women, no matter how gorgeous that face was.

The soldiers loved to sit with him, discussing war tactics, weapons, and man stuff together.

“Like the two polars,” Morgana commented. “One is a charismatic, charming, and sophisticated playboy; and the other is a cold, pompous, arrogant...bastard.”

Janet laughed.

“You know that they won’t stop fighting for you till there is a winner, right?” Morgana asked.

Janet let out a long sigh. Of course, she knew that.

“Who do you think I should choose?” she asked.

“Me? Oh, I’d be torn, just like you. Maybe I will have both.” Morgana chuckled playfully, “Luckily, I am not making this hard decision. I prefer to watch it. Which is why Kass and I have decided to come to the Blood Moon Pack with you, to find out who is the ultimate winner.”

“You are definitely welcome,” Janet smiled.

“You better make the decision soon,” Morgana said idly. “Those two men both have too much ego to be hung in the air. Soon enough, things will get brutal between them.”

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## Chapter 183

### Chapter 183

Janet knew that Morgana’s warning was real.

But this wasn’t like drawing straws.

She really didn’t know which one of them she should choose.

The only thing she could do was to wait and let the decision come to her naturally. They took roughly a week to tidy things up, to rebuild some parts of the castle, to welcome the citizens back to the city, and to get the city back on track.

Most citizens didn’t care if there was a new King.

As long as there was a place for them to live in, they didn’t care who sat on the throne.

A week later, it was finally time for them to return to Blood Moon Pack.

Since they were not in a rush or anything, they decided to take the car instead of running as their wolves.

Yet right before departure, Daran and Westin got into another fight.

They both wanted to ride in the same car with Janet.

"I know the way back home. So naturally I should ride with Janet," Daran said with a raised chin.

"Anyone with a map or/a working GPS on their phone knows the way. That is not a very good reason," Westin raised a brow, "Yet on the other hand...our car is better."

It was true.

The Lycans brought with them a luxurious SUV, which made the other two Jeeps that Kass arranged for them look shabby and worn.

that Kass arranged for them look shabby and worn.

"Lady Janet, let me give you a brief tour of our car.

Edwin pulled the back door open and revealed the back seat:

"The hand-crafted leather seat with the seat warmer to make your entire journey comfortable and warm; a built-in refrigerator with all kinds of cool beverages that you can possibly imagine; an in-car entertainment center, games, movies, TV shows, you name it. The 10-hour trip will fly by. Of course, if you prefer the company of our King, he will be sitting right next to you."

Westin nodded to Janet with a charming smile.

Your car is outdated." Daran said with a disdainful face, "We have the latest model in Riverside Pack. Even the windows are bulletproof."

Westin let out a chuckle, "We don't need a bulletproof car because we can handle all kinds of dangers."

"Are you saying that I am weak?!"

"Do you need to hide behind a bulletproof window?"

The two men glared at each other, their eyes filled with hostility and spite.

"Maybe you two should fight for the privilege of riding with Janet "

Morgana rubbed her chin and said with a sly smile, eager to see their quarrel escalate, "You know, let the best man escort the princess."

"Fine by me!" Daran hissed.

Westin shrugged, "If you are not afraid of being knocked over to the ground again, I am happy to do a rematch."

"ENOUGH!"

Janet snapped impatiently, "If I hear another word of your childish argument, I am running back home myself!"

"But which car are you going to take?" Westin asked.

"I am riding with Kass and Morgana."

Janet hopped in one of the Jeeps and slammed the door shut.

Kass and Morgana got into the car as well, with Kass behind the wheel and Morgana in the back seat Janet.

"You shouldn't challenge them to a fight," Janet groaned to Morgana as they drove out of the Grace Ruin. "You know they can't stand each other."

Morgana propped her elbow on the window frame and giggled, "Yeah, I know. But the fight between them is going to break out sooner or later. There is no way you can stop it."

Janet mumbled, "I just want them to remain civil as long as possible."

"You won't know which one of them is the best option for you by keeping things civil. You have to let them fight for it and let the winner rise. It is natural selection."

Morgana looked out the window and blew a whistle, "But right now, I am leaning towards Westin. Look at that car. It is easy. The Lycans got money."

"But the Riverside Pack has money as well."

Kass said with his eyes on the road.

"Do you guys know that the Riverside Pack is rising to become the wealthiest pack in the whole world? It is a relatively new pack, but its pack members are becoming the richest 1 percent. Just imagine how much money its Alpha has."



“So what?” Morgana rolled her eyes, “He wouldn’t spend that money on Janet. He didn’t even pay for that 100 million ransom when she was kidnapped.”

Janet let out a sigh, “Kass, so you think I should pick Daran?”

“Well, personal feelings aside...I

reliable. And he is a werewolf, *lie* Alpha Daran. He is a real man, tough, strong, all of us.”

Janet had never heard Kass speaking this fondly of Daran before.

And that reminded her of something.

“Kass, Daran hasn’t asked you for your blood, right?” she asked.

“No. And I won’t give anyone my blood until you tell me to. I will follow on this, Gamma Janet.

Janet smiled, “I am not your Gamma anymore. You are a King now.” “You will always be my Gamma in my heart.”

your order

Morgana patted Janet’s shoulder, “Making Daran the Werewolf King or not...it is your call to make. I think those two men know about this as well. And that is why they are fighting so fiercely for you. Not just for you as their mate, but also for the power that you stand for.”

Janet shook her head and lapsed into silence.

Once again, she found herself in the center of a storm.

Caught in between two powerful men.

Her heart was torn. Even her wolf.

She couldn’t wait to get back to Riverside Pack and see her brother.

She missed Casper so much.

Maybe he would have a better insight.

Maybe he could tell her which man was best for her.

<hr/>After days on the road, they finally entered the Blood Moon Pack's territory on the fourth day at dawn.

Their car wound its way through the familiar bends of the road.

As Janet peered through the window, a sense of nostalgia enveloped her.

The green mountains loomed majestically on the horizon, their peaks disappearing into the wisps of clouds.

A dense forest, a tapestry of vibrant hues, flanked the road, the familiar scent of pine needles and earth wafting through the open window.

"Your home is so beautiful!" Morgana gasped by her side.

"Right?" Janet laughed, "And this is Kass's home as well."

Kass nodded with a smile, "They say that the Blood Moon Pack is the ever-green land."

Their cars drove into the city.

Janet told Casper that they were coming back days ago. So she expected there to be some sort of a welcoming ceremony.

She just didn't know that the ceremony could be this... Huge.

The city's main streets were adorned with flowers and festooned with ribbons.

A burst of loud cheers and applause echoed through the air when their cars appeared at the street's end.

Janet was stunned.

She saw growing throngs of citizens lined up by the streets.

The entire city must have left home and come out to the street to welcome her!

Some people waved colorful banners and ribbons, while others tossed flower petals in the path of her car.

Everyone was shouting loudly.

"Princess Janet! Welcome home!"

"Our Gamma is back!"

“The Rogue King slayer! Our heroine!”

Their cries and cheers were almost deafening. Yet Janet still couldn't help but roll down her window and wave at the excited crowd.

“I am back!” she cried.

A burst of joy radiated through her.

She was gone for a very long time. But nobody back home had forgotten about her.

Her heart quickened as their car came into the packhouse's front yard. Her gaze fixed **on** the entrance driveway up ahead where a group of figures came into view.

They must be here to welcome her back.

Was Casper here as well?

Excitement bubbled within her. The car slowed, but Janet couldn't wait for a complete stop before jumping off the moving car.

She rushed forward, her heart pounding with every step.

Her eyes searched for her brother's face among the crowd. She saw Casper's beta Eden and a few familiar faces.

But there was no sight of Casper.

“Gamma Janet! Welcome back!”

Eden strode forward and opened his arms for a big hug.

“Thanks! It is great to see you again!” Janet hugged him back, “Where is Casper? Is he caught up in a meeting or patrol?”

Eden hesitated.

A worried look appeared on his face, “Something...has happened to Alpha.”

Janet's heart skipped a beat, “What?! Is he sick?”

“No, he is not ill...Please. Come with me. You better see for yourself,” Eden sighed.

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## Chapter 184

Chapter 184

Something had happened to Casper.

And judging by Eden's reaction, it must be something serious.

"Where is he!" Janet snapped.

"In his own room...Wait for me, Gamma Janet!"

Yet Janet had already pushed him aside and rushed into the packhouse. She vaguely heard Daran's voice calling her room from behind, but she didn't have time to stop

for him.

Janet dashed across the hallway, up the staircase, and headed directly toward the Alpha's suite, ignoring the puzzled glances of soldiers and maids.

A group of people were gathered by the door of Alpha's suite when Janet arrived. There were doctors, and maids carrying trays of food and beverages.

"Gamma Janet!" some gasped upon seeing her, "You are back!"

Janet walked up to them, slightly out of breath, "What is going on?"

"We tried knocking, but the Alpha...he won't let us in."

"He refuses any treatments," the doctor sighed.

"And he hasn't eaten in 3 days."

Janet clenched her teeth.

She had never seen Casper behave like this before.

Her brother was very mature. Locking himself in his own bedroom and refusing to talk to anyone didn't seem like him.

The maid bit her lips and said, "We were just talking about if we should unlock the door with the key but Alpha probably won't be happy...What are you doing, Gamma Janet?"

She gasped seeing Janet reeled back a few steps.

"Back down."

Janet said coldly, her eyes fixing on the door.

Then she dashed forward, jumped up in the air, and kicked on the door with one leg!

The lock snapped.

The entire door panel crushed to the floor with a loud bang, followed by shocked gasps from the maids and doctors.

"But But the Alpha clearly said no interruption..." the maid stuttered.

"Well, he can blame his misbehaved sister later."

Janet dusted her clothes and took over the food, "Thank you. Let me have a moment with my brother."

She stepped into Casper's room alone.

The first thing that she noticed was the heavy scent of alcohol hanging thick in the air.

Janet held her breath in disbelief.

...He was fucking drunk?!

The curtains were drawn, shutting out the daylight and casting the space into a suffocating darkness.

A faint glow from the lamp was the only light source.

With the dim light, Janet saw empty bottles scattered across the floor, booze spilled. The room reeked with despair.

Janet's heart sank as she spotted her brother, Casper, lying on the cold floor, cuddling a half-gone bottle of vodka.

He looked fuck up.

His cheeks were unnaturally red as though he was in a fever. He must have not showered or shaved in days, looking more like a homeless than a mighty Alpha.

“Casper!”

Janet snapped as she crossed the room and grabbed Casper by the collar, yanking him up from the floor.

“Wake up!”

Casper mumbled something vaguely.

He opened his eyes a bit and looked up. But he couldn’t get his eyes into focus,

“...Janet?” he murmured. “Y–You are back?”

Janet’s heart was filled with a mix of concern and anguish.

“Yeah, I am back. I called you a week ago. Remember? What the hell happened? Why are you doing this to yourself?” she snapped.

Casper blinked, looking confused, “A–A week ago? No, it isn’t right...What...What date is today?”

Janet gritted.

She grabbed a glass of juice and poured the whole glass down Casper’s head!

Casper shivered at the ice–cold juice and snapped his eyes open, “Hey!”

“Better?” Janet dumped the empty glass on the floor, “Now tell me what happened.”

Casper rubbed his face and let out a heavy sigh.

He was perked up a bit but still looked very exhausted with his messy hair and bloodshot eyes.

“I am sorry. I should be at the front gate to welcome you back.” he said hoarsely,

“But there **is** a welcome home party later. I promise I will be there-”

Janet couldn’t hear his nonsense anymore.

She raised her hand and-

SLAP!

A red slap mark appeared on Casper's cheek.

"WHAT THE FUCK!!!" Casper snarled after a brief moment of daze.

"We are not leaving this room until you tell me what happened."

Janet looked down at him coldly, "...Does it have something to do with Balvina?"  
Balvina wasn't at the front door to welcome her back

She sensed something was wrong.

Casper's reaction told her that she made the correct guess. He buried his face into his palms and let out a light sob, "...She is gone..."

"Gone?" Janet rounded her eyes, "What do you mean gone? Did she leave? Or abducted by anyone?"

"I fucking don't know!"

Casper growled, pulling his own hair in frustration, "I don't know! Fuck...We were having dinner one night as usual and we even kissed each other goodnight before heading back to our own room...but the next morning, she just vanished from her

own room!

"Any luggage?"

Casper shook his head, "She didn't take anything. It looked as though she went out for a walk and just never came back..."

Janet wanted to give her dickhead brother another hard slap across his face:

"So your big solution is to get yourself drunk?! You should be out there searching for her! What if she is in danger right now? And you won't be able to save her because you are fucking wasted!"

"I have searched for her!!" Casper roared, "I turned the entire city upside down but NO! No sign of her at all! I went into the mountain but still... Maybe she grew tired of me, Janet. Maybe she wanted to leave..."

Janet shoved him to the floor and turned striding towards the door.

More people were gathered by the end of the hallway. Maids, doctors, soldiers, Eden...Even Daran and Westin were here.

"Gamma Janet!" the doctor rushed forward seeing Janet come out, "Does Alpha need any medical treatment-

"He fucking looks fine to me," Janet said icily.

"What happened?" Daran asked with a frown.

Janet let out a frustrated sigh, "Casper got himself hammered because Balvina was gone. I am just worried about her safety right now..."

"Hold on. Who is Balvina?" Westin chimed in. "She is your brother's mate?"

Daran darted him an impatient glare, "Hold your questions. This isn't a press conference."

"I just want to help," Westin shrugged.

"My closest friend. My brother's girlfriend." Janet ran her fingers through her hair. "Sorry. But I am afraid that I can't stay with you. I have to look for Balvina. The stewards will get you settled."

"Go." Daran nodded, "We will be fine."

The two of them watched Janet go down the hallway and disappear around the corner.

"Alpha Daran," Westin spoke up abruptly. "We should help Janet find this friend of hers. And let's make it into a race. See who finds her first."

Daran leered at him, "If you think you can have Janet choose you from this single race, you are wrong. No matter who the winner is, Janet is destined to be with me."

Westin shrugged, "It saddens me to see Janet get worried. Oh, of course, if you have something else to do, I won't force you to do this. I will find her in no time anyway." "This is the werewolf's land. You know nothing about the city. You won't be able to find her," Daran said icily.

"Well about that... We will see."

Westin smiled defiantly at Daran and left the hallway.

Daran let out a sneer internally.

He stopped a maid in the hallway and asked her where Balvina's room was and headed to her room.



Balvina's room looked perfectly normal.

Everything remained right where it belonged.

Clothes still in the closet, a half-read book on the tea table, and some opened snacks. on the nightstand.

Whatever the reason she was gone...it didn't look planned.

Daran walked around the room. In the end, he got on his knees and looked underneath the bed.

That was where he found something unnatural.

A prescription bottle.

He grabbed the bottle and studied the description written on it.

His eyes darkened.

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## Chapter 185

Chapter 185

Daran shoved the prescription bottle into his pocket and pulled out his phone.

He searched on the Internet for the medicine.

This medicine **was** a rare kind.

There were only three pharmacies in the city that had the permit to carry it.

Daran remembered the address of those three pharmacies and left Balvina's room.

The car that brought them to Blood Moon Pack was still parked in the driveway.

Daran hopped in the car and drove away from the packhouse.

The main streets were still packed with enthusiastic citizens, causing real traffic.

Daran had to navigate through the jammed street and take back alleys and shortcuts to avoid the crowd.

15 minutes later, he arrived at the first pharmacy.

The pharmacist behind the counter didn't even look up from his video game when Daran walked in and simply asked: "Prescription?"

Daran placed the bottle on the counter.

"I will need a list of names of the patients who prescribe this medicine from you," he said deeply.

The pharmacist let out a snort, his eyes still on the video game, "Pharmacist and patient confidentiality. Have you ever heard of that?"

Daran opened his wallet and slid a hundred-dollar bill across the counter.

"How about that?" he asked.

The pharmacist paused the game, took a quick glance at the bill, and then looked up at Daran for the first time.

His eyes widened immediately.

"You!" he gasped in shock, "You are Alpha Daran!"

Daran raised a brow.

He didn't know that he would get recognized in Blood Moon Pack this easily.

"You helped our princess kill the Rogue King, didn't you? It is all over the news!"

The pharmacist cried excitedly:

"My wife and children are on the street rally today! Oh my god, I can't wait to tell them that the mighty Alpha Daran is in our store-"

Daran tapped his finger on the bill, "Then can you do this little favor for me?"

"Of course, of course! Anything for the Alpha!"

The pharmacist hurried to the computer and printed out a list of names, "Here. The list that you asked."

Daran went over the list quickly.

But he didn't see Balvina's name on it.

"Alpha Daran are you going to get back with our princess?" the pharmacist asked as he studied the list, "Everyone in the city was talking about it. Now that the war has ended, we all hope that there can be a wedding sometime soon-"

A faint smile touched upon Daran's as he said, "Thank you. That is what I am hoping for as well."

"Wow, that is awesome! My wife said that it is over between you two. But I know it is. not! I know you still love her!"

Daran placed the paper back on the counter and smiled, "You tell your wife that I will do whatever I can to win back the heart of your princess."

"I will! Fingers crossed for you Alpha Daran!"

The pharmacist cried joyfully behind Daran's back as he left the pharmacy store.

Daran went on to hit the second store.

Yet still, there was no luck.

Finally, at the last store, the furthest one from the packhouse, Daran found Balvina's name on the list.

He let out a sigh of relief and said to the store staff, "I got what I need. Thank you."

The staff, like the pharmacist in the first store, had recognized Daran and asked cautiously, "Alpha Daran, are you chasing a criminal or anything? Shall I call the police?"

"No. No police. Just check when is her next refill time?"

The staff looked it up on the computer and said, "She should get her medicine refill. today."

Daran nodded, "Thank you. And don't tell anyone that I came."

“Of course, Alpha Daran, anything that you need.”

Daran left the store and hid behind a billboard, keeping his eyes on the store. entrance, waiting for Balvina to show up.

After 3 long hours, he finally saw the person he was waiting for appear from around the corner and headed towards the pharmacy store.

“Balvina!”

Daran cried to her across the street.

Balvina jerked around at once. Her eyes widened with shock.

When she saw Daran, she turned on her heels at once and started dashing down the street!

“Balvina... Wait up!”

Daran knew that she didn’t want anyone to find her.

But running away at the first sight of him?

What was she afraid of?

Daran immediately followed her and ran down the street.

Normally, it shouldn’t be easy for him to catch up with Balvina. But today, the street was filled with people streaming back from **the** rally, their voices merging into an animated chatter..

And many of them had recognized Daran.

“Look! It is Alpha Daran!”

“Damn, it is really him! Princess Janet’s mate!”

“Former mate. What is he doing in Blood Moon Pack? Is here to ask Princess Janet to get back with him?”

The joyful crowd flocked to Daran, blocking his sight of Balvina.

He plunged into the sea of people, weaving through the diverse crowd, and waved off some who tried to talk to him.

“Excuse me. Pardon...Balvina!”

He shouted again.

He caught a glimpse of Balvina's red scarf disappearing into an alley.

He pushed his way through the crowd and turned into that alley as well.

Balvina was climbing up the fire escape ladder.

"Balvina, let us talk!" he cried.

"Casper sent you, didn't he!" Balvina picked up her pace and snapped, "Tell that bastard to leave me alone! We are done!"

She reached the third floor.

Yet the door to the fire escape exit was wrenched open from the inside.

The next second, Balvina was face-to-face with Janet, who had been waiting here for quite some time already.

"I know you would be here," Janet said with a raised eyebrow.

Balvina growled, "Fuck. I should have never given you the address of my hideout place."

"But you did. Because we are friends."

Janet's eyes traveled to Balvina's back and widened in surprise upon seeing Daran, "Daran? What are you doing here?"

Daran raised his chin at Balvina, "Here to find her. Same as you do."

"Enough! Both of you can go back. I have nothing to say to you!" Balvina snapped.

"We are at your doorstep. At least you can invite us in for some coffee?" Janet said softly, "Relax. We won't force you back. I just want to talk."

Balvina let out a frustrated sigh and mumbled, "...Fine. Come with me."

They got into the building through the fire escape exit and were brought into an apartment.

This place was small and dingy and looked half-furnished.

Balvina tossed her scarf on the mattress that she used as a sofa and turned around, crossing her arms.

“So? What do you want to say?”

“Why did you leave Casper?” Janet asked.

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## Chapter 186

Chapter 186

Balvina let out a loud snort.

“Me? Leaving Casper? It was the other way around! That fucking dickhead dumped me!”

She paused and let out a small sigh, “No he is your brother....sorry if it offends you.”  
“No, not at all. You have every right.”

Yet Janet was confused.

She remembered Casper telling her that everything between them was perfectly fine. They even had dinner that night and kissed each other good night.

So who was lying?

“Let’s dial back a bit. How did he dump you exactly?” Janet asked.

Balvina slumped onto the mattress, looking frustrated, “A couple of days ago we were having dinner...And out of nowhere, he told me that he wasn’t happy with our current relationship and wanted to end it...I know that we are not in a serious and exclusive relationship, and he has always been a playboy...But the way he said it to me—it was like he was my boss! And was simply informing me of his decision! He didn’t even care what I think! Ugh, that jerk!”

She heaved a heavy breath and hit the mattress with one fist, “I should have punched him before I left!”

Janet walked up to her and sat down on the mattress as well.

"I think you should definitely do that," she said.

"Do what?"

"Punch him in the face. A hard one. Better knock off his teeth or break his nose.

"Hold on a second," Balvina looked at her, confused, "It is your brother that we are talking about, right?"

"Exactly. But so what? I hate those Judas men as much as you do. One moment they said that you were his one and only lover, and the next moment they changed their heart and turned their backs on you completely. It is disgusting."

Daran instantly sensed that Janet was talking about him.

He touched the tip of his nose in embarrassment and wanted to say something but got interrupted by Balvina's voice:

"I know! Right? If you didn't mean those words, just don't say it the first time! Men are full of bullshits."

"Which is why I think you should go back and confront him about it," Janet said. "Why should you be the one avoiding him? It isn't fair. Go back, march in, and give him a hot, fat slap. It is therapeutic, I promise you."

Balvina hesitated.

She looked at Janet and asked in a skeptical voice, "Hold on a second. This isn't a trick to get me back, is it?"

"Of course not. I will personally escort you out after you vent your fume," Janet promised solemnly.

Balvina sat in silence for another few seconds and then cried abruptly, "Fuck it! You are right. He is the jerk. I should make him avoid me!"

She leaned over to hug Janet, groaning, "Ugh it is so nice to have you back. I have got nobody to talk to. And I am sorry. I should be at the front gate today welcoming you back."

"Don't worry about it."

Janet patted her shoulder, "After you sort this out, we can have our own party."

They stood up and headed towards the door.

Daran grabbed Janet's arm and stopped her when she passed by him.

"Those Judas men..."

He said in a hushed voice, leaning close to her ears.

"Were you talking about me specifically?"

Janet let out a light snort, "What do you think?"

"I think you were."

"Then what are you going to do about it?" Janet raised her eyelids and looked him in the eyes defiantly. "Apologize again? Explain your reasons. Try sweet-talking me? We have past that point, Daran."

"Then how about a little violence?"

He suggested in a hoarse voice, "You asked Balvina to hit Casper in the face to vent her anger. You can do the same to me. You can keep going till you are happy, no matter how many punches it takes. I promise I won't dodge."

His hot breath spread on the back of her neck, sending an electric current down her spine.

She hated her body for having this reaction every time he got close.

And she hated her heart for beating so quickly every time he stopped being a jerk. *Don't forget what he did to you!*

She warned herself internally.

*He was a cold, manipulative, heartless monster. Remember that!*

"What you did to me almost killed me." She said icily, "So a few punches won't do the trick."

She shoved him aside and marched out of the apartment in long strides.

When they got back to the packhouse, it was almost dusk.

**Casper** was in the dining hall overseeing the maids and servants decorating the room for tonight's dinner party.

He still looked beaten up, in a very serious hangover.



When he saw Balvina walking into the dining hall with Janet and Daran, he jumped up at once, his mouth dropped in shock.

“BALVINA!”

He roared, dashing across the room like a gush of wind, and went straight at Balvina, “Where the fuck have you-”

*SLAP!*

Balvina welcomed him with a hot, fat slap across the face!

The sound of that slap echoed across the hall, freezing everyone in their spots.

Maids and servants rounded their eyes in horror seeing the burning slap mark on their Alpha’s face.

“You bastard!” Balvina clenched her fists and snarled, “You seriously think you can do better after dumping me?! You are wrong! Nobody can stand a dickhead as you are!”

“Wait a second, I-”

“Screw around all you like! Be a fuckboy! Play the field! I don’t care! Just wear a fucking condom next time!!!”

“Balvina!”

Casper raised his voice, ignoring the awkward glances from his members, “Can you just stop being a hothead for one time and let me explain!”

“NO. I have had it. Men are all full of lies and bullshit. Tell those pretty words to your next fuck partner. I AM DONE!”

Balvina threw a hard punch at Casper’s face. He didn’t dodge. That knocked him over to the floor.

She turned abruptly and dashed towards the door.

Yet Daran reached out an arm and stopped her.

“Janet said I am free to go anytime I want!” Balvina snapped, glaring at Daran.

“And I won’t stop you.” Daran said in a flat tone, “Though I think Casper deserves to know about that.”

Panic flickered across Balvina's face.

Casper had pulled himself up from the floor and staggered to catch up with Balvina. He heard the final part of Daran's words.

"I deserve to know about what?" he asked, perplexed.

Daran glanced at Balvina. Seeing that she didn't say anything to stop him, he pulled out a prescription bottle from his pocket and handed it to Casper.

"I found this under her bed," he said.

Casper took the bottle.

His face changed abruptly when he saw the name of that medicine.

"You..."

He swallowed nervously and raised his head to look at Balvina. His voice was hoarse:

"...You are pregnant?"/

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## Chapter 187

### Chapter 187

An awkward silence fell upon them.

Balvina bit her lips, looking reluctant to answer, but eventually gave in under everyone's sharp gaze.

"Well...yeah. I am...actually," she sighed.

"You are pregnant, and you still decided to leave me?!" Casper raised his voice abruptly and roared, "Are fucking crazy?!"

Balvina's eyes blazed in rage, "Did you fucking hit your head or something?! You dumped me you asshole! What am I supposed to do otherwise, huh? Stay and have our baby while you move on to your next girlfriend?!"

"NO!" Casper cried, "I didn't mean to dump you-"

"Did you say those words then? Did you say that you want our relationship to end?"

"I did but-"

"You really said those stuffs?" Janet spoke up sternly with a frown, "You really are a piece of shit, Casper."

"Irresponsible," Daran commented by the side.

"HEY!"

Casper snapped his head around and pointed a finger at Daran, "You of all people don't have the right to say that!"

Daran shrugged and shut his mouth.

Casper ran his fingers through his hair and groaned frustratedly, "OK, listen. I said I wasn't happy with our current relationship...because I am tired of just being your boyfriend. I-I want things to be more serious between us."

Balvina's jaw dropped.

Not just her, everybody present looked shocked.

"Wait," Janet chimed in. "So you weren't breaking up with Balvina?"

"Of course not!"

"But when I asked you if you were dumping me, you clearly said yes!" Balvina snapped, "Stop lying to me, Casper!"

"Fuck—I said Yes because I was downplaying your expectation! I hit you first with a small bad news before bringing out the real surprise! It is called building up for the climax!"

"What surprise? What the hell are you talking about?!"

Casper's face was tomato red.

He reached into his pocket with a shaky hand and pulled out a small velvet box. "Now I look like an idiot giving you this..." he mumbled.

He opened the box.

There was a giant diamond ring in it, gleaming gorgeously under the room light. Balvina let out a short cry, clamping her mouth with both hands.

There was a round of gasps in the hall. Maids at the far end of the room were standing on their tiptoes to get a **clearer** view of this

standing on their tiptoes to get a clearer view of this.

"I had the whole thing planned out," Casper scratched his head embarrassedly. "After Janet comes back—at tonight's dinner party—I am going to ask you to marry me... I didn't know you would be that pissed and simply vanished—"

Janet couldn't hold her tongue anymore, "Of course, she would be pissed! You asked for a breakup!"

"I said it is called downplaying expectation—"

"I don't care. It is goddamn stupid." Janet said harshly, "I won't blame Balvina if she says no to your idiotic proposal."

Casper was rendered speechless.

He glanced at Balvina, who was still in a daze.

"But we will give you some privacy now. Let you figure it out," Janet smiled and called to the staff in the hall, "Everybody out!"

All the maids and servants filed out of the dining hall and closed the door behind them, giving the room back to Casper and Balvina.

Many maids were giggling and chattering about what just happened. They all seemed pretty excited about their future Luna.

"So...what an emotional roller coaster," Daran said deeply as they walked down the hallway shoulder to shoulder.

"Yeah. I didn't know I would be cleaning up Casper's mess on my first day home," Janet let out a sigh.

"They look happy though."

"They have always had strong feelings toward each other. Casper just didn't realize it before. They aren't mates but still stayed together for nearly a decade. Only love has that kind of power," Janet said lowly.

They crossed the lobby and reached the staircase.

Daran grabbed Janet's wrist and stopped her when she set foot on the first stair.

"I am sorry," he said abruptly.

Janet was stunned, ...What for?"

"I never proposed to you. I didn't even give you a proper wedding. And I regret it every time I think about it."

His gorgeous eyes gleamed softly under the chandelier light, reminiscent of the vast ocean on a full moon night.

"I know you want something that Casper had for Balvina," he said deeply.

Janet couldn't help but chuckle, "You meant his utterly stupid proposal?"

"Not the plan itself. But the thought he put into it."

Daran gently pushed a lock of her hair to the back of her ear, "...I should have done. the same for you."

Janet struggled to look away from those enchanting eyes of his, "Yes you should have. But now it is too late."

"It is never too late!

Daran's tone suddenly became rushed, "Janet, I want to ask you, if I-" "-Janet!"

A cry from their back interrupted Daran's speech.

They both looked around and found Westin and his men across the lobby and walking up toward them.

"I searched the entire back mountain where people usually hide themselves but no sign of your friend," Westin said. "But don't worry. I already had my men searching the suburb. We will find her soon."

Daran let out a loud, sarcastic snort.

"Don't bother, King Westin," he said in an acrid tone. "I already found her."

Westin froze.

Then slowly, he turned to look at Daran, "...You found her?

"Yes." Daran sneered, "What did I tell you? This is the werewolf's land. You know nothing about it. It is still not too late for you to get the hell out of here and run back to where you belong."

"Janet invited me," Westin said coldly.

"Only because you forced her. Fuck off. And stop trying to take her away from her own home!"

"Or what? Are you going to throw me out forcefully?" Westin lowered his voice, sounding provocative. "Do you have what it takes?"

Daran let out an icy laugh, "Watch me!"

He threw a punch directly at Westin's face!

The two men got into a brutal fight, attacking each other with punches and kicks that aimed to kill.

Westin was a Lycan. He was stronger. But Daran had more combat skills.

They seemed to reach a tie.

People in the lobby were all startled by this fight. Maids cried in fear and ran to the corners to hide. Guards picked up weapons and rushed in to break up the fight.

The entire lobby lapsed into complete chaos.

Janet's head ached with frustration.

Why couldn't these two men let her have a single moment of peace?

Just then, the door to the dining hall swung open and Casper marched out.

He grabbed a pistol from one of the guards and fired it to the sky without hesitation-

*BANG!*

The ringing noise echoed across the room, freezing all turmoil.

"Fighting under my roof?" Casper dropped the pistol, his eyes ice-cold. "I don't

welcome a guest like that.”

Daran and Westin both stopped.

“...I **am** sorry,” Daran said deeply.

“My apology, Alpha Casper,” Westin cleared his throat. “And...nice to meet you.”

Casper critically stared at him up and down, “So, the Lycans do exist. And you are here to win my sister’s heart? Just like Alpha Daran?”

“Yes.”

Casper snorted, “One thing I do know is that I won’t marry my dear sisters to an abusive man. I don’t care what is your title, how many men you rule, or how much money you have. If you

And that goes to the two of 10 stay in my house, you better behave. No violence.

The two men glared at each other, their eyes flashing with hatred.

But they both murmured a yes.

“Janet, a word?” Casper tilted his head and gestured to the dining hall.

Janet nodded.

She walked past those two men and followed Casper back into the dining hall, shutting the door.

“Janet! Look at my ring!”

Balvina rushed to her at once, waving her hands excitedly in the air, “It is huge!!”

Janet laughed. She had never seen her close friend this girly before.

“Congratulations!” she opened her arms and hugged Balvina tightly, “So you said. yes!”

Balvina giggled, “I had to say yes, if not to him, at least to this fucking diamond. And the wedding is two weeks from now.

Janet rounded her eyes. More good news!

“It is awesome! But do you have enough time to get ready? There are so many things to be done-”

“You are here to help, aren’t you?” Casper wrapped his arm around Balvina’s shoulder and grinned.

“Do I have a choice?” Janet rolled her eyes.

“No, you don’t. We both agree that a war heroine will be awesome at party planning as well.”

“And Casper and I were just talking,” Balvina added. “We both think that you should officially announce whom you will marry at our wedding.”

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## Chapter 188

### Chapter 188

Announce whom she would marry.

But she hadn’t decided yet!

“Hold on a second.” Janet frowned. “What if I can’t decide within these two weeks?”

“Then you make up your mind quickly.”

Casper crossed his arms and said:

“You saw how they were like out there. They can’t stay in the same room peacefully for 2 minutes. I think 2 weeks is the longest time that they can keep things civil without turning this into a complete war.”

Balvina added, “And a deadline helps you as well. You can’t swing back and forth between these two men forever. The longer you wait, the more pain it will cause you.”

Janet groaned.



She knew that Casper and Balvina were right.

She couldn't hide from this forever.

But it was so frustrating having to decide something so big so hastily.

"Are those two men my only options now? Do I have to choose between the two of them?" she grunted.

"OK, let's just say there is somebody else you like, and you want to choose him. Then that poor guy has to face the rage of both Daran and Westin. No man can handle the pressure like that," Casper said with a shrug.

"So now what? I am trapped with them? What if I enjoy being single? You ever think about that?"

"Hey calm down."

Balvina patted her shoulder, "We just want you to make the announcement. Pick one

guy for the time being and kick the other one out of the picture, so that their fight won't develop into a war. If later you discover that you don't want to be with the guy

you chose anymore, it is perfectly fine. This is not a one-time deal.

That sounded reasonable.

But then Janet started to panic.

She was really facing this decision right now-

Between Daran and Westin.

Who was the one?

"Whom do you think I should go for?" Janet raised her head, looking at Casper and Balvina helplessly.

Casper burst out laughing, "You want my dating advice? You wouldn't even listen to my fashion advice! And now you are letting me pick your husband?"

"That is because you have terrible taste in fashion," Janet rolled her eyes.

"Well. If you ask me, I think you should go for Daran." Balvina said, "I know he is a jerk but at least he is a werewolf. Marrying him means that you **can** stay at home. If you choose Westin, who knows where he will take you and where the hell his homeland is."

Janet sighed.

That was true.

Back in Grace Ruin, Westin already asked her to go to the Lycan's land once.

She didn't want to leave her family and friends.

"But Daran is so mercurial." Casper snorted, "One minute he likes you, the next he throws you under the bus. At least Westin is strong enough to protect you."

"See?"

Janet spread her hands, "You two can't even reach an agreement. How am I supposed to do it?"

"You are so tensed, girl. You need to relax."

Balvina rubbed her shoulders and said:

"Let your heart tell you what to do. Those two weeks are for these two men to woo you. Enjoy being chased by the most powerful men on earth. Not all girls have that kind of privilege."

Janet let out a sigh internally.

Privilege?

Or should she say disaster?

"So when do you need me to make the announcement?" she asked.

"The sooner the better," Casper said. "We were hoping at the dinner party, tonight, in front of **all** members and guests. I will first welcome you back to our pack and then you can say the words."

Janet took a deep breath and stood up, "Well then... I better get ready for my big night."

She left the dining hall and headed back to her old bedroom.

The bedroom looked exactly as she left it. There was even a bunch of fresh flowers on *her* nightstand, sending a pleasant aroma into the air.

Maids were expecting her in the room.

They curtsied to her when she came in and said briskly, "Welcome back, Princess. Janet. Everyone misses you back home."

"Thank you." Janet smiled, "I want to get ready for the party tonight."

"Certainly."

The maid opened the door to the closet, "Alpha Casper just had the designers bring over a couple of new dresses. If there is nothing you like here, we will have the stewards run down to the mall immediately."

A racket of shiny new dresses lay in her closet.

One dress caught Janet's eyes.

It was a floor-length, emerald-green evening gown.

It had a fitted bodice with intricate silver beadwork that extended down the waist, creating an elegant and eye-catching pattern. The skirt flowed gracefully, creating a slight train.

"I like this one," Janet pointed at the dress.

"Great choice, princess." the maid took down the gown for her, "And what about your hair and makeup? Any thoughts?"

"I can handle it myself. Thank you."

The maids helped her slip into the gown and then exited, giving the room back to her.

Janet sat down behind the dresser and took out her makeup kit.

She went for a soft, smokey-eye look with a champagne tone. A touch of winged eyeliner added a hint of drama.

She put on a bold red lip gloss, perfectly complementing the green of her gown.

As for the hairstyle, she kept it simple with loose, glamorous waves that fell gently around her shoulders.

The final touch was a silver drop earring.

When everything was done, she heard chatters and music coming from downstairs. Looked like the party was about to begin.

Janet picked up her skirts and headed to the dining hall on the ground floor.

The lobby was filled with dressed-up guests.

Many knew that this party was thrown for Janet, and they all wanted to be here for the Blood Moon Pack's heroine.

As Janet gracefully made her way down the marble staircase, all eyes were drawn to her simultaneously.

A round of applause broke out in the lobby. Everyone was cheering with her name:

"Princess Janet!"

"Gamma Janet!"

"Welcome back home!"

Janet smiled and waved at the enthusiastic crowd.

Two tall figures emerged from the crowd and walked up to her in long strides. They arrived by her side almost at the same time.

They each held a hand of hers, Daran with her right hand, and Westin with the left. "You look stunning tonight, Janet," Daran stared deeply at her.

"You have ALWAYS looked stunning, Janet, not just tonight," Westin said with a charming smile. "May I have the pleasure of sitting with you tonight? I want to tell you more about my homeland."

"I got a message from Riverside Pack. Do you want to know what has happened back home? I can tell you over dinner," Daran said hoarsely.

Westin raised a brow, "Riverside Pack isn't her home."

"At least she cares about the Riverside Pack more than the Lycan's homeland."

"That is it. Stop," Janet hissed.

She shook off both of their hands and picked up her skirt again, "I will be sitting with my brother, the host of tonight's party."

She walked away from them and marched right into the dining hall.

There were at least 50 guests here tonight, sitting along the long table. Casper and Janet sat in the center, with Daran and Westin on the opposite side.

When everyone took their seats, Casper stood up and clinked his glass with a silver

spoon.

All chatters quiet down immediately.

“Thank you.”

Casper looked around the room, “As you all know, we are gathered here tonight to celebrate the return of our princess, my Gamma, the heroine of this pack, Janet. She brought peace back to this world. I am so proud to call her my sister.”

All guests raised their glasses and cried, “To Princess Janet!

Janet smiled and drank up the first glass of wine with everyone.

Casper took a second glass of champagne from the servant and said, “On this happy occasion, I want to let you know that I have found the love of my life, Balvina. Blood Moon Pack is going to have a Luna! And our wedding is in two weeks.”

People gasped.

Their face lit up with excitement.

“To Luna Balvina!” they shouted.

After the second glass, Casper placed his hand on Janet’s shoulder, “Now Janet. would like to say a few words.”

Janet took a deep breath and stood up.

Now was the time.

She could feel two sharp gazes coming from across the table.

Both Daran and Westin were staring at her intensively.

“Thank you, Casper.”

She said.

“Now what I am about to say has something to do with Casper’s wedding. At his wedding, I will announce the person that I am going to spend my life with.”

An astonished gasp could be heard around the table.

Then there was a sharp noise of chairs scratching against the wooden floor.

Daran and Westin jumped up simultaneously.

“WHO IS THAT?!” They cried out at the same time.

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## Chapter 189

Chapter 189

Janet took a deep breath, “I haven’t decided yet.”

“You need two whole weeks to decide?” Daran frowned.

“I think your best option is right here in front of your eyes,” Westin spread his hands.

Whispers broke out like little hissing fires all over the hall.

Everyone was intrigued by this love triangle between the Alpha, the Lycan King, and their princess Janet.

Casper cleared his throat and quieted down the chatters.

“Both of you will argue that you are the right one for Janet. But that doesn’t solve.

her problem, doesn’t it?” he said idly, “So how about stop foul–mouthing each other and bring out some real actions?”

“You want us to fight for her?” Daran asked coldly.

“Yes, fight for her. But not with your fists. I am sick of you two tearing down my packhouse. Be nice to her, buy her flowers, some handbags and jewelry, woo

her. Seriously, none of you need a lesson 101 on how to pursue girls, right?” Casper shrugged.

Daran and Westin stood stiffly on their spots.

None of them said a word.

Balvina clicked her tongue, looking impatient, "Or do you feel that chasing a girl is beneath you? Hurt your ego as the Alpha or Lycan King?"

A round of boos could be heard around the table.

"We don't want a condescending guy as our princess's husband!" one member snarled.

"We have plenty of good lads here. They might not be as powerful as you two, but at least they will treat our princess nicely!" an elder snapped.

His words were agreed by many:

"Yeah right!"

"Go home if you don't want to win our princess's heart!"

"Who cares if or King? We don't welcome you!"

you are an.

Daran raised his head. Determination gleamed in his eyes.

"I will prove to Janet that I am the right one." He said firmly, staring at Janet from across the table. "It is why I am here."

"Me too." Westin said with a laidback smile, "So, has this begun already?"

"Some ground rules first."

Casper tapped his index finger on the table, looking serious:

"Rule number one, no trash talks against each other. I bet Janet has heard enough about that."

Janet nodded hastily.

She was so tired of these two men arguing like two kids.

Casper continued, "And rule number two, no violence. We all know that you two can fight. But in this case, your actions speak louder than your fists."

"And-"

Balvina raised her voice, "You can't strong-arm Janet at any time. Let her make her own decision!"

own decision!"

Daran said solemnly, "I can live with those rules."

"So am I," said Westin.

Casper clapped his hands, getting the attention of all guests, "And let everyone here tonight serve as a witness. If any one of you breaks any rules during these two weeks, you are immediately ruled out. Agreed?"

Both men nodded.

"So the competition officially begins?" Westin winked at Janet, "May I ask Princess. Janet out for a night cup after the party?"

Daran's face changed slightly.

Westin was quick. He was already making his moves.

Before Janet could answer, they saw a servant hurried into the dininghall.

He got up to Casper's side and whispered a few words into Casper's ears.

"...What?" Casper frowned, his face darkened.

"What happened?" Janet turned to him and asked.

Casper waved at the guests, gesturing them to resume the party. He sat down, leaned close to Janet, and whispered:

"A shipment to our pack got stolen on its way."

"Something valuable?"

"Very. It is a safe, containing a 39.8-carat fine-cut diamond, some smaller

sapphires, and two large, pear-shaped pearls weighing 55 carats. I originally wanted those gemstones to make a tiara for Balvina to wear on our wedding."

Janet let out a small gasp.

It sounded like this single shipment was worth millions of dollars.



And not to mention its significance...Casper needs it for his wedding.

"I am going down there," she said firmly.

"What? No!" Casper shook his head at once, "I have our own soldiers on it already. They believe that a group of bandits did it."

"But can they bring the jewelry back in time for you to make the tiara? I don't think so. I will take care of it, Casper."

"Take care of what?"

A voice came behind their back

Daran and Westin had rounded the table and walked up to them.

"I need to go." Janet threw the napkin back on the table and stood up, "Now if you will excuse me."

She wanted to make her way past these two men.

But Daran grabbed her wrist.

"What is the rush? You haven't had dinner yet. Something happened?" he asked with a frown.

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"No. Everything is fine

"Oh come on Janet. If you insist on going, at least let them help you," Casper leaned back in his chair, his eyes searching their faces. "That is what they are here for, isn't it? Being your errand boy?"

"I want to help you, Janet," Daran said deeply.

Westin placed his hand on his chest and bowed to her with a grin, "At your service, my lady."

"Ugh, fine!" Janet groaned, "Come with me. Let us talk in the car."

The three of them left the packhouse in a rush. They didn't even have time to change

out of their tuxes and gowns.

Janet was afraid that the two of them would fight for the wheel again. So she hopped onto the driver's seat and asked them to sit in the back.

On their way, Janet briefed them about the incident.

"Casper just texted me the details," she said with her hands on the wheel, her eyes straight ahead. "Looks like that the shipment was supposed to arrive tonight. But it was robbed 50 miles away from the city."

"Any suspects?" Westin asked.

"Soldiers are still doing their investigation."

"But this close to the capital city? No normal bandits dare to rob the Alpha's" package," Daran said, pondering.

"Well, I guess we can just wait and see."

A couple of hours later, their car arrived at the scene.

"Gamma Janet!"

A captain ran forward to greet them, "I am sorry that you have to come out this late during the night."

"No worry. It is important to the Alpha. It is important to me," Janet said. "Show me where it happened."

A truck was crushed into the woods, just a little off the main road. There were tire tracks on the ground.

It looked as though the driver suddenly lost control of the truck, and the car ran off and then hit into a tree.

Janet walked to the truck/

She pulled the passenger door open.

The driver lay on the wheel, dead, with a hole in his temple.

"Shot died from the distance. Probably by a snapper," the captain said. "The rest of the escort teams were dead as well. We found their bodies deeper into the wood."

Janet frowned.

The criminals were ruthless.

The criminals were ruthless.

And Daran was right. This seemed like a professional job.

Normal bandits didn't have snipers.

A warm jacket landed on her shoulders, interrupting her line of thought. Janet looked up and met with Westin's enchanting eyes.

"It is chilly out here," he smiled.

"Thank you."

"Janet said briefly and turned back to the captain, "Have you found any evidence so far?"

"No. We are still searching this area but there are no footprints, no blood stains, no additional tire tracks...Absolutely clean. Almost seems like they got robbed by a group of ghosts."

Janet frowned.

But there was no such thing as a perfect crime.

They just hadn't found the evidence yet.

She picked up her skirt and wanted to walk a little surroundings.

further to take a look at the

It was not easy to walk around in the wilderness in her high heels.

Westin saw her having trouble with the heels and offered her an arm, "Do you want to hold my hand?"

"No thanks. I am fine," she declined politely.

"Please." Westin sighed, "Don't rob me the chance of being a gentleman."

Janet smiled.

Before she placed her hand on his arm, they heard Daran's voice from the deeper area of the woods:

“...Hey. You might want to take a look at this.”

Janet instantly turned on her heels and rushed to Daran.

“What did you find?” she cried.

Daran was crouched down on the ground, holding something in his hand.

“This might lead us to them,” he said to the group of people gathered.

Everyone stared at the stuff that he held in his hand.

Westin suddenly let out a snort, “This is the big lead you found? Please tell me you are joking.”

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## Chapter 190

Chapter 190

Janet was confused as well.

What Daran had in his palm made no sense to her.

It was a cup of dirt.

“How is some dirt going to find us locate the bandits?” Westin crossed his arms with a smirk on his face. “I have got to say—this is not a very smart way to get Janet’s attention.”

“Hey.”

Janet elbowed him, “No trash talk. Remember?”

Westin put his hands up in the air, “Sorry. Didn’t mean it.”

“That is strike one.” Janet warned him and then turned back to Daran, “What is wrong with this dirt?”

Daran didn’t seem to be affected by Westin’s sarcasm.

He raised his hand a bit higher for the others to take a clearer look and explained, “This dirt is not from this area. Take a look at your surroundings. The forest only has moist black soil and a finely textured loam. Yet the stuff that I have in my hand is different. It is sandier and rougher and if you look closely, it has a scarlet color to

it.’

Janet felt the dirt in his hand with two fingers.

Daran was right.

This dirt was not from this area.

“So you are suggesting that-”

“This sandy dirt was carried here by the criminals underneath their shoes. All we need to is to see if any

nearby places have this lonte se asier son

will know where these criminals have been to.”

A round of astonished gasps could be heard.

All the soldiers were looking at Daran in awe.

soil. Then

“Captain, do we know if any places have this scarlet soil?” Janet asked.

The captain scratched his head, contemplating.

One of the soldiers spoke up at this moment, “I know! There are a few acres of red land in Lord Rolf’s land. And it is not very far from here. Just a couple of miles down south!”

Janet’s eyes darkened slightly.

...Lord Rolf?

**She** knew that man.

He was invited to the party tonight as one of the most respected elders.

Even Casper looked up to this man. He assisted Casper in stabilizing the Blood Moon Pack when Casper first became Alpha.

Janet even heard rumors that Rolf wanted to marry his daughter to Casper.

But that didn't work out because Casper made it clear that he was not ready to settle down.

Could Lord Rolf be behind all these?

"Could you lead the way?" Janet asked the soldiers..

"Certainly. Follow me!"

They got back to their cars and rushed to Lord Rolf's land.

Lord Rolf's residence was located in the middle of a large open field.

The lone mansion stood on its own, a stark contrast to the vast openness that surrounded it.

As their cars drove deep into the open field, heading straight towards the mansion, Janet saw the color of the soil gradually turning red, exactly like the kind that Daran found in the woods.

Minutes later, they reached the front door of the mansion.

A wrought-iron gate guarded the entrance, creaking softly in the night wind.

Janet got out of the car and came forward to buzz the doorbell.

Westin was right behind her.

While they waited for somebody to get the door, he bent down and whispered into Janet's ear:

"...Can't we just bust inside?"

Janet shook her head, "No. Lord Rolf is a friend of Casper. I don't want to heat things up until we have more proofs."

A series of light footsteps came from the inside.

A middle-aged man emerged from the darkness, looking like a butler or house staff.

He opened the iron gate a crack and peeked outside, warily.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Janet Manning, Alpha Casper's sister, and Gamma," Janet introduced herself.

"We are here because of a crime that happened nearby. Can you open the door please?"

The butler gulped, looking nervous, "W-What for?"

"We want to search your house. Don't worry. It will be quick."

"Why do you want to search our house? We know nothing about this crime that you talk about!" the butler said in a strained voice, "Just go!"

"I said it would be quick. Please don't make this difficult," Janet warned.

Yet the butler stood firmly behind the gate, "No. You can't barge in like this and search our house. Our lord isn't home at the moment. You will startle our lady. Our lady is a delicate girl. She doesn't like strangers."

Janet took a deep breath.

They could easily bust down this iron gate if they wanted.

But she didn't know if Lord Rolf was behind this. Forcing their way in would be rude and disrespectful.

"Then have you seen anyone suspicious tonight? Sneaking around your house?" she asked again.

"No. Everything is normal around here."

"No. Everything is normal around here."

This investigation seemed to reach a dead end.

Janet hesitated, thinking whether she should call Casper first and ask for his permission to barge into this house.

Westin spoke up abruptly, "He is lying."

A hint of panic flickered across the butler's eyes, "What?"

Westin sniffed the air and raised one brow, “They are here. I smelled the same scent. here as in the woods. It is pretty strong. They must have just gone in a couple of minutes ago.”

Janet rounded her eyes,  
shocked.

She didn’t smell anything!

The Lycans must have an even stranger sense of smell than they did.

“NONSENSE!”

The butler snapped.

“I told you! I didn’t see anyone!”

“Well, there is one way to find out then,” Westin shrugged.

He grabbed the iron gate and gave it one hard push!

The lock snapped with a loud bang. The gate crushed down as though it was made of paper.

What an enormous power!

The butler staggered back in horror and shrieked, “NO YOU CAN’T-”

But Westin had already dashed inside!

Janet had no other way but to follow him, with Daran right behind her.

They rushed into the pitch-black front yard. Not a single light was on. The only light source was the silver moonlight, making this place particularly eerie.

“This way!” Westin cried.

Janet kicked off her high heels and rushed forward with bare feet.

Then she heard the loud sound of the engine. The headlights flashed in the darkness-

A minivan came roaring at Janet at full speed!

“Watch out!”



Daran cried, lunged forward, and tackled Janet to the ground.

They narrowly dodged the minivan.

It swooshed right by them, crossed the front yard, and headed straight to the entrance!

“Stop it!” Janet snarled.

She wanted to shift into

her wolf and chase down that car.

Yet before she could do that, a giant, dark shadow fell upon her—Something huge had blocked the moonlight.

Janet jerked around and looked up.

She froze.

...It was Westin.

He shifted.

It was the first time she saw a Lycan in his wolf form.

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## Chapter 191

### Chapter 191

The formidable creature stood in the dark shadows, towering at an imposing height.

Its eyes, burning with a golden fire, traveled across the aghast soldiers, and landed on Janet’s face.

A creeping chill was sent down Janet’s spine as their eyes met.

She swallowed, nervously.

...Now she finally saw how the Lycans were different from them.

Unlike the wolves that ran on their fours, the Lycan stood on its hind legs. And it was 2-3 times larger than a regular werewolf.

Its posture was a graceful fusion of human and wolf.

A divine work of the Moon Goddess.

Its sole being made the werewolves look like a bunch of primitive beasts.

The Lycan that stood in front of them had its whole body cloaked in dense white fur, which caught the moonlight and shimmered like freshly fallen snow.

It bent its back and stared down at Janet.

Janet flinched, involuntarily.

Although she was reluctant to admit...she was intimidated.

"Hey, you want to ride on my back?" said the Lycan in Westin's voice, "It is going to be fun."

She gulped.

"No thanks...I am good."

"OK then. Wait here and let me get them back."

With a howl that pierced the night, it spurted forward, at a speed that surpassed any natural creatures!

It leaped over the brick wall in one move and went straight at the minivan!

Its large, muscular frame was shockingly fluid as it traversed the landscape on its powerful hind legs.

The dense white fur rippled as it propelled itself forward, catching the moonlight like a streak of silver in motion.

It didn't take the Lycan 10 seconds to catch up with the minivan.

With one powerful strike, it held the minivan to a complete stop.

Its sharp claw pierced into the top of the van as though the car was made of cotton and not metal.

Then it flung its arm—the car was turned upside down and crushed down to the ground with a loud bang!

The minivan weighed at least 5000 pounds.

Yet it looked like a toy in the Lycan's hand!

Horrified screams came from inside the **car**.

A few survivors climbed out of the crushed car and tried to escape.

The Lycan caught one man in its claw and squeezed. With a crashing sound, the man's skull exploded.

**BANG!**

The second man shot a pistol at the Lycan with a shaky hand.

But he lost his aim in panic.

Before he could fire again, the Lycan swung its arm—its sharp pointy nail slit the man's throat

Blood gushed out from his throat, tainting the white fur.

The last **man** standing saw everything and let out a loud scream.

He turned, trying to run, but got caught by the Lycan immediately.

It opened its giant mouth at the man, its fangs gleaming ivory in the moonlight.

“-STOP!!!”

It was Janet.

She came running towards them in bare feet across the field, her emerald green dress fluttering in the wind.

“STOP! Don't kill him!” she cried.

The Lycan froze.

Seconds later, it switched back to human.

“You don’t want them to die?” Westin asked with an idle smile.

He didn’t even break a sweat after the fight

Janet walked up to him, out of breath, and shook her head, “No. We need to ask them who is behind this.”

“Well then, whatever you want. The safe is right here in the car.

He bent down and dragged out a safe from the car.

The safe was still intact

Then he took a step forward towards Janet.

She couldn’t help but wince back again.

But Westin didn’t notice that. He simply picked her up from the cold ground by her waist and placed her on top of the minivan.

“Those rocks will hurt your feet,” he said. “Let me go get the others.”

Moments later, the soldiers gathered by.

Nobody said a word.

But they were all staring at Westin in fear.

None of them dared to come close to Westin within 5 feet.

Yet Westin didn’t mind that at all—the other’s opinion meant nothing to him.

He leaned against the car and kept his eyes on Janet as the other soldiers cleaned up the bodies and blood.

“Do you like my wolf?” he asked with a grin.

“It is...formidable.”

She paused and then said, “But actually, there is no need for you to shift. The soldiers can take care of this.”

And there was *no* need for you to kill all of *them*.

She added internally.

"I know. But you haven't seen my wolf yet. I want you to see it.

He smirked in a cocky yet very youthful kind of way, "I figured...If you like my wolf, maybe you will like me better?"

Janet bit her lips.

She didn't know how to tell Westin that his wolf appeared more intimidating than likable to her.

"Your wolf looked very different than ours," she said eventually.

Westin shrugged, "Ancient tales say that the first group of werewolves that the Moon Goddess created was the Lycans. Some of the Lycans degenerated and then came the werewolves."

"So we are a degenerated version of yours?" asked a voice behind their back.

It was Daran.

He strode over the dead bodies on the ground and walked to them, his face darkened. "You certainly think very highly of yourselves," he narrowed his eyes at Westin.

Westin chuckled, "We are not allowed to trash talk to each other. So I am not going to respond to that."

Janet let out a sigh.

She could tell that Daran was offended by Westin's comment.

To be honest, so was she.

But she had been through too many ups and downs in one night to go through another fight.

"We have the safe. Let us take the last man alive and head back to the packhouse," she said.

Then she beckoned the captain over and told him, "You run back to Lord Rolf's mansion and take that butler to the packhouse as well."

"Yes, Gamma Janet!"

The soldiers had brought over their cars.

They hopped in and started heading back to the packhouse.

A couple hours later, when they arrived at the packhouse, it had already passed midnight.

The party just ended.

Fancily dressed guests were on their way to leave. Casper and Balvina stood by the front door, sending them off.

It was Balvina who spotted their car first, "It is Janet! She is back!"

She rushed down the stairs to greet Janet, "Casper told me. You really shouldn't put yourself through so many troubles, I can live without that tiara."

"No. It is fine. I want to do this for you," Janet smiled.

Casper walked down the stairs as well.

"Was it the bandits?" he asked.

"Actually.....no

Janet snapped her fingers, and a man was brought out of the car by the soldiers.

"This man is part of the team that robbed the jewelry." Janet said, "We found him in Lord Rolf's mansion."

Gasps could be heard from the crowd.

Guests who hadn't left yet all stood frozen in their spots.

Everyone knows that Lord Rolf was a highly respected elder in the Blood Moon Pack So how was this possible?

"This is ridiculous!"

A large, sturdy man strode out of the crowd. He was in his late 50s, looking tough like a veteran.

This was Lord Rolf.

"Why would I steal some jewelry?" he snapped, "Do I seem like a man who lacks money?!"

"Actually, Lord Rolf, I was hoping that you could tell us your reasons," Janet said. "There is no reason. Because I didn't do it!"

Lord Rolf let out a cold laugh, “Gamma Janet, I respected you greatly because you are the Alpha’s sister, and now a war heroine. But I will not let you slander me like this!”

The crowd was agitated.

People were whispering to each other, a skeptical look on their faces.

Nobody believed that Lord Rolf would do such a thing.

Even Casper leaned in and asked Janet in a low voice, “...You sure you have the right guy?”

“I am almost certain.”

“Well, ‘almost certain’ is not good enough. You know Lord Rolf. He is not **a man** who can be messed with...”

Just then, another car rushed into the drive and halted to a sharp stop.

The door opened up.

The butler was shoved outside, followed by a young, sick-looking girl.

Lord Rolf first widened his eyes.

Then he burst out shouting, “You brought my butler here? And my sick daughter?! What the fuck is wrong with you?!”

The young girl wept and threw herself into Lord Rolf’s arms, “Dad! They barged into our house! They killed our man! They threatened our butler! I almost had a heart attack...”

Lord Rolf held his daughter tightly.

He turned to glare at Janet.

“Gamma Janet, you better explain yourself.” he hissed darkly, “Or I don’t care if you are a princess or Gamma...this will not end well tonight.”

All eyes were on Janet at this moment.

Janet clenched her fists.

Cold sweat trickled down her spine.

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## Chapter 192

### Chapter 192

Judging by the testimony and the butler's shifty reaction, Janet could be sure that Lord Rolf had something to do with this.

But he just denied it, firmly.

Janet had known this man for years.

To be completely honest, he didn't strike her as somebody who would lie bluntly in front of everyone's face for some jewelry.

So what was really going on here?

Janet took in a deep breath to calm herself and then said, "But this man that we caught this criminal—said that you are behind everything, Lord Rolf. He said that he is a mercenary and is hired by you.

She looked down at the mercenary knelt on the ground, "Tell them everything that you said to me in the car."

Half of the mercenary's body was covered in blood.

He shivered in fear and stuttered in a shaky voice, "I—I was hired! The commission fee was 10 grand for hijacking the shipment and another 10 grand for bringing it back to Lord Rolf's mansion. A letter was sent to us, giving us detailed instructions, like when the delivery truck would arrive, and which route the truck would take...The letter even has Lord Rolf's family crest on it!"

"Do you still have the letter? Can I see it?" Janet asked.

The mercenary nodded hastily and pulled out a piece of paper from his inner jacket.

It was true.



Lord Rolf's family crest was indeed on the letter!

Janet presented the letter to everyone, "I think we have found some hard proofs. here."

Lord Rolf took a quick glance at the letter and let out a snort.

"You expect to convict me with a single letter?" he snapped, "And this mercenary. had never met with their employer. Am I right?"

The mercenary gulped nervously, "No I haven't...just this letter..."

"There you have it! It means that anyone could pretend to be me. This family crest is most likely forged!"

There was a deep furrow between Janet's brows, "Yes that is a possibility. But we found those mercenaries in your mansion! That is a fact that you cannot deny! Who let them into your house?"

"It wasn't me!" the butler cried, "I don't know whom...but clearly our lord is being framed!"

"Then why wouldn't you let me search your house earlier!"

The butler glared at Janet, "I was trying to protect my lady! Lady Priya has been sick for years and doesn't like to be disturbed by strangers. Are you going to blame me for simply doing my job?"

Janet bit her lips.

She felt cornered.

She had a gut feeling that there was something wrong with the butler and the Rolf family.

Yet she couldn't prove it.

"Alright. Alright."

Casper clapped his hands and silenced the agitated crowd, trying to be the peacemaker here, "Looks like there are some misunderstandings. We have the safe back, which is all that matters. Why don't we drop this for now and pick it up some other day? It is getting pretty late-"

"No! I won't have it!" Lord Rolf said in a harsh tone, "With all due respect, Alpha Casper, you did a great job running this pack, but you have indulged your sister's behavior for

too long! Yes, she is our heroine. But look whom she has brought back here? The Lycans? The rogues?! She invited the enemy into our house! And now she is accusing decent members of things that we didn't do! Do you call this just and fair?!"

His angry accusation echoed in the air.

Many guests stood in silence.

But the look on their faces showed that they agreed with Lord Rolf's words.

Janet clenched her fists in fume, "The Lycans mean no harm to us. And as for the rogues, we have made peace with them already-"

"Who is this 'we'? you can't make our decisions for us!" Lord Rolf snarled, "The rogues slaughtered our members and killed our soldiers. I will never put that behind me!"

Casper interrupted him with a sullen face, "You are getting off the point, Lord Rolf. I respect your personal opinion. But you can't blame Janet for inviting her friends."

"I don't care!"

Lord Rolf puffed his chest, "I want Princess Janet to apologize to me and my daughter! Or Blood Moon Pack will lose my family's support!"

Casper's face darkened.

He looked infuriated by Rolf's threat

Janet, on the other hand, felt a bit light-headed.

She hadn't slept or eaten in a whole day.

And now there was this.

Maybe she was being reckless—she should haven't found some hard proof before accusing Lord Rolf in front of everyone.

Now things were getting out of control

Although she was certain that Casper would back her up, she didn't want to put Casper in that position.

So maybe she should apologize

"Can I have that letter for a moment?" Westin said abruptly.

Janer blinked in a daze. Then handed him the letter.

Westin sniffed the letter and grinned.

He walked up to Lord Rolf's daughter, Lady Priya.

"Back away from my daughter, Lycan!" Lord Rolf hissed.

Westin put his hands up in the air, showing that he was harmless, "Relax. I simply want to introduce myself to you and your daughter. Priya, isn't it? What a lovely Dame."

He picked up Priya's delicate hand and elegantly planted a kiss on the back of her hand, "My name is Westin Nice to meet you."

Priya stared at his handsome face.

A pink tinge appeared on her pale cheeks.

Nice to meet you," she murmured sheepishly.

"Forgive me, but I couldn't help but notice your perfume." Westin stared at her with a charming smile, "It is quite unique. I haven't found anybody else to wear it besides you."

Priya's eyes gleamed joyfully, "You haven't because I designed my own perfume. It is the one and only kind in the whole world."

"Impressive."

The smile on Westin's lips widened as he asked, "So you are the only person in this world who smells like this?"

Priya nodded, "Yes. That is right."

Westin chuckled.

He stepped back, holding the letter up high in the air, and announced to the entire crowd, "Then I guess we have found the proof...This letter smells exactly like Lady Priya's perfume!"

"...WHAT?"

People gasped in unison, including Lord Rolf.

The shy smile faded away from Priya's face instantly, replaced by a panicked look.

Westin handed the letter to Casper and let the letter be passed around the crowd, "The smell is faint. But it is there."

Casper sniffed the letter.

His eyes lit up at once.

Westin was right—The letter did carry a faint hint of perfume!

"What do you say now, Lady Priya?" Casper raised his voice and asked, "Why is your perfume on the letter that was sent to the mercenary?"

Priya shivered, looking as though she was going to pass out the next second.

"I—I don't know..." she gasped, "There must be someone else who wears the same perfume as I do—"

Westin raised a brow, "But you said it yourself and I quote 'the one and only kind in the whole world.'"

Priya's breath became shallow, "M—My maids! Sometimes I share my perfume with my maids

"But that makes no sense."

Balvina joined the conversation and said, "Even if you are a really, really nice master who shares perfume with your maids, a maid doesn't have that much money to hire a group of mercenaries. 20 grands of commission fee? That is more than a maid can earn in a year!"

Priya's lips trembled.-

Tears slowly welled up in her eyes.

"Priya?"

Lord Rolf shook his daughter's hand, looking perplexed, "What is going on? Don't worry. Daddy got your back. Just tell them you have nothing to do with this."

Priya inhaled sharply, her body shaking like a leaf in the wind.

"...is your fault," she murmured.

"What did you say?" Lord Rolf didn't hear her clearly.

"I said..."

Priya snapped her head up, her teary ears blazing with rage and hatred.

“...it is YOUR FAULT!!!”

She pulled a hairpin off from her hair, raised it up, dashed forward, and stabbed the pointy end of the hairpin at a certain person among the crowd.

-Balvina!

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## Chapter 193

Chapter 193

It all happened too quickly.

Nobody had time to react

“WATCH OUT!”

Casper cried at the top of his lungs, rushing forward to stop Paya. And so did Save

But both of them were too late.

Priya was already at Balvina’s side, aiming that pointy bair pain at Babtine’s gorgeous face-

CLUNK

Balvina seized Priya’s wrist swiftly and—with one hard pull—the dangerous carpin in Priya’s hand dropped to the ground with a loud chunk

Priya shrieked

Her sick-looking face contorted in rage.

She used the other hand to pull Bahtina’s bair

But Balvina caught both of her hands in an iron grip and with one swift motion of her body, Balvina gave her a fast and clean over-the-shoulder throw

BANG!

Priya's head landed on the ground harshly. Her slippers were thrown in fear and landed on a guest's head in the crowd

"AHH-

Priya let out a painful cry, tears rushing down her pale cheeks

"She—She attacked me!" Priya sobbed "My body, my head everything hurts. Oh God. I am dying."

of

"Priya darling!"

Lord Rolf rushed forward and held her daughter in his arms.

He snapped his head up and glared at Sabrina

"You hurt my dear daughter" he cried

Balvina let out a cold snarl "Yeah I snapped back but so what? Am surprised just

I to stand there and let her shove that hairpin into my eyeballs?"

Janet went to stand with Balvina and looked down at Lord Rolf's cowering face. "With all due respect. Lord Rolf, your daughter deserved a slap in the face. The person she just attacked a moment before is the future Lute of the Boot Moon Pack. You don't need to be reminded of how serious that time is do you?"

Lord Rolf froze, looking mortified.

"But they haven't married yet" she hissed her warlike eyes gleaming with anger

She is not a Luna, just a lovely commoner

"You are wrong!"

Balvina raised her voice and stared at Priya freezingly, "Even if I am not marrying Alpha Casper, I am also a proud soldier, a veteran! I have fought countless battles for this pack. I defended our borders. There are thousands of soldiers at my command! Your hired mercenary was not!

this pack, Lady Priya?”

Priya’s lips trembled, “1-1-”

in my eyes! What have you done for

“Let me remind you that attacking a veteran is also a serious deal.” Balvina said with a disdainful face, “So you better spill out why you were doing this before I lost all my patience and threw you into the cell.”

Priya shivered.

She stared at Balvina in horror and then looked back at her father, “Dad! Dad, did you hear her? She threatened to throw me behind the bars-

Lord Roll’s jaw tightened.

But did you really do it darling?” he asked in a strained voice, “...Christ. You can have any jewelry you want, darling. All you need to do is to ask me for it. But stealing from the future Luna? It is disgraceful-”

“I didn’t steal!” Priya yelled, “I am not a fucking, thief!!!”

“Watch your language darling...You are speaking in front of the Alpha and all those guests-”

“I am not a thief because that jewelry is MINE!”.

Priya breathed heavily, madness glittering in her eyes.

I AM the future Luna of Blood Moon Pack. NOT HER!!!!

An astonished gasp could be heard from the crowd.

And people’s first reaction was to look at their Casper,

They all knew what a fuckboy their Alpha was once upon a time.

It was possible that he had a secret relationship with Priya before and didn’t end it very well.

And now Priya was doing this for **retaliation**.

Casper rounded his eyes, and his jaw dropped.

“Are you fucking crazy?!” he snapped, “This is the second time we met! We didn’t even have a proper conversation for Christ’s sake! What makes you think you can become my Luna?”

“Because you love me!”

Priya panted, looking at Casper in a longing sort of way, “I still remember the first time we met...when my father introduced you to me in our living room...God, you are so handsome. Daddy said that you were there to discuss pack business with him, but I knew instantly that you were there for me...”

“NO! I was really there for the pack business!” Casper said loudly.

Yet Priya didn’t listen.

She seemed to have fallen into some sort of an illusion and murmured dreamily:

“...You picked up my hand and kissed my fingertips. You looked up at me, your gorgeous brown eyes like ambers... ‘Lady Priya, it is a pleasure to meet you,’ you said...”

“Priya, stop!” her father begged her, “You are embarrassing yourself...”

“And my father asked you-”

Priya raised her voice and continued:

“– ‘My daughter is lovely, isn’t she? Would you marry her if you had the chance?’ You smiled the most handsome smile and answered my father saying, ‘Anyone would be lucky to marry your daughter, Lord Rolf’...You see? You proposed to me! I have been waiting for you to marry me. It has been years but why haven’t you come?!”

“You call that a propose?!”

Casper spluttered, going rather red, “If that is the case, I must have proposed to thousands if not millions of women already!”

Priya stared at him in a daze.

Then she burst out crying abruptly, “I know you played the field once... But I don’t mind! I really don’t mind! What we have is special...I–I love you!”

“Take her away!” Casper snapped.



A couple of soldiers rushed forward and yanked Priya up, escorting her into the packhouse.

Lord Rolf wanted to follow them.

But he first bowed to Casper and Balvina and said in a low voice, "I...I am truly sorry, Alpha Casper, Luna Balvina...My daughter has been sick for a very long

time...Sometimes she hears and sees things that aren't real...I don't think her mind is working soundly..."

"You should really get a doctor for her, Lord Rolf." Casper said sullenly, "I will let it go tonight. But if she does this kind of thing again in the future-"

"No, she won't! I promise! I will keep a close eye on her."

"And you owe Janet an apology," Balvina reminded him.

Lord Rolf gulped nervously.

He slowly turned on his heels, walked up to Janet, and lowered his back.

...My deepest apology, Princess Janet."

He said lowly, ashamed.

"What I said was uncalled for... You were simply laying out the facts, but I let my anger cloud my mind and chose to overlook the facts because Priya is my daughter...I really hope you can forgive me..."

Janet shook her head.

She knew that Lord Rolf was a stubborn old pale, but he was not a bad guy.

"Everyone got worked up by their fume tonight." she said, "Don't worry about it anymore."

Lord Rolf gave her a grateful look, "And I also shouldn't have criticized your friends, Princess Janet. King Westin seems like a decent man...Smart and capable...if he is to become your husband, I am all for it-"

Janet cleared her throat loudly, interrupting his little speech.

"Well thank you."

Westin grinned, having heard everything that Lord Rolf just said, "We will be sure to invite you to our wedding."

The thief had been found and the jewelry was back.

And people had seen enough drama in one night.

The guests all got into their cars, leaving the packhouse.

Casper held Balvina's hand and headed back inside.

He patted Westin's shoulder before going in and said in an encouraging voice, "Good job tonight."

"Does that mean that I have your permission to marry Janet?" Westin asked playfully with a grin.

Casper laughed, "All I said was 'Good job!! Don't push it.'"

"Well, I am glad that I can be of any help tonight-"

Janet listened to their conversation, absentminded.

She hadn't seen Daran since they got back to the packhouse.

There was a time when she saw his face at the back of the crowd, but when she looked closely again, he was gone again.

Where was he? And why was he avoiding her?

It was the proof he found in the woods that led them to Lord Rolf's mansion.

Why wasn't he standing up front and collecting his credit like Westin did?

"...Janet?"

Janet was snapped back to reality.

Casper and Balvina were gone.

It was just she and Westin on the staircase now.

"Care for a night cup?" he grinned.

"...it is almost two o'clock. A bit too late for alcohol, don't you think?"

The smile on his lips widened.

He took a step forward, closing the gap between the two of them, and playfully ruffled her hair with one hand.

“Then let us do something that is perfect for the night.”

He bent down and whispered into her ears, his voice sexy and hoarse,

, “...You can call the shot

here, my dear princess.”

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## Chapter 194

Chapter 194

“...I call the shots?”

Janet lowered her voice.

She stared right into his eyes, “...You will do whatever I have in mind?”

His breathing became rough. His gaze was intense.

“Yes,” he murmured hoarsely, his lips only an inch away from hers. “... Anything.”

“Well then...”

She placed a hand on his firm chest, feeling his quickened heartbeat.

“I want us to go into the packhouse now, head upstairs, back to our rooms, get into the bed, and go to sleep.”

He froze.

Janet couldn't help but burst out laughing—the look on his face!

"It isn't fair!" he protested, "I want the rein back in my hand!"

"Too late. You already handed that to me. I call the shots here." she giggled, "And now I am asking you to go to bed like a big boy."

He stared at her laughing face.

"When was the last time he made you laugh like this?" he asked abruptly.

A smile froze on her lips.

"...There are happy times," she said after a pause.

"You are lying to yourself." he said deeply, "You know that the only thing he has ever done to you is to hurt you."

Janet lapsed into silence.

"They say that all women enjoy the company of men who can make them laugh. But they always end up with the men who can make them cry. Is it true in your case, Janet?"

Janet took a deep breath and forced out a smile, "What are you talking about? That is nonsense."

"Good." Westin cupped her cheeks with both of his hands, "Then don't give him a chance to hurt you anymore. You will have me to protect you in the future."

Janet couldn't look him in the eyes, "...It is really getting late, Westin. Let's call it a day."

"Fine."

Westin let go of her, "You go ahead. I will enjoy the wind breeze a little longer."

Janet nodded and went into the packhouse.

Her body was worn out, but her mind was sharp and clear as ever with thoughts whizzing across her mind nonstop.

She couldn't help but think about everything that happened that day.

Casper and Balvina's wedding, the thieves, Lord Rolf and Lady Priya, the Lycan's wolf, and Daran....

She wondered to the floor where her room was at.

The bedroom was right down the hallway, but she didn't want to turn in just yet.

Instead, she pushed open the glass door and stepped into the terrace.

It was a beautiful night tonight, with thousands of twinkling stars surrounding a full moon.

Westin was right.

What she should be doing right now was enjoying this beautiful night with the company of a man who could make her laugh.

But for some unknown reason, she didn't want to be with a Lycan tonight.

Probably because she was intimidated by his wolf earlier.

Just then, she heard a light creaking noise from downstairs.

She leaned against the handrail and looked down.

Right underneath the terrace was a small garden. In that garden stood a swing.

Right now, there was a dark figure sitting on that swing, which was where the creaking noise came from.

"...Daran!" Janet couldn't help but call out to him..

The man on the swing looked up abruptly.

The silver moonlight illuminated his astonished face.

"Janet!" he gasped, "What are you..."

She was suddenly in the mood to mess with him.

"Catch me!" she cried.

Daran shot up from the swing. And the next second, she had climbed over handrail and fell off from the terrace.

A pair of steady arms caught her before she crushed to the ground.

That was thrilling!

Janet started giggling.

“That was 6th–floor high!” Daran snapped. His tone was harsh.

“Yes, but you will catch me. I know you will.”

He tightened his arms around her waist, “Nevertheless, it is still way too dangerous-”  
the

She pouted and jumped out of his arms, “Why do you have to be such an old man with no fun? I am leaving.”

She threatened to storm away but secretly hoped that he would stop her.

And he did.

He caught her wrist just in time.

“...Don’t go.”

His voice was deep and hoarse, “**Stay**...for a little longer, will you? Do you want to play the swing? I can push you.”

She smiled and turned to sit on the swing

He went to stand behind her and gave a gentle push on her back. The swing made a creaking sound in the silent night.

He spoke up after a while, “...We have a similar swing in Riverside Pack. Under the palm tree in the front yard.”

“Yes, I asked the servants to build me one after I became Luna.”

“And what about this one? You had this one built after you came back to Blood Moon Pack?”

“Yes,”

She paused, and then **said** slowly, “When I was your Luna, I would sit on the swing and wait for you to come back from the council chamber. I hoped you could at least spend some time with your wife after a long day of work and we could chat a bit...But you were always in a rush. No time to chat, and definitely no time to hang out and play the swing with me.”

She looked up at the full moon overhead, “So after I came back to Blood Moon Pack, I asked Casper to build this swing for me, exactly like the one I had in Riverside. And this time, I finally had people to hang out with, maids, soldiers, friends...I was finally

not alone.”

He didn't say anything for a long moment.

Only his breathing became heavy.

“...I am losing this, aren't I?” he asked abruptly.

She tapped the ground with one foot and halted the swing to a complete stop. She turned on the swing and raised her head to look at him, shocked:

“What are you talking about?”

“This fight between me and Westin...I am losing.”

There was a lost and sad look on his handsome face, “I saw the way you looked at Westin earlier. You are attracted to him. He can make you laugh....And all your friends and families seem to like him a lot...”

Janet bit her lips, stunned.

Daran was a proud man and, at the same time, never revealed too much of his personal emotions.

This was the first time she saw him this defeated and vulnerable.

She should feel happy because it was finally her turn to hurt him and to make him afraid of losing her.

But revenge didn't taste as good as she had imagined.

“That is the conclusion that you drew after tonight? That you are losing?” she asked.

“What else am I supposed to think?”

He growled deeply, sounding frustrated, “I was confident that we are destined to be together because we have been through so much! But now that I think about it, all your memories about me have something to do with sorrow, longlines, and trauma. I want to believe that I am the winner, but the reality is making it really hard-

“So you are giving up already?”

Janet stood up from the swing.

She glared at him.

"It has only been one day since we came back to Blood Moon Pack and a couple of hours since the fight between you and Westin began... And you are waiving the white flag?! If that is the furthest your determination can get you, you should get your ass back to Riverside Pack tonight! Stop insulting the both of us!"

She was pissed.

He had always been a tough and determined person. But why suddenly became such a quitter when it came to her?

Was she really not worth his trouble?

Daran pulled her into his arms abruptly. His hand was on the back of her head, pressing her face against his muscular chest. She could hear how rapidly his heart was beating.

His shaky voice whispered into her ears, "I am not giving up...I will never give up...not in a million years..."

"Then what were you whining about just now?"

"I guess I was just too afraid to lose," he let out an awkward laugh. "I have never been this afraid in my entire life. The fear of losing you to Westin kept me up at night and haunted me in my dreams..."

She rested her head on his chest, "What do you want me to do then?"

He held her face with both hands and raised her head up.

"Tell me you haven't ruled me out yet." he said huskily, "And don't give Westin some extra credit for what happened tonight."

"This is cheating-"

"I know."

He lowered his head and pecked her forehead, "But I know the referee personally. So will the referee help me cheat?"

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## Chapter 195

chapter 195

Janet held her breath, feeling his hot lips against her forehead.

As reluctant as she liked to admit, her heart skipped a beat.

Just then, a voice came from around the corner:

“...Janet?”

Both of them froze.

It was Westin’s voice.

Janet, are you there? I think I have heard your voice.”

Westin’s voice came a bit closer.

Janet could already see his shadow cast on the ground and he was about to come around the corner-

She wanted to answer.

But Daran clutched a hand to her mouth and dragged her behind a tree.

Westin stepped out, looking around.

He didn’t see anyone in this small yard, only the empty swing swaying in the night breeze.

Daran and Janet stood in the shadow of the leaves quietly, face-to-face with each other.

Janet glared at him, her eyes round with anger.

She tried to break free from him, but he held her tightly.

Don’t move,” he murmured in a voice that only the two of them could hear.

Westin stood there for a few more seconds and then turned around and left.

Janet finally gathered the strength to shove Daran aside.

“What the fuck are you doing!” she growled furiously at him.

“Help you avoid him.”

“Who said I want to avoid him? Maybe I want to talk to-

“No, you don’t,” he said firmly, “One thing I can tell from your reaction tonight is that you hated his wolf.”

“No, I don’t hate it-”

“But you are reminded of how drastically different he is from us.

Janet took in a deep breath.

Sometimes she hated how perceptive Daran was.

Yet she hated it even more when Daran made her decision for her.

“You know nothing about how I feel, Daran,” she said coldly, “And let me tell you this: you are losing at this competition. Because I find Westin very charming and attractive, whereas you are just an egoistic jerk!

She turned around abruptly and stormed away without another look at his face.

<hr/>The next few days went by quite uneventful.

Not because those two men stopped competing with each other, But because Janet had been hiding in Balvina’s room, doing everything she could to avoid them.

You know you can’t hide from them forever, right?” Balvina asked.

Morgana shrugged, “Or maybe she can. She is the Blood Moon Pack’s Alpha’s sister slash Gamma. The Rogue King is her former subordinate. She has hundreds of thousands of soldiers at her command. She can very well tell those two guys to fuck off if she likes.”

Janet rolled her eyes, “Yeah...Tell them to fuck off and start a world war? I don’t think so.”

The three of them were lying on lounge chairs on the balcony, enjoying the warm afternoon sun with glasses of iced tea by their hands, while the maids painted their toenails.

Morgana just came back from a 3-day trip with Kass. Kass had shown her the place where he grew up.

Balvina was a little skeptical of Morgana when Janet first introduced them.

But they were quick to become friends after finding a mutual interest in rock music and hunting.

“So, whisper to us, Janet.”

Morgana took a sip of her iced tea and said, “Among those two men, who are taking the lead right now?”

Janet sighed, “...it is still a tie.”

“Still?” Morgana gasped, “I heard those two men busted their asses off trying to please you. Daran got on the ground and cupped dirt. Westin switched into his wolf for a couple of little thieves. And you still haven’t decided yet?”

“She is a hard person to please,” Balvina echoed.

“Hey! You aren’t being fair!” Janet protested, “You are the one who gave me a limited time of 2 weeks and asked me to make the decision of a lifetime. I am under a lot of pressure.”

“OK!”

Morgana sat up from her lounge chair and looked at Janet, dead serious.

“Let us do a little game. Lightening rounds!” she said.

“...OK,” Janet sat up straight as well.

“Flat or high heels?”

“Flat.”

“Chardonnay or Pinot Noir?”

“Pinot Noir!”

“Gun or sword?”

“Sword!”

“Daran or Westin?”

“We...”

She uttered the first syllable, and the rest of that word froze on the tip of her tongue.

Morgana clapped her hands, excited, "Balvina, you heard it, didn't you? She was about to say Westin. You like Westin better!"

Balvina nodded hastily, "Yeah! But why did you stop yourself, Janet? Were you shocked by your own answer?"

Janet threw herself back to the lounge chair. letting out a long sigh.

"No...I know I am attracted to Westin. But the thing is-"

She rubbed her temples, frustrated.

"Every time I want to make up my mind and go for Westin, a siren goes off in my head, like I am making a terrible mistake. Like just now, I wanted to say Westin's name, but my brain stopped me...What is wrong with me?"

Balvina and Morgana exchanged a look.

"I think you are just scared by your answer," Balvina said. "You know...because he is a Lycan."

Janet nodded in silence.

She guessed that was true.

Westin's wolf spooked her.

And his homeland...

Who knew where the hell was that?

"I guess I am leaning towards Westin...But if I were to choose him, I have to be absolutely certain." Janet said, "He will want me to go to the Lycan's land with him. I need to be sure that he is worth me doing that for him."

"Well, can't you discuss this with him? See if he will stay here. You can't leave Blood Moon Pack, Janet," Balvina said urgently.

"I will. But I doubt that he will say yes....he is the Lycan King, nevertheless. He can't stay in the werewolf land forever."

Balvina let out a frustrated groan.

Morgana placed both of her hands underneath her head and gazed at the

—

crystal-clear blue sky:

...And you have to break this sad news to poor Daran. Imagine the heartbroken look on his face. He will be devastated...Can I stay and observe while you reject him? I promise I won't make a sound."

Janet imagined the look on Daran's face when she rejected him and felt a sharp pain coursing through her body.

She didn't want to see that defeated and vulnerable look on his face again.

And she didn't want to hurt him.

But she didn't have a choice right now.

Whoever she chose, the other one would get hurt. That was something that she could not avoid.

"...Don't say anything to him just yet."

Janet said to Morgana in a deep voice, "I haven't fully made my decision yet. And when I do, I want to do the talking myself. Maybe I can soften the blow."

Morgana shrugged, "Sure. It is your call."

A servant came out to the balcony and bowed to the three of them, "Luna Balvina, Princess Janet, and Lady Morgana, afternoon. Alpha Daran and King Westin requested to see you."

"Speaking of the devil," Morgana giggled.

"You have avoided them for too long. They are here to see you, Janet," Balvina said and then turned to the servant. "Send them in."

The servant nodded and left.

Moments later, he returned with Daran and Westin behind his back.

"Afternoon ladies. What a beautiful day," Westin grinned.

"I hope that I am not intruding," Daran said.

"You are not.

Balvina sat up straight and looked at the two of them, "Actually, I might need your help for something."

They waited for her to continue.

"There is a bottle of wine that I want for my wedding—Mona Estate Vineyard, Cabernet Sauvignon, 2016." Balvina said, "I tried calling that vineyard, but the owner is not responding. Can you go down there and see what happened? And if of you can bring back a bottle for me, that would be nice."

"Absolutely," Daran nodded.

"Anything for you, Luna Balvina," Westin smiled.

The two men glanced at each other. Both are determined to win.

They turned around together and strode to the door.

any

You are putting them to another fight," Janet whispered into Balvina's ears.

"Yes. And the Mona Estate Vineyard is hundreds of miles away. A round trip will at least take them 2-3 days. That will buy you some peaceful time," Balvina said, looking rather proud of her idea.

Janet chuckled.

"You are amazing," she said. "But let me talk to Westin for just a second..."

She jumped off the lounge chair and rushed out.

"Westin!"

She caught up with him at the end of the hallway.

He turned around with that charming smile on his lips.

"What is the matter?" he asked, "Do you want to come with me to the vineyard?"

"No, I just want to ask you.. After we mate, can we stay at the Blood Moon Pack-"

"No," he said without hesitation.

Janet was stunned.

...That was it?

No?

There seemed to be no room for discussion.

“Can we talk? Maybe we can have a middle ground...”

“There is no middle ground because you are coming back to the Lycan’s land with me.”

Westin smiled, as charismatic as ever.

**But** there was a cold gleam deep into his eyes.

“Plus, when we are mated, I don’t want to give you the chance to sneak around with Daran anymore,” he said lightly.

“What the hell are you talking about-

“That was you and Daran by the swing the other night, right? Hanging out with him after you said goodnight **to me-**

He chuckled, icily.

“-I am hurt, Janet.”

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## Chapter 196

Chapter 196

Janet’s body became stiff.

Although he was still smiling, that smile was so cold that it sent a chill down her spine.

“...I ran into him after we said goodnight, Westin. I didn’t find him on purpose—”

She tried to explain.

But he interrupted her with a short laugh:

“Not on purpose. But temptation is still a bitch, isn’t it?”

He cupped her face with one hand, his thumb caressing her skin, “I am doing you a favor, Janet. Come to the Lycan’s land with me and kill that temptation forever. He won’t have any chance to hurt you. Ever again.”

Janet froze.

Seconds later, she tilted her head and avoided his touch.

“You should go.”

She said quietly, avoiding his sharp gaze, “You want to beat Daran to it. Don’t start off late.

“You are right. I should go,” Westin agreed.

He bent down and stole a kiss on her lips.

“When I come back here with that bottle of wine that Luna Balvina wants, I hope you have already made your decision, Janet. I am tired of waiting.”

He blinked at her and turned on his heels, walking away.

Janet stood on her spot and watched his back disappear around the corner.

The siren at the back of her mind went off again.

Was she making a terrible mistake by choosing him?

“Hey!”

Morgana’s voice came from behind her.

“What is the matter? You look pale,” Morgana asked, walking up to her.

Janet took in a deep breath, “Westin and I just had the weirdest conversation...”

“About what?”



"I asked him if he could stay here for me. He said no, firmly. He even warned me not to hang out with Daran behind his back again."

Morgana frowned, "He threatened you? That is creepy. He doesn't strike me as a  
Morgana frowned, "He threatened you? The jealous guy."

"I don't know...And that is the point, Morgana. I know nothing about Westin. Sure, he is charming and nice and sweet. But is that who he really is? Or is that the part of him that he chooses to let me see?"

Janet was not sure if she was being paranoid.

But she felt that she knew so little about Westin, only the tip of an iceberg.

And there was so much more hiding underneath the surface.

Morgana crossed her arms, "So you are afraid that he is hiding his dark side from you?"

"Everyone has their dark side. I just....wish I could learn about Westin's dark side before mating with him. And see if I can live with it," Janet said.

For example, she knew about Daran's dark side.

He was cold and power-hungry.

She couldn't stomach that. And she had left him for that.

...But what was Westin's dark side?

"I have an idea."

Morgana said abruptly and took Janet's hand, "Come with me.

They took the elevator and went down to the ground floor.

Morgana asked the doorman to arrange a car for them.

"Where are we going?" Janet asked as they hopped into the car.

"Mona Estate Vineyard."

Morgana started the car and said, "You want to know about Westin's dark side? Then you need to watch him quietly from a distance. Let us travel down there and see how he behaves himself when he is alone. This is the perfect chance for learn about the real him.'

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The car drove out of the packhouse and left the city, heading down South, to the Mona Estate Vineyard.

It was a 6-hour drive.

When they approached their destination, it was nearly dusk.

The amber hues of the setting sun painted the sky in warm tones as they traveled down the meandering road leading to the vineyard.

Janet rolled down her window, inviting the cool evening breeze into the car. The air became infused with the rich scent of earth and the promise of grapes waiting to be harvested.

The landscape before them was bathed in the soft, golden glow of dusk.

In the distance, the vineyard emerged, its sprawling expanse of grapevines a silhouette against the fading light.

"It is quite a view," Morgana said, relaxed, with her eyes on the road.

Janet nodded, her fingers tracing patterns on the window, "I can never grow tired of the scenery of this land."

"Kass showed me around. This is a great place to settle down, especially since this is your homeland. You should really consider staying."

Janet let out a little sigh.

"Have you and Kass talked about where you want to settle in the future?" she asked.

Morgana shrugged, "As the Rogue King, he has a responsibility back at the Grace Ruin. But we both agree that this is home as well. So we will travel back here at least once a year.

Janet was jealous, "I wish things could be that easy for me and Westin."

"Then you should definitely talk. Don't let a man rob you of your home."

As they neared the entrance of the vineyard, the last rays of sunlight bathed the vines in a soft, golden glow.

Janet and Morgana parked the car.

They stepped out. A staff came out from the reception office and rushed over to greet them.

“Ms. Diaz, is it?” the staff shook hands with Morgana, smiling warmly. “Welcome to Mona Estate Vineyard.”

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“Thank you. We spoke on the phone earlier. We hoped tonight and do a little tour tomorrow morning if that is possible.”

“Certainly. Parts of this vineyard are open to tourists. And you should definitely get a taste of our wine. We are very proud of our own products. This way, please.”

The staff led them through the main gate and to the hotel.

The surroundings seemed to hum with the harmonies of nature winding down for the night.

“Are there any other guests staying in this hotel tonight?” Janet asked the staff as they stepped into the hotel lobby.

“A couple...yes. Two gentlemen just arrived earlier today.”

Janet and Morgana exchanged a look-

So Daran and Westin were already here.

“But this is a very large place, and you probably won’t even run into them. So there is no need to worry about privacy,” the staff assured them.

the check in the staff asked if they needed a tour around this place

Janet had been to this vineyard before, so she politely declined the staff’s offer.

They wanted to look for Daran and Westin **first**.

“Casper used to take me and Balvina here to spend the **summer**...They make the best Cabernet Sauvignon.”

Janet said as they wandered across the courtyard, savoring the crisp air tinged with the fragrance of ripening grapes.

‘No wonder Balvina wants a bottle for her wedding,’ Morgana said.

“Yes. I remember that the wine cellar is this way...Come with me.

They came around the corner.

A misty voice made its way into their ears from the near distance.

“...You should really give up on this, Alpha Daran.”

It was Westin’s voice!

Janet and Morgana immediately stopped and dashed into the garden to take cover. They peeked through the cracks of the leaves and saw the shadows of two men cast on the window of a red-brick house.

“That is Mr. Larkin’s house. The owner of this vineyard,” Janet whispered into Morgana’s ears.

Then they heard Daran’s voice, cool and calm as usual:

...This is a fair game, King Westin. I don’t see why I have to be the one to give up.”

Westin chuckled lowly, “Because you have already lost, Alpha Daran. As reluctant as you like to admit it, Janet is attracted to me now. You know perfectly well that it is going **to** be my name that comes out of her mouth a couple of days later. Do you really want to stick around only to get yourself humiliated in the end?”

Daran let out a light snort, “If you are so confident about yourself, why want me gone so desperately?”

Westin’s voice dropped cold, “Because I hate to see you hanging out with my mate together. I can’t wait till the wedding...If I can get rid of you tonight, that would be the best.”

“Well then, King Westin, I am not going anywhere.” Daran’s voice carried a clear hint of sarcasm, “What are you going to do? Throw a temper tantrum? Tear down this vineyard?”

“No.”

Janet rounded her eyes as Westin’s shadow closed in on Daran’s abruptly.

“...But I can kill you tonight and nobody will know,” said Westin with a faint smile.

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## Chapter 197

Chapter 197

Janet tensed up instantly.

– Westin was threatening to kill Daran?

No.

Or maybe that was not a threat at all.

Westin really meant it!

He wanted to kill Daran for quite some time already! If Janet hadn't stopped Westin in the Grace Ruin, Daran would have died in his hand already!

And without the power of the Werewolf King, Daran didn't really have a shot of winning.

Janet instantly wanted to jump out of the garden where she was hiding and dashed forward to stop Westin.

But Morgana grabbed her sleeve in time.

"Calm down," Morgana whispered into Janet's ears. "Let it play out. I don't think he will do it."

Janet froze, her heart thumping wildly against her ribs.

Then she heard Daran let out a cool laugh:

"Kill me? No, King Westin, that is the last thing you will do."

"Why? Do you not believe that I am capable?"

"Because I know that if I die in your hands, Janet will never forgive you. You have put too much effort into winning her over. You can't take that risk."

It was Westin's turn to lapse into silence.

“And I am curious, King Westin...” Daran leaned his upper body, staring at Westin, and asked, “...What are you trying to accomplish here? Why do you want Janet SD badly?”

Westin’s voice was chilly, “Because I love her, obviously.”

“Lie.” Daran sneered. “You two have only known each other for less than a month. Where does this love come from? You didn’t want a Werewolf King in this world. Yet you were willing to let that matter slide just to get to Janet. She is THAT important to you. Why?”

“What sort of conspiracy are you trying to work out here? I told you. It was love at first sight-”

Daran laughed icily, “Stop lying. It is just the two of us here. You don’t know love better than I do. We are the same kind of people.”

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A deathly silence fell upon them.

After a long pause, Westin let out a gloomy chuckle, “... Now I really want to kill you. Can’t afford to have you blabber all that to Janet.”

“I won’t say a word.” Daran said freezingly, “But I will win this damn competition. I won’t let a man like you have any chances of hurting Janet.”

Janet heard all of their conversation.

Yet her head was a mess.

...Was Daran implying that Westin approached her for some ill purposes?

But what could it be?

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that price," Westwo sand impatiently "200 thousand

"I really can't-" cried Mr. Larkin desperately.

"500 thousand plus 80 acres of land," Daran said. "I know you have always wanted to expand this vineyard."

"...800 thousand! And I throw on top a gold mine!" Westin said booming. "You will have the exclusive mining right-"

"STOP!"

Mr. Larkin roared, breathing heavily, "This is fucking crazy! Are you even listening to yourself?! Hundreds of thousands of dollars for a bottle of wine?! I didn't even know that my wine was worth that much money myself!"

"You can name any figure and I will write the check. Because that is how important your wine is to me."

Daran took a step further towards Mr. Larkin and said in a solemn voice:

"Luna Balvina wants this wine. And she is Princess Janet's best friend...I would do anything for Princess Janet."

Mr. Larkin sounded shocked, "...So the rumor is true... Both of you are here for the princess..."



"That is right." Daran nodded, "I will compensate for your loss. And personally come down to your daughter's birthday and explain things to her if that is necessary."

"Bottom line is we are not leaving here until you hand over that wine," Westin said idly.

There was a short moment of silence.

Then Mr. Larkin gulped nervously:

"But even if I am willing to give you the wine, there is only one bottle....Are you two willing to take it back together?"

"The highest bidder gets the wine," Westin chuckled lightly. "I believe that I was the highest bidder."

"Whatever figure you name, I will double," Daran sneered.

"Consider wisely before you make that decision, Mr. Larkin. You don't want to be enemy with the Lycans," Westin warned.

Mr. Larkin let out a frustrating sigh.

He picked up a wooden box from the table, which presumably contained the wine, and said, "I don't see why you can't take this back together... But if you really want me to choose-

He handed the wooden box to Daran.

"You have a lot of fans here in Blood Moon Pack, Alpha Daran, myself included." Mr. Larkin said with a smile, "We knew that you were by the side of our princess when you fought the Rogue King. So keep protecting her, please. Don't let us down."

Daran took the box.

"...I will," said he in a slightly shaking voice.

"So that is the decision you make?" Westin asked icily, "Be enemy with the Lycan?"

Mr. Larkin puffed up his chest and replied haughtily, "If you asked nicely, King, Westin, I might consider giving the wine to you. But you play the hierarchy card. I am not a big fan of that."

Westin let out a chilly laugh.

The door to the red-brick house opened up.

Janet and Morgana saw Daran strode out carrying that wooden box in his arms.

They immediately crouched down even lower, afraid that he might see him.

Hurried footsteps came.

Westin rushed out of the house as well.

“...Daran,” he called.

Daran halted and turned around to look at him, “What?”

The corners of Westin’s lips lifted into a meaningful smile.

“You think that I am going to let you walk away with that wine?” he chuckled, “If I can’t please Janet with that wine...Nobody else can.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled something out.

A gasp almost escaped Janet’s lips.

A gun!!!!

Westin raised that gun aiming at Daran and pulled the trigger without hesitation-

BANG!

Gunfire echoed in the peaceful vineyard.

Red drops splashed over the ground.

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## Chapter 198

Chapter 198

Janet almost cried out.

But then she saw it clearly-

The red drops on the ground were not blood, but wine.

The wooden box was shattered by the bullet, and so was the glass bottle containing the wine.

The precious wine was spilled, not a single drop left.

Daran stood on his stop, holding the mouth of that glass bottle, and looked back at Westin icily.

...You are fucking insane," he said after a while.

Westin chuckled and put his gun away.

"I was actually aiming at your head," he replied breezily with a shrug. "My shooting became a bit rusty. You should feel lucky."

A vein popped furiously on Daran's forehead.

"When Janet finds out about this-"he hissed.

"Janet won't find out a damn thing because I am telling her that the bottle that she asked for is sold out. At the end of the day, it is going to be my word against yours."

Daran's face darkened, which pleased Westin greatly.

Westin blew a whistle, looking to be in a wonderful mood.

"Oh and whom do you think Janet will believe?"

Westin paced over to Daran, enjoying his anger-filled face, "Me? The person whom she finds very charming or attractive. Or you? The jealous old ex who has betrayed her once already? The answer seems pretty obvious to me, doesn't it?"

Daran's eyes were slits of burning rage.

Blood trickled down his handsome face he got injured by a flying piece of glass earlier.

...Sooner or later, Janet will find out about who you really are," he said in a harsh tone.

Westin's lips curved, "Possibly. But by that time, you will be long gone."

Mr. Larkin heard the explosive noise and rushed out of the house.

"My—My wine!!!"

He cried at the top of his lungs.

"Oh my god, it is all ruined! What did you do you manic

Westin looked back at him with a leisurely look on his face, "Bring me another bottle. I want the most expensive kind in this vineyard."

Mr. Larkin glared at him, "Forget it! This vineyard won't sell a single drop to you—"

"Really?"

Westin raised an eyebrow and pulled out his gun again, playing it between his long fingers.

"Now you see, I can shoot a bottle of wine from 10 feet away. It is going to be a lot easier if I were to aim at your head, don't you think?"

Mr. Larkin's face became pale instantly.

"What is the answer now, Mr. Larkin? Your princess is expecting me back home. It is rude to keep a lady waiting," Westin smiled.

Mr. Larking gulped, looking reluctant.

"Do as he said," Daran said coolly.

"But Alpha Daran—"

"It is fine."

Mr. Larkin cast a resentful look at Westin and mumbled, "...There are staff at the reception desk. You can ask them for any wine you want.

"Fabulous!"

Westin stepped on the broken glass of spilled wine and strode forward. He halted briefly by Daran's side and gave Daran a condescending smile:

"I guess I will see you back at the packhouse...Or don't."

He left.

Mr. Larkin waited till he was gone and rushed over to Daran's side, "That devil is fighting for our princess?! Alpha Daran! You can't let him have his way! You have to warn Princess Janet about him!"

Daran rubbed his face, looking exhausted, "...Janet won't believe me."

"I will vouch for you! That Lycan is way too dangerous."

"I know." Daran took in a deep breath, "I will protect her the best I can. Now, I still need a bottle of wine before going back."

"Of course! Of course! I can give you one of our oldest collections, something worth more than thousands of dollars on the market-

"It is not about how much it values, but about its taste."

Daran interrupted Mr. Larkin and said, "Balvina wanted that particular bottle because she likes the taste of it. Now do you have any wine that tastes similar?"

Mr. Larkin rubbed his chin, pondering, "Well...the wine that Luna Balvina requested is light-bodied and bright, with a rich flavor of raspberry and cinnamon. I think I have a similar barrel in storage, but we haven't bottled it yet..."

"Can you bottle it tonight?" Daran asked.

"We can but that will put you behind the Lycan-

"Do not worry about the competition for now," Daran said calmly. "Balvina deserves a wine that she likes at her wedding."

"Certainly. You can rest in your room, Alpha Daran. I will put my staff to work immediately and bring the bottle to you tomorrow morning..."

They walked down the trail together and soon disappeared into the darkness.

When all of them were gone, Janet and Morgana finally stepped out of the garden where they were hiding.

"Holy fuck!

Morgana gasped by Janet's side, sounding angry and shocked, "Do you know that Westin is like that? He looks like a completely different person compared to when he was in front of you!"

Janet shook her head stiffly, "L...I have no idea."

The Westin that she knew would never shoot something randomly just because he couldn't have it himself.

And he would never threaten an innocent vineyard owner.

Or maybe that was who he was....all along.

She was just fooled by him before.

"What are you going to do Janet?" Morgana asked hastily, "You can't be with him, Janet! He is just being nice to you because you haven't recognized your mate bond yet! But when you do that and go to the Lycan's land with him, he will totally change! And by then you will have no one by your side to help you! That is terrible!"

Janet held her head down in silence.

"Janet? Wake up! I know that Daran is a jerk, but this Lycan is totally fucked-up...."

"I have to go," Janet raised her head and said abruptly.

"What...Go where?!"

Janet didn't have the time to answer and rushed down the trail that Daran had taken earlier.

"Don't wait up for me Morgana!" she cried.

Morgana called her name again, but she was gone within seconds.

The moon hung low in the velvety sky, casting a gentle glow over the sprawling vineyard that stretched as far as the eye could see.

Janet's breath misted in the cool night air as she raced down the narrow trail between rows of grapevines.

Their leaves shimmered in the soft moonlight.

Janet rounded a curve.

She caught a glimpse of Daran up ahead.

His silhouette was framed by the silver glow.

She quickened her pace, her footsteps crunching on the gravel path. The distant murmur of a gentle breeze through the vines created a soothing symphony, almost drowning out the racing of her heart.

“-Daran!”

She called, her voice echoing through the quiet night.

He stopped abruptly and turned to face her.

The moonlight revealed the shock in his eyes.

“Janet?!” he gasped with rounded eyes, “What are you doing here?”

Janet got up to him, slightly out of breath.

...I am here to see Westin,” she said.

The gleam in his eyes when he first saw her dimmed out gradually.

“He has already left,” he said deeply. “You are one step late.”

Janet took another step further, looking straight into his eyes, “And I saw everything...how he shot the wine. How he threatened the Mr. Larkin.”

Daran held his breath. There was clear tension in his eyes.

Π

“...So.”

He spoke up in a strained voice, “So what are you going to do?”

Janet took a deep breath, the scent of grapes filling her lungs, grounding her,

“Morgana and I did a lightning round the other day. She asked me, Daran or Westin? I said Westin,” she said.

Daran pressed his lips into a thin line in silence.

“Do you know why I said Westin?” she pursued, almost brutally.

He lowered his eyelids. His gorgeous eyes met with hers.

“...Because I lost you.”

He said hoarsely.

"I had my chance with you and I blew it. You are now moving onto a future without me in it. It is... It is completely my fault."

She gritted.

A wave of strong emotions washed over her as she cried, "Yes, it is your fault! And you know what I hated the most? I hate that my brain stopped me before I could speak out Westin's full name! I hate that my first reaction after finding out that Westin is a fucked-up guy was a relief!"

His eyes widened.

He suddenly cupped her face with both of his hands and asked, breathing very fast, "What are you saying, Janet..."

Her lips led.

She looked back at him, her eyes watery, "I hate myself the most....for still loving your after everything that happened..."

He froze, completely.

"...Tell me that this isn't a dream..." he murmured in a daze.

She grabbed his collar and whispered into his ears, "Promise to me that you will never let me down, ever again.

"

His eyes were brighter than the starry night sky.

"I promise...with my entire soul," he said hoarsely.

Janet stood on tiptoes and kissed him urgently.

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## Chapter 199

### Chapter 199

They kissed each other hungrily, savoring the love and longing that represented this very moment.

...Do you want to get back to your room?" Janet whispered into Daran's ears, breathing very fast.

Daran nibbled her neck, nodding without hesitation.

Daran's guest room was right next to the field on the 5th floor, overlooking the entire vineyard.

They stumbled into the dark room together with their tongues still intertwined with each other.

As soon as they were in, Janet was shoved against the bed stool roughly.

She tripped on the small rug lying next to the bed and almost fell. But Daran caught her just in time.

He pulled her up, so their chests were pressed together.

His hand traveled down her back until he grabbed her ass harshly.

An electric current coursed through her body, causing the hairs on her skin to stand

1. up.

She groaned eagerly, clamping her legs together, as she could feel his longing towards her as well.

"...I miss you," he breathed heavily beside her ears.

She closed her eyes and placed a hand on his crotch, gently circling around it.

"Ah...fuck!" he moaned, throwing his head to the back, enjoying this long-awaited touch of hers.

She unbuckled his pants and zipped them down. His hard dick stuck out immediately. She held it and moved her hand along, feeling his throbbing hardness. His hand slipped

from her ass to her crotch at the same time, cupping her crudely, his fingers inserting into her already wet pussy.

“God Daran...”

She shivered as he fingered her, forcefully. Her juice gushed out from her pussy and wet his fingers, his hand, and dripped down her legs.

Her legs started to tremble even more violently. She could hardly stand straight. Daran scooped her up and threw her on the bed roughly.

As her body bounced, he stripped his clothes off. Then he stepped up to the edge of the bed as she tried to sit up and pushed her down again.

Janet laid on her back.

Lust gleamed in her eyes as she looked at his handsome face, his broad shoulders, and his well-defined chest and abs.

“I want you,” she groaned.

He accepted her invitation eagerly.

He groped her breasts over her shirt before tearing the hemm up to expose them.

Her plummy breasts bounced, inviting him to have a taste of it.

He couldn't help but bend down and catch her right-side nipple with his mouth, his tongue circling around it and then gently took a bite of it.

When that side of the nipple was wet and hard, he moved onto the other side.

Janet moaned loudly, threading her fingers into his thick, dark hair.

She wanted him.

Daran sensed her longingness.

He pulled her pants down her legs.

He then put her legs up and spread them to expose her to his darkened gaze.

She panted, her chest rising and falling rapidly, as his fingers pushed her panties aside, exposing her pussy to the air and his eyes.

It was such a beautiful scene.

He averted his head and planted a kiss on her inner thigh.

“You are already so fucking wet... for me,” he murmured hoarsely.

He teased her pussy and played with her folds before roughly flipping her over onto her fours.

“...Fuck me, Daran!” she cried shakily as he climbed onto her body.

Without any real preparation, he pressed the head of his dick against her wet entrance and then started pushing into her.

In one smooth move, his entire cock was inside of her.

“Ahh!!”

She trembled, overwhelmed by this sudden pleasure.

Her wolf cheered joyfully internally as well.

It felt so good to have her pussy filled and stretched by his big cock. She loved the feeling of this.

She didn't even know that she missed the taste of him so much until he was back inside of her.

Daran bit down on her naked shoulder from her back. His teeth sunk into her flesh, his cock still in her pussy, a total dominant posture..

Yet she didn't mind the little pain.

Actually, she loved that he was going rough.

It served to remind her that she belonged to him, and he belonged to her as well.

Daran rocked his butt and throbbed into her full length.

He had waited for this for too long.

He couldn't hold back.

“Fuck...you are still so fucking tight!” he growled by her ears, panting roughly.

Janet groaned.

She laid her face on the bedsheet, her body rocking back and forth with his thrusts. She could feel her inner wall sucking onto his cock hungrily.

So eager and horny.

He pounded into her harder, their skin slapping together, creating a harmonious rhythm.

Extreme pleasure built up in her body.

She suddenly grabbed the bedsheet and threw her head to the back, "Ah—Daran I think I am about to come

He yanked his cock out of her, crudely interrupting her orgasm.

She groaned a complaint, unsatisfied.

He chuckled, "No so fast baby. Wait for me."

Yet he turned her around onto her back and slammed his dick back into her so hard that she cried out.

He folded her legs up and hammered her.

He fucked her so deep that she could feel the head of his cock hitting her cervix, which made her mind turn blank, her head clouded by pleasure.

"I am coming Daran! F—Fuck me! Don't stop!!!" she screamed, her nails digging into his flexed muscles.

His jaw tightened, sweat dangling on his long eyelashes, "Me too babe....Ah fuck!"

He cum in her.

She could feel her pussy filled by the cum shot.

She dropped down and lay there, catching her breath, while quietly enjoying the aftershock.

He bent down with his cock still inside of her and kissed her forehead.

...Can I say those 3 words now?" he murmured hoarsely.

"What 3 words?"

"You asked me not to say that back in the Grace Ruin. You said that if you ever hear me say it, you will slit my throat."

He laid down behind her back, rounding her arms around her waist.

"Is the ban lifted now?" he asked.

She blinked.

It took her a second to realize that the 3 words that he talked about were "I love you."

She was so mad at him earlier that she forbade him to ever mention love to her.

"Yeah."

She smiled in the darkness, "Yeah, I think so...the ban is lifted."

He chuckled, his voice full of joy. He tightened his arms and whispered solemnly into her ears, "...I love you."

"Thank you," she replied in a playful tone.

He groaned and nibbled her neck gently as punishment, "Aren't you going to say I love you back?"

She giggled but still kept her mouth shut.

She enjoyed hanging him in the air like that. It was cruel and naughty. She knew. But she deserved being a little naught to him.

He raised an eyebrow and sat back.

With one quick move, he picked her up and threw her onto his shoulder.

She gasped, "What are you doing!"

"Taking you to shower," he gran widely, "There is a jacuzzi in the bathroom. Maybe I can get you to talk in there."

She giggled and struggled but he slapped her butt to silence her.

They went into the bathroom together.

Daran kicked the door shut behind their back.

<hr/>The next morning, Janet woke up first.

Daran was still sleeping soundly by her side. She pushed herself up on her elbows and studied his face.

He was so handsome and youthful asleep.

She could honestly watch him sleep all day.

Maybe the part of her that loved him dearly was always there, waiting to be discovered.

After a few minutes, Janet quietly got out of bed and got dressed.

She left him a quick note telling him that she would head back to the packhouse first, and he should return later with that bottled wine.

Leaving the note on the pillow, she tiptoed out of the bedroom.

She wanted to rush back to the packhouse before Daran so that she could have a conversation with Westin alone.

Now that she had made up her mind, there was no point keeping Westin waiting.

The drive was 6 hours long, but Janet didn't get bored at all.

She was in a particularly good mood today. She even sang to country music the whole way back.

She arrived at the packhouse around dusk.

"Princess Janet, you are back!"

The steward in the lobby spotted her as soon as she stepped in and rushed to greet her, "Alpha Casper was just asking for you. Should I let him know about your return right away?"

Janet smiled, "Actually I want to have a word with King Westin first. Have you seen him?"

"King Westin went hiking in the back mountain earlier today. He took the classic hiking trail, which will take him at least a couple more hours," the steward said. "Should I send a message and let him know that you are expecting him?"

"No that is fine. I will go find him myself. Thank you."

It was probably for the best.

If she was about to break up with Westin, she didn't want anybody by her side.

Janet followed the trail and went deep into the mountain.

The sun was setting on the horizon. Luckily for her, she found a trace of Westin before the night fell completely.

He was at an overlook point.

Janet walked up to him. She could already see his back behind the bush through the leaves.

Just when she was about to call out his name, she heard a strange voice.

A female's voice.

"My King, are you going to come back soon? Lady Agnes really misses you."

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## Chapter 200

Chapter 200

..Lady Agnes?

Janet froze on her spot.

She had never heard Westin mention that name to her.

And that female voice said that Lady Agnes missed him...So was Lady Agnes his sister?

Or even...his mistress?

Janet chose to stay quiet for the moment and hid in the shadow of the bush, listening attentively.

“Soon. How is Agnes doing?” Westin asked.

His voice was soft and gentle. It sounded like he really cared about this girl named Agnes.

The woman he was talking to sighed, “Not so well. Lady Agnes didn’t have the appetite. She ate so little and rarely left her room. Although she still took her medicine, the doctor said that her illness was getting severe...”

Westin’s voice turned cold instantly, “I asked you to take good care of her. And let me know if she got sick again. Did my order mean nothing to you?”

The woman panicked.

So did Janet.

Westin was always nice to servants. This was the first time she saw him talking this harshly to a maid.

Janet peeked through the leaves and saw the woman drop down on her knees.

“W–We wanted to let you know. But Lady Agnes said that she didn’t want you to worry about her. All she ever wanted was for you to be back, my king! When you return, I am sure that she will get better in no time.”

Westin let out a frustrated sigh.

“Rise,” he said. “Next time something happens to her, you let me know immediately. Other things can wait. She is my number one priority.”

The woman pulled herself up slowly, “I understand...But when will you be back, my king?”

“A week later, I think. I just need to wrap things up with Janet. As soon as she agrees to come home with me, I will head back at once.”

Janet’s body tensed up at the mention of her own name.

“Has she said yes to your proposal, my king?” the woman asked.

Westin let out a light snort, “Not yet. But she doesn’t have much of a choice. It is either me or Daran. She hates Daran. I am the best she can do. She is not stupid. She will come around soon ”

“Of course. Your proposal must be the best thing that happens to her in her lifetime,” the woman smiled. “And about this Princess Janet...”



She hesitated for a short moment.

“What about her?” Westin asked.

“Lady Agnes wants to know what she should expect. **If** everything works out as you planned, our lady will be living under the same court with Princess Janet.....Rumor says that this princess is a tough person to deal with. She is hot-tempered and ill-mannered. Our lady is a delicate person. I fear that-”

“Agnes has nothing to worry about,” said Westin forcefully. “I will keep Janet under control.”

“But that Princess is a warrior! If she pulls a sword against our lady-

Westin let out a short laugh, “Pulling out a sword in the Lycan’s land? No. Janet won’t dare.”

Janet rounded her eyes.

What the fuck were they talking about?

It sounded like they considered her a prisoner!

And the thing that made her angry the most was that Westin didn’t deny it at all when that woman called her “hot-tempered and ill-mannered.”

Was that how he really thought of her?

And yet he talked about how much he loved her all the time, which appeared to be an utter lie!

Janet felt lucky that she discovered who Westin really was before being tempted to choose him.

She took a deep breath and stepped out of the shadow:

“Don’t bother keeping me under control, Westin. Because I am not going to the Lycan’s land with you.”

Westin and the woman jerked around at the same time.

Shock flickered across his eyes. Then his eyes darkened.

“You are back, Janet.”

He smiled a charming smile, as though nothing had happened, "I was looking all over for you. I brought back the wine that Balvina wanted."

Janet stared at him.

He was just as charismatic as ever.

Yet right now she found his smile very fake.

She ignored him and turned to the woman he was talking to, "What is your name?" The woman flinched, holding her head down, and murmured, "...Fatima."

"Alright, then Fatima. You can go back and tell your lady to relax. Because I am not accepting your king's proposal, and certainly not living under the same roof with her."

Janet paused, and then let out a sarcastic chuckle, "And she was right about me. I **am** a hot-tempered person who has absolutely no manners and curtesy. But lucky for her, I am not her problem to worry about."

Fatima bit her lips and cast a pleading look at Westin.

"Leave us,

"Westin said coolly.

Janet raised an eyebrow, "There is no need, King Westin. I already rejected your proposal. You can head back immediately."

Westin's jaw tightened.

He stressed, "Leave."

Fatima hastily turned and disappeared behind the bushes.

Westin walked up to Janet. He raised a hand to touch Janet's cheek, but she tilted her head and avoided his touch.

"I can explain, Janet," he said quietly.

"No. Don't bother," Janet said in a firm and calm voice. "I was coming to let your know that I have made up my mind. Daran is my final choice. I didn't really know how to break it to you. But you just made everything a lot easier."

Westin stared at her, deadpan, "You are choosing Daran? Think about how he has hurt you-

"At least I am confident to say that I am the only woman he ever loved." Janet sneered, "There might be other important things in his life, like his power and his pack, but his love for me is undeniable. And most importantly, he will never speak ill

of me behind my back."

"I didn't say anything-

Janet interrupted him with a frown, "Why do you want me so much, Westin? There is a mate bond, yes. *Bur*

if you have deep feelings for another woman, just quit wasting your time on me. Take Casper and Balvina as an example. They are happy enough without a mate bond."

"I want you because I love you." Westin said without hesitation, "I have fallen in love with you ever since I met you for the first time in the Grace Ruin."

Janet found that so absurd that she almost laughed.

If he really loved her, he would never speak of her like that behind her back.

"Love" was simply a tool that Westin used to manipulate her.

"You are a woman magnet, Westin. I will give you that." Janet said with an icy smile on her lips, "But you might have too much confidence in your charms. And when it comes to love, you are a terrible liar."

There was a cold and tight expression on Westin's face, as though he was going to flip the next second.

Yet a short moment later, he contained his temper and relaxed.

That familiar, idle smile appeared on his lips again.

"You think I was lying to you? I am hurt, Janet." he crossed his arms and said, "Every word I said, every confession I made was real. And as for Agnes-

"I told you. I am not interested to know-

"Hear me out," he said forcefully. "Agnes is a family friend. We grew up together. But she is already mated to another man, a close friend of mine actually. So nothing will ever happen between me and her."

“But I can tell that you care about her,” Janet shrugged. “And I am not getting into this love affair of yours. It is over between us, Westin.”

Westin narrowed his eyes, “There is still time before the wedding. Don’t rush into any conclusion, Janet Give me another chance and let me prove my feelings to **you-**

“Seriously. Don’t bother. A sick girl is waiting for you. You should go home as soon as possible.”

A deathly silence fell upon them.

Westin didn’t say anything else. Maybe he had come to realize that her rejection was for real.

A storm was forming in his eyes. A dark, scary look appeared on his face.

Janet couldn’t help but take a small step back.

A chill that had nothing to do with the night breeze in the mountain stole over her.

“Let’s wrap this up, Westin.” she said hastily under pressure, “If you won’t reject me, I will.”

She took a deep breath before announcing, “I, Janet Manning, hereby reject Wes-

Yet she didn’t get to finish her rejection.

A sharp pain came from her neck and shot through her body!

It was Westin.

He took a hard hit on the back of her neck, knocking her down!

Janet crushed to the ground, her eyes widened in shock, her lips trembling.

Even at this very moment, she still couldn’t believe that Westin would do such a thing to her...

“You are making a terrible mistake, Janet.”

Westin’s handsome face appeared in her blurred vision. He smiled, coldly, looking down at her pain-stricken face.

“But luckily, I can fix your mistake,” he said.

He took another hit on her neck, knocking her out.

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