

Chapter 15 | I hate Lycans

Chapter-15

AMALTHEA'S POV

"What exactly do you want from Alven?" The guy in front of me asked, and I smiled.

"As I said before, I just want to have a tiny chat with him. I swear I won't touch him or harm him, and if you agree to my words, I will not let anyone touch you guys, either. Just these illegal things will be confiscated, and I am sure these things are not more precious than your life, right?" I said, and he looked at his members who looked at me with a not-so-sure expression.

"Look, I don't have the whole night for this. I am pretty much bored after tagging behind you guys. So let's not waste each other's time and get this over with," I further added, and he looked at me with a dazed expression.

I am sure he is communicating with other members. I recently came to know these rogue members have made a pack of their own so that they can communicate with each other through mind links, and as weird as it sounds because rogues are supposed to live freely and not in packs, they are indeed making it work excellently.

"I asked my team, and they said Alven didn't come today. He wasn't part of this plan, so I am pretty much sure whoever told you he was coming was just tricking you," the leader said, and I shrugged.

"Well, if that's what you guys have decided, then it's okay. I am sure you guys already talked about this, and the news that a she-wolf is asking for Alven and knows about his private life has already spread like

wildfire among all the rogues. I know this will reach the rogue head soon, so basically half of my work is already done. Now since you guys don't want to handle things in a civilized way, I guess we don't have any other choice," I sighed before looking behind and nodding at Harry and Lycan King, who I am sure had been waiting for my signal.

Once I nodded at them, a loud howl echoed in the forests, and soon the fight between the rogues and our team broke out.

To say the fighting skills of the people in front of me amazed me won't be wrong.

Seeing how the Lycan King was fighting mercilessly, killing a rogue with one only blow, I couldn't help but admire his skills. He indeed lives up to his name. He was wiping the rogues around him like he was wiping the forest floor with some kind of broom.

I don't think I have ever seen anyone fighting like this. Then again, I have never seen a King fighting, either. In a blink of an eye, he alone killed over 10 rogues while I leaned on the tree, watching them do the work.

I could have gone through the hard work and helped them kill the rogues, but I wasn't exactly in a mood to do so, not to forget this mission wasn't exactly my responsibility. I already helped them a lot by leading them here with me.

'Well, you would've come here no matter what. You came here because of your visions, remember? And you would've done all this work alone if they weren't with you,' Crystal interrupted my thoughts, siding with them, and I sighed before rolling my eyes.

"King Augustus!" I shouted when I saw a rogue throwing a dagger at him before rushing to his side to protect him. Before the dagger could hit his body, I stopped the dagger, taking the hit in my hand as I grabbed it, making the dagger dig into my skin more than I had

expected.

"Amy! Are you okay?" Harry shouted from some distance, and I shook my head to tell him I was fine.

"Amy, why did you-" King Augustus started before growling angrily as he started attacking the rogues more mercilessly than before.

Seeing his brown eyes darkening as the golden tint took over, I knew his wolf was trying to take over his body, and it is not news how dangerous a Lycan's wolf can be for werewolves when angry, not to mention he is a king.

"Mr. Dominic, I think you should keep control of your actions. You will go rampant like this and will lose your ability to distinguish right from wrong," I said as I held his hand, and he stopped abruptly before killing the rogue in his hand.

Turning around, he looked at my hand with heavy emotions in his eyes that were hard to decipher before massaging the back of it.

"Why did you risk your life like this? What if you missed it, and it had gone through your shoulder instead? Do you even know how harmful it was?" He said before pressing his lips into a thin line, and I rolled my eyes.

"I live in forests, dude. Do you think I don't know what is dangerous and what is not? Would you have preferred that dagger going straight through your head instead?" I asked before scoffing and walking away from him, not liking the way his concerned eyes were making my heart flutter.

"Amy, you okay?" Harry asked me as he took out his handkerchief and wrapped it around my wound, making me smile at him comfortingly.

"I am okay. Don't worry about it. They laced it with Wolfsbane. It will take some time to heal," I said, and he nodded before looking behind

me.

"The rogues are almost dead. The things will be taken away by our men. We don't need to stay here anymore. Let's go," Harry said before bending and picking me bridal style, making me squeak, as I didn't expect that from him.

"Woah. What are you doing? I can walk by myself. Put me down," I said, and he chuckled before flaring his tongue at me, making me squint my brows.

I was about to bite his shoulder for him to release me. However, before I could do that, King Augustus came in front of us and snatched me from Harry's hand, making both of us look at him in confusion.

"What are you doing, Mr. Dominic?" I asked, making Harry nod as he had the same question as me, and he sighed.

"Since it's me because of whom you got injured, I should be the one responsible for carrying you safely back to the chambers," He said before holding me tighter, and I looked at both the men, rolling my eyes.

"Are you both stupid or something? The injury is in my hand and not in my legs. Since when do hand injuries render someone unable to walk? I get that both of you are strong and want to display your masculinity, but do it somewhere else, okay?" I said before looking at the King with raised brows, who signed before holding me even tighter.

Wait. He is supposed to release me at this moment, right? Why is he tightening his hold on me even more?

"I am a responsible man, and I know how to fulfill my duties," King Augustus said, and I sighed before leaning away from his body to not touch him inappropriately.

It looks like it is futile to say anything to him right now. He will not listen to me, anyway. And if he is so adamant about carrying me, then why

should I strain my legs in this wounded state? I thought, before shrugging inwardly.

"Harry, did you inform Uncle Chris?" I asked Harry, and he hummed in reply before looking at me with a smile.

"I just got a ping from dad. He wants me to check up on the amount of ammunition we confiscated this time and see that we confiscate all trunks from the lake. You guys can go to the council chambers now. You guys already helped too much even when it wasn't either of your work," Harry said, and King Augustus exchanged a few more words with him regarding the team members that I was least interested in before he started walking towards the exit of the forest.

"Why don't you tell me something about yourself, Amy? It's a long walk," He asked me, and I shrugged.

"We are just delaying things. You can call your man to bring the car here. I mean, we have nothing to be afraid of anymore," I suggested, and he looked at me for a moment before sighing.

"You don't like me, right?" He suddenly asked, and I sighed.

"It's not about you. I just had a terrible experience with Lycans during my childhood, and since then, I have despised them. They are rude and ignorant. We all know Lycans are more powerful than us werewolves, but it won't be wrong to say that Lycans don't leave any opportunity to make sure we all are reminded of it again and again," I explained.

"You are no different, and neither is your subordinate. He asked me to bow in front of him out of respect because he was a Lycan. As far as I know, respect is something that is gained and not forced," I said, and he hummed in response.

"Can I know why you hate Lycans? I mean, what happened?" He asked me, and I shrugged again.

"It's not something that I go around telling everyone. I can't share such details, especially when you don't even believe me and think I am one of the rogues, who is with you with some ulterior motive," I said, and he paused before looking at me, making me smile.

"What? Did you really think I can't read between the lines and expressions? I know that you have suspected me from the moment you laid eyes on me. The confused, angry, and weird face you make when you interact with me can't be ignored, either," I said before jumping down from his hands.

"I also know that you never take part in such measly missions, and the only reason you did it this time was that you wanted to see me lose to you. You wanted to see why am I so praised by the council, and you wanted to see if I was some kind of mole who has come to destroy your plans and leak council's secrets," I said, and he just looked at me, not saying anything nonetheless.

"Look, I won't lie and say that whatever you said isn't true because it is. The original plan was to catch you red-handed, and I wanted to do it personally because the idea thrilled me. I wanted to know how the hell you have so much information and to be at such accuracy. I indeed suspected you," He said, looking me straight in the eyes, and I scoffed.

"That's what I am trying to say. You can stop acting like you are a person who cares about me because I know you Lycans won't bat your eyes before throwing us werewolves in the fire to save yourselves," I said before walking ahead of him. However, the thunderous growl that he released next made me pause in my steps as I turned around to look at him.

"How dare you say something like that? We Lycans are powerful creatures and we can't help it. We are like this because we know of our powers and the attitude comes naturally, but that doesn't mean you can say whatever you want. There have been so many Lycans who died

protecting the werewolves' packs and are still dying. We have done nothing but protect you werewolves from other species, and you dare to say something like that?" He paused before placing his hand behind my neck and pulling me closer as he looked at me angrily.

"Do you think these rogues are only our problem? They are your key problem. We also want to live in peace with the werewolves, but it looks like your inferiority complex has gotten deep inside your bones and head. You won't see the good in us guys even if we give it our all," He said before scoffing and pressing his hand around the back of my neck, forcing me to look at him when I looked away.

"Why am I even bothering with explaining these things to you? You know what? You are right. We Lycans are rude and take a piece of advice from the King himself. Don't mess with us. Get a leash on your mouth, or even if I do nothing, I am sure some Lycan will surely end up killing you because of your sharp tongue," He said before walking ahead, leaving me behind, and I chuckled darkly.

He says these things as if I am lying and am wrong about them. How can I forget how my mom died because a Lycan didn't help her? How can I forget how she died because she was trying to save a Lycan and that Lycan turned his back on her and left to die between the pack of rogues? Can I forget such things so easily? Lycans are our saviors? Maybe for some, they are, but for me, they are nothing but someone who took away my mom from me.

Arrogant jerks. That's what these bunch of people are, and no matter how much they try to display their so-called help and alliance with us, they'll always stay the same for me.

So much for a thank you for saving his life. Rude bast*Rd!

I growled before wincing and falling to the ground as the wolfsbane in my system was making me a bit weak now.

It looks like I'll have to increase my dose of wolfsbane intake day by day to turn myself immune to it. This one spoon dose will not help.

Just one dagger shot, and I am already pathetic like this. I'll have to train harder to make myself invincible. How will I fight the rogue head and get the information about those two people dad mentioned in his letter? I thought.

Turning around, I was about to take support from the tree to stand when I saw King Augustus coming back in long strides, and before I could say anything or push him away, he picked me in his arms and did something that I had never thought he would do.

He kissed me! The jerk kissed me!



Send Gift



Comments