

Chapter 2 The Priestess's Conspiracy

Sienna's POV

I braced myself for what he was about to say, but his words still struck me by surprise.

“When your father, Ryan, was alive, he once chose a mate for you.”

Father.

How long had it been since anyone mentioned him aloud? Doctor Danton had always been cautious, like it were a very sensitive topic. He treated me like something fragile, as though the mention of that word would shatter me into pieces.

He didn't know how much I wanted someone, anyone, to talk about the man who had given up his life for me.

Blurry memories flashed through my mind—my father's strong arms shielding me during the car accident, his body absorbing the worst of the impact so that I could survive.

“He is the Alpha heir of the Blizzard Pack,” Danton continued. “If you are willing to consider—”

“Thank you, Doctor Danton,” I interrupted softly, shaking my head slowly. “But I don't want to think about anything related to emotions right now.”

Mate. Affection. Obsession.

Look where all of that had led me. I just needed to gather the broken pieces of what was left of the mess I'd made of myself.

Doctor Danton regarded me with eyes full of quiet understanding and gave me a solemn nod.

“I will arrange for someone to notify the Silvermane Pack to come pick you up. It may take three days.”

“Okay.” I lay back on the bed, closing my eyes.

Three days.

In three days, I would finally leave this place that had bound me in pain for five long years. I would be free from the suffocating weight of the man who would never love me.

The next morning, I checked myself out of the hospital. The taxi dropped me outside the pack house which was alive with the sound of warriors training—the clash of fists, the thud of bodies striking the ground, the sharp commands of instructors.

I instinctively wrapped my thin clothes tighter around me, eager to pass quickly through this place filled with memories I wished to forget. All I wanted was to return quietly to the small, simple room I had on the edge of the pack grounds.

But fate had other plans.

By the fountain at the center of the square, I saw him—Kiran Blackwood.

He stood tall beside the fountain, dressed in a finely tailored black suit. His broad shoulders and narrow waist emphasized the natural power in his stance. He was Alpha, the power he radiated had always been more oppressive on a weak omega like me.

In his hand, he held a delicate necklace, fastening it around the neck of Lilith.

Lilith, dressed in a white gown that was far too thin for the winter air, stood with her back to Kiran. Her delicate features lit up with a shy, sweet smile as she tilted her head slightly, basking in his attention.

I froze in place as I looked closer.

That necklace.

It was a crescent moon pendant with a tiny sapphire embedded in the curve. The edges were slightly worn, and the clasp was a little loose because my father had meant to get it fixed but never did.

My necklace.

The words my father spoke before giving them to me echoed in my head, springing tears in my eyes. “For my little moon,”

I'd worn it every day. Through the grief, through the pain, through the endless nights when I couldn't breathe from missing him and mom.

And I'd given it to Kiran.

Two years ago, during one of those late nights when he couldn't sleep, disturbed over the territory getting invaded by rogues.

My hand had moved to my neck before I could think. “Here. Keep this. So you're not alone.”

And now he was giving it to Lilith.

“It suits my attire, doesn't it? Just let me keep it, will you?” Lilith laughed sweetly, slapping Kiran's arm playfully.

This was it. I couldn't take it anymore, anger rose in my throat as I marched towards them.

The tenderness in Kiran's eyes turned to ice the moment they landed on me. His expression shifted instantly into undisguised disgust and impatience.

“Why are you here?” His voice rang coldly. My fingers lifted to point at Lilith.

“That's mine!” I snarled.

The fakest expression of fear I'd ever seen flashed across her gaze and instantly, Kiran pulled her closer to his side, possessively.

“She is just borrowing it, no need to overreact,” Kiran spoke and rage blazed within me.

“I gave it to you, not her! I gave it to you not her!” I screamed, “Now, I want it back!” I glared at Lilith who now had tears in her eyes.

“Sienna,” Kiran called, his voice like venom, “I thought your failed awakening would make you finally see reality. You are just an omega who can't even awaken a wolf soul—why would you ever believe you deserve to stand by my side? It's just a necklace, no need to create a scene!”

So I was the one creating a scene now?

Before I could even process his cruelty, Lilith's soft voice floated up from his arms.

She tugged gently at his sleeve and whispered sweetly, “Kiran, don't say things like that. Sienna will be hurt. It's just a necklace, I will hand it back to her”

Then, breaking free from his embrace, she walked toward me.

A strong, almost sickly herbal scent clung to her, invading my nose and making me nauseous.

She feigned sympathy, her tone dripping with false kindness.

“Here,” she said, unclasping it, holding the necklace delicately between her fingers. “You can have it back.”

Something in her eyes made me hesitate.

A glint of cruelty and a barely concealed smirk that I knew all too well.

But I waved it off, I just wanted my necklace back, and I took a step forward.

“Oh!” Lilith gasped suddenly, her fingers loosened, and the necklace began to fall.

Toward the fountain.

My heart stopped, if it fell through to the bottom, I'd never retrieve it.

No.

I lunged forward, my hand outstretched, desperate to catch it before it hit the water.

My fingers were inches away when all of a sudden...

“Ahhh!”

Lilith screamed, her body twisted as she staggered backwards.

I saw it in slow motion—the way she deliberately let herself fall, the triumphant curl of her lips hidden behind her expression of shock.

She crashed into the fountain with a massive splash, cold water spraying everywhere.

The necklace disappeared into the water with her.

“Lilith!” Kiran's roar thundered through the air, nearly bursting my eardrums.

He rushed to the fountain, leaping in without hesitation to pull Lilith's trembling, soaking body into his arms.

“Kiran... I-I'm so cold...” Lilith's frail voice trembled as she coughed weakly, her entire body quivering.

Water dripped from her hair, her white dress clinging to her skin. She looked up at him with wide, tear-filled eyes, the perfect picture of a victim.

“I was trying to give it back to her...” Her voice broke on a sob. “I was trying to be kind, to return what meant so much to her, and she—she lunged at me. I got scared and slipped...”

Gasps rippled through the crowd as more and more pack members gathered around and their disdainful glances burned into my skin.

“Did you see that?”

“Lilith was trying to give the necklace back and she still attacked her!”

“Such violence over jewellery...”

“I always knew she was obsessed, but this...”

Their voices burned into my mind as Kiran lifted Lilith out of the fountain, fury radiating from his entire being.

He stripped off his coat and wrapped it carefully around her, holding her as if she were made of glass. My eyes scanned the fountain, but I couldn't locate the necklace. She had used my father's neck as a prop in her performance.

Kiran's blazing eyes locked on me, and I'd never seen such hatred in them before.

“Are you so jealous of her that you'd attack her even when she was trying to give you what you wanted?”

His voice was devoid of warmth, only ice and disappointment cutting into me as he spoke again. “Sienna, you despicable Omega. I used to think you were merely irritating, but I never expected you to be so malicious. So violent.”

“I didn't attack her,” I said, my voice rising defensively with the injustice of it all. “The necklace was falling, I was trying to catch it before it hit the water—”

“Enough! I saw you lunge at her. We all did. Lilith was being generous, trying to return something to you out of the kindness of her heart, and you repaid her with violence.” He snarled rising to his feet while Lilith still clung onto his arms.

“So this is what it comes down to?” He laughed, cold and cruel. “You caused a scene, attacked my mate over something as intangible as a piece of jewellery?”

I opened my mouth, but no words came out. Grievance and rage welled up inside me, nearly choking me.

I looked at him, then at the woman holding his arms—the one still pretending to be pitiful while smiling inside.

And suddenly...