

Chapter 4 Fragments Of Memory And Broken Determination

Sienna’s POV

I told Doctor Danton that he could help me pass a message to my grandfather—that I was willing to accept the mate my father had chosen for me, the heir of the Blizzard Pack’s Alpha.

Doctor Danton patted my head.

“Good girl. The Silvermane Pack will arrive at the Blackwood Pack in two days. You can talk to your grandfather in person then. When it comes to emotions, don’t make impulsive decisions out of anger.”

After Doctor Danton had driven away the lingering chill in my body, Talia led me back to the most remote cabin in the pack.

The moment I stepped inside, I felt suffocated.

Every corner of the room whispered of the past.

Everywhere I turned, I saw shadows of Kiran.

Photos hung on the wall. The girl in them smiled brightly, her eyes shining with a love so thick it was suffocating. The man beside her wore an indifferent expression, as if he couldn’t even bother to pretend.

On the table sat a wooden carving of Kiran’s face.

The bookshelf was lined with books he had read, still marked with his notes.

Even the air carried the scent of pine—Kiran’s favorite.

I stood in the middle of the room, struggling to breathe.

“Sienna, are you okay?” Talia’s voice pulled me back to reality.

I shook my head, walked to the bedside table, and picked up the small wooden box resting there. Inside were several sparkling memory crystals, neatly arranged.

This was the traditional way werewolves preserved their most precious memories. For others, these crystals contained joy. For me, they were filled with pain.

“What are these?” Talia leaned in curiously.

“My ‘masterpieces’ from the past five years,” I said bitterly.

I picked up the first crystal. Its icy surface numbed my fingertips. Silver light flowed in my palm, and the image inside slowly became clear.

It was the scene of me confessing to Kiran for the first time.

Seventeen-year-old me stood nervously in front of him, holding the lunch I had made.

“Kiran, I made this. Would you like to try it?”

My younger self’s eyes sparkled with anticipation.

But Kiran didn’t even glance at it. He walked past me without a word.

Behind him came Lilith’s giggling voice.

“Some people just don’t know their place.”

Others joined in, mocking me. My face burned with shame.

The image in the crystal ended abruptly.

I clenched my fist.

The second crystal was from my eighteenth birthday.

I had secretly prepared a cake for Kiran, wanting to share that special day with him. But when I found him in the hallway, he was holding Lilith in his arms.

She wore a pale pink dress and whispered something into his ear. And Kiran smiled.

It was a gentle expression I had never seen before.

I stood in the shadows, holding the cake as tears fell, dripping onto the cream.

My vision blurred.

The third crystal. The fourth. The fifth.

Each one tore open another wound in my heart.

I saw myself praying in the middle of the night, only to wake each morning still believing. I could feel the girl in those memories breaking her heart again and again.

The pain I had buried for five years rose like a tidal wave, crashing over me and dragging me under.

“Sienna!” Talia caught me as I swayed, her voice trembling. “Stop looking!”

I shoved her away, fury burning in my eyes.

“No! I want to see it all! I want to see how stupid I was!”

The last crystal contained my whispered prayer before the wolf-soul awakening ritual:

Moon Goddess, if Kiran is truly my destined partner, please let my wolf soul awaken. I am willing to give up everything if only I can be with him.

“This woman was truly a fool!”

A strangled cry ripped from my throat as I poured every ounce of strength into crushing the crystals.

Kiran’s POV

The flames in the fireplace flickered, crackling softly.

The air was thick with the scent of pine and snow—Lilith’s unique fragrance.

A soft body climbed into my lap.

Lilith’s warmth seeped through her thin robe as her lips pressed against mine, hot and eager.

Heat stirred low in my abdomen, and I pulled her closer, kissing her fiercely.

She responded with equal passion, her slender fingers trailing across my chest, teasing every inch of skin.

But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t fill the inexplicable void gnawing at my heart.

Suddenly, Sienna’s face flashed in my mind—her clear eyes, the way her lashes trembled when she looked at me.

The heat inside me surged uncontrollably.

“Kiran...” Lilith moaned softly.

I snapped out of it, staring down at the woman beneath me. Her face was flushed, her dazed eyes filled with desire.

I closed my own eyes, forcing myself to quicken the pace, desperate to banish the image that didn’t belong there.

The room filled with the sound of ragged breathing.

Lilith’s nails raked across my back, leaving shallow red marks.

“Faster...” she begged.

I gritted my teeth, moving mechanically, almost mindlessly.

Then the door burst open with a furious crash.

Lilith gasped and shrank against me, eyes wide with panic.

I yanked the blanket up quickly, shielding her trembling body in my arms.