

Chapter 8 – Forever Refusing Kiran As Mate

Sienna’s POV

“Bang!”

A gunshot.

A searing pain exploded in my chest, tearing through my heart.

I lay dazed in the mud, my mind slipping back to the night before. I vividly remembered packing my things in the cabin, preparing to leave. I had been eagerly waiting for the person who would come to take me back to the Silvermane Pack tomorrow. Back to my true home.

I had lain awake in bed, imagining what it would be like to see my eldest brother, my second brother, and my third brother again. Though there was still a faint ache in my chest from rejecting Kiran, it didn’t dampen my mood.

After five long years of torment, there was finally an end in sight.

The sound of rain outside had lulled me into dreams.

But then—hurried footsteps.

I opened my eyes abruptly. Something was wrong. No one should have been here at that time of night.

“Bang!”

The door burst open violently.

Several figures rushed in. I shot upright, but before I could react, a damp cloth was pressed against my mouth and nose.

I struggled desperately, trying to scream for help, but my voice was smothered. My vision blurred, and my limbs weakened.

“Hurry up, don’t let anyone find out.”

“Don’t worry. No one will come here now.”

“Luna said to make it clean.”

Luna? Was it Lilith or Isabella?

“Lift her up. Take her to the Black Forest.”

Rough hands seized my arms and legs. I tried to resist, but my body refused to obey me. Half-conscious, I felt myself being lifted and thrown heavily onto damp soil.

The Black Forest. Rogue territory. Also known as the Land of Death.

“Don’t leave any survivors. We don’t want this coming back to us.”

“Bang!”

Another shot. Agonizing pain burst through my heart again. Blood poured freely, soaking the ground beneath me.

I collapsed, my vision spinning, the world whirling violently out of focus. Through the rain and mist, the figures of my attackers disappeared into the darkness.

Rain began to fall harder, cold droplets pelting my face, mingling with the smell of rotting leaves and damp moss. The chill seeped into my bones.

In the distance, I heard the hungry howls of beasts—the Rogues. They would smell my blood soon.

My heart had stopped bleeding. The pain in my chest numbed. My vision blurred again, spinning into a dark whirlpool.

I lay limp in the mud. I tried to lift a hand to shield my face from the rain, but my arm was impossibly heavy.

Darkness pressed down on me. My thoughts wavered.

Am I going to die?

A wave of unwillingness surged through me, clawing up from the depths of my soul.

Kiran Blackwood. Lilith Eldritch.

Kiran’s cold, disgusted face. Lilith’s mocking smile.

They flashed through my mind, alternating until I thought I would break.

Just as I was about to sink completely into the dark, a strange heat stirred inside me.

At first, it was a small trickle, like a stream flowing through my veins. Then it surged like a raging river, racing toward the fatal wound in my chest.

The pain intensified—sharper, rawer. My chest tingled and burned, as though ants gnawed at my flesh.

I saw the bullet slowly pushed out of my heart, expelled by sheer force. New flesh and blood grew wildly, knitting over the gaping wound.

It was agonizing—every second dragged on endlessly.

But this ancient, dominant power refused to let me die. It dragged me, screaming, back from death’s edge.

I had survived.

Exhaustion swept over me, pulling me under.

Just before I lost consciousness, a soft, gentle voice whispered in my mind:

“Stupid girl. Rest well.”

A powerful force wrapped around my thoughts, drowning out the rain, the wind, and the howls of beasts.

Then there was nothing.

My mind was dragged slowly out of darkness.

Cold. My body was cold. The rain was cold. The very air I breathed was cold.

Rotting leaves and damp earth filled my nostrils.

I opened my eyes.

Twisted tree roots. Dark moss. Endless night. Endless rain.

I was still alive.

With trembling hands, I touched my chest. My arm moved as I willed it to.

There was no bleeding wound, only smooth skin.

The fatal gunshot had healed.

I tore open the tattered fabric of my shirt. Where my heart had been torn open, there was now only a new, ugly pink scar.

That power had been real.

It had saved me.

I was alive.

“Hiss…”

A low growl rippled from the bushes nearby.

My blood ran cold.

Dozens of glowing green eyes gleamed in the darkness. Rogues.

They reeked of blood and rot. They were the most merciless creatures in the wild—without loyalty, without limits, driven only by hunger and slaughter.

They bared their fangs, saliva dripping onto the muddy ground as they stared at me with greedy eyes.

The fragile spark of hope I had clung to was doused in ice.

I was too weak. The power that had saved me had gone silent.

The largest Rogue lost patience. With a snarl, it launched itself at me, jaws wide.

The stench of rot from its throat nearly made me retch.

It’s over.

I closed my eyes, lifted my arm to shield my head, and twisted aside.

“Boom!”

A blinding blue lightning bolt tore through the sky, striking the ground in front of me.

The shockwave flung the Rogue backward. It crashed into a mud pit with a scream.

The forest lit up under the blaze of electric light.

Through the smoke and mist, a massive black wolf emerged.