

Chapter 4

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Yes. Saya was acting.

Her muteness was an act. Her delicate, innocent facade was an act. Even her dramatic "poison suicide" in my past life? That was also an act.

I had seen her true colors with my own eyes. It happened at a secret gathering, where I accidentally stumbled upon her talking to a werewolf alchemist.

"Sir, I'm just an exiled lowly she-wolf. How could I survive without using some desperate ploys to get into Prince Ryan's good graces? Please, I'm begging you! Give me a potion that can make me appear dead for a short time. Just once—that's all I need.

"I truly love His Highness. With my background, being his servant would already be aiming too high. But now that he has promised to marry me! I have to use this final trick to ensure he'll always feel guilty about me.

"Please, help me! Just one staged death, and His Highness will remember for the rest of his life that he owes me."

What a masterful scheme.

Saya fooled Ryan, fooled me, and even fooled an entire gathering of werewolf nobles.

I had once asked Ryan why he was so fixated on Saya.

"I've been the heir to the wolf clan since I was a child. Everyone flatters me and caters to me. They respect me and bow to me—but only because of my bloodline and my status.

"Even you, Selina. If I weren't the future Alpha King, would you still love me?"

His words left me speechless.

If Ryan weren't the heir to the Alpha King, with that powerful bloodline running through his veins, we wouldn't have a bond, let alone a marriage contract. We wouldn't have grown up together, and there wouldn't be talk of love or not loving.

"Saya was the only one..." He continued. "She was willing to sacrifice her life for me before she even knew who I truly was. How could I not be moved by love so pure?"

His words nearly convinced me.

As the princess of the Snowfang Pack, I was born with the pride of a noble wolf. Every decision I made required careful deliberation. I had to consider my parents, and the interests of my clan—I couldn't afford to recklessly lay down my life for someone.

But we both ignored another possibility.

Even if Ryan had been gravely injured and unconscious in the wilderness, his wolf pack markings, his natural aura of dominance, and the battle robes woven from the shadows of the moon itself that he wore—all of it screamed his exalted status.

Whether he was the future alpha of the pack or one of its top elites, his power was undeniable.

From the very beginning, Saya had seen him for what he truly was—her only path to glory and status.

"Enough!" Ryan's sharp voice suddenly cut through the tension.

The room fell silent.

Saya flinched, her body trembling as she slowly lifted her gaze. Her eyes were wide and filled with helpless innocence as she looked at me.

Her intentions couldn't have been clearer.

She had destroyed my engagement, made me a laughingstock in front of the entire pack, and now she played the part of the remorseful sinner. She was putting on an act, hoping I would pity her enough to hand her a graceful way out.

Fine.

Let her continue this charade.

I arched a brow and leisurely sipped my wine.

Saya noticed my cold reaction. She gritted her teeth and leaned forward, ready to slap herself again.

But before she could, Ryan strode forward and knocked the glass out of my hand.

"Selina, don't push it!" he growled.