

## The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 151-160

Chapter 151

RYKER'S P.O.V

It was our last day at the vacation house and I could clearly see that what started out as something fun had now turned into a source of stress for Camilla: She walked around with her head in the clouds and a million different things on her mind. I wished it was possible to take all her troubles from her but it wasn't. She liked to act strong especially when she wasn't and this was one of those cases. She was more comfortable pretending like nothing was wrong when in reality, she was hurting.

I had originally planned the best paddle ride across the lake for us but I wasn't sure if that was going to be possible. Just being near the lake meant being right next to that tree and I knew she would start a downward spiral so I had another thought. I woke up around five a.m. and made my way over to the fields. I know Briggs took a walk there every morning, I had seen him a couple times. I was curious as to why but I also knew that it was none of my business so I never asked.

"Your majesty," he bowed once he sighted me. "How nice of you to join me, is there any way that I can be of help?"

"I was thinking of going out for a ride with the girls later today. Can you set things up at the stables? I want it to be a surprise, Camilla doesn't know anything about it."

"Of course, that won't be a problem. Everyone wakes by seven and we can have everything arranged before nine if that works for you. I guarantee that you will love the horses that we have here. They have been carefully bred and selected."

"Thank you," he nodded and I started walking away when I heard him speak.

"I know it is not my place but I have seen the Queen looking out of it sometimes. Am I wrong to presume that it is because of me?"

I didn't understand what he was implying at first until I remembered the incident we had with him by the tree when he touched her. We had never addressed it again and it did seem like the most likely reason and as much as I wanted to lie and say that was it, I didn't want him to worry so I shook my head.

"That is long forgotten, fear not," I assured him. "She has a lot on her mind but I assure you that she holds no grudges in regards to you."

"Is it about the box then?" his voice was soft and almost careful as if he didn't want to come across as probing. "I just haven't seen her around the tree anymore. I thought it would be safe to assume that she found a way to open

it.”

I turned to him and crossed my arms over my chest. Briggs had been on these grounds since her father was alive. He was a friend to him and privy to a lot of things that others were not. He saw the box and there was no way he wouldn't know where it was kept. I found it hard to believe that a box was buried at the base of the tree and he never realized it for twenty years.

“What do you know about the box?” I asked and he opened his mouth to defend himself but I cut him off. “I want the truth.”

For the first time, he hesitated almost as if there was something he wasn't supposed to be saying. I watched him carefully with raised brows as he weighed his options in his head. Finally, he exhaled deeply and gestured for me to walk with him. There was no one else outside but us but I chose to oblige him after all he knew the entire place better than I ever would. He led me towards a small bench under a tree. It was facing the stables and I could hear the horses.

“This is where I was sitting when he brought the box to me,” Briggs began slowly. “I didn't know what was inside because he had already locked it. He had come here for a week and at the end, he handed me the box and said he wasn't sure if he was ever going to come back. I would like to think that he knew he was dying and wanted to make things right.”

“How long ago was this?”

“Eight years ago, the king died not too long ago, honestly. He lived to her majesty's sixteenth birthday but I guess he couldn't take the heartbreak. Before he died, he stopped ruling, Queen Leanor did everything on her own. That was part of the reason it was easy for the people to accept her as their ruler, they were already used to her.”

“He gave you the box and then what?”

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“He handed me the key as well and told me it was for his daughter. He had hopes that she would return someday and he wanted her to have it. I tried to remind him that she might never be found but he was a stubborn old man and wouldn't listen to me. I had clear instructions. If she never came here, I was to take it to her although it would have defeated the entire purpose of the hunt.” He smiled at that last sentence and shook his head as if thinking up a fun memory.

“He loved the hunts and it was simple. I was to bury the box for her to find and hide the key as well. I know if he were alive he would have made it a little harder but I was never as good as him at hiding. Truth be told, I wanted her to find it quickly, there is so much obvious in regards to her father. There is so much hatred and I know he wasn't the best

good friend to me. I suppose that makes me just as bad as him bade  
know him the way I do.” –

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When he was done speaking, I was quiet. I wasn't sure what to do or say in response to this. I wasn't sure how Camilla would react to this news, she was unpredictable when it came to things regarding her father. She might have seen it as lying but to Briggs, he was honoring his dead friend's final wish. I ran my hands through my hair as I exhaled deeply.

“Do not speak a word of this to her,” I warned and he immediately nodded.

“She doesn't need to know the mechanics behind how the box got there. All she needs to know is that it is from her father.”

“Of course,” he bowed before turning his attention back to the sun that was beginning to rise. “He always loved the sunrise. In the last years of his life, it was the only thing that would bring him calm. He said it reminded him of his powers, it reminded him of the truth and beauty behind the

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“He gained perspective,” I deduced and Briggs nodded. He opened his mouth to speak but I heard grass crunching beneath feet and I looked up to see Camilla making her way over.

She was still dressed in her nightgown but had a large coat over it. Briggs gave me a small smile once he saw her approaching and stood to his feet. “I'll have the stables set up for you.”

He walked off making sure to bow to her as he did. Her eyes tracked his movements as she finally came to stand in front of me. “What was that? Is everything okay?”

I hummed as I reached out for her and pulled her into my lap. “I was just planning today's schedule. What are you doing out here?”

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Her cheeks flushed a light pink as she spoke. “You weren't in bed so I came looking for you. Are you watching the sunrise, Ryker?”

“Do you want to watch it with me?” I didn't give her the chance to respond before I pulled her closer to my chest so that she was pressed up against me. She buried her head in the crook of my neck and wrapped her arms around me.

“We have to go back in so the kids don't wake up scared.”

I knew she was right but I didn't want to move. “Five more minutes.”

We didn't end up leaving until half an hour later and thankfully, the girls hadn't woken up yet. I was able to get breakfast done while Camilla handled the kids.

It was the last day and I wanted us to act like a normal family for five seconds. I wanted to have breakfast without maids running around, wanted to sit down with my kids without feeling like there are multiple people watching us. There wasn't something we could

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was something intimate about it and I knew they all loved it as well, watching us. There

have at the palace but here, we were just us.

After breakfast, Audrey and I decided to take a small walk around the grounds while Camilla got dressed. I had asked Briggs to watch Aurora while we went on the horses. She was too young and I didn't want any accidents involving her. I hadn't told Camilla what we were doing but that didn't stop her from asking me questions every other second.

I was lifting Audrey to pick a pear from the tree when Camilla spoke. "Please tell me that you are at least going to wash that before eating

Audrey giggled with the pear close to her lips and shot her mother a bashful smile. Camilla walked over to us and took the fruit from her hands before handing it over to a passing maid.

"We can get a washed one for you later," she made sure to emphasize the word 'washed' before turning to me. "What is the plan for today other than trying to feed your daughter with a dirty fruit?"

Her tone was teasing and she had a small smile on her face that led me to realize that she was just joking. I reached out for her and she took my free hand.

"So," she asked again. "What are we doing? You've kept it a secret since. You might as well just tell me now."

I gestured to Audrey who was clutching my other hand. "We are going to teach our girl to ride."

## **The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 152-153**

Chapter 152

CAMILLA'S P.O.V

There were times in my life where I doubted the decisions that I had made but one decision I knew I would never doubt was choosing to make Ryker the father of my children. He was kind and loving and he treated the girls like adults. He was always willing to push their comfort zone a little but never to the point where they felt terrified. He was a natural with the girls and I couldn't

help but feel proud to be his mate as I watched him saddle Audrey onto the horse.

He had her on a small brown pony and I could see her being a little scared at the prospect of going at it alone but Ryker was by her side the entire time. She watched him with wide eyes, taking in everything he said and trying to act accordingly. It was times like this I wished I could immortalize images and have them etched into eternity forever.

“Your majesty,” I nearly jumped when I heard Briggs’ voice behind me. “I’m sorry if I scared you. I was wondering if you would want to join them on the ride. There are many horses to choose from.”

I started by shaking my head. “I’m not sure if I want to yet. I think I’m comfortable watching them from over here.”

“Perhaps it would be more encouraging for her if she could see you do it. She is doing amazing already but it might help with the confidence boost.”, It was obvious that there was another reason he wanted me to pick a horse but I didn’t want to dwell on it or start up a conversation that I would probably end up hating so I focused on the reason that he gave and glanced over at my daughter. I thought about how fun it would be for her and sighed in resignation before turning back to Briggs.

“Show me the way,” I said finally and I saw the smile that he was desperately trying to hide.

Excluding the pony that Audrey was riding on, there were four other large horses two of which were a chestnut color while the others were grey and black. They were in individual stalls and I slowly made my way up to each one. I was always careful when choosing a horse. The black one didn’t particularly like being touched so I ignored it and focused on the others. The first one to reach out to me was the grey one. It nuzzled into my palm and I couldn’t stop myself from smiling as I slowly stroked its coat. I could see Briggs watching me with fascination and a wide smile that had me feeling on edge. I hesitated to ask him my next question because I knew I wasn’t going to like it. Regardless, I shoved down my qualms and turned to him.

“Whose horse is this?” I asked without looking at him and his grin got even wider if that was possible.

“It is yours,” he said with excitement lacing his tone and I turned to him with scrunched brows.

“What do you mean? I just arrived here, how could I possibly own it? I meant who used to ride it before I arrived.”

“I understand what you meant but she was ridden only to prepare her for you,” he must have seen how confused I was because he explained. “Shortly before your father died, a few of our older horses had foals and this was one of them. He took one look at it and declared that she should be

given to you. Her name is-

"I don't care," I cut him off aware of just how rude I sounded. I didn't want anything to do with my father and simply touching the horse now brought a bad taste to the back of my mouth but I couldn't bring myself to choose another. "It a ride, we will be out of here by tomorrow is jus morning. There is no need for me to get attached to her only to leave her again."

He knew I was lying but he didn't push. He bowed and walked away leaving me alone with the horse. She watched me with eyes that seemed to innocent for her breed and I hated the small part of me that was excited at the prospect of being loved enough by someone that on his death bed he still thought of me. I didn't want to feel this much but I did.

The other came over to saddle the horse momentarily snapping me out of my thoughts and I decided to focus on Audrey who was beaming from ear to ear when she saw me. Ryker's eyes met mine and immediately he knew something was wrong. I felt a soft caress against my mental walls that I had come to associate with Ryker. I hesitated for a second before letting my walls fall.

"Are you alright?" he asked and I hummed. "Did something happen back there? Do I need to talk-"

"No," I said immediately. "I'm fine, I just needed a second. I promise you, it is nothing to worry about."

He sighed. "You know that you can talk to me about anything, right?"

"Of course," I didn't hesitate because it was true. If there was anyone I was comfortable baring my entire heart too, it was Ryker. He always listened, he always understood, even when I was being unreasonable and stupid, he managed to get it. "Let's ride, shall we?"

We didn't go back in until the sun began to set although I had to take a break twice to feed Aurora. By the time we got back to the house, Audrey was skipping and grinning from ear to ear. She chattered on about her favorite parts and how she wanted to go back there again. She had forgotten we were leaving tomorrow and neither of us had the heart to remind her. I didn't want her last night to be filled with tears about the inevitable, I wanted her to enjoy it to the best of her abilities.

"I have something else planned for the evening," Ryker whispered to me making me stop by the foot of the stairs. I turned to him with a raised brow and a small smile but all he did was shrug. "Can you help clean the girls up while I get everything ready?"

"Do I get any hints as to what we are getting dressed for?" I asked but he shook his head.

“Just be comfortable, it is dinner, and also dress warm.”

After his cryptic message, he gave me a soft kiss on my forehead and disappeared down the halls. I opened my mouth to speak a few times but didn't know what to say so I simply focused on wrangling Audrey into the bath. When I told her it was something her father had planned, she was adamant that I give her a pretty braid and I had no objections to it.

After finishing with her, I went to get cleaned and when I returned, I found her peering into Aurora's crib and whispering some words to her little sister. When she sighted me, she placed her fingers over her lips as if warning me to be quiet. I slowly made my way over to her and sat next to her.

“Mummy look,” she gestured to where Aurora was gripping two of her fingers tightly as she slept. Audrey was beaming as if she had just won the lottery, her joy was pure and I couldn't help but wish she could stay this young and happy forever. “This means she loves me, right?”

“Yes, it does,” I assured her with a soft kiss to her hair. “Aurora loves you and she is extremely lucky to have you as her older sister.”

Her smile grew impossibly wider and I swore it was brighter than a thousand suns. We sat there in silence for a few minutes just enjoying the peace of the moment before Ryker knocked on the door and ushered us out. He held Aurora but made sure Audrey and I were blindfolded as he led us outside. I felt the slight chill in the air and despite asking a million times, he wouldn't tell me where we were going.

We finally stopped and I held my breath as he slowly undid the blindfolds. When I saw the elaborate set up, I gasped in shock. He had turned the small picnic table into a sight to behold with fairy lamps hanging everywhere and a small tent to turn it into a private and intimate moment. I opened my mouth but no words came out, only a small tear that Ryker immediately reached out and wiped away.

“Do you like it?” he whispered in my ears but no words could be spoken. I just nodded and I could feel the pride swelling from him. “Come, let's end the night the right way, shall we?”

It was a bit chilly inside but it was a lot warmer because of the lights. Audrey clung to her father's side and I couldn't help but smile at that. It was good to know that she had something I never did and as I watched them, I couldn't help but think and wonder if I would have been a daddy's girl had I grown up in the palace.

“You would,” Ryker answered in my head and I stilled. “You projected your thought down the bond but I think you would. From what we have seen and heard about your father, he would have spoiled you rotten.”

“He was a bad person.”

He shrugged. “We are all bad people to a certain level but he would have loved you and you would have never doubted that. I think two things can be possible at the same time and it is possible to love him as your father and hate his actions as a person.”

I knew he was right and I knew what I had to do. I thought back to the letters I had shoved into the bedside table and made a decision. I was going to see what he had to say.

Chapter 153

CAMILLA'S P.O.V

There were a total of ten letters in that envelope and Ryker sat with me as I read each of them. It was like hearing my father speak directly to me. It was like having him directly beside me and I could have sworn that I felt his arms around me, comforting me and offering me unwavering support. I couldn't go through them without the tears running down my cheeks and by the time I was done, it felt like I had been scrubbed clean from the inside out, like someone had taken sandpaper to my heart and left me out to dry.

Ryker said no words, he just held me as I cried and clutched the letters to my chest. He muttered sweet nothings in my ears while kissing my temple. I must have fallen asleep in his arms because the next thing I knew, I was waking up to the blankets wrapped around me and to Ryker seated by the edge of the bed as he stroked my hair softly. He smiled down at me and I managed to give him an identical one despite the pounding in my head and the soreness around my eyes.

“We have to leave soon,” he whispered and I felt a pang in my heart. “We can always come back another day. It might make for a good yearly vacation spot.”

“I think I'd like that,” I agreed.

He helped me to my feet and we made our way down the stairs to prepare one last breakfast for Audrey. I doubted she still remembered we were leaving today and I feared the tantrum that was already coming. Thankfully, Ryker offered to get her up and break the news to her. I didn't combat him because I was willing to do anything to avoid it.

I heard the exact moment he told her because her scream was loud enough to shake the walls. Aurora started crying almost immediately after and I cursed. It took us half an hour to calm both of them and by that time, my pounding headache was much worse.

Breakfast was such a tense affair. Audrey refused to speak once, she just sulked into her plate. I wanted to comfort her but I knew there was nothing I could do. I understood where she was coming from and to an extent, I felt the



same.

I didn't realize I would enjoy it here as much as I did. It was a completely different experience, one that I didn't realize I needed until I had it. There was something about this place, it was in the air and under the ground, it was a safe haven, it was peace and it was love. It had seeped into the air and the walls. It was in the trees and the chairs, it was obvious that this was a place well loved and I knew there was only one person responsible for that.

After breakfast, we packed up what was left of our things and were in the carriage long before noon. Aurora was fast asleep in my arms while Ryker and Briggs loaded our things into the carriage. Audrey was standing next to me and clutching onto the sides of my dress. I smoothed a hand through her hair and she nestled closer into me.

"Are you alright?" I asked and she nodded but I could tell from her eyes that she was anything but. "Do you want a hug?"

"Yes please," she mumbled and I pulled her close into me.

She sniffled as she buried her face into my skirts. I ran my hands through her hair as I tried not to

draw attention to her. We weren't at the palace where she had to pretend or put up a persona, she was a child and it was alright for her to cry. I caught Ryker staring at us with a questioning look but I shook my head. She was fine, she just needed to get her emotions out. I would have very much preferred that she cried than shoved them down.

"Mummy," Audrey asked and I looked down at her. She had her eyes cast down on her plate as she played around with her food. "When can we come back?"

"Soon," I assured her with a soft kiss to her temple. "I promise, we will come back very soon. I'll make sure we come here at least once a year."

That seemed to be enough for her because she got into the carriage with no hesitation. I felt hands on my waist and I nearly jumped but Ryker's scent filtered into my nose and I relaxed into his hold.

"How is she?" he sounded genuinely worried and confused as if he didn't know what to do.

"She will be fine, don't worry about her."

He placed a lingering kiss on my temple before taking Aurora from me so I could get into the carriage. I was just about to when a throat was cleared behind me. I turned to see Briggs looking at me awkwardly. He was shuffling his feet but wouldn't look me directly in the eye. Ryker seemed to get the hint because without another word, he got into the carriage.

"It was an honor to meet you, your majesty."

“Please, call me Camilla,” I cut him off and he gave me a small smile. “It was an honor to be here. You have done so much for this place. Do you stay here all year round?”

He nodded. “This is the only life I have known.”

“Don’t you have a family? Don’t you ever miss them?”

He gave me a small smile. “I never got married, your- Camilla, and it never appealed to me. There is a town behind this house, just a few miles off. It is a short distance. If we ever miss human company, we know where to go. You don’t have to worry about us.”

I felt relieved to know that they were not completely isolated for the entirety of the year. I couldn’t imagine having to do that.

“Have a good journey, Camilla,” he reached out to shake me but quickly remembered the last incident that took place and snatched his hand back. “I hope to see you again soon.”

He bowed and walked towards the door. I watched him disappear into the house and stood there for far longer than I should have, before getting into the carriage. Ryker gave me a questioning look but I shook my head. It was fine, The ride back to the palace was uneventful. I stared out the window allowing my thoughts fly. Audrey slept off halfway through the ride leaving just Ryker and I but neither of us knew what to say. My attention was split between what was happening at the palace and the small box that was carefully wrapped in my luggage.

The carriage pulled to a stop before I even realized it and I blinked out of my thoughts to find that

we were in front of the palace already. I glanced out of the window only to see the sun already setting. Time had gone by so fast that I hadn’t even realized it. I barely had time to gather myself before the door was pulled open and Christine stood there with a wide smile.

She looked different but in a good way, she reminded me of how she looked when she first returned from Juan’s place. Her hair was down in their natural waves, her eyes were bright with happiness and her cheeks were flushed. She looked relaxed for the first time in a long time and I could see the dark bite on her neck that she was trying to hide with her hair.

“Do not say anything,” she warned and I raised my hands in mock surrender. “I missed you.”

She all but pulled me out of the carriage before wrapping her arms around me. I relaxed into her hold and inhaled her familiar scent. I had come to associate it with the scent of home and it felt amazing to just feel her once more. She released me slowly but her eyes caught on someone behind me and she all but shoved me away to pull Audrey in her arms. I watched her spin

my daughter and I saw the first smile grace Audrey's lips since we left the vacation house.

It was amazing just how good Christine was with her and I knew I could never have done this without her. Ryker was the last person to step out and he handed our youngest over to me. She was already awake but thankfully, she wasn't stirring or crying.

"How was your vacation?" Christine asked finally and I shrugged.

"How was your time alone?" I shot back and her cheeks flushed into a deeper color. I raised a brow at her and she smacked my hand. "I just asked a question, you're being violent."

"There is nothing to say."

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"I'll tell you yours," I offered and she debated it for a second before taking my outstretched hand.

I looked over her shoulder only to see Juan leaning against the door and watching us or rather her. His eyes were fixated on her and I watched how he looked at her, it was like she was the only person in the room, like she was the brightest light in a dark sky. A small smile pulled at the corner of his lips before he finally pulled his eyes away from her and towards me. I raised a brow at him and he tipped his head towards me.

Christine noticed my attention was somewhere else and she turned to find Juan. I saw the heat in her eyes but she quickly looked away and tried to hide it.

"You can go to him," I told her and her brows furrowed. "You don't have to be here with us. We had a long trip, we are probably going to bed now, anyway."

"But-

"Go, Christine," it was Ryker who spoke. I hadn't even realized when he stepped up behind me. "We can take care of ourselves, you deserve to be happy."

"You think so?" her voice was soft and almost scared.

I placed my hand on her shoulders and forced her to look at me. "No one deserves it more than

you

do. Go with him, he's waiting for you."

She debated it for a second before smiling and making her way over to him.

The moment she was within reach, his hands wrapped around her waist and he pulled her closer. She whispered

something that had him laughing before he kissed her.

I couldn't stop my smile as I watched them. "She'll be safe with him."

"Yes, she will."

## The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 154

Chapter 154

CAMILLA'S P.O.V: A FEW MONTHS LATER

Aurora was turning one and the entire palace was in complete disarray as we struggled to get everything in motion. One would think that a child's first birthday would be a small and intimate moment between family but she was the princess, nothing was done in moderation. I remembered Audrey's birthday and how despite wanting it to be kept hidden, it still managed to be a lavish event.

"Is the cake decorated yet?" I asked as I poked my head into the kitchen. The maids were fussing over the cake that still hadn't been completely iced yet.

"What the hell have you been doing? It is almost time for the party, I asked you to do this ages ago."

"It will be done soon, your majesty," one of the older maids bowed. I knew I was a nightmare to be around in this time but Aurora was my child and I wanted this to go smoothly.

I left the kitchen to check on the decorations. The party was going to be held in the park just behind the palace. Everyone was unofficially invited and I wasn't exactly sure how I felt about that but it was tradition and there was little I could do in regards to it. Her subsequent birthdays could be kept smaller but this one had to be extravagant.

"Camilla," I felt hands wrap around my waist and Ryker pulled me to a stop. I hadn't even noticed him approaching because of how busy I was. "Have you considered taking a step back and letting everyone do what they are good at? You have done everything you can do, just let them deliver."

"Someone is going to mess something up, I can feel it," I grumbled knowing exactly how insane I sounded but not caring.

Ever since I woke up, I had this nagging feeling that something was going to go wrong. It was the very reason I went to everyone individually to ensure that they were doing exactly what they needed to. Everything seemed to be going according to plan but my feeling hadn't left me. It was like a noose around my neck that tightened with each passing second. It could have just been nerves but I was not willing to leave anything to chance. Everything had to be perfect. He sighed and took the checklist I had created from my hands. He ran his eyes over it and shook his head to himself. I expected him to hand it over to me once he was done but to my surprise, he just folded it and put it in his pocket. I tried to reach out for it but he grabbed my wrist and pulled me flush against him. My breath caught in my throat as his eyes trapped mine.

“Everything will be fine,” his voice was soft and filled with quiet reassurance. “You haven’t even spent the morning with your daughter. She hasn’t stopped calling out for you.”

Guilt filled my entire being as his words settled. I let out a sigh and agreed to follow him. He led me towards the private living room where the girls were seated with Christine and Juan. Over the past few months, Juan and Christine had gotten closer and they officially mates less than two months ago. I had never seen Christine look so happy. She still lived in the palace but there was an entire wing dedicated to her, Juan and any future family they might have. Juan was deep in conversation with Audrey and I saw her crossing her arms over her chest in annoyance. They got along the most or the least depending on the circumstances. They always had

the most absurd arguments ranging from whether chocolates were nice to what kind of animals would make the best pets. I could only imagine what they were talking about but I knew she was in safe hands.

My eyes found my youngest who had a wide grin on her face as she waddled over to me. She took her first steps last month and it was the greatest thing of my life to be able to watch it with Ryker next to me. Once she was close enough, I picked her up and kissed all over her cheek.

“Mama,” she garbled and my heart swelled even more. As she spoke, Audrey’s eyes found mine and she sprinted across the room and buried her face into my thighs.

“Where have you been? I was looking for you.”

“I’m sorry, I was trying to do something for the party.”

Both girls were dressed in elaborate princess gowns. Audrey’s was a light pink color with glitter all over the skirts while Aurora’s was a bright yellow color that looked like it resembled the sun. I caught Ryker’s eye and I could tell that he was thinking the same thing I was- how lucky we both were.

“We have a few hours until the party, don’t we?” I asked and Audrey nodded.

“Well then, you can tell me all about the conversation you’re having with Juan.”

It turned out to be just as absurd as I thought and by the time they managed to come to an amicable agreement, I already had a small headache. The only reason they stopped their argument was because a maid came to inform us that everything was ready.

Audrey was more excited for the party than anyone, she was the most amazing big sister and she had completely taken up everything pertaining to her little sister, she all but pulled Ryker and I out of the room and towards the front of the palace where a carriage was waiting for us. The venue was not far

but I didn't feel like walking in the massive dress I was wearing. By the time we got there, I was stunned. All my worrying had been for nothing because it was pure perfection. We had gone for a sun themed party, everything was bright yellow even down to the massive birthday cake. I couldn't stop my lips from pulling into a smile as I took it in. Ryker was holding Aurora who was trying her hardest to grab whatever was within her reach. The whispers started as soon as we arrived. People were straining for a glimpse of her. Just like I did with Audrey, she rarely stepped out to see the people and it was more for her safety than anyone it was more for her safety than anyone else's. Seeing them was always a privilege to the pack and I could tell because of how enamored they were by her. She seemed to flourish under the attention and smiled at everyone who came remotely close. Things seemed to be going perfectly but I couldn't brush off that uneasy feeling in my chest.

"Camilla," I nearly jumped until I realized it was Christine that was standing next to me. "You're on edge, are you alright? You haven't seemed yourself since this morning."

"I'm fine, it's my daughter's birthday, I just want everything to go fine," I lied. If she didn't believe me, she didn't let it show, she just hummed and nodded. "I wanted to tell you something, but you have to swear not to tell anyone, not even Ryker, I don't want Juan finding out until I tell him myself," she began and my eyes widened in shock.

"Are you pregnant?" I whisper yelled and she took an alarmed step back.  
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"No," she said quickly with a small awkward laugh. "Juan and I said we were not ready for that right now. I probably shouldn't have started my sentence the way," she ran her hands through her hair. "It is related to that though, I was considering going off my tonic. I just didn't know how he would react to it."

I sighed and placed both hands on her shoulders. "Juan loves you and that man is amazing with children. I am sure that he would want a family with you. Just talk to him, Christine. If this is something you want then he would be more than happy to listen."

"Are you sure?" she asked and I nodded.

"You can talk to him now if you'd like but I think he is rather preoccupied by a group of children," I gestured to a spot behind her where Juan was sitting in the midst of ten kids showing them magic tricks. I saw her features soften as she took him in. "You deserve this, Christine. You deserve everything, down to children of your own."

I squeezed her shoulder once more before walking away to find Ryker and our

daughter.

The party actually went well despite my uneasy feeling. We cut the cake and Aurora blew out her candles. We were returning to the palace with two sleeping children and I had to admit that my unease was probably my worry. Ryker's hands were intertwined with mine and my head was nestled against his shoulder as the carriage moved slowly so as not to wake the girls.

"I'm kind of glad it is over," I mumbled and I felt rather than heard him laugh. His chest shook as he tried to smother the sounds. "I had forgotten just how tiring kids birthdays are."

"Don't be tired just yet, we have another in about six months."

I nearly groaned. "Who told us that having two children was a grand idea?"

He laughed. He opened his mouth to speak but was cut off by a whine that came directly from Audrey. Our eyes snapped to her as we noticed her starting to stir in her sleep as if she were having a nightmare. I immediately gathered her into my arms trying to calm her down. She had never gotten a nightmare in her life and yet, here she was thrashing in my hold.

"You're fine, sweetheart," I cooed as I stroked her hair. "Mummy is here, please wake up."

She let out an ear splitting scream that roused Aurora before she jerked awake. It was a chilling sound that I felt directly in my bones, one borne of undiluted fear. When she noticed me, she threw her hands around my shoulders and began to sob.

"It was so scary, mummy."

"What was scary?"

"The person."

"I don't understand you baby, what is wrong?"

"Someone is coming, I saw them."

## **The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 155**

Chapter 155

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RYKER'S P.O.V

"That's impossible," Caius said after we had told him everything that happened.

It was almost impossible to get Audrey back to sleep. We had conceded to having her sleep in our bed and the moment she was out, Camilla and I went in search of Caius. We tried to convince Audrey that whatever she saw was a

to us and it was more terrifying than Shtmare but she was that it was not. She explained it what her five year old brain should have been able to cook up. There was only one other explanation- it was a vision- but Caius didn't seem to agree. "She is a wolf, not a witch and wolves don't have visions," he explained. "It also cannot be her powers because she is five and not twenty one." "Well what do you expect that we tell our daughter?" Camilla asked with her hands crossed over her chest. "She was genuinely worried. There has to be some truth in what she said. She would not make up something like that." "Children lie," he offered but I shook my head. "Not Audrey, she has everything she could ever want, there is no reason for her to lie."

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I was glad that I had spoken before Camilla because she looked ready to blow a fuse. Her hair was in a tangled mess around her head from the number of times she had ran her fingers through it. She looked as frustrated as I felt and I wanted to reach out to console her but I didn't even know where to start. She turned to me in exasperation as if pleading for me to say something but the truth was that I didn't know what to say, I didn't even know where to begin.

"What would you suggest that we do then?" Caius asked looking confused.

"We cannot tell anyone about this because it will only bring more questions than answers and the way I see it, neither of us has any answers. All we can do is just sit and watch things unfold."

"She is terrified!" Camilla exclaimed. "Do you expect that we just leave her?"

"We don't have a lot of options right now your majesty," Caius' voice was soft and almost patronizing.

I reached out for my mate and placed one hand on her waist and the other on her shoulder. She immediately relaxed into my hold and I rested her head against my shoulder. Caius' eyes met mine and I gave him a simple nod of dismissal. There was nothing left to be done or said, he had done his best and for that I was grateful. He bowed before walking away and once he was gone, Camilla groaned in frustration.

I could feel the effects of that sound in my bones, I felt the same way but in times like this, one of us had to remain strong. There were times where she held things together for both of us, the least I could do was extend the same courtesy to her. We stood there for a few minutes, just standing in the silence and feeling each other. No words were spoken but nothing needed to be said that hadn't already been through our actions.

After a long silence, Camilla sighed and turned to face me. "We should better check on Audrey. We have to make sure that she is okay."

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I immediately agreed and we were on our way towards the room. I opened the door and the first thing I realized was that Audrey wasn't on the bed. Panic seized my insides until I realized that she was sitting by the window. She was sitting under it with her legs pulled up to her chest, her cheeks were wet with tears and pain gripped at the corners of my heart because I wasn't there for her. I immediately rushed over to her and pulled her into my arms. She buried her face into my shoulder and grabbed onto me like a koala.

"Where were you?" she sobbed into my shoulders. "You weren't here when I woke up. I called for you but you—"

"I'm sorry," I hated the way my voice cracked on the end. "I am so f ucking sorry, princess. I should have been here, you're right. I won't leave again."

Audrey choked back a s ob and I felt moisture gather in my eyes. She was so little and yet so much had happened already. My eyes found Camilla who was standing to a corner with her hands wrapped around herself. She was already crying and I could see that her hands itched to hold Audrey.

I smoothed my daughter's hair back. "Do you want some chocolate?" I asked and she nodded.

It was an insane idea to give that to her this late at night but I didn't quite care. I wanted to make sure that she was happy and settled. With her on my hip, I walked over to the kitchen. Camilla followed close behind and made hot chocolate in a small mug for Audrey. Audrey had stopped crying by now but she still didn't want to be let down and I understood. I wouldn't have wanted to be left alone either if I were her. I couldn't even imagine what she might have seen.

By the time we got back to the room, everyone was relatively calm. I placed Audrey on the bed but she refused to move from her spot between my legs. She leaned back against me as she drank her beverage and snacked on the little bro wnie that Camilla had placed for her.

"Audrey," I began slowly and she hummed. "Do you want to tell me what scared you so much when you woke up?" She stilled before shaking her head.

I had expected that kind of response but that didn't mean I was going to let it slide. "I know you're scared princess, but I need to know so that I can help."

She sniffled. "But it was scary and I don't want to be scared."

"It's okay to be scared, I am scared a lot of times but I find that talking about my fears help me. I always talk to your mum and it makes me not so scared anymore."

"Are you really?" she asked and I nodded. "But you're big and big people don't get scared." "Should I tell you a secret?" I waited until she was looking up at

me with her wide eyes before I spoke. "Big people get scared the most. We are scared most of the time. I was scared when I saw you like that on the ground, I was scared when the vampires attacked and I was terrified as hell the first time I saw you."

Her brows scrunched. "Why?"

"Because you're my little girl and I want to protect you. I knew that I was going to need to step up my game so I could be a good dad to you," she didn't completely understand what I was saying but she understood the general message. "What scared you so much?"

She was quiet for a second as if weighing her thoughts and instead of pushing, I waited. I gave her the space to make that choice for herself because while I could have pushed and gotten the answer I wanted, it was a sure way to ensure that she never trusted me again.

"It was very dark," she began slowly. "I was in this place and I knew I was sleeping but I couldn't wake up. There were so many things and they were moving so fast. I saw you with blood on your hands, I saw Rory but she wasn't breathing and mummy was screaming. There was this other woman there too, she was very pretty but she was scary. I couldn't talk to anyone. It was terrifying."

I pulled her into me because her lower lip had started to wobble again. "It's alright, you're safe. I am fine, so is your mummy, okay? Everyone is okay, Rory is asleep, no one is hurt."

"I'm just scared!" she exclaimed and it hurt that all I could do was hold her.  
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She sobbed into me for a full minute before finally calming down. Her shoulders shook with each sob and by the time she managed to relax, I saw that she was already asleep. I didn't want to let her go immediately, I wanted to hold her, I wanted to rid her of all the nightmares and bad dreams. I wasn't sure if they were just nightmares but I sure as hell hoped they were. What else could they have been?

"What do you think?" I asked Camilla who just shrugged. "it isn't a memory from the past."

"it is probably just her subconscious bringing up fears because of what happened to her in the past," she explained but I could tell that even she didn't completely believe that. "We just have to assure her that everything is fine. It happens."

"Why did it happen now?" I asked and she couldn't respond. "If this was because of everything that happened before then it only stands to reason that it should have happened since. Things have been calm for months, why would

this suddenly just start up like that?”

“I don’t know,” her answer was almost choked. “I don’t even want to think about what the other alternative is right now. We haven’t gotten my powers under control, the last thing we need is a five year old with powers. People will go crazy for that.”

She was right. Her healing powers still tended to react when she was in contact with sick people and for the past few months, we had done anything possible to keep her away from people. She always wore gloves in public and she never touched people. It was difficult to maintain but we managed to do so.

“No matter what happens, we can handle it,” I told her but she said nothing, “Camilla, do you trust me?” She nodded, “Trust that we can handle all of this, we can take care of our child.”

“I want to believe that, I really do.”

“If we made it this long then you have to believe that we can make it until the end,” I glanced down at Audrey who was still sleeping soundly and gently lay her on the bed. “She will be fine, I swear it.”

## **The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 156**

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Chapter 156

CAMILLA’S P.O.V

Two days later and Audrey was still sleeping in our room because the bad dreams kept coming. They were getting worse and more graphic and we had done so much to try and reduce them but it only seemed to be getting worse. We did all the herbal treatments we could think of but now Audrey was terrified to sleep. It was terrifying watching her move around like a zombie each day with pure exhaustion and fear in her eyes. Neither of us had slept properly in the past two days and I knew I had to find a permanent solution.

“Camilla!” I didn’t realize Christine was speaking to me until she had to yell my name. I blinked twice before turning to her. She had a soft look of worry on her features. “How is she?”

“Horrible,” I admitted feeling the familiar acid taste of guilt climbing up my throat. “She doesn’t even sleep, Christine. She doesn’t want to. I haven’t seen her smile in about four days. I want my daughter to be healthy and happy, not whatever is happening to her right now.”

She sighed and ran her hands through her hair. "Have you considered that maybe it is her powers? It hasn't happened before but a lot of weird things have happened with your family. You have two powers instead of one and one is out of control. It wouldn't be shocking that your child got hers early."

"I don't care if it is early or not, I just want it to stop."

She frowned. "Isn't that unhealthy? She needs to learn to control it. It doesn't matter if it comes now or when she is twenty one, she will have the same reactions to it."

"At least she wouldn't be a child then," I exclaimed and her brows furrowed. "At twenty one, she is an adult ready to take on the fucking world. Right now, she is a five year old who is terrified out of her mind every second of the day. I don't know about you but that is not the life I want for my child. At twenty one, we can work together and deal with it but right now, I just want her to have her childhood."

I ran my hands down my face after my short speech. Christine was staring at me with a mix of pity and worry. If it were another day, I would have told her off but right now, I was more focused on Audrey. Speaking of my daughter, the door opened and Juan walked in with Audrey in his arms. She was asleep for the first

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time in almost twenty four hours. She was clinging to him and he didn't seem to mind as he made his way in.

"I am so sorry," I rushed to my feet once I noticed them. "I can take her from you if you would-"

"I don't mind," he assured me hoisting her up higher in his arms. "You look like sh it. I think you need the break more than I do," I gave him a small tired smile in response.

"Look, I know this really isn't any of my business but I think I have something that might help. This isn't set in stone or anything and there is no guarantee that she will be able to help. I just know that she always has her ways."

"I am willing to try anything at this point."

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I was aware of how desperate I sounded but the truth was that I was desperate. I needed an answer and I needed it fast. There wasn't much I wasn't willing to risk in order to get her back to the child I knew.

"There's a seer, she used to work with my dad. She warned him about Alara but my father was a proud man and he never liked to listen. If there is anyone that can help you with Audrey then it has to be her. I can give you directions to her or I can take you there. I had completely forgotten about her until Christine came to me last night."

"Thank you," I didn't realize when my eyes started tearing up until a few drops slipped out and down my face. "When can we see her?"

"We can leave now but we will get to her cave late at night. I don't know how long we will be there but we won't return until tomorrow morning. Does that work for you?"

I nodded. "Of course, let me just talk to Ryker." I stood to my feet before quickly remembering something. I turned to Christine. "You wouldn't mind helping me watch Aurora, right?"

She waved me off. "Of course not, go help Audrey. We will be here waiting."

I thanked her before rushing off towards Ryker's office where he was seated over a stack of papers. I told him everything Juan had said and the relief that grew on his face was palpable. His shoulders sagged a little and it was obvious that I wasn't the only one carrying the brunt of the stress. Within minutes, we were saddled on horses and ready to leave. Juan offered to take a carriage because Audrey was

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sleeping but Ryker was adamant on horses as it would have been faster.

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The seer's place was a distance away from the palace. I couldn't help but feel that pinprick of unease as we rode late into the night. Even though the vampires were not a problem anymore, it didn't stop me from feeling anxious about them. I was so relieved when Juan said we were at her house.

It wasn't what I had expected. It was a fairly sized cottage with ivy growing on the sides and weird looking plants in front. The place had an aura, one I couldn't quite put my finger on. It was obvious that there was magic in the air, I could feel it rolling over my skin and I could feel my powers reacting and pushing as if they wanted to expel straight from my skin. I had my gloves on but that didn't stop the electric feeling from running over my entire body.

"Are you alright?" Ryker reached out for me but I shook my head and took a quick step back.

"Don't, please, I feel unstable right now. There's a lot in the air."

His brows furrowed and I realized that I was the only one who could feel it because I had powers. I glanced over at Audrey who had woken up during the ride to see if she

felt the same. Her eyes met mine and she broke away to look over the cottage.

"I feel funny," she mumbled with a frown.

"I know, baby," I placed a soft kiss on her temple. She had refused to get out of Juan's hold and he didn't seem to be bothered by that. "We are going to fix that."

We had barely taken two steps towards the cottage when the door opened and the most stunning woman ever stepped out. Her hair was cut short by her chin and it was as dark as the night sky, her eyes were a light brown color that seemed almost unnatural and her skin glowed like ivory. She was bare faced with a simple long black dress. The corner of her lips kicked up in a small smile.

"Hello Juan," she never took her eyes off him. "It's been a while since I've seen you. I saw that you dropped everything behind."

"What can I say? I found something else worth living for," he shrugged and her lips pulled up into a wider smile.

She looked away from him before settling her eyes on me. "I've seen you, Camilla and I have been expecting you. Come on in, I have some tea set."

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I glanced over at Juan with worry in my eyes. I was aware that she was a seer but did that really mean she was privy to my name? Juan gave me a small nod of assurance and I chose to trust him by forcing my feet forward.

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The inside of her house was warmer than the outside. She had trinkets hanging all around and sure enough in the center of the room was a table with a tea pot and three cups. I glanced over at Ryker to see that he had the same suspicious look in his eyes.

"I am not going to harm you. I doubt I could even if I wanted to. I am a seer, not a normal witch or a fighter. My powers lie solely in what I am able to see or discern. I have knowledge in potions as well but not as much as a potions master would have," she spoke without even looking up at us and when she did, her Audrey. "I didn't see her. Who is she?"

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"She is why we are here," I said simply and her brows furrowed in confusion.

"This is the first time I've never seen someone before," she turned to Audrey and held out her hand. "What's your name, sweet girl? I'm Lyla, I'm from a long line of seers."

"I'm Audrey," her voice was soft as she took Lyla's hand. I expected some form of

recognition on Lyla's face but there was nothing. If anything, there was confusion. "Are you going to help me?"

"I'm going to try but I can't see you. I'm touching you but I can't reach you, almost as if someone or something is blocking you from me."

"What does that mean?" Ryker cut in and Lyla sighed.

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"The way my powers work is that I see things. For example, I saw you in when she told you about me. I can see Camilla and her out of control the mess that they are going to cause later," I subconsciously pulled my hands closer to myself. "I see your other daughter, there is so much about her that you don't know but this little angel right here is hidden from me and I don't know why."

My mind was running a mile a minute from the words she had spoken.

"What do you mean by mess and what about Aurora?" I asked not wanting her to gloss over it.

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"I can't tell you the future, Camilla, otherwise it will be set in stone. The future is a fickle things prone to change. If I tell it has to happen and believe me when I

You say that you do not want it to happen."

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## **The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 157**

Chapter 157

CAMILLA'S P.O.V

Her ominous warning rang in my head. I couldn't even open my mouth to speak anymore. I felt Ryker wrap his arm around my waist in an attempt to calm me down but it did little to actually make me feel secure. I couldn't stop conjuring the worst case scenarios. I couldn't stop wondering what was in that

future that she didn't want me to see. Was it similar to what Audrey had seen? Were they the same?

"You will drive yourself mad trying to figure out the future," she said suddenly making me turn to her. "Many people spend their lives facing the future and the past that they don't enjoy the present."

"You're speaking in riddles," Ryker cut in. "Can you tell us what is wrong with our daughter and how to fix it?"

"I don't know what is wrong with her. I don't think there is anything wrong either," she ran her hands down Audrey's curls softly. "The world is out of balance, Camilla and this is its messed up way of trying to right it again."

"How would this make it right? Shouldn't it create some kind of opposition to my own? That would make it right, wouldn't it?"

"Yes and no, your powers are unstable, to create a direct opposite would be to make one as unstable as yours or one so secure and powerful that nothing can destroy it," she sighed and placed her hands in her lap. "I do not claim to know all the secrets of the universe, I see only as I am allowed to but if I were to make an educated guess, I would say that your daughter is like me- a seer. Even with us witches it is unusual for seers to develop their gifts this early. The earliest I have seen is ten years old,"

"What do we do then? I want this to stop."

"I can make a talisman to keep the dreams from coming. It will only keep them at bay for a while and believe me when I say that once it expires, she will experience the full force of everything we have been shoving down. It is a temporary solution to a permanent problem. What I would suggest is to send her away to people who can-"

"No," I cut her off. "I'm not sending my daughter anywhere. If she is going to be

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trained it will be done in the palace. How would the training work?"

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"I wouldn't know for children. For adults, we are kept in a room and made to see until we get used to it. It is a terrifying experience for most, one that never leaves you for the rest of your life. The visions become your companions of sorts, it is the only thing that you know."

The thought of subjecting my child to that had my hackles rising. How could anyone with any form of morality or humanity do that to another person?



Surely there had to be another way, right? That couldn't be the only way and even if it was, it was insane. Why hadn't anyone fought it since? Why were they content with letting each other suffer that way. I didn't know what the future held but one thing I knew for sure was that there was no way I was going to sit back and let anyone do that to my child, at least, not while I was alive.

"Make the talisman," I said finally and I felt Ryker's approval. It might be a temporary solution but it would have to hold until we found a more permanent way that didn't involve isolating a child.

Lyla hesitated. "Are you sure? In the future it might-"

"Do it," Ryker cut her off. "We have made our decision. We will face whatever the future brings. What matters most now is our daughter's safety. That is all that should matter."

"You should be more concerned with life than with safety," Lyla whispered more to herself than anyone. I opened my mouth to ask what she meant but she had turned away

from me in favor of Audrey. "Alright, sweetheart, I'm going to need you to sleep."

She waved her hand over Audrey's head and immediately my daughter passed out. My breath caught in my throat and I had to force myself to stay seated. I didn't want to risk jeopardizing whatever she was doing but it was not easy. Every fiber in my body screamed that my child was in danger and I was sure I would have leaped across if Ryker was not holding me. Outwardly, he looked calm but I could see the raging battle in his eyes. He was having an even harder time staying immobile.

"I need to catcher her in the middle of a vision for it to work. I assure you it will be over in seconds," Lyla explained.

We waited for a full minute before Audrey started to twitch. I had to look away because I wasn't sure I could watch it again. I heard Lyla speaking but I couldn't

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make out the words and all of a sudden, it felt like all the cold air had been sucked out of the room. I felt goose bumps climb up my arm. Ryker ran his hands up and down my back until the feeling receded.

"You can look now," he whispered and I risked a glance over my shoulder to see Audrey snoring peacefully but on her wrist was now a simple threaded

wrist band. It looked tight, like it was almost molded to her skin.

“It will grow as she does. She is not to take it off, she wouldn’t be able to even if she tried,” Lyla explained but I could barely hear her. I was more focused on my daughter who was sleeping normally for the first time in days. “I am obligated to warn you though, there is no set time for things like this. Her powers will step develop although dormant and once they outgrow the protective detail on that talisman, it will fall off.”

“What happens then?” Juan asked and she gave us a small smile.

“Then, the visions come back.”

We wanted to leave after that but it was much darker than we had anticipated and Audrey was still asleep. Lyla offered us a place to sleep and although I didn’t want to take it initially, I realized that it would be incredibly stupid to refuse. We were given our own room while Juan stayed in another. I couldn’t bring myself to sleep, I just sat at the edge of the bed watching Audrey who hadn’t stirred once.

“it feels like a fever dream that I am going to wake up from,” I admitted to Ryker once he was out of the bathroom. “She’s fine, she is asleep and she isn’t screaming. Why does it feel too good to be true?”

“Because you are used to the worst happening,” he kissed the center of my head. “We got a win this time, baby, just take it as what it is.”

I mulled over his words and realized that he was right. I was too busy focusing on the bad that I didn’t bother to think about the good. My daughter could have a childhood, one that she desperately deserved. Everything else could take a back seat, it was all inconsequential. I leaned over and ran my hand through her hair just trying to make sure that she was real and it wasn’t just a dream.

“Come sit with me,” Ryker said from behind me and I turned to see him seated in a large chair facing the balcony. I didn’t realize when my feet started moving of their own accord. Once I was within reach, he pulled me into his lap and buried his face into my neck. “Everything will be fine. We have this moment to ourselves,

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let us take it, okay?”

“Okay,” I answered without hesitation.

I fell asleep in his lap but woke up in bed. By the time I arose, Audrey was gone from the bed. I quickly got cleaned and dressed only to find my daughter with Ryker and Juan as they saddled the horses.

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“You should have woken me up,” I mumbled but Ryker waved me off. I looked over at Audrey who looked well rested and happy. “How do you feel, sweetheart?”

“Good,” her smile widened. “Daddy said we are leaving now.”

Yes we are,” Ryker agreed from behind her.

I noticed Lyla walking out of the house. She had a small picnic basket and from the scent, I knew it contained food. “For the journey.”

“You didn’t have to,” I began but she pushed the basket into my for everything.”

“Of course, but be careful, Camilla. A lot is going to happen.” hands. “Thank you

Before I could ask what she meant by that, she walked away. The others didn’t hear her words and I didn’t feel like rehashing them so I kept it to myself. I pondered over those words the entire ride home. I was so lost in thought that Ryker offered to stop a few times but I didn’t want that. I wanted to be home, I wanted to get into my room and know that I was safe.

Her words had elicited a fear so raw I had never felt it before. Every sound was a potential attack, every rustling leave was a potential death scare. I was more jumpy than I had been in my entire life but no one knew why. I could feel Ryker trying to access the mind link but I kept my wall firmly shut.

As we arrived at the palace, I couldn’t help but notice something different. It wasn’t physical but it was in the air, it smelled almost stale and old. Christine was pacing by the entrance and as soon as she saw us, she rushed over. My suspicions were only confirmed when she rushed past Juan in favor of Ryker and I.

“Something happened last night, where were you?”

“We had to stay behind because Audrey was asleep. It doesn’t matter, what’s wrong?”

“It is something you have to see.”

## **The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 158**

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Chapter 158

CAMILLA’S P.O.V

Anxiety bubbled through me as we took the carriage into town. Christine was a bundle of nerves with how she was anxiously biting her nails and twiddling

with her fingers. Even Juan's presence did little to calm her although I could clearly tell that he was doing his best. She was torn up over something and it didn't matter how many times I asked, she repeated the same words- you need to see it.

By the time we got to town, I was already thinking up the worst case scenarios. Christine was the first person out of the carriage and I watched as Juan went after her whispering words in her ears until her shoulders slacked and she was relatively calmer. He held her shoulders and guided her through deep breaths. I didn't realize I was smiling and staring at them until I felt Ryker's presence behind me.

"It is rude to stare," he reminded me and I rolled my eyes playfully. "He is a good man, to her at least."

"She deserves it," I said simply before turning to face him. "When does Riley return?"

He thought about it for a second before shrugging. "I honestly do not know. I haven't gotten a letter from her in two weeks. I know that she is fine, she just wants to take some more time away I guess. Don't worry about my sister, she is stronger than any of us realize."

A throat cleared in front of us and I looked forward to see Christine standing there. She looked a lot calmer than she did before with her shoulders squared and her spine straightened. Sometimes I wondered how she managed to do that so easily, she was always so put together and compartmentalized. She could be sobbing one second and the next, she is the perfect imagine of a princess. It used to scare me and a small part of me was jealous knowing I would never be as good as her at that.

"You should brace yourselves," she warned before leading us towards what looked like a farm. I could smell the animals and the dung and it took everything for me to not cover my nose. We walked past what seemed to be a pig sty and I almost threw up. I seemed to be the only person that was bothered by the scents.

As we got closer, I felt my powers begin to buzz under my skin. I was not wearing my gloves so I quickly intertwined my fingers with Ryker's. His eyes shot to mine

immediately with worry and concern but I shook my head. Now was not the time to talk about it. A part of me hoped that if I ignored it then it would go away but it only seemed to get worse. I felt the buzz closer to the surface of my skin, as if it was crawling to get out. It pushed against every boundary and border I had until my head was pounding in my skull.

We suddenly came to a stop and I blinked in confusion when I saw a farm land or what should have been a farm land. All the crops were dead. I wasn't

sure how possible it was for all the crops in a single field to be dead at the same time but that was what I was looking at. The buzzing under my skin had intensified but I was too confused to pay attention to it.

“Why are we looking at a field?” Juan asked voicing everyone’s thoughts. “If his crops died then maybe he should try a new fertilizer or some dung. I smelled some on the way.”

“He says that they were fine yesterday but he came out this morning to this.”

“That’s not possible,” Ryker cut in. “Crops don’t just die overnight. They must have been dying for a while and he either didn’t notice or didn’t care. There isn’t much we can do about this. They’re already dead. It was probably an oversight on-”

“No,” I cut him off and everyone turned to me. “Something happened here. I can feel it.”

“What do you mean?” Ryker asked but I paid no heed to him. I took a step closer and touched the pad of my finger to a single leaf. The immediate lurch I felt had me doubling over. The power raced out of me and would have continued had Ryker not pulled me away. “What the hell was that?”

I was dizzy and out of focus. It took me a full minute to get my mind back in order and get back on my feet. Ryker wouldn’t release me though and I could see the fear and worry in his eyes. There was also slight annoyance towards me for putting myself in danger but I needed to be sure. The moment I felt that tug of power, I knew that whatever happened here must have been magical, I just needed to confirm it.

“Someone used magic to drain the life from these,” I explained aloud. “That is why the moment I touched it, my power went out of me. It is healing magic and that is exactly what it was doing, look.”

I gestured to the single leaf and in front of our eyes, the plant unfurled and stood

strong and healthy further confirming my suspicions.

“Why would someone attack the crops with magic? That sounds like a waste of time,” Christine mumbled as she crossed her arms over her chest. “Do they plan to starve the kingdom to an early grave? There are better ways to attack.”

“I don’t think this is about an attack,” I whispered softly. I didn’t want to voice the rest of my thoughts but when I glanced over at Ryker, I could see that he was thinking the very same thing. The other two were confused and I decided it wasn’t their battle. “We should return. Offer the farmer our condolences and tell him that we will look into it. Make him believe that it was a parasite.”

Christine looked suspicious but she nodded nonetheless. “Are you sure?”

What if he doesn't believe that?"

"Make him believe it," I shrugged. "You can be very persuasive when you want to be. I have a feeling this will not be the only attack. If he believes it is a parasite then it makes it easier to convince the rest of the people."

"What is going on, Camilla?" she asked but I shook my head.

"Nothing worth mentioning, we will be waiting for you in the carriage."

Ryker and I walked away leaving them whispering between themselves in confusion. Once we were alone, he finally turned to me. "Do you know who did it?"

I shook my head. "I can't say. I have never felt magic that strong before. It didn't feel like my powers were being drawn, it felt like my entire life force was being fed on."

"You need to learn how to control this, Camilla. I can find a witch or something, anything that can help you. This is absurd."

"My powers aren't something that people are accustomed to. We can ask Loris to help but I doubt there is much he can do. He is used to dealing with elementals. This is out of his pay grade."

"Well we cannot just sit around, can we? Whoever did this, could they have known about your issues?"

I thought about it for a second before shaking my head. "No one but us knows, not even the elders. We have been very careful about this. They probably just killed the crops to scare us. I doubt this was done because of me. It could also be that it was

done because of a perceived slight done by the farmer."

The more I spoke, the less I believed it but I desperately wanted it to be true. It was easier to believe that this was a single isolated event than it being a full blown war on the brink or horizon.

"What could a farmer do to piss off a witch that strong?" Ryker asked but I couldn't respond.

"I don't know and I am not sure if I want to know."

Christine and Juan returned a few minutes later and the ride back to the palace was quiet. No one dared to speak for fear that they would say the words that no one wanted to hear. As soon as we arrived, I excused myself to my office where I began making notes. I started after we returned from the vacation house a few months ago, it was my way of being closer to my father. He had kept tons of journals so I started keeping one too. I hoped that someday they would be of use to my children and hopefully not because they were on the brink of a war.

I started making notes about the plants and my powers when I heard the door to my office creak open slightly. I looked up to see Ryker with a small smile and a mug of what smelled suspiciously like hot chocolate.

"I figured we could just use a second to relax," he offered and I nodded immediately. He let out a sigh of relief and closed the door behind him. "It is almost like we can never catch a break here."

I took the mug from him and took a small sip. I couldn't stop the small moan that left my lips. "This is amazing,"

"Camilla, baby, you cannot pretend like your problems don't exist. Something is happening here and you know it. I would like to nip this at the bud before it grows into something we cannot handle."

"It is hard to fight something that you do not know. The only person who did was Audrey and I'm not putting her through that again. We are as blind as bats right now and all we can do is sit and wait for something to show up."

"Nothing ever shows up without casualties."

"I know," I admitted softly. "Is it wrong to sometimes wish that wasn't queen? Don't get me wrong, I love it on a good day but there are days, like this one make me ask if it is worth it."

"The way I see it, I get to give my children the best life they can ever ask for. I get to make sure that the world they live in is a perfect place. I think that's worth it all, don't you?"

## **The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 159**

Chapter 159

RYKER'S P.O.V

There was an underlying tone of panic running through the palace over the next two days. We had kept the issue with the crops under wraps but Camilla was working herself to death trying to find a way to control her powers. She had been trying for months but so far was only able to stop it if the tug was slight- whatever that meant. I hated that I didn't understand what was happening because it meant I couldn't help.

She barely came back to bed unless she was too exhausted to move or passed out and I had to carry her in. It didn't matter that she was working herself to an early

didn't care. She felt solely responsible for everything that happened and no matter how many times I told her that she wasn't, she didn't listen.

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This morning, she managed to sleep in and I didn't wake her up. When the maid arrived to rouse her for training, I sent her away. She slept well into ten a.m. before she finally woke. I was seated by the edge of the bed with a tray of breakfast ready for her. I saw the confusion on her face get replaced with a small smile for one full minute before the panic kicked in and she leaped from the bed like one being chased.

"Camilla, stop," I said softly but she wouldn't listen to me. Her attention was elsewhere as she tried to gather her bearings. "I canceled all your training for the day. I sent Loris home and I asked the maid not to make you."

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She stilled in a way that was so comical, I would have laughed had it not been a dire situation. She turned to face me slowly and her face was devoid of emotion as she spoke. "Why would you do that?"

"Because you need a break, have you taken a second to look at the bags under your eyes?"

"That is a weird way to tell your mate that she looks beautiful."

I sighed as I stood to my feet, abandoning the tray of food on the bed. I crossed the length of the room until I was standing in front of her, I wasn't sure who made her night gowns but they were a dream. They flowed to the floor unhindered but somehow managed to give a perfect silhouette of her curves. Every time I saw her in them, I was blown away and grateful that I was the only man who got to see her like this.

I ran my hands up her shoulders softly until my fingers tangled in her hair. I tipped

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her head back so that she was staring into my eyes and I heard her breath hitch in her throat. "What are you doing?"

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"You look beautiful," I whispered ignoring her question. "You always have and you always will but I also need to tell you that you need to rest, Camilla. You are exhausted and if you continue like this, I can guarantee that you will not be available to help when you are needed the most."

"I am getting closer."

"No you're not," it wasn't meant to discourage her, it was just the truth. What she wanted to learn would take years at least, something had messed with her powers and she couldn't fight the universe, she couldn't fight nature. "At this point, it is best to just take precautions."



"I can do more," she argued. "I know I can, you know I can."

"I know that you are doing your best and that should be enough for now," I walked her over to the bed and led her to sit gently. "Relax, eat, you have a day off and goddess knows how many you will be able to get in the coming days."

Her brows furrowed as suspicion climbed up her spine. "Why did you say it like that? Did something happen?"

"Nothing of importance right now," I gave her a small smile. "The elders asked us to meet with them but they can wait. This is about you, alright?"

I could see her hesitate so I leaned forward and kissed her. She froze for a second but in no time, she melted against my lips and I felt her shoulders sag with relief. It was a dream to feel her relaxed against me. I reluctantly pulled back and the desire in her eyes knocked me back. I forced myself to swallow the lump in my chest and cleared my throat.

"Eat, baby, please."

She smiled slyly as if she knew exactly what she was doing to me. "Okay, sit with me, will you?"

When she asked with those wide eyes of hers, I couldn't bring myself to say no.

We didn't end up leaving the room until after noon. The elders were quick to assemble in the council room although they didn't look pleased about it. We had formed a sort of cordial relationship where we only met when things were dire, we mostly tried to stay out of each other's way because it was not a hidden secret that we didn't like them and vice versa. The only elder we got along with was Caius and

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that was because he wasn't a self righteous asshole like the others.

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"Your majesties," one of them drawled as Camilla and I made our way in. "We were under the notion that this meeting would hold in the morning."

"It is holding now," was Camilla's quick response. "What do you want?"

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"There have been some complaints from the towns folk. It was a downright pity about the crops that died. People are worried that there will not be enough food for the year. That farmer was one of the biggest suppliers and his entire-

"See to it that the people have enough to eat. We have store houses filled with to eat. We have store houses filled with grain, I am sure that some can be

taken out for the people,” I cut him off and he frowned. It was clear that was not what he would have chosen but he knew better than to argue. “Is that all?” “Yes, your majesty.”

“Then we would have to bid you-”

I was cut off when the door flew open. At first, I thought it was Christine because only a member of the royal family would dare to throw open the council doors like that. I was shocked however when I saw a common guard. There was pure fear etched on his face as he made his way inside but something else was buried underneath- something akin to worry, only more potent.

I vaguely heard one of the elders yelling but I lifted my hand to silence him. I turned to the boy. “What is the matter? You look like you have seen a ghost.” “There is a man, outside, he is walking but he is dead, you have to come see him.”

The boy looked like he was about to pass out so I quickly gestured to one of the guards to go to him. He had barely reached when the poor boy slumped. He was still breathing but it was clear that whatever he had seen had spooked him. I watched him being led away before grabbing Camilla’s hand tightly in mine and leading her towards the front of the palace, Christine and Juan caught up to us with curiosity and worry etched on their faces. It was clear that news of whatever this was had already spread round the palace. It also meant that we needed to nip it at the bud because rumors never made things easier.

By the time we got to the front door, it was packed with guards. They were standing in a circle around something but they made a path once they saw that it was us. By the time we got to the center, I was stunned. I pulled Camilla behind me

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gently because I had no idea what we were dealing with and the last thing I wanted was for my mate to be within reach of it.

The man in front of me- if he could be called that- looked like death on legs. His- skin was a sickly pale shade so light that I could make out his veins. His eyes were red and bulging and he looked like he was one second away from keeling over. His lips were white and ashy and his entire body trembled yet he looked sentient enough to be standing upright.

“What happened to you?” I asked and he turned his attention to me. “When did this start?”

“I woke

up this way,” his voice shook and his entire body moved as he spoke. “Please help me.”

“Where is the physician?” I yelled and as if summoned, I saw him rush through the crowd with his son at the side.

He gently guided the man into the palace and I saw the guards split open a passage for them as if scared of being infected. The whispers began almost immediately and I couldn’t even blame them. This was terrifying at best and a prank at worst. I had never seen something so terrible in my entire life.

“What are you doing standing here?” I yelled towards the guards once the man was gone. “Return to your posts, now! If I heard even a word of this breathed, the offender will be punished.”

They immediately cleared leaving just the four of us. Once they were gone, I noticed the stricken look on Camilla’s face and immediately turned to her.

“What is it? Do you know him?” I asked but she shook her head. “Then tell me.”

“It was my powers, I could feel it calling out to him.”

My brows furrowed in confusion. “What do you mean it was calling out to him? How does that work?”

“You know the tug that I feel? Imagine that but intensified. It felt like a mate bond, like whatever was inside of him or wrong with him was a distant relative to what is inside of me.”

“I don’t understand,” I told her and she groaned.

“I know I am not making any sense but that is what I felt. I need to see him.”

III

## **The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 160**

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Chapter 160

RYKER’S P.O.V

Two things went through my mind at the exact same time. The first was that we needed to get a grip on things and the second was that Camilla had to be suicidal or crazy to think I was letting her within range of the man who looked like death on legs. She started to move before I even realized what was happening. I reached

out to grab her but she was faster than I had accented for. I muttered a small AT

curse under my breath before following after her. It didn’t take long for me to catch up to her and slide in front of her making her come to a quick halt.

“Where the hell do you think you are going?” I asked crossing my arms over

my chest. She tried side stepping me but I was quick to stop her. "I love you, baby, but there is no way in hell you are going to him. He is one foot away from door's death."

"If you ask me he is already in," Juan mumbled alerting us to his presence. Christine jammed her elbow into his side and all he did was smile widely. "I am just saying what we are all thinking."

"Didn't you hear what I said about my powers?" she asked and I nodded.

"That should explain why I need to see him. There is something about him that is tied to my powers."

"We don't even know if he is contagious. Think about yourself and the girls, your lives are more important than finding out about your powers."

It was a low blow to use our children but if it was the only thing that would get her to sit still then I was willing to do it. She fell silent not saying a word and I felt the air stretch between us as I waited to see her reaction. After a long beat of silence, she sighed. I let out a sigh of relief thinking she was going to drop it especially when she reached out and grabbed my hands.

She gave me a small smile. "I'll never know until I ask. Besides, if he is contagious, we probably already caught it by now."

I was too stunned by her words to notice when she slipped her hand out of mine and rushed towards the physician's office. Christine's expression mirrored mine but Juan looked... proud? I didn't have the time to assess his expression as I was chasing after my mate. She effortlessly slipped into the physician's quarters. I didn't want to go in just in case whatever that man had was contagious but the truth was, Camilla was right. I muttered enough expletives to make a sailor proud before walking in after her.

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The physician was talking but stopped once he saw me. "Your majesty, I was just explaining to the Queen the anomalies I found in the subject."

"He is a man, not a subject," Camilla corrected and the physician had the decency to look a little embarrassed.

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"Right, of course, I apologize for the inconsideration," he cleared his throat before turning his back on us so that he was facing the man. "He seems perfectly healthy if you ignore the paleness of his skin and the fact that he obviously looks sick."

I frowned. "I am not following."

"He has the reflexes of a healthy man, something is tricking his brain into

thinking he is sick. I have never seen anything quite like this in my entire life. I can say with great confidence that this has to be the work of something powerful.”

“A witch perhaps?” Camilla cut in and he hesitated before nodding. “Do you think he is contagious?”

“I see no reason to believe so.”

Camilla shot me an ‘I told you so’ look and all I did in response was roll my eyes. I peered over the physician’s shoulder at the sick man. He was lying on the bed, he looked to be asleep but every breath he took looked labored. It was as if he were struggling to stay alive. I wasn’t sure why he was still trying. If I were in his position, I probably would have given up. I immediately knew he had something worth fighting for. No man would risk that much unless he had a family.

“Can you excuse us?” I asked aloud and the physician didn’t ask any questions before bowing and walking out. I made my way over to the man. I wanted a closer look at him. The moment I was within reach, he reached out and grabbed me.

“Help me,” he whispered. For a sick man, he had a surprisingly tight grip. “My mate, my son,” he coughed as he spoke. “I need to go back to them.”

“You’re sick, what you need is to get better. You are no use to them if you are dead,” I said simply as I pulled my hand out of his grip.

He let out a loud wail and reached out for me again but this time, I was faster. “Please, they will die if I don’t return. I know they will. I have to get better, help me get better. I know she can.”

He said the last sentence while looking pointedly at Camilla and I frowned. I had seen men claw after desperate attempts at life but this wasn’t it, this was a man who was certain that he was right. Someone or something had told him that Camilla

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could help him and it made my hackles rise.

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“How do you know that?” I asked but he fell silent. I grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him up so he was half hovering over the bed. “Tell me how you know right now.”

“I don’t know,” he yelled finally. “I can just feel it. It is like a tug in my bones, something about her is drawing me closer. She can feel it too, I know she can.”

I turned to face Camilla and there was something akin to pain on her face. I knew he was right and she did too. I could see her inching closer and I knew what she wanted to do but before she could, I pressed down slightly on a spot in his n\*eck. He immediately passed out. "What the hell did you do?" Camilla exclaimed as she came closer but I stopped her. "He said that I could help him. You know I can.'

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"Not at your detriment, Camilla. If I have to make a choice between a random man and

you,

I will choose you, always."

"He has a family. He has a son, you heard him."

"You have a family too and I am sorry to say but his son means nothing to me. They will have my heartfelt condolences and nothing more."

I felt no ounce of guilt for my decision. My mate was always going to come first, before the kingdom, before my position and before the people. Some would say that made me a bad ruler but I didn't care. What good was I as a ruler if I couldn't protect the people I loved the most?

"Please, Ryker," she begged. "Just let me try, if you feel it is too much then you can pull me away. I will never forgive myself if I don't at least make an effort."

"To what end?" I asked and she cocked her head to the side in confusion.

"Why does this matter to you so much?"

"I was given these powers to help people, allow me help them, please."

I wanted to refuse, it was at the tip of my tongue but I knew that she would hate me for a very long time if the man died so I hesitantly nodded. I saw the relief flood her b\*dy instantly. She took slow steps forward showing that she was as worried and anxious as I was. I watched her glance over at the door and I immediately knew what she wanted.

I was quick to lock it, so far, no one knew how her powers had developed and I

wanted to keep it that way. We were unsure if her blood still possessed healing abilities or if it was now just on her skin. This would have been a good time to try it but Camilla was as stubborn as a mule when she wanted to be and she wanted to do this her way.

She sat at the edge of the bed before leaning forward and holding his hand. At first, nothing happened and then I saw it. I had seen it a few times and it never got easier to watch. The way her b\*dy lurched was unnatural and the expression in her eyes was one of pure pain. I watched her double over for a

second before gritting her teeth and forcing herself into a sitting position. "I'm fine," she managed out. "It isn't as bad as the others. I think it recognizes us as kin spirits or something. I promise you, it is okay."

It went on for what felt like hours but in reality was only a few seconds and I saw some of the spots on his arms begin to clear. I wanted to pull her away but she shook her head. I didn't know why I was just standing back and watching her, it was almost like I wasn't in control of my own b\*dy.

Finally, I watched as she lurched back from him. His hand left hers and I was immediately by her side. She swayed as she fell into me and I pushed her hair back so that I could see my face.

"Are you okay?" I asked and cursed when she didn't immediately respond to me. "I should have never let you do this."

"I'm fine," she mumbled as she tried to wave me off.

"What happened, Camilla?"

"I don't know how to explain it," she glanced over at the man on the bed who looked a lot healthier than he did when he first arrived. "It was almost like whatever was in him wanted my powers. I felt it take and take until it had enough and it pushed me off."

"What does that mean?"

She hesitated before shaking her head. "I don't know."