

# THE REJECTED WEREWOLF PRINCESS

## The Rejected Werewolf Princess Chapter 221



### RYKER'S POV

There were times when I seriously doubted the sanity of the guards in the palace and today was one of those times because I found it absolutely insane that I needed to be called to handle something as miniscule as an innocent rogue. By the time we got to the border and I realized exactly what the problem was, I was just about ready to strangle someone to death. It was the kind of matter that didn't take minutes to handle.

"Are they always like this?" Juan asked as we left and I couldn't help but roll my eyes.

"No, they're not, which is why I'm more annoyed about this," we rode our horses at a fair pace. "I don't know what the f\*\*k they were thinking when they called me out for this. They are adults, they should know how to handle f\*\*\*\*\*g rogues."

He laughed and comfortable silence settled over us. It remained that way for the next few minutes until Juan cleared his throat. I turned to him and noticed that there was something anxious in his gaze, as if something were plaguing him but he wouldn't say a word.

"Since when did you get shy, Juan?" I drawled. "Ask whatever it is that you want to ask. I will try to answer it to the best of my abilities."

“Were you terrified?” he asked and my brows furrowed in confusion for a second. “When Camilla was pregnant, were you terrified? Is it normal to feel this way? I am happy, don’t get me wrong, I am f\*\*\*\*\*g elated but I cannot sleep or think, I don’t know how to do this, I don’t know if I will be able to do this, so were you scared?”

I wasn't sure how to answer that but I figured that honesty would be the best thing.

“When Camilla was pregnant the first time, I wasn’t there. We had an issue, there was some miscommunication and she left. When I found her again, Audrey was already a little grown but to answer your question, it was fucking terrifying. I didn’t know the first thing about being a father and I didn’t know if I would be good to her or not, my father was an asshole.”

He snorted. “You can say that part again.”

A small smile grew on my face. “When Aurora came, I was equally as terrified. I didn’t know how to handle an infant, I thought I was going to be crap about it.”

“But you already had Audrey by then,” his brows were furrowed in confusion. “Why would you be scared if you already had Audrey?”

“Because the thought of having children in itself is terrifying and part of that is what shows that you are a great parent. The fact that you are scared of doing wrong by them, you are scared of hurting them, that is what makes you a good parent. The worry is what helps. I would like to say that the fear gets easier but I don’t think it does. The closer she gets to delivery, the worse it might actually be but you are going to be fine, Christine will be fine. You have an amazing support system and you will not have to be alone.”

“Essentially what you are saying is that if I f\*\*k up, you'll bash my face in.”

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I reached out to tap him on the shoulder. "Exactly, now you get it" once I saw he smiled, I knew my work was done. "You

will both be great parents. Christine is an amazing person and you are amazing with our girls. I can only imagine how great you would be with your own."

"Thank you," he exhaled deeply. "Now can we get back as soon as possible? I need to-"

His words cut off when I felt a presence at the back of my mind. My wall was always up except for Camilla. She was the only one who had access to my mind at all times and the moment I felt her, I knew something was wrong. Her worry was palpable, it was so thick that it felt like I could almost reach out and grab it.

"Where are you?" she asked, her voice laced with concern.

"On our way back, why? What happened? Are you okay?"

"I am okay," she trailed off. "Does Juan know?"

"Camilla, baby, I am going to need you to get to the point and do it fast. What is the matter?"

"Christine passed out, she is with the physician. I don't know what happened. Damien accepted her rejection and she seemed to be fine but then she had the wind knocked out of her and said she didn't expect the pain. She was fine and then she passed out in my arms. I don't know what happened."

"We are on our way, just stay close to her and perhaps tell Riley to keep Damien away for now."

I cut off the mind link and turned to Juan who was oblivious to the whole thing. They were not officially mated yet so he couldn't feel it. I wasn't sure how to tell him out here so instead, I cleared my throat.

“Something happened at the palace, Camilla needs us,” I said and without waiting for a question for him, I spurred my horse to go faster.

Juan had a million questions by the time we arrived at the palace but I didn't know how to answer any of them. I couldn't have even if I wanted to. All I did was ask him to follow me and the moment we got to the front of the physician's office and he saw Camilla pacing, he knew that something was wrong.

“Where is she?” he asked but Camilla couldn't respond. She was biting her nails with worry. “What the hell happened to her, Camilla?”

I knew she wouldn't be able to speak so I explained everything she had told me. By the time I was done, he was furious. I could practically see the steam coming out of his ears.

“I will f\*\*\*\*\*g kill that bastard,” he snarled. “Couldn't he just stay the hell away from her? What was he thinking? Wha the hell is his problem?”

“Don't even fucking think about it,” I warned and Juan turned to me with an incredulous look. “Your pregnant mate is in that room. Do you really want to leave her to go pick a fight with Damien? He didn't know this was going to happen, he thought he was doing everyone a favor so they could both move on. I get that you are upset but your main priority right now should be the girl in that bed and not anything else.”

I could see a war going on in his eyes but I knew he would do the right thing which was why when he cursed and stormed into the room, I wasn't surprised. I simply took my eyes off him and focused on my mate who looked seconds away from falling apart. The moment I opened my arms, she rushed in and began to sob. I hated seeing her cry, it felt like with each tear, someone tightened a noose more and more around my heart. Still, I knew there was nothing I could do save for just holding her until she had finally calmed down.

“You told me to watch her,” she whispered and I pulled back from her to be sure I had heard correctly. “I was watching her. I don’t know what went wrong. She was fine and then she was not. I should have watched her better” “You brought her here and you called me. You did everything you could.”

“If I still had my powers, I could-” she began but I cut her off. I cupped her cheeks and placed my forehead against hers just letting her breathe with me until she was a lot calmer than she was.

“If you had your powers, I would have dragged you the hell out of here because I would be damned if I ever let you use them again,” I told her and her eyes widened. “She is not badly hurt, she is not dying. Christine will be fine, sometimes rejections take a lot out of you. She will be good. She is pregnant, her body just was not prepared for the stress that came with it.”

I could see her digesting my words and turning them over. I knew it wouldn't be enough to settle whatever guilt she had built up inside- nothing would until Christine was fine- but it was a start. I placed a lingering kiss on her forehead and when I looked up, I was shocked to see someone standing at the far wall. My heart jumped in my chest because I wasn't expecting anyone.

Camilla must have felt it because she turned to follow my line of sight and when she saw Marie, her brows furrowed in confusion. “Were you looking for me?”

“Yeah, I wanted to see you,” her answer sounded off slightly, it sounded more like a question. “Why are you both standing out here? Is everything okay?”

“Christine got hurt but it is fine, she will be okay soon,” I could tell that Camilla was trying to downplay the entire situation.

Marie just hummed and looked at the door to the physician's office. I expected her to ask a question or even feign worry for Christine. I looked through her

eyes expecting something akin to concern or even sadness, but her eyes remained blank and expressionless.

“Well she is in there and you are out here so that means you can spare a few minutes, right?” she asked and I could tell Camilla was taken aback by how careless her words were. I wasn't sure if she just didn't care or if she was doing it to get a rise out of Camilla.

I noticed Camilla about to snap back so I jumped in. “You're right, she can go with you. I'll stay here.”

Camilla turned to me with wide eyes and I placed a lingering kiss on her forehead during which I spoke directly into her mind. “If you had lost your memory and Marie was your person, you would go with her. I'll keep you updated. Keep your guard up and be careful. There will be guards trailing you.”

I pulled back and watched the moment her mask slipped into place. She turned to Marie. “Let's go.”

## The Rejected Werewolf Princess Chapter 222



### CAMILLA'S POV

Marie was whispering on about something but my mind was back at the physician's room with Christine. I hadn't gotten any updates from Ryker and while I knew I could very well just ask; I didn't want to rouse any suspicion from Marie. She didn't seem to be worried at all, in fact, it seemed like Christine was the last thing on her mind.

“Do you think she is badly hurt?” I asked and she stopped mid rant to turn to me. “Christine, she just passed out like that. She could be badly hurt. What do you think?”

“I think she has the best physician in the world looking after her so she will be fine,” she said it so dismissively. “I cannot imagine how considerably lucky she has to be to have the best staff on hand ready to attend to her every need. Most people don't have the privilege of having a physician waiting for them when they pass out.”

“True, but at least she is getting help. Isn't that what matters? She could be hurt and we should just be happy that she is receiving medical attention.”

She snorted. “What matters is that I don't care about her. She has the physician to do that. Do you know how many people would kill to have a physician who was at their beck and call? Do you know how many people die because they don't have access to healthcare?”

“What does that have to do with Christine passing out and being hurt?”

“It has everything to do with that,” he spat. “She and all the other royals are just living in undeniably luxury while the rest of the world suffers.”

It sounded like there was a hint of jealousy in her tone and it hit me that Marie was jealous of the people in the palace. It didn't matter that she was living in here now, it didn't matter that others outside would see her like they would see us, to her, she was different. If you are not reading this novel on Jobn'i' b.com, some sentences are incomplete. To her, we were privileged and entitled and she wanted that for herself. “I am a palace girl, Marie,” I drawled and to her credit, her cheeks flushed pink. “It feels good to know that is how you think about me.”

“Come on, Camilla, you know I was not referring to you. You are not one of them.”

“Aren't I?” I shot back. “I am the Queen after all, I am the most royal of them all”

She seemed to be having trouble choosing her next words. She opened her mouth to speak but no words would come out. She seemed frustrated but it wasn't directed at herself, it was pointed outwards at everyone else. I found the nearest bench and took a seat on it while waiting for her to finally say something.

“You don't get to blame me for what I said,” she said finally crossing her arms over her chest and I raised a brow. “You saw how we lived out there and you can see how life is here. Can you see the gap in the way of life? They have too much, why can't you see that? They should be giving it all away. No one should live like this.” Content © 2024 (N/ô)velDrama.Org.

“Maybe,” I admitted with a shrug. “But if they gave it away then how do they pay the guards that protect the cities? How do they send resources to packs in need? I may not know much but from what I know, the money here is not just thrown around on frivolous living. What is wrong with you anyway? We are talking about a person who is in a physician's bed and you are not even worried?”

She shrugged. “When I needed a physician's bed, I didn't get one so screw me if I am not feeling particularly hospitable.”

I was shocked that she had bridged that topic and even more excited now that it meant I could finally ask. “What do you mean? Are you okay?”

She snorted. “Please, don't pretend like my mother has not already told you. She does not know how to keep her mouth shut. Everyone in the town knows. I will not be surprised if you did.”

“All she said was that you were attacked by someone you considered a friend,” I lied. “She said it made it hard for you to trust people.”



“I was not attacked. They planned every second of it,” she spat. “They lured me into the woods and they would have killed me too. I lay there on the floor bleeding out and dying. I would have died too had someone not come to find me. I was taken to the physician and even he didn't want to treat me because we didn't have any money so yes, I am being prejudiced and yes, I am being a terrible person but I have a right to do so.”

I was more concerned about the story than her outburst. It was completely different from the one that her mother had told me. “Peggy said that you walked to the physician.”

She looked up at me and in the most boring tone, she said, “I thought you didn't know anything.”

“I don't,” I tried to lie but she held up a hand to stop me.

“I don't want to talk about this anymore,” she stood to her feet and brushed imaginary dirt off her dress. “I should never have spoken in the first place. She is your cousin after all and you are right to defend her. I hope you figure out what is wrong with her so that it doesn't happen again.”

With that, she walked off and I couldn't help but think back on her last words. It didn't sound like an ordinary greeting, it sounded like a warning, like a clue. Before I could stop myself, I found myself sprinting down the halls until I was in front of the physician's office.

Ryker was still there and he tried to get me to speak but I couldn't. I pushed the door open ignoring the physician who was standing at the foot of the bed and Juan who was holding Christine's hand. My attention was solely fixated on my cousin who was awake but looked very weak and tired.

“What did you do in the last twenty four hours?” I asked and her brows furrowed in confusion. “Humor me, Christine, what did you do? Where did you go?”

"I was in the palace. I ate, I slept, I hung out with your girls and I attended the meeting that we had. What is this about? I have a headache and I really cannot be bothered to think about my schedule over the last-"

"It will happen again," I cut her off and her eyes widened. I felt Ryker still by my side. "It was a passing comment but it sounded like a warning. She said she hopes we figure out what is wrong so it does not happen again. Something is wrong."

"Camilla," it was Ryker who whispered and reached out to hold me gently. "She could have just been expressing concern. Who is she anyway?"

"Marie," I whispered. "I don't think she was. You have to trust me on this one. It sounded like a warning. She might have done something to Christine."

"I think you might be reading too much into-"

"I believe her," Christine cut Juan off. "Even if she is wrong, there is no reason why we should not take our time to find out if something was done. I don't want this to happen again."

I looked over at Juan who sighed after a beat. "Fine."

Once that was settled, the physician started to speak to them about the possible tests he would have to run. Ryker grabbed my bicep and slowly pulled me out of the room. No one noticed our sudden exit and he made sure the hallway was empty before he started speaking.

"What is this about?" he asked but I said nothing. "Tell me what you both spoke about, Camilla, for f\*\*\*s sake."

I broke down the entire conversation with her and by the time I was done, Ryker was just staring at me. He ran his hands down his face in obvious exhaustion and frustration.

“I think she might suspect something,” I said softly and he cocked a brow. “She acted weird, Ryker. You didn’t see he! but I know she suspected something. I don’t know what she did to Christine but she did something.”

“If you believe that then find out”

“What?”

“Find out, find a reason to search her place. Find something to hold her with. I trust you, Camilla and if you say that she did something wrong then she did, you just have to find out. You should go, I'll be here.”

I debated it for a second when an idea popped into my head. I couldn't believe I didn't think of it earlier. I grabbed Ryker's face and kissed him softly and rushing off. I headed straight for Marie and Peggy's room. It was connected vic a shared door and the moment I walked in, I was hit with that god-awful smell again. It took me a second to gather my bearings and once I did, I realized that it was only Peggy in the room.

“If you are looking for Marie then she-” she began but I cut her off.

“I didn’t come here for Marie, I came here for you.”

“I don't want to talk about what happened to my daughter anymore, Camilla. That part of her life is better left in the past. Please, I would ask that you dropped it as well”

“I didn’t come here to speak about that. I came here to find out if this smell was still here.”

“The maid said that it would go out in a few days. It has gotten better.”

She was right but she didn’t need to know that. All that mattered was the smell was still there and that was enough of a reason to get the place checked.

“I think it is worse. I will get some guards to search the entire place and make sure nothing died here.”

“That is not necessary,” she began but I held out a hand to stop her.

“Please, Peggy, I insist.”

### The Rejected Werewolf Princess Chapter 223



#### CAMILLA'S POV

I was able to have guards in the room within minutes and needless to say, they were turning the entire place upside down. They already had orders to take anything that looked suspicious. Peggy was not happy about it but there was little she could say or do without coming off as suspicious. There was definitely something in that room and I needed to find it. I needed a reason to be able to pin Marie so that I could get on with my life.

“What is this?” I heard Marie ask as she made her way towards the room. To say that she looked pissed would have been an understatement. “Is there a reason that our room is being taken apart? Are we under investigation or something?”

“Something died in that room, can’t you smell it? I just want to find the source of the smell and help you get it out,” I took a step close to her but she held out a hand to stop me.

“You have done more than enough, thank you very much,” she crossed her arms over her chest. “Call out your guard: I do not want them snooping around my stuff and treating me like I am some sort of criminal. My only crime was even coming here”

She was throwing a tantrum that was not proportionate to the situation at all and that was how I knew that she was hiding something. She should have

been happy that I was trying to rid the smell from the room. It made no sense that she would be fighting me tooth, nail and claw when I was on paper trying to make her life a little more comfortable and perfect.

“You just need to calm down,” Peggy interrupted before I could say anything. She placed a hand on Marie's shoulder. “It seems like there is some anger hidden somewhere underneath all of this. Why don't you both take a deep breath and try to figure out what exactly is causing this? Camilla is only trying to help.”

Marie snorted. “That is all she ever tries to do. She wants to help everyone as long as they are not us. Can you see all those guards, mother? They are combing through our room.”

“They are trying to find what died in there so that we-”

I was cut off from my sentence when one of the guards cleared his throat and gestured for me to come with him. I followed him in, Marie and Peggy were close behind and he led us towards a spot behind the massive wardrobe where not one, but two dead birds lay unmoving. It was clear that the smell had originated from there considering the fact that the birds were half way into decomposition.

I turned to Marie with a raised brow and her cheeks flushed pink. “I hope you can see now that all I was trying to do was help.” I turned away from her and back to the guards. “Thank you for taking the time out to do this. Please put the room back in order and have someone clear that out.”

I walked out of the room without looking back knowing fully well that Marie and Peggy would follow. I deliberately led us far away from the room and chose not to turn back when I noticed Ryker walking in after the guards. They would update him on anything weird and he would update me after. It was the perfect plan and no one was the wiser.

Once we were in a deserted hallway, Marie reached out to grab my arm. "I am sorry, okay? I was jealous and angry and I know it does not make sense to you but it does to me and I really hope that you will understand."

I turned to her. "Make me understand, then. If you say that it is important to you then you should be willing to help me understand."

She sighed and you would have thought that I asked her to cut her off own leg. "This place, it is different for me. I don't belong here and every day is an indicator of that. I don't feel comfortable in these dresses, I don't like the fact that I cannot walk out in the sun. I miss the lake, I miss the market and the people. I miss the village, okay? This place isn't for me and I look at you and you fit in. You look like them, you talk like them and for f\*\*\*'s sake, you act like them. You are one of them and seeing you care about that girl, it just reminds me that you are one of them- not one of us."

I exhaled deeply. If I was being honest, I did not buy her excuse one bit but Peggy did and if I truly had lost my memory then I would too. I sat on the nearby bench and gestured for her to sit next to me. She hesitated before doing so and I took her hand in mine. Her hands were colder than usual but I chalked it up to the fact that her dress had very short sleeves. I gave her a small smile and squeezed her hand softly.

"Maybe I do belong here," I shrugged. "Maybe you feel like you do not but that does not change anything. I am still Camilla and you are still Marie. These people are supposedly my family and sometimes I get flashes of what I assume are memories." Exclusive content from NôvelDrama.Org.

I paused to gauge her expression and I saw her eyes widen in shock but there was no other emotion. Her eyes seemed dead and bored. I glanced over at Peggy who I could see had wide and more expressive eyes but I couldn't focus on her because I wanted to get an emotion out of Marie. I wanted to know exactly what she thought and felt. "I will probably remain here for the

rest of my life,” I said simply. “You might choose to leave for whatsoever reason but that does not change anything about us. You will always be welcome here. You will always be part of my family.” I waited for her response and all she was able to say was, “You are getting your memory back?”

“I don't know if I would say that,” I lied. “I just get flashes sometimes of me walking in the halls or I get a feeling of déjà vu. Nothing concrete has returned and honestly, I don't think I would be particularly bothered if nothing returned: I enjoy the new memories that I am making.”

“You mean you enjoy Ryker,” she deadpanned and my cheeks heated.

She looked like she wanted to say more but as if on cue, Ryker walked up to us. She wagged her brows at me in a suggestive way and I smacked her shoulder playfully. Ryker made sure to give her an acknowledging nod before turning to me.

“Is it alright if I borrowed you for a minute?” he asked and before I could respond, Marie all but pushed me to my feet. “Please take her,” she said with a small giggle. “We can have this conversation later, Camilla,” she leaned into my ear before whispering. “We will have this conversation later.”

I gave her a small smile and waved before going off with Ryker. We made sure to keep a distance that was deemed respectable but also showed that there was interest. What I hated most about my plan was the fact that I had to pretend around Ryker. I liked the way things were with us- easy and stress free- but ever since I started this, every move we made was psychoanalyzed and had to be done with careful precision.

“Is there a reason they looked like that?” he asked once we were away from them.

“Yes, I told them I was having flashes of memory,” he stilled in his steps. “I wanted to get a reaction out of Marie. I wanted to see how she would react but her eyes were so emotionless and cold.”

“You didn’t think I would have loved to know about this?” he didn’t sound annoyed, merely frustrated.

“It was a spur of the moment thing,” I explained before dropping my voice to whisper. “I am sorry. I should have told you. If it makes you feel any better, I didn’t get anything out of them. Marie didn’t even look fazed, she seemed excited but nothing else.”

“Peggy looked like you had kicked her cat,” he mused and my brows furrowed. “You were so focused on Marie that you didn’t even look at Peggy. When I walked up to you, she looked a tad bit annoyed and maybe a little frustrated.” I shook my head. “No, maybe you saw it wrong. Besides, she was angry with Marie and I because we were fighting. That was probably what you saw.”

“Maybe,” he shrugged. “I wasn’t close enough to hear the conversation or decipher any bit of it and I guarantee we have maybe a few minutes at best before they return to their room.”

“You found something?” I asked and he nodded.

I couldn’t help the excitement that bubbled up inside of me as he led me towards the room but that excitement quickly died down when I realized what was on the ground in front of me. I heard about them but I had never seen one in person and I never thought that this would be the first place that I would see one

“What is that?” I asked wanting to be sure it was exactly what I thought. I reached out for it but Ryker was quick to grab my wrist in a tight grip.



"Don't you even think about it," he warned. "We have taken the others away. Whoever owns it will not out rightly ask for it, but we will begin to realize that the effects are wearing off."

It looked like a miniature doll. It had no facial features but there were pins in it. I had heard enough about them to know what they were.

"They were found underneath the bed. There are at least four more of them. I believe the appropriate term is voodoo doll."

#### The Rejected Werewolf Princess Chapter 224



#### RYKER'S POV

We were thankfully able to get out of the room before Marie and Peggy returned but we took the dolls with us. I held onto them because Camilla wanted nothing to do with it. There were four dolls in total and I was more annoyed by the fact that they were not easily identifiable. They all looked the same, there was no hair or any defining features to figure out who the dolls controlled. Whoever had taken their time to create them had done so in a way that even now, we couldnt pin them to it.

"Is it possible that they were planted?" Christine asked. She was out of the physician's quarters but her movements had been very limited.

Even now, it took a lot of convincing on her part to even let Juan consider letting her come to the council room. He wanted to always have a close eye on her. He was still worried that something was going to her and I couldn't help but wonder if one of the dolls was for her. I didn't want to jump to conclusions which was why I had said nothing.

"I don't think so," it was Camilla who answered. She was seated next to me with her hands crossed over her chest. "They were hidden very well and we would never have found them if the entire room wasn't searched. Something very weird is going on and I have no idea what it is."

"Any luck with Marie and Peggy?" Christine asked but she shook her head.

"Their stories still don't align and neither of them is willing to talk about it anymore. I can try but I don't want to come on as pushy or they might suspect that something is up. I already told them that I was getting part of my memory back-"

There was silence all around the room and it felt good to know that I wasn't the only one who thought it was absolutely absurd for her to tell them that without first weighing the pros and cons. No one spoke and I saw Camilla shift anxiously in her seat. It took a full minute of silence before Juan finally broke the silence.

"Did you just say that you told them you had gotten your memory back?" he sounded exasperated and slightly annoyed.

"I told them I was having flashes of memory," she corrected. "I thought if I told them that, it would give me some insight and I would be able to figure something out. I thought it would put whoever is responsible on the spot and they would make a stupid mistake."

"How is that working out for you?" Christine sassed. "You asked us to keep this as a secret and we did. Why would you suddenly go behind our backs and damn it all to hell? It doesn't make any sense to me right now."

"It might work in our favor," I cut in. I didn't agree with what she did but she was my mate and at the end of the day, was always going to defend her. "We have the dolls and they think her memory is coming back. This might be a

good way to catch them in the act. They will be panicking and Marie will make a mistake. It was a spur of the moment decision but it was a brilliant one.”

No one said anything. I wasn't sure if they knew I was just defending her or if they truly believed me but no one questioned it. Christine just sighed and nodded. There was nothing more to be said after that.

“Everyone just keep an eye open,” Camilla said softly. “A cornered animal is bound to strike. We don't know who or what we are dealing with. We have to be careful. I don't want anyone getting unnecessarily hurt”

With that warning, everyone stood to their feet and left to handle their own issues. Just because we had a dead woman on the loose did not mean that we were exempt from our duties at the palace. It was exhausting to say the least and there were days I couldn't help but crave the less hectic life I had as a simple Alpha. I didn't have a lot of responsibilities, it was just me, my family and my pack. I didn't have an entire kingdom to care for.

“I'm really sorry about that,” Camilla whispered making me turn to her. “I put you in a position where you had to defend me.”

“I defended you because I wanted to. You made a choice, you thought about it and you thought it was the right one. I might not agree with it but I trust you and I trust that you will not do anything with the intention to hurt us. That is why I defended you.”

She sighed. “I think we are in way over our heads with this one. I don't even know what to do next. How do we defeat someone who is already dead?”

“I don't know,” I admitted. “What we can do is focus on what we do know and take it from there.”

I reached out for her when I heard footsteps and we both stilled. I turned just in time to see Riley rounding the corner. I loved my sister but this was the worst time she could have picked for a visit. There was far too much going on

at this point and what was worse was that she couldn't know about any of it. I planned to make a quick escape but she already saw me and I couldn't just leave knowing that she was headed straight for me.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," she mumbled as soon as she got close to us. "Ryker, can I talk to you for a moment."

My brows furrowed. "Is it important because-"

"Please," she cut me off and there was a sense of urgency that led me to realize that she wasn't joking. Camilla gave me a small squeeze on the shoulder before walking off leaving Riley and I alone. "I wanted to-"

"I think we should have this somewhere private," I grabbed her by the hand and led her towards the private living room. It was the closest to us and there were guards permanently stationed outside to prevent eavesdroppers and people spying. "What is going on? Is everything okay?"

"I should be asking you that," she snapped back. "Is Christine alright? I haven't heard anything about what happened to her. No one tells me anything around here."

"She is fine, she is still resting. You could have just asked."

"Would you have told me if I did?"

It was at that moment I realized this wasn't about Christine. There was an accusing edge in her tone that led me to realize that this was more than I thought. I leaned back in the chair and watched her carefully. She had her hands crossed against her chest and she was too tense, too stoic. She didn't come for a conversation, she came prepared for a potential argument and the honest truth was that I was far too tired to engage in an argument with anyone. "Tell me what the problem is, Riley," I sighed. "I cannot read your mind. I don't know what you are thinking. Something is upsetting you and unless you tell me exactly what it is then I cannot help you."

“Do you even want me here?” she asked finally. “It feels like I have been avoided by everyone since I came here. I understand Christine because of everything that happened with Damien but even you and Camilla barely look at me Did I do something wrong by choosing Damien? Is that what this is about? Do you want me to call things off?” “Stop,” I cut her off and she fell silent. “This isn’t about you or Damien and no one is avoiding you. You came at the wrong time, Riley.”

“What does that mean?”

“I cannot explain what that means but there is a lot going on right now that requires our attention. No one is avoiding you because we barely even have time to keep our own heads above the water. Look, I love having you here the girls love having you here and so does Camilla. I apologize if it feels like we are avoiding you-"NôvelDrama.Org owns this text.

“Is it Christine?” she asked and I fell silent. “Is it because she is pregnant?”

“What are you-”

“I’m not blind, Ryker,” she snorted. “Besides, if she doesn’t want people to know, she should try hiding her scent because it is changing. If my presence is making her uncomfortable-”

“Your presence is not making anyone uncomfortable,” I knew nothing I would say would have worked when she frowned. I knew I was going to regret my next words but I still found myself saying them anyway. “We can do something tomorrow, all of us. Would that make you feel better?”

She nodded, “I just want us to put the past behind us. Damien is going to be a part of the family and I wouldn't want things to be uncomfortable.”

“I will talk to the others and see what I can do.”

That seemed to be all she wanted because she smiled wide and after a bone crushing hug, she skipped out of the room leaving me to wonder just how I

was going to tell the others that I had just signed them up for something that was going to potentially take our attention off the life threatening crisis that was the dead woman walking.

I stood to my feet and prepared to leave when I heard a throat clear behind me. While leaving, Riley had left the door open and Marie stood in the doorway. The guards were not letting her in but it didn't seem like she had any intentions to come in at all.

“Can I help you?” I asked and she nodded but when she opened her mouth to speak, no words would come out. “Marie, are you alright?”

She stood there for a full minute before shaking her head finally. “It is nothing, I apologize for wasting your time. Please, excuse me.”

#### The Rejected Werewolf Princess Chapter 225



#### CAMILLA'S POV

I was anxious. I had woken up that way and since the moment I got out of bed, it had been bubbling under my skin. My entire body felt alive and poised for the moment something were to happen. I didn't know what I was waiting for or what that something could be but it was like my subconscious knew and was forcing me to prepare for it.

I knew I wasn't the only one because I passed Christine in the halls and she was so lost in thought that she didn't even stop to acknowledge me.

Something felt completely off and I knew it was only a matter of time until I figured out what it was. I made sure to keep a close eye on Marie and Peggy but the truth was that neither of them had left their rooms since last night.

“Camilla,” Ryker's voice snapped me out of my thoughts and I looked up at him. “Aren't you going to answer?”

We were on the dining table and I had been absentmindedly pushing my food around my plate. I gave him a confused look and he gestured over to Riley who I could see was staring at me expectantly and waiting for a response.

“Could you repeat the question?” I asked and I saw her smile falter a little with worry. “I had zoned out for a hot second.”

“I was wondering if Ryker told you about my offer. We haven't been able to spend time like a family and I don't want things to be awkward between us. I was hoping we could just take a day off and just have fun. It is alright if you don't want to.”

A refusal was at the tip of my tongue but looking at her, I couldn't bring myself to say those words. It reminded me of kicking a bruised puppy. I turned to Ryker with a raised brow because one thing I didn't miss in her statement was the fact that Ryker knew about this and didn't prepare me for the question.

His lips didn't move but I heard his voice clear in my head. “I wanted to refuse her too but you know how hard it is to say no to Riley. She thought we were avoiding her because of what happened between Damien and Riley.”

“That isn't true.”

“Do you want to try explaining that to her? I cannot tell her what is happening and unless I have a good reason as to why we don't want to spend time with her, it feels like we are. It's just a few hours of one day, we can spare the time for family. Besides, the girls don't have school today, it would be fun.”

“Okay,” I said and he sighed I relief but I stopped him. “What about Juan and Christine? In what world do you think that Juan would agree to this? He doesn't want to see Damien after what happened.”  
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"I'll talk to Juan, you just focus on everything else."

"This better not go to shit," I warned before cutting off the mind link and turning to Riley. She had been watching us with fear and apprehension in her eyes. "Today seems like a fine day to go out. We wouldn't want to veer too far from the palace so I was thinking we could have lunch on the terrace. There is a beautiful view up there."

I told Christine about the lunch after breakfast and she just stared at me with blank eyes. I explained everything that happened in detail hoping that it would make the news easier to swallow but her expression remained neutral.

"Say something"

"Is there anything I can say?" she asked and I sighed. "I'll come for the lunch if that is what she wants. I have nothing to hold against her but good luck convincing Juan. He doesn't want to see either of them. He tends to hold grudges." "Ryker said he would handle it. Look, I know this isn't the best thing in the world and it is probably the last thing you wanted to hear- me too- but we have to do this for her. You don't have to, I completely understand if you refuse because she isn't your family but I have to."

"I already said I would come, Camilla," she laughed pushing to her feet. "She might not be my family but she is yours and she is Ryker's and that makes her important to me too. I just need a few minutes to get changed. I'll meet you all up there."

"Thank you," I whispered clutching her hands in relief. "I have to go get the girls ready. We will wait for you."

I left her alone and got the girls ready. Thankfully, it didn't take a lot of time seeing as their excitement on spending time with everyone was enough to keep them seated long enough so I could dress them. Audrey insisted on



wearing a massive princess dress and I didn't even have the heart to refuse her. There was very little I could say no to if she asked.

By the time we were ready, it was already five minutes after the start time and we made our way to the terrace. I was surprised to see Ryker and Juan already there. Christine was already seated behind them and it was clear that she was anxious. Juan had a frown on his face and his hands were crossed over his chest. His frown cracked a little when Audrey went skipping over to him to show him her dress.

He looked up at me for a second in between talking to my daughter. "I want to preface this by saying I do not want to be here"

I sighed. "I know."

"But if everyone stays in their lane then this might just go well. I don't want him looking at or speaking to her" "Juan," I began but he cut me off.

"I'm dead serious and you know it. I don't want to see him especially not after he sent her to the physician's office." "I thought we already established the fact that she was sent to the physician's office because something was done to her and not because of the rejection."

"I established nothing. I'm doing this as a favor and the moment he pisses me off, I'm out and so is Christine."

I didn't get the chance to respond because Riley and Damien walked in. There was a bit of tension in the air but there was nothing I could do about it. We sat Damien as far away from Christine as possible but it was still a small table and all one had to do was lift their eyes and they would be looking at each other. It was clear that they were both trying not to glance over and I could see Riley fidgeting in her seat as if realizing what a bad idea this was.

I wanted to assure her that it would be fine but she wasn't even seated next to me. I glanced over at Ryker. "This will be a disaster. I can smell it coming"

"It will be fine," I wasn't sure if he was trying to convince me or himself.

The meals came out and that was enough to get everyone's attention off things. Audrey filled the air with her chatter as usual and for a few minutes, there was some peace and serenity to the dinner. I actually started to believe that maybe things were going to be fine until Riley spoke.

"How are you, Christine?" Christine stilled at her words. "I just- I know you had to see the physician and I wanted to know if you were okay."

"I'm... fine," her response was curt and to the point. It was clear she didn't want to talk about it anymore.

"Do you know what happened to you? The maids come up with the most absurd pieces of gossip and I just wanted to ask you personally."

"Riley," I whispered in a silent warning. If Christine answered, there was a tendency that the entire dinner might blow to shit.

"It is completely alright if she doesn't want to answer it," Riley ignored my warning. "I just wanted to know what happened. I was worried about you."

Christine dropped her fork and leaned back in her chair. "My body was unprepared to handle the rejection and I passed out. It was nothing, I just needed a minute to regroup and I am fine."

"What rejection?" she asked momentarily confused. "I thought-" she trailed off when she finally realized what was going on. Her eyes widened and she turned to Damien. "Did you?"

"Riley," this time it was Ryker who spoke. "Now is not the time please. You can have that conversation much later" Awkward silence blanketed the table. No one said a word- not even Audrey or Aurora. I wanted to get the hell out and thankfully, I got the chance when I heard someone clear their throat. I turned

to the source of the noise and found a guard there holding Peggy back from coming towards us. She looked scared and frantic.

“Excuse me please,” I whispered not even waiting before rushing over to her. She looked pale, her forehead was covered in sweat and she was fidgeting with her hands. “Are you alright? Is everything okay?”

“I remember,” she whispered and my brows furrowed.

“What are you talking about?” she opened her mouth but her words were unintelligible. I grabbed both of her shoulders and led her towards the wall. What I did was insane but I sat on the floor with her.

I could feel the eyes of the guards on me but in that moment, I didn't care. Peggy looked like someone had sucked her soul right out of her.

I heard Ryker's footsteps and smelled him the moment he got close to me. “What is going on?”

“I don't know,” I admitted before turning back to Peggy. “You have to tell me what is going on and you have to make yourself as clear as possible while doing it. What exactly is wrong?”

“I remember what happened to Marie. That girl, that person, that isn't my daughter. My daughter is dead.”

### The Rejected Werewolf Princess Chapter 226



### CAMILLA'S POV

Ryker stilled behind me at her words and I knew the dinner was over. It took less than a minute to call it off and there were sighs of relief all around the

table. Peggy stood to the corner while I tried my best to ensure that the girls were taken care of and every few seconds, I would see her shiver and pull her hands closer to her chest.

Once I was guaranteed that Riley was going to put an eye on my girls, I pulled Peggy to the closest private room which happened to be the private living room. Ryker and the others came with me and we made sure the door was bolted shut before we even started speaking.

“Tell me everything,” I said as soon as I was sure that we were alone. “How did you remember? What happened?”

“I don't know,” she admitted. “I have my memories of everything that has happened in the past few months but it is hazy, almost as if I am watching through someone else's eyes. Before this, the last thing I can remember is being forced to plan for Marie's funeral-” her voice choked on that last word. “I was distraught. I had no idea what I was doing. Marie is my life, my daughter was my everything and she died and the bastards responsible were going to go free”

It was clearly taking an emotional toll on her and I wanted to comfort her and tuck her into a bubble where she didn't have to talk about any of it but the unfortunate truth was that I needed her to speak, I needed to know everything so we could handle it the right way. I opened my mouth a few times but no words would come out. I glanced over at Ryker for help and he didn't hesitate before taking the seat next to me.

“Peggy, I can only imagine how terrifying this must be for you,” he began in a calm and comforting voice. “We are going to need you to calm down and tell us exactly how you remembered all this. Can you do that?”

She nodded before taking a deep exhale. “Marie had been on edge all through today, she claimed she was sick but I knew that was a lie. She kept

snapping at me and I had no idea what the hell was going on so I stayed to give her some emotional support. I left to get some food to eat, and she tried to stop me, In hindsight, I can see why. If you are not reading this novel on Jobni ;b'.com, some sentences are incomplete. It was as if the moment I was out of her reach, it all slammed back into me at once. I was so confused at first because it felt like I had two different lives trying to take root in my head. I couldn't tell which one was real or not."

"How did you end up knowing which was real?" Christine asked from her spot behind us and all eyes went on her. "How did you realize that it wasn't just a figment of your imagination?"

"Because I remembered how my heart broke the moment I saw my child lying on that hospital bed. I remember how it felt like my world had come to an end," she gave a sad smile. "There are certain emotions that you cannot fake, certain emotions that cannot be replicated and this- this, is one of them."

She looked away and wiped the tears that had leaked from the corners of her eyes. I knew exactly how she felt because for a brief second on that cliff, I had lost my child. I reached out for her and squeezed her hand tightly and she gave me a small smile. She was still visibly shaken up but she looked a lot better and a bit calmer.

"What do we do now?" she asked. "Do I go back and pretend like I don't know what is happening? Do you want me to get information on her? I could try."

"No," I cut her off. "There is no need to do that. It will only make matters worse in the end. We know she is dead, we know she isn't who she says she is and there is no use accommodating her to make the rest of us uncomfortable. I have a plan, but I need your help."

Once we had finished discussing the nature of the plan, Peggy and I made our way to the room. Marie was still inside she was seated cross legged on

the bed. When she saw us walk in, she stilled slightly and sat up straight. Whoever she was, she had a very good poker face, she acted like she knew nothing was going on as she crossed her arms over her chest.

“Is this an intervention?” she asked with an amused drawl. “I said I didn't feel well, is this the part where you want me to say that it was a lie? I don't need you to come check on me. I am not sick, I will be fine in the next twenty-four hours.”

“That isn't why we are here,” I said simply and her brows furrowed in confusion. “I took the seat in front of her all the while she watched me with careful suspicion. “Do you remember that incident in the woods?”

She frowned. “I don't want to talk about that, Camilla. I think it is time that you dropped it. There is no reason for you to keep pushing even after-”

“You died,” I cut her off. “Although, you already knew that because you aren't Marie.”

She stared at me for a second before snorting. “I don't know what the hell you are on but I think I am done playing the game,” she turned away from me but I could see the slight fear in her eyes.

“I don't want to hurt you but I will if you don't tell me what the hell you want and why you are here”

“I think it is time for you to leave,” she announced turning to me. “I think it is absolutely ridiculous that you would accuse me of something like that knowing that-”

She didn't even finish her statement, she pushed past me and made a run for it. Peggy screamed in fear but I knew she was going to get caught, the others were outside waiting. We had planned for this, for the moment she would rut so I was not surprised when she was suddenly pushed to the ground. She let out an ear splitting scream as she fought against the hold of the guards.

Her screams echoed across the walls of the room and I saw the exact moment that Peggy shattered. I rushed to her before she hit the ground and she wrapped her arms around my shoulders. Ryker was by the door silently asking with his eyes if everything was okay but I couldn't answer because I didn't know. The truth was that I couldn't begin to imagine the pain that she was in.

"It sounds just like her," Peggy managed out. "I know that isn't my daughter but it sounds like her. It looks like her. Can't I just keep her? We can leave and we will never come back. I could keep her"

"Peggy," I coaxed trying to keep my voice as soft as possible. "That person will never be your child. We don't even know why the person is parading in your child's body. They probably mean more harm than good."

"But I would have Marie back."

"You will never have Marie back," it was a hard pill to swallow but it was true. "Marie is gone and she wouldn't want you to hold onto this stranger in the guise of holding onto her. I know it hurts-"

She pushed me off and I saw burning anger in her eyes. "You don't know what this feels like. You can pretend to know but you never will. Your children are tucked in bed with their nannies and maids watching over them. Your children have never seen a day of sorrow in their lives so do not tell me you know what it feels that my child is dead."

"It might not seem that way but I do know," I said and she opened her mouth to refute but I held up a hand to stop her. "My oldest daughter was kidnapped and almost burned alive in a house, it is the same place that I lost my mother. Once again, she was kidnapped by vampires and she could have drowned. I know what it is like to have my child in danger, Peggy, I know what it feels like

to see the life leave your child's eyes. Both of my children have almost died in my arms.”

“How did-” she trailed off. “You have your memories back.

I gave her a small smile before nodding. “I do, but that is not important right now, what matters is that you stay here and rest. What happened today was awfully traumatizing and it will take a toll on even the best of people. I will have guards outside your door to keep an eye on you and keep you updated.”

“Thank you,” she whispered but her eyes said so more. I squeezed her hand in silent solidarity before slowly making my way out of the room.

Once I was finally away, I let my shoulders sag and I leaned against the wall for support. Ryker was instantly by my side, his hand on my lower back and his eyes roaming my body for any signs of an injury. I wanted to tell him that I was fine, that I was okay, but my lips couldn't move. It was almost as if my tongue was stuck to the roof of my mouth. “Camilla,” he pushed my hair out of my face and turned me to face him. “Do you need me to call you the physician? Do you need to sit down? I could carry you to-”

“No,” I cut him off but his worried expression did not ease. “I just need a second. Those are memories I did not see myself having to relive for a while. It just- everything is too much. I just need a second.”

Understanding filled his features and instead of asking any more questions, he just pulled me close and wrapped his arms around me. His scent filled my nostrils and I felt all the tension begin to leave my body as he ran his hands down my spine. Belonging to [NôvelDrama.Org](http://NôvelDrama.Org).

“You can sit this one out if you want,” he whispered. “I can talk to Marie- or whoever- alone. You don't have to be there with me.”

“I owe it to Peggy to be there,” I cleared my throat and pulled away from him. “I am fine, I can do this.”



“Camilla-”

I cut him off. “Lead the way to the dungeons, Ryker. We have an imposter to interrogate

## The Rejected Werewolf Princess Chapter 227



### CAMILLA'S POV

Marie was seated in the cells and if I were being honest, it made me a little uncomfortable to see her that way. I knew it wasn't her, I knew everything I previously knew was a lie but that didn't mean that it was easy. I had a bond with Marie, I had seen her like a sister and finding out that everything I knew was a perfectly orchestrated plan was not easy to come to terms with.

We stood in front of the cells and my steps faltered. She had her back to us but it was clearly her. I didn't even know how to start, I didn't know what to call her. I turned to Ryker and he gave me shoulder a comforting squeeze. I had asked to be here, I didn't have to be and that meant that I needed to get my head in the game and keep my emotion in check.

“Why Marie?” was my first question because I honestly wanted to know. “Why did you choose her? Why did you pretend to be her? Why did you stay?”

She just shrugged and didn't turn to face me but I wasn't willing to let it slide.

“You could have pretended to be her and left. You could have let the entire town live with the knowledge that she was dead. Why did you stay? Why did you make everyone believe you were her? How were you even able to do that?” “If you came here simply to ask questions then unfortunately I think I should tell you that you are undoubtedly wasting your time,” she looked over

her shoulder at me. Her eyes were dull and lifeless and I couldn't help but wonder if they had always been like that and I hadn't noticed or if it was a new development. "I don't particularly feel like being interrogated right now."

"I don't want to interrogate you either. I just need answers."

The corner of her lips tipped up into a smile. "If it is answers that you want then you will have to find them elsewhere because I guarantee that you will not get them from me. Did you really think you would just walk in here and I would start singing like a bird?"  
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"Honestly, no," I admitted and her brows furrowed in confusion. I took a slow step forward until I was standing in front of the cell but not quite touching it.

"But you will soon, do you want to know why?"

"I presume you will tell me either way."

"This cell is specially designed to hold witches. It slowly bleeds out every trace of magic until all that is left is nothing. The bars are silver so you cannot touch them. Even if you are not a werewolf, you are in the body of one. By this time tomorrow, you will be almost human. I am sure you will have more answers for us then."

She was stoic and expressionless for a full minute and then, to my surprise, she burst out laughing. It was a shrill and high pitched sound, one that grated on my nerves. If you are not reading this novel on Job(ni) b.com, some sentences are incomplete. The sound was filled with sick amusement and something about it felt eerie and I felt the hair at the back of my neck stand on edge. Even Ryker who was beside me subtly pulled me closer to him, almost as if he could feel it the same way I could.

It took her a while to calm down, and when she did, she had a dark look in her eye. "I look forward to seeing you tomorrow. You might be surprised by what you find"

It sounded more like a threat than anything but I wasn't going to stay to find out what. As soon as we left the cells, Ryker turned to the guards. "I need twenty-four-hour surveillance on her. Do not ever take your eyes off her. I want two pairs of eyes. She is planning something"

The guards seemed surprised by the request but they nodded and rushed to do as he had asked. Ryker pulled me out because it felt like I was unable to move of my own accord and the moment we returned to the main floor of the palace, I let out a breath I didn't even know I was holding.

"That was not creepy at all," Ryker's voice was dripping with sarcasm and I couldn't help but burst into laughter. He was smiling beside me and I let out a heavy exhale once I managed to calm down. "All I want is one peaceful week. Is that too much to ask for?"

"I have been asking myself the same question every day for years," I told him leaning my head against his shoulder. Once the laughter had died down, I was forced to face the reality of the situation. "It feels weird, you know? Seeing her there like that, it felt very uncomfortable, I didn't think I could handle it."

"I knew you could," he shot back and I snorted.

"You were asking me to stay back. You didn't even want me there."

"I did want you there, I just wanted you to do it on your own terms. You are stronger than you think, Camilla and I wanted you to realize that on your own," I lifted my eyes to him suddenly feeling overwhelmed by his words. He cracked a small smile before kissing my lips softly. "Do you want to go and see Peggy? She might need some company."

I shook my head. "What she needs right now is space. This would be too much on even the strongest person in the world."

While I wanted to go to her, I knew I wouldn't be wanted at the moment. Instead of leaving the door open for any potential questions, I intertwined my fingers with Ryker and pulled him in the direction of our offices. What I needed right now was work to get my mind off things and he seemed to realize that too because he didn't protest.

I spent majority of the day locked in my office with my face buried into mountains of paperwork. I didn't even realize how much time had gone by until there was a knock on my door and Ryker made his way in with a plate of food that smelled so good that my stomach rumbled.

"I'm thinking Peggy wasn't the only one who needed space," he mused and my cheeks heated. He placed the food in front of me and pulled me into his lap. I couldn't even protest. "How do you feel? I didn't know how much time was deemed appropriate but I figured you would need something to eat."

"This is perfect," I whispered trying to make sure my voice didn't crack due to emotions. "Thank you. Are the girls-"

"I already put them both in bed. I told Audrey that you weren't feeling too good and you just wanted to take a break. She didn't understand and she asked that I give you one of her toys to make you feel better"

The corner of my lips tipped up. I wouldn't put it past Audrey to say something like that. She was such a kind hearted little girl. She was the one thing that let me know I was doing a good job because if we could raise someone as amazing as her, then I could handle being Queen.

"Did Peggy come out for dinner?" I asked and he shook his head making me curse. "I should go check on her. She is probably all alone."

I started to rise but he kept his hand firmly around my waist and pulled me back into a sitting position. "I already did, she said she wanted to be alone. I

left some dinner for her at the door and she said to tell you that she is fine and she doesn't need guards watching her"

I raised a brow. "You put guards to watch her?"

"I had to. I didn't know what she would do."

My throat welled with emotion and I threw my hands around his shoulders. I couldn't function properly and he had gone out of his way to make sure that everything was properly handled. I didn't know how my mother managed to rule for years without a mate. If I didn't have Ryker, I was positive that I would have lost my mind by now. He was so helpful and he knew just where and how to meet up where I fell short.

"I love you," I whispered and his response was to press a lingering kiss to my temple. "I should say it more." "Whether you say it or you don't, I know it," he responded against my skin. "And I love you too, more than you know." We spent the next few minutes in silence. He stole a few spoons from my food and it felt like utter bliss to just be alone with him like that but like every other good thing, it came to an end when the door to my office slammed open I was stunned by the action and even more stunned when I realized that it was a guard. No matter how urgent and panicked they were, they never stormed into my office.

"You better have a damn good reason for that," Ryker drawled and from the fear in the guard's eyes, we could both see that he did. "What happened? Is she gone?"

"Not exactly."

I realized I didn't like that answer so I rushed to my feet and followed after him. He led us down into the dungeons and the first thing that greeted me was the smell of rotten flesh. It was so strong that I did a double take and nearly doubled over.

“What the hell?” I asked as I was handed a rag to put over my mouth so as to try to stifle to smell. “Where is this coming from?”

“The prisoner's cell,” the guard explained and as I stood in front of Marie's cell, I understood because instead of Marie, there was a rotten corpse. “We were watching like you ordered. She was quiet and then she just fell to the ground. Her body started to rot in seconds. I have never seen anything like it.”

Before I could respond, I heard my name being screamed and I saw Christine running down the stairs. In her hands, she had a tightly wrapped rag. Once she saw us, she sighed in relief and tossed the rag on the ground.

“You have to see that.”

#### The Rejected Werewolf Princess Chapter 228



#### RYKER'S POV

No one made a move to touch the cloth. There was just so much fear and concern filling the room, it was almost suffocating. I sighed and reached out with my toe to push open the rag but nothing would have prepared me for what was in there. Inside said rag was one of the dolls but it didn't look normal, it was black, almost as if it had been burned and it had the most putrid smell I had ever been unfortunate enough to encounter.

I knew what it was immediately, we all did. Christine had a hand to her nose and I watched her rush over to a corner to throw up. She should have left, I wanted to force her to leave but she didn't, instead, she came right back and stood next to us.

“What the hell is going on?” she asked. “I was watching it and all of this happened within seconds. Something weird is going on.”

Camilla agreed but as I glanced back over my shoulder at the rotten body in the cell, it all made sense. “The cell keeps out every form of magic. The moment we put her in there, the magic keeping the body alive started to leech away, it had to go back to its original state. My only question now is what happened to the person in her body?”

No words were spoken as we all wracked our brain for any possible responses, the honest truth was that we didn’t know. This was magic and it was completely out of our pay grade. We didn’t have a resident witch who could answer all of our questions and tell us what was true and real or not. All we had at the moment was a dead body and a rotten doll.

“Peggy!” Camilla exclaimed after a second. “Shit, how are we going to explain all of this to her? She is going to be devastated. I have to tell her what happened.”

She looked to me and I knew she wanted me to handle it. It was clear that she was emotionally invested in this and I couldn't expect her to be at her best in this situation. I turned to the guards who were still watching us with close curiosity and anticipation.

“Get rid of the body, I would prefer that you burned it. Make sure to take this doll with you,” I gestured to it, not wanting to go any closer. “Do not touch it with your bare hands. We don’t know what it was used for or if there are traces of magic inside of it”

“Yes, your majesty.”

“Speaking of magic, do not take that body out until the fire is ready. I don’t know if the magic will seep back in or not. This entire situation screams foul

play and I don't want to make it worse," I turned to the women. "We should go."

"Don't you think we should let Peggy see her first?" Camilla asked in an unsure tone. "She might want to say good bye"

"It is best that she keeps whatever image she has of her daughter right now over the image of that rotten corpse," I knew my words were harsh but I needed to drive my point across. "We will break the news about Marie. I will be right there with you the entire step of the way."

She nodded and I reached out to intertwine my fingers with her. I turned to Christine who had been silent the entire time.

"Thank you," I whispered and she waved me off. "I think we can handle it from here. You should go and rest, I cannot imagine how exhausting that ordeal was."

It was a testament to how tired she was because she didn't even protest, she just gave me a small smile and walked away leaving Camilla and I. My mate definitely didn't want to see Peggy, she dragged her feet the entire time and I knew it was worry for how she would behave and take the news.

When we arrived at Peggy's door, I had to knock because I knew that in the moment, Camilla couldn't bring herself to do anything. I knocked quietly and there was some mumbling before the door opened. Peggy took one look at us and she frowned deeply. I opened my mouth to speak but she held up a hand to stop me.

"I already know what you are about to say and I would rather you didn't," she cut me off. "Can I at least see her?" "No, you can't," I hated doing that to her especially when her eyes widened and her frown deepened. "You don't want to see her in that state, I assure you. You want to keep whatever memory you have of her as pure as possible. Do not taint it with this."



“That was not your call to make,” she spat and I knew that I had successfully pissed her off. “You can leave now, thank you for informing me.”

She turned on her heels and walked into the room. I knew the smart thing would have been to just walk away but when I made to do so, I saw Camilla take a step into the room. She had her hands wrapped around her mid-section, almost as if she were anxious. I couldn't just leave my mate so I followed her as well. Peggy did her best to ignore us and pretend that we weren't there.

“When my mother died, I didn't see her body,” Camilla began and I stilled. I had never heard her speak about this out loud. “I wanted to, so badly but I was advised against it. I was furious, I thought they were trying to take her from me I thought they didn't want me to say goodbye. I threw every tantrum in the book, I screamed and I cried but they didn't let me and now I am grateful that I didn't because when I think about my mother, I think about her the way she was and not how she died.”

“These two situations are not the same,” Peggy spat. “This is my child. I raised her alone. I cared for her, I loved her, I watched her take her first steps, I watched her shift, I was there when she had her first kiss. I love my daughter with everything in me and you cannot stop me from seeing her. This is the time that she needs me the most.”

“No,” Camilla cut her off. “This is the time that she needs you to be strong. You don't want to see her like that, she wouldn't want you to.”

“You don't know Marie, you don't know my girl, you have no right to speak for her”

Peggy had her finger pointed in Camilla's face and it took everything in me to not pull her back, instead, I let out a warning growl. Both women turned to me and Peggy's cheeks heated as she realized what she had done. She took a

small step back to show me that she meant no harm and only then did the tension in my chest reduce considerably. I could see that Camilla wasn't happy with me for growling at Peggy but we could take care of that later. What mattered to me was that she was not being threatened or cornered.

"Peggy," Camilla began again after a strained minute. "I know how much this hurts and while I might not have known Marie, you can trust that I know this situation. I have been here before and I know that if you do this, you will regret it"

"Losing your mother in a fire is not the same as my daughter's body rotting on the ground, Camilla," Peggy spat. "Don't you dare compare the two."

Camilla opened her mouth to speak but I held up a hand to stop her and she went silent. I slowly made my way over to them making sure I stood in a way that I blocked the door. Both women watched me carefully but my attention was on Peggy.

"We didn't tell you how her mother died," I said simply and she stilled.

"Yes you did," her voice shook ever so slightly. "How else would I know about it?"

"I am asking you the very same question."

She scoffed. "Is this a new tactic of yours? Are you trying to intimidate me into forgetting what is happening right now?"

"I have no need to intimidate you but let us assume that I was wrong and she did tell you, how did you know that Marie's body was rotten? That happened today, less than a few minutes before we came here, how did you know?" She stared at me for a second and then did the most absurd thing, she buried her face into her hands and began to cry. My brows furrowed in confusion as I watched her and I could feel Camilla's confusion too. Peggy stood there wit

her head bent as her shoulders shook with the force of her sobs. I wasn't sure if I was to comfort her or just watch her.

I ended up doing the former and after two minutes of crying with no response from anyone she looked up at us and risked a peek. She frowned when she saw that we weren't doing anything and to my surprise, she rolled her eyes and wiped at her tears.

"I thought that would work," she drawled with no humor in her tone. Her spine straightened and she looked up at us in slight annoyance. "I should have waited until you told me."

"You should have," I said simply. "Who are you and what do you want?"

"You have to be very stupid to not know who I am by now," she crossed her arms over her chest. "Did you really think that by throwing me off a cliff I would die? I hold the power over death, little prince, very little can kill me."

Reina.

"The knife," Camilla spluttered. "I stabbed you, you should have died" NôvelDrama.Org owns this text.

"Perhaps you are better off looking for instructions before playing with sharp toys," she mused. "Now, I need you to tell me where that knife is and I can be out of your hair"

### The Rejected Werewolf Princess Chapter 229



### CAMILLA'S POV

I should have known. The signs were right in front of me and I should have figured it out earlier but I couldn't look past my own prejudice to see what the

hell was going on. I had focused all my attention on the witch being Marie that I forgot to even consider the possibility that it could be Peggy. It made sense now, she was using the dolls to control the dead body, but the other two dolls... what were they for?

"I don't have all the time in the world," she drawled crossing her arms over her chest. Now that she wasn't pretendin anymore, I could see the similarities, I could see the mannerisms. It was her but it wasn't. "Give me the dagger."

"I don't know where it is," it was the truth. I didn't even know if it had been found or not. "Look, I don't want anythin; to do with you right now. I closed that chapter of my life a long time ago. You wanted me because of my magic and I don't have it anymore."

"You stupid girl, I didn't want you because of your magic, I wanted you because you were blessed by the goddess," she crossed her arms over her chest as she analyzed me. "I know your magic is gone. I had more than enough time to check it out. If it were still here, you would have healed me when I almost drowned in the water. You don't have thos powers anymore and I suppose it is a good thing because now you cannot defeat me. How do you plan to fight deatt hm?"

My jaw clenched in anger but I didn't speak. Ryker gently wrapped his hand around my waist and pulled me behind him. I saw Reina- Peggy- whatever she was- raise her brow in mild amusement. I could tell she enjoyed this but the honest truth was that I needed her out of the palace. No one in tis building was safe until we found a way to get her out. No one was safe until she was gone.

"We don't have the knife, Reina," Ryker said simply. "If you want it then you will have to get it yourself. Get out of my pack"

She stared at him for a full minute as the corner of her lips tipped up slowly into an amused smirk. "I see you've grown some backbone instead of hiding behind your mate and her magic. Tell me, Ryker, does it make you feel inferior knowing that she has all the powers? Leonor wasn't a royal and yet she had powers, do you want to know how?"

"Get out," he cut her off. "I don't want to hear this. Leave now, Reina."

She laughed humorlessly. My eyes found Ryker's but there was something in them. I could clearly understand what he was telling me- stall her. I wasn't sure how he wanted me to do that but I nodded.

"Why did you pick them?" I asked and she turned to me in confusion. "Of all the people in the town, you picked them why? You could have chosen anyone else."

"That is true," she admitted. "When we both washed up ashore, Peggy found us. She was such a kind old woman. She was seated there, you know, and she looked broken. I know death, I can sense it. All I needed to do was push the right buttons and she told me about her little girl who was dead. Well, all I could do was help her out so I made sure she joined her child and I took over."

"You brainwashed an entire community into thinking that Marie was still alive.

She shrugged and that was when I realized we might have underestimated her powers. She opened her mouth to speak but at that moment, the door flew open and in came a handful of guards with their weapons pointed at her. There was fear in her eyes for a minute but she quickly wiped it away and replaced it with annoyance.

"This is how you want to play," she drawled. "That's fine, I'll bite. Get me that weapon in one week or I will burn this entire pack to the ground and you can count on that"

She turned to the window and there was a loud explosion. Ryker pulled me to the ground with his hands covering my head and shielding me from the debris that was flying around. Dust filled the air and by the time it settled, the window had been blown out and Peggy was gone. Ryker cursed loudly as he realized she had escaped. All I could do was stand there stunned as I tried to process everything that just happened.

Ryker was barking orders to the guards but my mind was a haze. I couldn't hold a thought longer than a few seconds before it was replaced with the reality that Reina was back. Reina whom I had almost lost everything to- my child, my life. She was one of the fiercest foes we had ever faced and she was back. She could have wiped all of us dead in the room but she didn't, she chose to flee. I wasn't sure if that was an act of mercy or if there was more to it.

"Camilla," my eyes snapped up once I heard Ryker's voice. His eyes raked over me with concern. "Are you alright? Do you need me to-"

"No," I cut him off. "I think I'm going to check on the girls. I just want to make sure that they are alright, okay?"

I didn't wait for him to respond before I started to drag myself over there. I couldn't think, I couldn't breathe, I just needed to see my children, I needed to touch them, feel them and know that they were alive and breathing. They were with Riley, at least, that was the last place I knew they would be. When I pushed open Riley's door and I didn't see them, I felt panic settle in my heart.

I tried to calm my raging breaths. They had to be somewhere in the palace, they couldn't have just disappeared. I forced my heavy feet to move down the halls and tried to get my brain to bring up the few places they could be but it wasn't working. My breath was coming out in pants and my eyes were blurring over every few seconds. I thought I was going to pass out until I felt a hand on my shoulder. In a second, I had the person pinned to the wall with ice

around their wrists. I wasn't even sure where the water came from, it just happened.

"I'm not going to hurt you," Damien explained in a soft voice and I let out a sigh of relief and embarrassment. It took one flick of my wrist to get him out and he watched me with careful eyes after. "Are you alright? You seemed very jumpy."

"Where are the girls?" I should have answered his question but I needed to see my children. As long as I could put my eyes on them, I would be fine. "I went to your room and they weren't there. I don't know where Riley is."

"She is in their room with them," his eyes narrowed as he took me in. "Are you sure that everything is okay? You look a little pale" NôvelDrama.Org owns this text.

"I'm fine," I turned away from him quickly. "I am going to check up on the girls."

I had hoped that he would leave me alone but instead, Damien walked in sync with me. Every few seconds, I would feel his eyes on me and I could clearly make out the worry in his gaze but I remained silent. The moment he pushed the door open and I saw my daughters, I felt every ounce of worry bleed out from my shoulders. They were seated cross legged on the floor with Riley but as soon as they saw me, they rushed over to me.

I buried my face in their hair and inhaled their scent. They were whispering and talking to me but I could barely hear them over the noise in my head. All I could hear was one phrase over and over again- "they are safe".

I pulled back only when they started to squirm to get out of my hold and I smiled so as not to show them how worried I was. "I was looking for you. I didn't know you would be here."

"Are you okay, mummy?" Audrey asked and I nodded. "You look like you're going to cry. Are you hurt?"

“No, I'm just very happy to see you,” I smiled wide. She cocked her head to the side in disbelief but she was a child and there was very little that she actually knew. After a few seconds of a staring contest, she seemed to believe my response because she immediately rushed over to show me what she had been doing.

I knew I had a shit ton of work to do but nothing could have pulled me off that ground. I sat cross legged on the floo with my daughters talking about the most absurd things. Aurora sat in my lap and just buried her face into my chest and it was the most amazing thing ever. They were alive, they were breathing, Reina hadn't gotten to them.

I couldn't help but wonder if part of the reason she didn't do anything today when she could have was to play with our minds. She liked games, I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out that this was all a game to her. She wanted to drive us to the brink of insanity and it has only been a few hours but I couldn't help but feel like she was succeeding “Hey, is Camilla-” the door flew open as Ryker's words died on his throat. His eyes met mine and they softened considerably. Both girls rushed up to their father but he never moved his eyes from me as he spoke. “Can everyone excuse us please?”

Riley and Damien didn't wait to be asked twice before they walked away. Once the door was shut behind them, Ryke! came to take a seat next to me on the floor. I didn't say a word as I lay my head gently against his shoulder. I couldn't have spoken even if I wanted to, I didn't know what to say.

“Everything will be fine,” he assured me and I wanted so badly to believe those words. “We did it before, we can do it again. We know better now. She cannot hurt them again.”

“The mean woman is back,” Audrey announced making us turn to her.

“What did you say?”



“The mean woman is back. You're talking about her, right?”

“No,” Ryker lied. “Don’t worry about us, okay? It is just adult talk.”

Audrey just shrugged and went back to her toys. That was the innocence of children and I would be damned if I let Reina take it away from them again.

### The Rejected Werewolf Princess Chapter 230



#### RYKER'S POV

I stayed silent next to Camilla wondering if I should tell her about the fact that we had the dagger or not. It was seated in the drawer by our bedside. It was not the smartest place to keep it but it was also the one place I knew nobody would check. Our room was practically out of bounds to people. I debated it the entire time we were with the girls and through dinner.

I didn’t realize I was so lost in my thoughts until after we laid the girls down for bed, Camilla stopped me in the hallway. “Is everything okay?” she asked and I nodded. “You've been lost in your head throughout today. I know we just found out about Reina and that could be it but-”

“That's not it,” I cut her off and her brows furrowed in confusion. “Come with me, I need to show you something.” She said nothing as she followed quietly behind me but I could feel her bustling curiosity. She had a million questions, that much was clear but she managed to keep her mouth shut until we got to our room. I could feel her staring at me the entire time and I hoped I wasn’t making the wrong choice when I pulled open the drawer and pulled out the dagger. Her eyes widened to the point of saucers and she stared up at me like she had just seen a ghost.

“Where did you get this?” her voice was carefully soft and guarded. “Isn't this-”  
“Yes,” I cut her off. “I've had it since when you went missing. It washed up shore and I kept it. I didn't know I would need it later”

“Why didn't you just give it to Reina so she would leave us alone?” she asked and I stilled. “This is what she wants, isn't it? If we give it to her then she doesn't have to attack. We can end this in seconds.”

I snatched the dagger back and placed it in the drawer. “We can't do that.”

She had her hands crossed over her chest and her brows raised. She definitely didn't agree with me on my choice regarding the dagger and I thought of the best way to explain it to her. I had also thought about just giving it to Rein. but I couldn't.

“What is the guarantee that she will leave us alone?” I asked her. “We don't know Reina and from what we do know o her, she cannot be trusted. I don't believe for one minute that she will leave us alone. Besides, why does she want the dagger of all things? There has to be something about it that she doesn't want us to find out.”

“It didn't work the last time.”

“She said something about learning to use things. It does work, we just didn't use it right. I am sure there is someon or something out there that can teach us how to use this and kill her. She doesn't want us to find out which is why she wants this.”

Camilla pursed her lips. “You're right, I know you are, but am I wrong for just wanting this to be over quickly? Maybe if we give it to her then she will not attack us. She might keep to her word.”

I gave her a blank look. “Are you trying to convince me or yourself?”

She sighed and took a seat at the edge of the bed, her face buried into her hands. I sat next to her without making a sound and wrapped my arms around her shoulder. It proved to be the right move because she leaned into me and let out an exasperated sigh. This was tiring and it would be until we found a way to get rid of Reina- that much I knew.

I said nothing as I just sat there and allowed her lean against me. I wasn't sure how long we stayed there but I didn't move until she did first. Once she pulled away slightly, I pulled her to her feet with me and started undoing the laces at the back of her dress. She didn't stop me but she turned over her shoulder to look at me. This belongs to NôvelDrama.Org.

"What are you doing?" she asked but I stayed silent. "Ryker, what is this?"

"I am getting you into bed," I said simply as I undid the last lace and her dress pooled to her feet.

I helped her out of the rest of her clothes until she was standing naked in front of me. It tried to keep my eyes fixed on her face but it was hard. She was soft in all the right places and she was mine, standing in front of me and doing nothing to hide from me. I couldn't stop myself from cupping her head and kissing her lips. It was meant to be a soft peck and nothing more but our bodies had a mind of their own. Our lips moved in perfect sync and as my hands trailed down to her lower back to pull her flush against me, I heard her moan.

I pulled back with a harsh breath. "That was not what I meant when I said I wanted to get you in bed."

She smiled coyly and shrugged. "As long as it works, I don't really mind."

She kissed me again and this time, I didn't fight her as she wrapped her arms around my neck. I figured there was nothing wrong with spending one night

with my mate. If there was one person that was guaranteed to make me forget about everything- it was Camilla.

As usual, I woke up before her. The sky was still dark by the time I woke up and Camilla was fast asleep and curled up by my side. She looked peaceful and the stress of the last few days was absent from her face. I didn't want to wake her but I knew if I moved, she would, so I stayed there for what felt like another hour. I kissed the top of her head once the sun started to rise and slowly got out of bed. It was a miracle that I managed to get out without waking her. Once I was freshened up, I made my way out of the palace and towards the training grounds where I spent my mornings. Juan was already there doing some running and I didn't hesitate to join him. For the first few minutes, there was complete silence between us. We just enjoyed each other's company as we ran around the palace. It was a daily routine at this point.

"What is the next course of action?" Juan asked after a beat of silence. "What are you going to do about Reina?"

"I don't know," I admitted. I hated that answer but it was the only one I had.

"We have about six days before she attacks and I plan to use that time to find out whatever I can about her. She is going to come back and when she does, we better be ready."

"How do you plan to do that? The only witch I know is-"

"I don't want to use any more witches," I cut him off. "I don't fancy seeing people die just to help us out. I might have an idea though. Camilla's father built a vacation house over the land where the witch coven used to be. There is someone there- Briggs- he knows everything about them. He might have some information for us. I will send out spies to give him a message. He will be brought here"

Juan nodded slowly. "Okay, what do you need me to do?"

"I need you to stay with your mate," he opened his mouth to protest but is topped him. "Christine is going to try to get involved. You know that and so do I. It is your job to keep her safe and out of it."

"How many times has Camilla gone into trouble while pregnant," he shot back and I fell silent. "Exactly, she won't agree to being caged. I can try my best but she will only hate me for it. The best that I can do is to make sure that she doesn't get hurt. If you think you can make her sit this one out then please, be my guest. I would love for her to be within the confines of the palace but this is Christine that we are talking about."

Unfortunately, I knew he was right. Christine and Camilla were two peas in a pod. They were stubborn to a fault and there was absolutely nothing save for full body paralysis that would make them sit this battle out. They were going to do everything humanly possible to make sure that they were involved and they helped to get rid of Reina.

"Fine, just keep an eye on her," I said finally. "There isn't much we can do until we hear back from Briggs but I could use some help with the guards. Everyone needs to be prepared for the possibility of an attack from Reina. There isn't much they can do against magic but they can try."

He nodded. "Of course, I have a question though," he began. "Does she still have the full extent of her powers?" "What do you mean?"

"Well, according to Christine, Camilla lost some of her powers. Would it be wrong to assume that she might have too? They both were hurt, they both fell off the cliff and they both had to survive. Don't you think she could have lost something as well?"

"It would make the most logical sense," I admitted. "But I don't know, she could control a dead body and make it speak. She did it for weeks and she

managed to make an entire town forget that someone they knew and loved had died.”

“How powerful was she before that?” he asked. “She could take the life out of anything with a snap of her fingers- that is what you told me. Compared to that, I don’t think this is a lot.”

“Even if she did lose her powers. We would be fools to underestimate her. She is still powerful and we need to be careful.”