

## Chapter 2

Evelyn's POV:

Five years ago, I was an orphan from a low-ranking clan at the borders and grew up in an orphanage there, called Faelan Orphanage.

However, because of my intelligence and hard-working attitude, I had received a considerable amount of monetary support from the Wolfgang Trust Fund.

I was the only werewoman offered a position to be a wolf doctor at university. Just before enrolment, I decided to visit the Wolfgang family to thank them in person.

The Wolfgang clan owned the most land and were the richest family amongst the other werewolf packs nearby.

To help the werewolves living at the borders survive, they built the Wolfgang Trust Fund, and I was one of the receivers of their monetary support. I owed them too much.

Kiera had looked at me back then. She fell silent for a while before saying, "If you really want to repay us, you can do me a favor instead."

The "favor" Kiera meant was to save the only descendant of the Wolfgang family, Callum, from a massive heartbreak.

Callum and Iris had been friends since they were cubs and meant the world to one another. When Iris told Callum that she wanted to take things slowly, he agreed to wait for her for years.

They still never confirmed their relationship even after they turned 18 years old. However, when Callum was 24, Iris suddenly left the pack with another wolf, leaving Callum behind.

Callum lost control of himself and chased fervently after her and got himself into a serious car accident.

After waking up, he realized that he had been heavily injured, and one of his legs was also crippled.

He then began drowning his sorrows in alcohol every day. His strong, muscular body disappeared, and his wolf dwindled in power.

It was precisely because of Callum's inability to control his wolf that it kept going berserk and attacked his own family members.

What Kiera wanted me to do was to become Callum's mate to save him from himself. She also knew that I was talented in medicine and had a strong, obedient wolf.

So, to repay her for her help, I gave up the opportunity to go to university and signed a five-year contract with Kieran to worm my way into Callum's heart.

I was in charge of treating him, letting my wolf appease his wolf and give him as much comfort as was needed in an attempt to help Callum get back onto his feet.

Once, at a hunting competition, I pretended that he saved me from danger and put on an act that I was completely smitten with him at first sight.

Eventually, the others soon learned about me, the silly, love-crazed werewolf who always hovered by Callum's side and would do anything just for him.

Callum gradually got used to my presence and my love and adoration for him. I went into the mountains to gather all sorts of medicinal herbs to cure his leg, literally helping him back to his feet. However, Callum still never officially made me his mate.

Another time, at a dinner event, Callum joined in a bet with the rest of the other elites and socialites in the clan.

They bet on a piece of prime land in Northville that their female plus ones would jump into the sea to search for the legendary, long-lost emerald-encrusted silver dagger that the king of the werewolves, Lupinus Wolfgang, had lost at sea.

I immediately jumped into the icy sea without further thought. I knew that Callum had spent countless sleepless nights trying to acquire the rights to that piece of land.

So, while the other young women were still contemplating jumping because of the strong winds, massive waves, and the legend that probably wasn't even true, I took the first step and did it anyway.

When I got rescued, I was clutching the emerald-encrusted dagger tightly in my hands that I'd searched high and low for on the seabed.

That was the first time Callum ever felt so lost and helpless because of me. He hugged me tightly and said in a fearful, stammering voice, "L-Let's get married. I'll try my best to love you."

At that time, I thought that Callum was feeling grateful toward me for all the things I'd done for him.

However, I only learned later that Callum only proposed to me that night because Iris had posted a photo of herself kissing her husband under the moonlit night on her social media account.

Callum had only asked me to marry him out of spite and jealousy.

Still, in order to fulfill the contract that I'd signed with Kiera and remove Iris from Callum's painful memories, I still did everything in my power to be nice to him.

I would hunt the freshest venison for him, satisfy his wolf's needs, and more.

When I learned that his birthday wish since he was young was to watch the falling stars, and that he still hadn't seen them before, I purposely spent half a year scouting around for the best mountaintop to watch the stars.

I waited for him all night, and Callum never showed up.

I could sense that he was nearby, however, making love with another woman on another mountaintop.

My wolf was beyond angry.

Soon, I found out that the other woman turned out to be Iris.

Iris' marriage was going through some turbulence at that time, and it was also then that Callum started leaving his pack every week, delivering all sorts of gifts and presents right to Iris' door to cheer her up.

However, he never let her know that he was the one sending her the gifts.

On the day Iris finally returned, Callum had rushed over because he wanted to see her as soon as possible and got himself into another accident.

I didn't sleep for three whole nights as I stood vigil by Callum's bedside the whole time he was unconscious at the hospital. Yet, the only name Callum ever kept repeating was Iris.

It was at that moment that I realized I could never accomplish the mission that Kiera wanted me to do.

Luckily, the contract was coming to an end, and Iris had also returned to the pack in the territory.

Callum would be able to be with his first love, which meant it was also time for me to leave.

From today onward, Callum and Iris could finally spend the rest of their new life together.