

## Chapter 222 A mysterious man

Doris took another step back. Her heart picked up in her chest and she suddenly felt her fight or flight come forward in her mind. "I don't know what you're talking about—"

Daemon lifted his hands in peace. "No, no. You got me all wrong, I don't mean any harm." He took a few steps back to give her space. She must have looked as if she was about to flee. "I only wanted to say that you were incredible out there! I've only heard tales of white wolves, I never thought I would see one for myself."

Doris felt her face flush. "Did you follow me here? Is that why you're out here."

"I may have followed your path to see what you would do, but I only just caught up to you." Daemon scratched the back of his head and gave a slightly guilty smile as if he had been caught red handed. Doris narrowed her eyes and crossed her arms.

"What is it exactly that you want?" Doris asked. Her skin prickled when she thought of him seeing her shift back into her human form. Had he been spying on her this whole time? No—her white wolf would have noticed him when she was on the mountain.

"I suppose I just wanted to talk to you for a moment, nothing else. It's not every day that people pass by white wolves." He leaned against one of the trees casually. "Do you work for the palace?"

"I suppose you could say that." Doris glanced over her shoulder. "Shouldn't you be on your way to the palace? You don't want to get in trouble."

"I should be, but I ran into a pretty girl and now I want to talk to her." Daemon grinned.

Doris sighed and pulled out the ring she wore on a necklace whenever she was about to change. "I'm flattered, but I'm spoken for. Even if I wasn't, I'm not sure I would go for a mysterious boy that followed me through the woods."

Daemon laughed. It was a deep sound that echoed off the trees all around her. "Understood. I'm just a strange messenger to the pretty lady. He's a

lucky man whoever he is—not many can say their lover is a white wolf.”

“What do you know of white wolves?” Doris asked. It felt like she knew nothing about what she was beyond tales but everyone else knew tons.

“I heard that white wolves hold more power than any other species. The ones who are chosen as a white wolf are said to be born to rule kingdoms. They’re born to be rulers and leaders—they’re born to be great.” <sup>1</sup>

Daemon sounded in awe as he looked at her. Doris swallowed. She knew she didn’t live up to that sort of expectation—at least not yet. Long before she ever knew that she was a white wolf, she’d heard tales just like the ones he spoke of.

They were legends from birth. Unstoppable forces that could take down anything. Doris felt weaker than ever after her taste of power. It was better to let him believe she was this big strong wolf that couldn’t be messed with unless he wanted death.

“I also heard that they are a force and could bring anyone to their knees.” He said thoughtfully as he watched her, breaking her thoughts.

“I don’t know about all of that—”

"I can see the legends were true." Daemon interrupted. "I saw you run, I saw how you glowed and raced through the trees faster than light. I don't think I've ever seen something move like that—and I used to work for the military."

"Do you not anymore?" Doris eyed him. His compliments were almost making her feel flustered.

"Nah, I got an injury on the field and now I'm just a useless messenger boy." He laughed a little. Doris frowned. "Well, I better get to the palace. I have to make it there before the rulers set to leave their palace." Daemon started down the path.

"They're coming to visit?" Doris quickly went to follow. "The rulers are coming here?"

"Yeah, they want to meet the new king." Daemon said in a bright voice as she followed him. Doris eyed the envelope in his grasp and wished he would just hand it over so she could see exactly what it said. "I have to stay and await their arrival to make sure all their needs are met before they get here."

"You didn't mention you would be staying."

"I suppose I didn't want to excite you too much."

He smirked a little, stepping around a large rock. Doris rolled her eyes.

They approached the palace quickly.

"Well, here we are. I assume you can find your way to the front. Good day." Doris said. She clenched her cloak a little tighter. Daemon bowed to Doris in an extravagant way.

"I thank you, my lady, and I hope to see you soon."

Doris nodded her head before she hurried to the side entrance of the palace before anyone could see her talk with the boy. The last thing she needed was gossip about her and a mysterious handsome stranger. They would eat her alive and all she would get would be William's wrath.

The floor was cold against her feet. She hadn't even realized that she'd forgotten her boots in the forest. Not even the rocks or tree branches distracted her from her mind.

Doris ignored the questionable look as she hurried to her room across the palace. She didn't care how drained, messy, or pale she looked. She needed rest before William had her stay up all night to watch the baby.

"I wouldn't trust that one if I were you." Cordelia

said in her ear. It made Doris slow her steps a little.

"I don't—but why do you say that?" Doris asked in her mind. There were too many people around for her to talk freely.

"I don't know... something about him made me feel off. I got a strange feeling when he was near you." Cordelia said. "I could be wrong, but I would be careful."

"I don't think I'll be seeing him again, don't worry." Doris entered her empty room and felt a horrible ache hit her heart. William still had their baby out at meetings or whatever else he was dealing with instead of letting him sleep in their room like a baby should.

"Rest, Doris. Don't let your mind be corrupted with hurt. You need to heal after what you went through." Cordelia urged. It almost felt as if she was pushing her towards the bed. Doris changed into her nightgown and fell against the sheets.

Her body felt as if it melted against the silk. Nothing had ever felt more comfortable than her bed did in this moment.

She hadn't even realized she had fallen asleep when she heard her baby cry. William was fast

asleep next to her and she almost had the nerve to shove him off the bed.

He would feel her own wrath when the time was right.