

## 5. I accept

Cassy pov

Tears streamed down my eyes. Should I tell them about the rejection? It hurt like hell. I wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy, and hence, I just couldn't understand why this would happen to me. Both of them stared at me with sympathy as I cried torrents.

Sniing and gasping for breath, I tried to hold back my sobs. This has got to stop. I cannot be crying over him forever. He rejected me, just because he thought I was a weak human. He didn't want to give our bond a chance. He never thought that there must be a reason for me to be mated to the future alpha of the pack.

"Hey." My birth mother cooed and handed me a tissue. "Easy honey."

She caressed my hair when I accepted the tissue from her. She offered a sad smile. I could see from her eyes how bad she was feeling for me. I wiped away the snot and reached out for another tissue. When I was nally able to control my sobs and wipe away my tears, I took in a deep, shaky breath and cleared my throat.

"I....." I sighed.

"I thought I was human....." I whispered, feeling uncomfortable to talk about the real issue.

"I thought I was an odd one in a werewolf pack. Everyone else was better at everything than me. Training, sports, studies.... practically everything. So....."

"You were bullied? Were you picked on?" My birth father asked, his jaw muscles clenched with the pressure he exerted.

I shook my head.

"No. I mean, yeah there were some mean kids at school but there was always someone to help me around. My besties or my brother.....uh...the one I thought was my brother. And my parents..... I mean....the ones who found me in the woods loved me like their own. They took good care of me." I smiled and I saw that he visibly relaxed.

"Good. Because if they didn't, I would have to punish them because they had gone against my orders. It is illegal to treat beings of other races and species in a lowly manner just because they are different. They are good then. I am glad."

"Richard." My birth mother rolled her eyes. " She just woke up. And you are talking about laws and punishments." She started shaking her head.

I smiled, feeling a little better already.

"No. Actually...I want to know....rules? What are you? The leader?" I asked, feeling lost. I was told that I was a royal Lycan. Even the healers addressed me as a princess. But I just wanted to hear from them. I wanted to eliminate any questions.

They chuckled at my innocent question.

"Honey. We are the royals. I am the alpha king, alpha of all alphas in the werewolf world and you, Carina, is my only child, and my successor." My birth father asserted with pride and showed me the tattoo on his wrist- a howling wolf, the symbol of royalty.

"Wow." I gasped, completely awestruck.

"And Carina, this beautiful lady here is my chosen mate and my beloved, your mother Rita." He added, smirking in her direction.

She gasped and hit him playfully on his chest.

"Richard!" she scolded, making me giggle.

"See. Carina doesn't mind. She is our daughter after all. She knows that we must have mated....."

"Richard! Stop it!" my mother was now blushing fly shades of red.

Shaking my head, I giggled some more. Oh, I like them already.

"Chosen mate?" I asked, furrowing my eyebrows.

"Oh yes. We lycans get to choose our mates. We are different from normal werewolves. They have fated mates, but we choose ours." Mother explained.

"Oh," I murmured. "But I had a mate....." I started feeling confused. I kept my eyes lowered, as my frown deepened as I thought about it. If that is so, why was I mated with him?

"Well, there are rare cases where a lycan is mated to a werewolf. But that is very rare." Mother informed me.

I kept ddling with the sheet that covered my body. So my case was a rare one, huh?

"Where is this mate of yours then?" My father asked.

"He rejected me," I told them smugly. I could feel my throat tightening once again.

"WHAT!!!" he roared, making the entire place rumble with the force of his roar.

But I was already lost in my dilemma. I fought hard against my unshed tears as I forbade my sobs from escaping my lips. No! I was not going to cry over him anymore. He rejected me and that was his loss. That was what I wanted to believe.

"Richard, calm down. Our baby needs us." I heard the magical voice of my birth mother, which could soothe my aching heart. Well, at least I now have them in my life.

I tried to smile through my tears, wishing that things had turned out a little different for me. Perhaps it would have been better if I hadn't been mated with him. But then, I wouldn't have found my birth parents. Or perhaps I would have been better off if I hadn't been kidnapped from them, as they had claimed just now.

But then, I wouldn't have known such an awesome family and great besties. Sighing, I accepted my fate. Whatever had happened must have happened for a reason. Once again, I conquered my fears and faced my parents. I will be stronger. I don't need to cry over someone who disregarded my importance. I told myself.

"Actually....how was I stolen from you?" I asked, wanting to deviate from the subject.

My father sighed and my mother smiled sadly.

"We conceived after a long time. We had lost hope, but when we found out that we were being blessed by the heavens, we were both over the moon. And let's say that there was someone jealous about it. He wanted the throne for himself, but with you in the picture, that wasn't going to happen. So he....."

"Kidnapped me....." I wished the sentence for him.

He nodded. A lone tear slowly rolled out of his eye as he continued.

"I swear I followed him. But he was too fast. When I caught up, he had already got rid of you and I was too late....." he gulped, obviously nding it hard to continue.

My mother, too, was crying silent tears. I felt my own eyes swell as I listened.

"I...I was so angry that I beat him up and left him to die in the woods. I went to look for you but you weren't there. And since you were just an infant, there was no way I could smell you out, we lycans are completely human before we turn." He explained.

Turn? Humans before that? Wow, that explains a lot of things. So that was why I was seen as a human my whole life.

"Wow," I whispered, as a lot of things slowly fell into place.

"Turn? When do we turn?" I asked, now curious and eager to know more about it.

"Well, once you turn eighteen, your turning process will be triggered. You will slowly start to release the scent of a royal. And that is when we start training our royals for the throne. But by the time you turn nineteen, your lycan will wake up and you can communicate with her in your mind. And then, within that year, you will be able to shift. It is a slow process because lycans are majestic creatures. She must be hibernating right now, but when she wakes up she will be your best friend." Mother explained.

"Cool. Do you also communicate with your lycans?" I asked, unable to hide my curiosity.

"Yes, dear." She chuckled.

"Wow. I want to meet your lycans." I expressed my interest, nally able to nd the courage to smile genuinely.

"Not now honey. But we will. They are also eager to nally meet their pup." Father informed me. "Right now, you need to rest. You have had a bad fall. Heal so we can focus on the future," he stated.

"Okay." I smiled in contentment.

"One more thing honey. By birth, you are the heir to the throne. Do you accept it?" Father asked, smiling kindly.

I frowned and then smiled.

"Do you think I can do it?" I inquired.

"Of course honey. You are strong. That I can see." Mother urged, making me smile. After giving it some thought, I nodded with determination.

"I accept."

Their faces beamed with joy. My mother continued to caress my hair, and my father kept looking at me with pride.

"So when do we start?" I asked, knowing that I had to learn a lot of things if I were to become the next leader.

When they looked at me with confusion, I shrugged.

"The training?"

"As soon as you heal," he answered. His forehead wrinkled into a deep frown as he tapped his hand on his chin as though he was in deep thought.

"Carina, where did the werewolves nd you? The ones who brought you up? Do you know?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, I was told that they found me wrapped in a pink blanket in the woods. They thought I was an abandoned baby so they took me to their pack and asked the alpha for permission to look after me." I explained.

He nodded in understanding. I could see a mixture of emotions on his face. He let out a deep sigh.

"I wish I had found you," chuckling, he responded.

"I am here now, and won't leave your side," I promised.

"Just one thing. If I ever meet the family that brought me up, let me honour them and please accept them as my adoptive family." I requested. Their eyes lit up.

"Of course we would. We wouldn't be able to thank them enough for looking after our girl," father nodded as my mother responded to my request.

Smiling, I closed my eyes. Perhaps my life was nally turning in the right direction.