# 65 65- Only Her

**Sebastian King:** ①

It had been one week, and still there was no sign of her. My beast was going crazy without her. There was something about her that was drawing me to her as if she were a fu*cking magnet.

My Lycan had been in pain ever since she disappeared without warning.

*I couldn't protect her. Just like we couldn't protect Aurora.*

That was what my beast was saying again and again.

The guilt had been eating me like anything.

The masked girl gave me such Aurora vibes as if they were the same person. I could never forget those green eyes that used to look at me secretly from the window, thinking that I didn't know.

Since childhood, I had been told that Lycans could never have a mate bond. They could never fall in love because we were feral and didn't have a heart.

For us, the sole purpose of mating had been reproducing babies. We liked ensuring the survival of our kind. I lost my parents when I was

a baby, and Granma raised me.

At a very young age, she instilled in me that I was born to rule the world and needed a competitive female beside me as my queen. Tina was the best choice.

Her father was a powerful man, and by marrying her, my position as a king would be strengthened. He also promised me a reasonable amount of dowry that included acres of land. Though I wasn't interested in any of it but according to Granma, that was what Lycans were born to do.

Rule the world and bring babies into this world.

I never questioned Granma's decisions, but it was before I got married to Aurora. After I marked her partially, I felt something clicking inside me.

I ignored it. Every time I saw her, that clicking used to get on my nerves. I thought it was best if I avoided her.

She was supposed to be a freaking *nobody*.

A simple slave who was there to take the curse upon herself. A clickbait. To make her pregnant and let her die. 1

So that later, when I marry Tina, she would be safe from the curse. However, I never knew that

the slave they brought to me would steal my heart. 1

Her Emerald green eyes kept me awake many nights. My Lycan went crazy when she was gone in that fire. I swear I saw her that night. She came running to me and then, with a smile, turned away and went into that fire.

Nobody believed me. Granma thought I was acting odd, and Hunter? He thought I was nuts.

The masked warrior of the Blood Stone pack had the exact same eye color as Aurora. Didn't Aunt Amora say the same thing? Like my Lycan, she also believed that Aurora might still be alive.

Placing my hands on my hips, I looked up at the sky. Faint streaks of pink stretched across the horizon.

I needed to return to the packhouse before the darkness pulled back completely. It had become my daily routine to tear through these forests in the dark in my Lycan form, searching for her.

Hunter was the only one who knew about it and was annoyed as hell. But it was not in my hands anymore.

Every time evening rolled in, my Lycan would

push me hard to go into the forest and look for her. I always managed to keep my beast under control, but ever since she was lost, it wanted to go out.

My poor beast was losing it, and I had no choice but to let it go into the wilderness.

Every time I used to promise myself not to give in. But it used to stir restlessly, desperate to run into the woods.

Every single time, he used to act like a stubborn brat and fight me. And every single time, I had to give in.

I didn't even bother pulling my shorts from the trees and walked straight to the packhouse, where no one could be seen except some Lycan warriors.

The moment I stepped into my room, I headed to the bathroom. All I wanted was a long, scalding shower to shut everything off.

But then—

"You're letting your Lycan out too much lately..." I flinched.

It was my Beta.

Beta Hunter.

What was he doing in my room?

I didn't turn around, didn't say anything. Just kept pretending like his voice wasn't crawling under my skin.

Because he was right. We couldn't let our Lycans roam freely.

However, this time my Lycan decided to jump in: *Ask your beta to shut the fuck up!*

I stayed quiet, knowing my beta's Lycan must have gotten the message.

"Sebastian. Brother!" Hunter's fingers rolled around my elbow, "You need to control him. It's dangerous. Everyone knows that Lycans can kill anyone who they think is a threat. They don't have enough control like werewolves."

I jerked his arm away and narrowed my eyes, "I know that!" Stepping away, I walked to my bed and picked up the robe to cover myself, "You also need to remember, Hunter, that my Lycan lost the only girl he liked a lot. And now this girl who used to remind him of her..."

"Stop it!" Hunter folded his arms, "Losing control of your Lycan won't bring her back."

My jaws tightened, and before I could stop it, a deep rumble rolled through my chest. My shift started to creep through me.

My spine arched, my bones cracked, and my Lycan surged forward, shoving me back.

"Enough!" he growled through me in a rough voice, "You wanna talk control? We lost Aurora because this idiot didn't listen to me."

Hunter, who was already shocked to see my Lycan, blinked and stepped back.

"I told him to put her in our bed. Make love to her, keep her close. She was safest with us... yet..." he growled again, louder this time, "He didn't listen to me. She got burned, and we lost her. He didn't want to be her mate but was more interested in saving his throne."

My knees buckled and I dropped to the floor. My Lycan had retreated into my head to cool his rage.

And Hunter?

For the first time, he didn't have anything to say.

He just stood there silently, weighing every word my Lycan had said.

"You better not mess with us, Hunter," I warned him, "W... we ... we both want her..." I paused for a minute, "Only her, Hunter! Only her!"