

Chapter 3 Ten Seconds

Samson's POV:

When my brothers brought back our so-called fiancée, I stood outside the castle, watching from a distance. Honestly, the woman was ugly. It turned out, skipping the earlier welcome ceremony and using "matters at headquarters" as an excuse, was the smartest choice I'd made all day.

I went straight to my office. By the time I finished all the pack work, it was already midnight. The second I opened the door, I knew something was off. I walked quickly to the bed, and the moment I lifted the blanket, an arm shot at me like a weapon. I grabbed it hard, forcing down my anger. "Who are you?"

"You're the one breaking into my room at night! Ever heard of manners?" Her angry voice snapped back.

At this hour, the only person it could be was the fiancée from this morning—Amanda.

I gave a short, cold laugh. "So you're Amanda? Take a good look. This is my room."

There was a pause. Then her voice sounded embarrassed. "Sorry. I went into the wrong room. Didn't mean to."

"Out." My tone stayed cold. I said nothing else.

Only when her shadow disappeared did I finally let out a breath and fall back onto the bed. Still ... she didn't move like some weak Omega.

That elbow strike just now? Sharp, precise, and strong—like a trained Alpha's move.

If I hadn't reacted so fast, she would've landed it.

The night passed without dreams.

At breakfast, Josh's mocking voice carried across the table. "Samson, that woman is hideous! And the servants said she slipped into your room last night. I hope she didn't scare you."

My hand holding the knife and fork froze for a second.

I hadn't thought the story would spread so fast.

Just then, footsteps came down the stairs.

It was Amanda. Without meaning to, I looked up.

One more look at that ugly face, and even the memory of her unusual skills lost its shine. My chest sank heavily.

I put down my utensils and stood. "I'm heading to the office."

Amanda's POV:

Josh's cold laugh stabbed like ice.

"No wonder you ignored the rest of us yesterday. Turns out you've set your sights on Samson instead, huh? Sneaky, Amanda, real sneaky."

My hand holding the milk paused as the corner of my mouth twitched.

Forget it. I couldn't be bothered to explain, so I kept drinking.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Samson's back as he left. For some reason, my chest felt weird.

That black suit framed his wide shoulders and tall, straight back. His Alpha energy rolled off him like a shield, making the whole room colder.

No doubt about it. Of the five brothers, he was the most qualified heir.

"Hey! I'm talking to you!" Josh slammed the table, furious. "Samson already has someone he loves, so quit dreaming!"

"Okay." I didn't even bother to look up.

"Then pick me instead," he leaned close, smug. "If I feel generous, I might even let you stay longer at Eclipse Pack."

I finally looked at him, scanning him up and down, then scoffed. "You? Your wolf spirit hasn't even stabilized. You're barely grown."

"What did you say?!" Josh exploded, face red. "You're just an Omega, and you dare look down on me? I'm gonna—"

"What?" I cut him off calmly, wiping my mouth. "You gonna bite me?"

Sure enough, his whole face went redder, like a baby wolf puffing its fur.

He couldn't even control his temper, and he wanted to compete for Alpha? What a joke.

After breakfast, Derrick stopped me and pulled me into his car. He didn't speak, just tapped his fingers on the wheel, his face in the sunlight looking strangely soft, almost delicate.

But I noticed—his glance in the rearview mirror carried a trace of suspicion.

This delicate-looking man—did he suspect something?

I acted innocent. "Josh and I were in the same training camp. Why not let the driver take us there together?"

Derrick's fingers froze, then he spoke flatly. "Grandpa wants us to take turns. Monday through Friday, we drive you. Weekends, we take turns keeping you company."

"Today should've been Samson, but he had a last-minute meeting. So it's me."

Relief ran through me. So he wasn't interested in me, and he hadn't guessed who I really was either.

Soon, the car stopped at the elite werewolf training academy.

I lifted my head, catching the gleam of the golden plaque on the building. My eyes narrowed. It had been a long time since I stepped foot in a place like this. It made me wanna pick a fight.

Inside the classroom, the chatter died instantly when I walked in. Whispers buzzed through the air like flies.

"So that's the Eclipse Pack's future Luna? She's so ugly ... "

"Looks cheap, like some country Omega."

"She's got no skills. Why's she even in the elite class?"

The buzzing continued, annoying like gnats.

I walked straight to the back row. Nobody dared sit beside me. Perfect. I liked the quiet.

When the bell rang for break, I slipped out for the bathroom—only to get blocked.

A girl with purple hair stood in front, hands on her hips, dripping arrogance. "Amanda? You're an Omega without a wolf spirit, and you dare show up at our elite camp?"

"You have no wolf spirit, and you're ugly as hell. How dare you dream of becoming Luna! Do yourself a favor and get plastic surgery!"

My eyes landed on the glowing purple mark on her neck—the totem of the Phantom Pack's Gamma, Angeline Abbott. Backed by her family, she ruled the school like a queen.

"You hear her?" One of her girls shoved me. "Angeline told you to scram!"

I rolled my jaw and flexed my wrists. "I heard."

Then I smirked. "But I'm not leaving."

"I'll kill you!" Angeline swung her fist, wolf spirit energy flickering faintly.

I slipped aside, my elbow slamming into her ribs.

She bent over in pain, and before she could react, my foot kicked behind her knee. She crumpled instantly.

The girls behind her rushed me. I twisted one's wrist with my left hand, grabbed another's arm with my right, and flipped them into each other.

The last two froze in fear. I stepped up, tapped a finger on each of their shoulders, and both dropped to their knees.

Ten seconds, tops. All of them were on the ground, whining.

I dusted off my hands, gave a cold laugh, and turned to leave. Right there, I ran into Josh—his face twisted like he'd just seen a ghost.