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Dawn

The attention that I got after helping the kids was insane. I was invited to every social gathering and every event. Rhys' decree helped a lot because I was able to mingle with pack members.

My days have become pretty busy. After breakfast, I joined some female nobles who were in charge of bestowing knowledge about the Luna position for lessons.

It was a bit weird because I had no experience whatsoever. Plus, there were very beautiful female nobles who'd been trained since birth for a position that I was tossed into in the same lesson.

By virtue of my marriage to Rhys, I was treated above them, and I could feel their distaste, jealousy, and anger.

Even the tutors regarded me in an odd way. Thankfully, Rhys' decree kept them from expressing how they truly felt.

After the dreadful lessons that sometimes involved practicals and outings, I retreated to the lab and spent most of my time in it. It was my favorite place in the world.

I'd wander into the forest with the triplets trailing beside me and Princess to collect herb species and then work on them for long hours. The lab was truly the best thing ever, but none of it mattered now.

My chest felt constricted, and I couldn't breathe properly. My wolf was another matter altogether. It was pissed, yet so hurt. I wished I hadn't let Princess trick me into accompanying her.

The pack was abuzz with rumors about Creekside and the death of the Alpha Prime. It was an exciting time for them. I hated it. But since I was there, everyone wanted to know what I thought. I always brought up an excuse when I was asked while secretly hoping that my family would be finally punished for their evil deeds.

However, the moon goddess must have really despised me or thought my prayers were worthless because she made him Alpha. Alex was the Alpha of Creekside. Where was the justice in this life?

Somehow, what I felt was worse than what I felt on the day I was rejected.

On that day, I had given in to insanity, and it helped dull the pain. This time, however, it felt like I was being stabbed repeatedly with silver.

I didn't understand why it hurt so badly. How had just hearing his name affected me to that extent? Why was I even thinking about someone so cruel? Maybe it was because he used me to get to his position. Or perhaps the simple mention of his name reflected my worthlessness.

Princess held me until I stopped sobbing before she went to answer the call of her father. It was when she left that I truly let the devastation I felt out. I cried until my eyes bulged out.

Whether I liked it or not, Alex, who was supposed to be my one true mate, used me. Could I ever get over it? Whether I liked it or not, this was proof of how my existence didn't matter in the grand scheme of things.

It reminded me of how unloved I was. I would never be regarded as something special. I was trash, and I couldn't compare to the others. Maybe if my life had gotten better after him, I wouldn't have felt it. But it didn't, at least not the way I wanted. I was stuck in the simulation of being used once again.

A few weeks ago, I was the slave and breadwinner of the family, and now I was married to an Alpha and made to behave like a Luna. Everything was a sham. I couldn't even get the gift of love from a mate.

Slowly, bitterness seeped in. The only thing stopping me from raining curses at the moon goddess was my mother's memory. She held the last thread of my sanity.

Didn't I want my life to be better? Didn't I do everything I could? I worked hard. I worked until I passed out. I worked diligently. I didn't take what I didn't own. I didn't look at what wasn't mine. I was always hungry, but I was content.

Where did all that get me? I was shackled to an asshole who wouldn't care less if I was alive or dead. I now had to take lessons in a room of females who were gunning for the position I held.

I was reminded every day that nothing was truly mine. Not even the friends I thought I made. Because I was certain that they followed me out of pity or duty, it sucked. My life sucked.

A huge bang on my door startled me out of my grief. From the overbearing

dominance and waves of anger crashing into me, I knew who was at the door. Rhys.

My heart galloped, but not in a good way. I had no energy to lift myself off the bed or the perseverance to face him. I wanted him gone. So I ignored him and cried my heart out.

The knocking persisted, however, until my door was ripped off its hinges. Violence like that would have had me startling, but I was in too much pain to care.

He busted in and began pacing about, muttering things that I didn't try to decipher under his breath.

However, I wanted him gone. Or was I the one to leave? Should I try running? Was I too accepting of my faith?

"Can you fucking stop?" He growled.

I didn't bother to react because nothing he said or did could take my pain away. I couldn't stop the tears, neither could I stop the feeling that I should end it all.

"What happened?" Kaden asked, rushing in.

Princess let out a shriek at what I believed was the sight of my broken door.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Rhys roared, "Why is she still crying? Aren't all of you supposed to make her as comfortable as possible and make sure that she doesn't see or disturb me?"

Normally, I'd be terrified as he raked in anger. Yet, I felt detached from everything. I was floating in some sort of limbo of darkness and pain. And I wanted them to shut up and leave me alone.

They didn't know, and none of them would ever understand my pain. I wish I could go rogue again. It was a good outlet to channel everything holding me down.

My wolf grumbled weakly against the idea. I could feel it lose its essence slowly like it was drowning under all the pain. Pathetic. It was pathetic, and I was worse than pathetic.

The crying was reduced to whimpering. Rhys was still growling about something, but his voice and that of my audience were far away now.

My heavy eyelids fluttered close. My jumbled heart slowed down to something akin to peace. My wolf was flailing as it was being choked by its own pain. I, on the other hand, felt like my troubles were being washed away.

I liked feeling like that. I liked the limbo of darkness. Was I floating? Where was I?

I heard a dark, mocking laughter. At first, I angrily thought it was Alex. But it came again, grainy and old.

My anger gave way to fear. I'd lost control of my body. I was somewhere? Where? It was dark. I couldn't see, but I could feel and hear.

Rhys' voice had reduced to a whisper, like I was miles away from him and my room.

"I see you've finally found my hiding place?" The voice said. It was familiar. Too familiar. Then it hit me.

It belonged to the Old Alpha, Devon.

If I could stumble back, that's what I would have done. But I was stuck, rooted to a place. I couldn't even speak.

"Didn't peg you to be so spineless." He mocked. "Weren't you the one who went ravaging through the woods in anger? You even picked an Alpha wolf for yourself. Yet you're losing your mind over some fool."

I was sure I was panicking, but I couldn't feel my heart beating nor the cold sweat that should have been pouring out of my face.

"It all happens for a reason." He sighed, "It's time for you to stop hiding or stifling that wolf, I guess. She's tired of pretending."

What was happening? Where was I, and why was I hearing the voice of the dead Alpha Prime? I had so many questions, but most importantly, I wanted to scream.

"You're in my resting place until it's time." The Old Alpha resounded.

What the hell did that mean?

He laughed again, and this time around, it wasn't as scary as it was the first time.

"Never tell anyone what you heard or will soon see." He warned sternly, "They wouldn't believe you anyways."

I'd never been so confused in my entire life. It was pitch black. I couldn't see anything.

He laughed again. "It's because you're yet to open your eyes. You looked weird standing and flailing with your eyes closed."

What?

"Open your eyes, Dawn." He commanded.

At once, a light switch was turned on, and I could see. Old Alpha Devon sat petting two wolves.

The first one was a majestic golden one. The other was cyan blue, just like the moon.

My breath caught in my nonexistent throat. The blue wolf was identical to my wolf. The only difference was the color of its pelt.

"What...?" I gulped.

"Remember." He repeated.

My eyes were, however, locked on that of the golden male... then I was forcefully shoved back to the present.

I gasped as air filled my lungs, and my eyes snapped open to find myself staring into the very same golden eyes.

"Dawn?" Rhys' voice rang through me as he shook me.

I sputtered as I took gulps of air.

"Thank Goodness she's back." Princess sighed.

Meanwhile, Rhys crushed me into a hug.

"What happened?" One of the triplets asked, and Princess shushed her.

Rhys felt warm, so warm that I purred. My brain was reeling with what I'd just experienced. What did it mean? Was I dreaming? What the heck was that?

However, the sound of Rhys' heart beating hard against mine lulled me. His scent was also so beautiful. Everything about him was lovely because he held me tight.

"Maybe we should let the doctor check her now?" I heard Kaden say carefully.

"Or maybe she's suffering from the after-effects of the nightshades," Lex added.

My wolf growled at the sound of his voice.

"Get out, Lex," Rhys growled immediately.

I was pleasantly surprised, but I didn't react because I loved the cocoon of warmth that I was in.

"Alpha?" Lex squeaked.

Rhys growled, and I heard Lex's feet shuffle out hurriedly.

The room was pin-drop silent before Princess cleared her throat. "So, should we invite a doctor?"

"No," Rhys barked. "Let us be."

My body thrummed with pleasure. My wolf was jumping excitedly. All the pain I'd felt before evaporated.

"Aren't you crushing her to death?" Kaden mumbled.

Rhys sighed, and then his arms reached under me as he pulled me off the bed.

"She needs space." He declared, carrying me out of my room.

They still followed and even lingered behind the door as he shut them out.

"I hate seeing you like this." He said, laying me down. His voice was rough and shaky.

I opened my mouth to speak, but he beat me to it.

"Shhh," he whispered. "I understand. I know. It was very foolish of me to talk openly about that place. I'm sorry."

The apology sent another jolt of warmth through me. And as if he realized what he'd done. He stood abruptly and threw his covers over me before bolting out the door.

I sighed. I wanted him to stay.

Outside, I heard him announce that no one should disturb me and that no one should ask me what happened either.

"But what happened?" Princess asked.

"Trauma." He replied. "That dipshit of a pack traumatized her. You don't

want to know what they do with their Omegas there."

"That sums it up." Kaden sighed.

"She doesn't want to hear anything about that damned pack. It's too painful." He added.

A smile crept its way onto my lips. It was a good lie. One that I truly appreciated. I would do everything not to hear about Creekside and its evil Alpha ever again. I wished them the absolute worst.

"Don't be mistaken. This changes nothing between us. And keep her out of my sight!" He commanded before he stormed off.

I could feel Princess and the Triplets hanging around before I finally slept off. However, even in my sleep, I felt a stinging sensation on my wrists.