

### Chapter 3

Lyka's POV

"You're a monster! You killed your own kind! You should not be forgiven!" Shina shrieked, completely hysterical.

"I-I didn't mean to!" I stammered, my voice trembling and my knees were getting weak.

Shina turned to look at Sage, and tears started to stream down her face.

"Sage! Did you really reject me as your mate for her? For this monster?" she cried out, her voice lled with anguish and betrayal.

My eyes widened at her words. I don't know If what Shina's saying was true. That I wasn't Sage's true mate.

'But how was that even possible? Is it everything a lie?'

"You heard it right, Lyka! I am Sage's true mate and not you!"

"Enough!" Sage shouted, then Shina bit her lower lip.

"You've already seen what she can do. Are you still going to turn a blind eye, Sage?"

Suddenly, an old voice started to echo around the forest.

Everyone turned to look behind Sage as we heard it. An elder had arrived and it nally dawned on me: this was all a setup. I glared at Shina and I saw a triumphant smirk playing on her lips. A few seconds later, the injured warrior was being carried away by several omegas to the inrmary.

"She didn't hesitate to kill anyone, Sage! Even our own kind. We should punish her," the elder insisted.

"Silence! I make my own decisions!" Sage roared, his words bringing tears to my eyes. Even now, he was still protecting me.

"Sage, didn't you see what she did? She can't control her strength and as the prophecy foretold, a wolf with Lycan strength will be the one to destroy our kind," Shina explained, still goading Sage to condemn me.

Sage looked at me with a mixture of pity and sorrow.

"Fine! If you won't, then I will!" Shina declared and I could feel her anger boiling over.

She lunged at Sage and his eyes widened as Shina grabbed the dagger from his belt. It was too late for him to stop her; she was already moving too quickly. Then suddenly, my eyes widened as my feet seemed rooted to the ground. I just watched as Shina approached until a light suddenly enveloped my body. The strands of my hair began to oat, and my eyes turned a crimson red. A searing heat engulfed me.

As Shina lunged with the dagger, the force radiating from me pushed her back, slicing her skin with a violent gust of wind.

Unable to control the power surging through me, I saw Sage racing towards Shina to save her.

Events moved too fast. In the blink of an eye, I saw that Sage had taken the dagger from Shina and he was standing before me, plunging the blade into my stomach. The pain was excruciating. Blood welled up on the dagger's blade.

"S-Sage..." I gasped, struggling to breathe.

The light surrounding me slowly vanished. The powerful force I'd felt faded away, leaving me weak and vulnerable.

"I'm sorry, Lyka," Sage whispered as I heard a sob escaping his lips.

We were standing at the edge of a high cliff. As Sage pulled the dagger from my stomach, the pain sent me reeling backward and my body slowly fell over the cliff's edge.

My eyes focused on Sage's face as he peered over the edge, watching me plummet.

'Why? Why is the world so cruel to me? Why do I have to suffer through this?'

I closed my eyes as the icy water engulfed me and the violent waves crashed around me.

'I guess this is the end, right?'

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The scent of a perfumed candle wafted through the air. I felt the softness of a mattress beneath me, a comforting sensation.

'Where am I?' I wondered.

I slowly opened my eyes. At rst, my vision was blurry, but then it slowly sharpened. My brow furrowed as my eyes roamed around the room. I tried to sit up, leaning back against the headboard.

"W-Where is this?" I asked while looking at the room design, which had a medieval style, and aesthetic.

"You're nally awake. My lord is waiting for you."

I turned to look at the door as I heard the voice of a middle-aged woman.

"Who are you? Where am I?"

"You are in Brasov, near Transylvania."

"T-Transylvania?" I exclaimed in shock.

The woman simply nodded. A moment later, she snapped her ngers and ten women appeared, each carrying different types of linen clothes.

They approached and helped me to my feet. I remembered what had happened and instinctively touched my stomach. To my surprise, there was no wound, not even a scar.

'Is this a dream?'

The maids bathed and cleaned me, gently massaging my body before dressing me in a black and red Lolita-style dress.

I looked at myself in the mirror and was very amazed by how clean and composed I looked.

"Is this really me?" I murmured.

"Madame, Lord Aurum is waiting for you," the womane said, interrupting my thoughts.

'Lord Aurum?'

I was helpless; I had no idea where I was. I didn't recognize the place though I knew of Transylvania. If I was truly in Transylvania, then my suspicions were correct. This is a place where the vampire is.

As we left the room, we walked down a concrete corridor. The place had a medieval feel and it was clear they'd been living here for a long time. But how did I end up here?

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Guards slowly opened a tall, imposing door, a grinding sound accompanying the sliding mechanism.

My gaze fell upon a man seated on a throne with his chin resting on his hand. I strained to see his face, but I was still several feet away.

Then, my eyes widened as I nally recognized him.

"H-He... He's the vampire from my dream," I whispered.

He seemed to hear me. He rose from the throne and the guards beside me bowed. Aurum walked toward me, and then, to my surprise, he knelt before me.

"We meet again, my queen," he said.

My mind was ooded with questions.

"W-What...?" I stammered.

Aurum took my hand and kissed it.

"From now on, no one will hurt you," he said, his words baing me.

I quickly pulled my hand away.

"What are you saying? And what am I doing here?" I demanded.

"You're in my castle. I saved you from being exiled... exiled by your so-called mate."

Tears welled up in my eyes as I recalled that fateful moment.

So, he was the one who saved me after Sage—the man I loved—had tried to kill me.

I ercely wiped my tears and looked Aurum straight in the eyes.

"What do you want from me? Why didn't you just let me die?" I asked him deantly.

He slowly stood up and stepped in front of me. We were only inches apart and I could almost smell his breath. I tried to take a step back, but he grabbed my waist and pinned me against him.

"W-What are you doing?" I said.

"I still need you, and I can't let you die," he said with a seductive bedroom voice.

Soon after, our eyes met, and I saw his red eyes blazing with lust. I didn't know what was happening to my body, but I felt a surge of heat when I felt his hand on my waist. His scent grew stronger, causing me to cover my nose.

'T-This scent. Can't it be?'

"You nally understand now?" Aurum said, as he slowly leaned closer to my face and his scent intensified.

"I am your mate."

As I heard those words, I knew they would forever be etched into my heart. It was forbidden but yet it happened...