

## 2 | Not So Fast

ONYX

I was hyperventilating, staring at the beautiful but absolutely crazy man in front of me.

All this could mean only one thing. This person is a psycho! A psycho who was a fan of mine and liked to cosplay as Ruhn... He probably thought he was Ruhn... And he... he kidnapped me and brought me here! Because now I saw that we weren't in the same hotel room anymore!

Scenario after scenario started forming in my head. Each worse than the other.

Where was Chad in all this? Did this man kill him and abduct me? Was Chad chopped to pieces under the bed somewhere? What did this man want? Was it just s\*x? Did he use something on me? What the hell was going on?

And why did he choose to call me Onyx? She was evil, for God's sake! I could have been Melody, at least. Melody and Ruhn were mates and in love. That would make so much more sense!

Unless--

I looked at him again and gulped. If I remembered the story correctly, Ruhn was the cruel prince who didn't know how to love because of his vicious father. All he knew was pain and war until he met the female lead, Melody. She healed his heart and taught him how to treat a woman right, changing him into the perfect man by the end of the book. It was a story with excellent character growth. But Onyx didn't live to see the end... She was one of the villains of the story in which literally no one liked her.

And the worst thing was that Ruhn was the one to kill her somewhere in the middle of the book. The problem was that Onyx was in love with him and wanted to become his Luna and, later, queen. Her father, another villain in the book, wanted the same to gain more power. So, together they devised a plan where they drugged Ruhn, and Onyx spent a night with him. Later, she faked a pregnancy, and he was forced to make her his ancée. He hated her for this and for constantly going after the innocent Melody. But his father, the king, was all in since he wanted the Tynan family on his side, so the match worked for him.

Nevertheless, Ruhn despised his bride-to-be and made it very clear to her. On top of that, when he met his mate, he wanted to break off the engagement, but the families were against it.

So, nally, he was able to prove that Onyx faked her pregnancy with Melody's help. Since it was a crime to deceive members of the royal family, he decapitated the villainess.

I shivered, remembering how uncomfortable it was to write that scene. Onyx cried and begged, but Ruhn was ruthless. He didn't really have to do it himself; he chose to do it because of how much he hated her.

So, what was it telling me now? The psycho guy abducted me and pretended to be Ruhn, calling me Onyx. That could mean only one thing.

In the next scene, he was going to kill me!

Or at least it was possible. I had to check it rst.

"Are you the one sending me your hair in the mail from time to time?" I blurted out the rst thing that came to my mind. I was always talking nonsense in stressful situations. It was really hard to shut up.

That, however, seemed to work as the man now gaped at me in disbelief.

I looked around again and found something dark and sparkling hanging on a nearby chair. Not thinking twice, I grabbed the fabric and jumped behind the bed's canopy. And yep, the bed had a heavy, stylishly draped canopy. It was a luxurious environment with large windows and expensive furniture in darker tones. It was very manly, except for the canopy, but I guessed it had other functions.

The fabric turned out to be a very tight dress, denitely t for some fancy occasion. It had velvet straps at the front and back connecting pieces of shimmering guipure that prickled my skin. But I wasn't going to dwell on that. It bothered me that it was denitely the dress I described in my book. And it wasn't what I was wearing yesterday. Just what was all this? Hell?!

"Hair?" The psycho looked at me as if he was perplexed.

So, he wasn't the hair guy. Shoot. That one seemed harmless.

What happened yesterday? I denitely had parts of my memories missing.

"Never mind," I giggled nervously. "I think I am going to go."

I sprinted to the door, hoping to simply run away. It didn't matter that I had no shoes on. Beggars couldn't be choosers.

However, my plans were ruined when the psychopath caught up with me in a blink of an eye and pinned me to the door.

Oh, God! This is it! I am going to die here!

He spun me around so that we were facing each other, and now I clearly saw that his eyes were glowing red. This wasn't freaking normal.

So I sucked in a sharp breath and screamed at the top of my lungs. My shriek was so loud that it startled him again, and he took his hands off me, stepping back.

"Are you nuts?" He growled, and the sound wasn't natural at all. Nothing here was natural; everything seemed... off. The red glow was gone in his eyes, and they took on that azure shade again.

"Y-your eyes!" I stuttered, and he turned to look at himself in the tall mirror in front of the bed.

Why was the mirror in front of the bed, by the way? No. Nope. I didn't want to know that.

He was staring at himself for a while, and, in the meantime, I was trying to nd the doorknob with my hand behind my back. When I nally managed to feel it and tried to pull it down, the man growled again.

Seriously, what was up with that?

"If that hand is dear to you, I suggest you don't move!" The psycho turned to me again. "Onyx Tynan, did you drug me?! My eyes are azure, meaning someone slipped Silverbane into my drink!"

Silverbane... Yep, I also made that up. Onyx indeed used it to have the night with the prince. It made people drunk, horny and easy to control. The effect was temporary, though. Especially, with lycans.

But how insulting was that?

"What?" I gasped. The audacity of his! Anger rushed through my veins. "If anyone drugged anyone, it was you drugging me! And stop calling me Onyx! I am not her! I am--"

He didn't let me nish the sentence as he grabbed my arm and pushed me in front of the mirror, keeping me in place.

I froze in shock, not able to move. What the hell was I looking at?

"So, you are not Onyx?" He chuckled menacingly, pressing himself against my back. And may I add that he was still seriously underdressed.

"H-how?" I barely managed to squeeze the words out of myself. A beautiful girl with azure eyes, porcelain skin with no visible imperfections, perfect straight lines, and long black hair was looking at me now. She was a beauty.

The problem was... that girl wasn't me!

We looked similar, only I had never looked this perfect in my life.

"How did you do it?" I muttered, and he let go of me. I started touching the mirror that had to be fake! It had to!

"The hell?" He shot his brow up as he watched me.

I touched my face, then went lower, noticing that my breasts denitely got smaller. Why the hell were they smaller?

Then it got to me! The hair!

I started pulling it, checking if it was real. My hair never was this long! It had to be fake! There had to be extensions of some kind!

I pulled and tugged, but it only hurt my scalp

And that azure eye colour wasn't mine.

"What happened to me?" I whimpered, looking at the man behind me, exhausted. "What did you do?" My voice broke into some kind of desperate plea.

The man's large palm closed around my hand as he yanked me so that we were now mere inches away, staring each other straight in the eye.

He inhaled deeply, and his angry expression faded just for a second. I hoped that he would let me go, but instead, his grip on me became tighter. He let out another growl, and by then, I knew that it wasn't normal. It wasn't a human sound at all!

Next, something started to change in his face; veins protruded over his muscular hand, and, in a blink of an eye, he changed into... something. The enormous creature almost reached the high ceiling of the room. The face of a wolf and the body of a beast, he was covered in short dark fur, but I could still see the bulging muscles on his chest.

A lycan! It was a lycan! A real-life lycan...

I must have gone mad! That was the only reasonable explanation.

The beast before me grasped my throat all of a sudden, and I had to stand on the tips of my toes now, pinned to the wall and with him towering over me. Tall, monstrous, with a wolf's head and enormous sharp claws, he looked menacing.

How could that be real? How did I get here?

"Onyx Tynan, you drugged me to sleep with me. Don't you think even for a second that you are going to get away with it!" His voice was barely human, glowing garnet eyes piercing mine with determination to kill.

If this, by some crazy chance, was indeed real, I was going to die here and now.

I would be killed by a character from my own book, and there was nothing I could do about it. My neck would snap if he simply clenched his ngers a bit harder.

However, instead, he turned into his human form again before my eyes, making me forget how to breathe and still not letting go of me. His thumb brushed over my lower lip, making it part.

"I didn't do it! I swear!" I stuttered, and a cruel smirk curled his lips.

"Prove it!"

If I was in danger before, now I was simply doomed! How could I prove anything when I didn't even know how I got into this shifter world I created years ago?

My air was running out, and, for some reason, I remembered the car crash. Something was telling me it wasn't a dream after all. This... this was the world of my book. I somehow got in Onyx's body, and Ruhn was going to kill me early in the story. I was so doomed!

And the worst part was that I was probably already dead!

Did I die? Was this it for me? A few books and a cheating bastard boyfriend?

I didn't get to do anything! I always thought there would be time for everything later. I didn't create a family, didn't travel, didn't try any of the hobbies I dreamed of. I didn't even have a real friend... How pathetic and... sad.

Tears were now streaming down my cheeks and into the lycan's palm that was trying to strangle me. Everything started to get dark around me slowly.

Interesting. If I died again, would I go back to my world? Was it a possibility?

My face connected with the oor all of a sudden, but luckily there was a soft, thick rug on it. Ruhn released me after all.

I took a deep greedy breath, my ngers digging into the white fur of the carpet.

"Get up!" the shifter told me, and I knew I had to listen. If this was really my book, he hated me big time. And he never had problems killing people who crossed him. In the original book, Onyx escaped before he woke up, making sure a few witnesses saw them, and her father took it from there. Later they announced she was pregnant.

I decided not to stand up. My legs were still shaky, and I knew I had to submit to his dominance if I wanted to survive.

And I wanted to survive! That was for sure. So my best bet was to play it safe.

"So, any kind of proof?" I heard a human's voice again, and when I looked up, I saw Ruhn zipping a pair of black pants. He wasn't in his beast form anymore.

I was thinking hectically of what to do and what to say when it occurred to me. Everything was actually already sorted for me. The Tynan family indeed drugged Ruhn, but, to be on the safe side, they drugged Onyx too.

Nice job, Daddy Tynan, nice job.

I cleared my throat and looked at him with big doe eyes.

"Alpha Brynmorr," I made sure my lips trembled a bit. "I apologise if I have offended you in any way, but I have no recollection of what happened yesterday and how I ended up here."

"Liar!" He cut me off at once. "You sat with me at the banquet and offered me a drink!"

"This is not my house, Alpha," I uttered my lashes, trying to squeeze out a tear or two. But the adrenalin had already hit me, and it was extremely hard. "I only had the drinks your omegas brought at my disposal. I just gave you one of the glasses next to me."

"Onyx, cut the cr.ap!" He was getting angrier as he found a shirt for himself.

"But, Alpha!" I nally raised my gaze to meet his. "Look at my eyes. They are azure too! This is not my usual eye colour!"

He came closer and took my chin roughly in his ngers, making me look at him. And I tried not to breathe while he was studying my eyes.

Gosh, that man was hot! Just like I wrote him in the book.

Okay, better. He was just like in the dreams I had about my characters.

Perfect.

But only on the outside, of course. He was destined to kill me, and I knew one thing -- if I somehow managed to get out of this room today, I would make sure that we would never, ever meet again. Not in a million years!

He was holding my face for too long, and now, instead of making me scared, it was getting awkward. But when his thumb stroked my lower lip, I inched and felt heat rushing to my cheeks.

And not only my cheeks.

A smirk formed on his face, and he lowered himself, so our faces were very close.

"All right." He gave me a feline smile that did not promise me anything good. "Let's say I believe you are just as much of a victim as I am."

"Thank you!" I shrugged away from him, nally getting my chin back. My legs felt stronger now, and I thought it was time to escape. "I am so grateful for your understanding! I'll just go, and we can pretend that all this never happened!" I pointed at his bed, noticing that some of his sheets were torn. Did we do that? "Anyway, uhm-- thank you for-- everything."

"Who is Chad?" He asked me all of a sudden, and I gaped at him, not knowing what to say. So, of course, my big mouth blabbered the rst thing on my mind.

"Just a guy I initially planned to spend a night with today." I heard myself saying and blushed to the tips of my ears.

Another growl emerged, and I had to admit that it sounded sexier in books. In life... in life it was weird, okay? And way too loud.

I cautiously looked at the alpha prince and gulped. He didn't look pleased with my answer. Although, remembering Ruhn's character, he was rarely happy about anything until Melody arrived.

The silence was getting more and more awkward.

"So, I will go, okay?" I suggested, getting up from the oor. It was really time to try to escape my possible death.

"Not a single Chad was at the party yesterday." Ruhn crossed his arms on his chest. Honestly, why did he care? If he decided not to kill me, it was time to let me go and forget about my existence.

"I never said he was at the party," I lied. "I was planning to meet him afterwards. Now, if you will excuse me--"

"You were a virgin," he stated plainly, not taking his eyes off me.

Now that explained the pain. However, it was irrelevant now. What was relevant was that I had to run for my life. Preferably without him chasing me.

"Well," I giggled nervously and scratched my neck. "That's water under the bridge now. Let bygones be bygones."

"You are an alpha's daughter. A potential Luna. Your rst time was supposed to be with your husband." The prince was still tense. Honestly, why did he care? What was the point of all this?

"Well, maybe I don't want to be a Luna." I shrugged my shoulders nonchalantly. "The position is seriously overrated. It's basically the Alpha's pretty little helper. I want more than that."

"What would that be?" He scoffed, and I would have rolled my eyes if I wasn't too afraid to offend him.

"Freedom." Once again, I blurted out the rst thing that came to my mind. What a stupid habit.

But the lycan was silent, and I kind of hoped that he had lost interest already. He really did not look like he was about to decapitate me.

"So, really," I forced a little smile, "no hard feelings. We'll just pretend nothing happened, and you will never hear from me again. Goodbye, Alpha."

I turned on my bare feet, almost at the door, when I heard his stern voice, "Not so fast! I have something special to give to you."