

# The Lost Lycan Princess

## Chapter 3 The Alpha's Questions

The air between them tightened like a pulled bowstring.

Kael's finger under her chin was barely a touch, but Lina felt the command in it—quiet, absolute, the kind of dominance that wasn't forced but inborn. Her lycan pushed against her ribs, not in fear... but in recognition.

No.

She shoved that thought away. She had to hate him. She had to be able to see the differences. Seeing that they had things in common would ruin everything.

Kael removed his hand slowly, as if measuring every second of restraint. He stepped back only enough to give himself space to breathe.

"Sit," he said.

A single word, but layered with authority.

Lina looked at the chair behind her and then back at him. "I prefer to stand."

His eyes narrowed. "That wasn't a request."

Neither was her tone when she replied softly, "Neither was my answer."

Something flickered in his expression—a spark, sharp as a blade striking stone. Annoyance. Interest. Maybe both. The tension between them twisted, electric.

He exhaled through his nose, a slow, controlled breath.

"Fine," he said. "Stand."

He paused. "But you will answer."

Lina crossed her arms lightly, not defensive—controlled. "Ask."

Kael studied her for a long moment, as if peeling back the layers she'd used to survive the forest. "You said you came from where the Valerius tribe that was destroyed long ago."

"Yes."

“Impossible. The Valerius bloodline ended centuries ago.”

She tilted her head. “You keep saying that as if repeating it will make it true and yet here I am and my people still trapped inside.”

A muscle jumped in Kael’s cheek. “That forest is cursed. Nothing comes out of it alive.”

“I did.”

“Exactly.” His voice dropped to a low growl. “Which means either you’re lying... or you’re something the curse itself spat out.”

Her lycan bristled.

“I’m not someone that you just get rid off, I am not an animal or a creature of some twisted reality,” she said coldly. “I am flesh and blood.”

“That remains to be seen.”

Lina stepped closer until only a breath of air separated them. Kael stiffened, eyes sharpening with warning—but he didn’t step back.

“Smell me,” she said.

The words hung between them, bold and dangerous.

His wolf surged beneath his skin.

Slowly—hesitantly, almost unwillingly—Kael leaned in, closing the last inch. His breath brushed her skin. His nose grazed her jaw, her temple, the soft space beneath her ear.

Heat shot down her spine.

He inhaled once. Twice.

Then he froze.

Lina felt the moment he recognized it. Felt his heartbeat spike. Felt the tension ripple through his body like thunder.

When he pulled back, his eyes were no longer only gold—they glowed.

“You smell...” His voice was hoarse. “Old. Ancient. Like the forest. Like magic that shouldn’t exist.”

Lina lifted her chin. “Like Valerius.”

His expression shuttered. “The Valerius were traitors.”

“No,” she said quietly. “The Valerius were betrayed.”

The room chilled.

Kael stepped closer again, too close, his energy crowding around her like a storm. “You’re playing a dangerous game.”

“I don’t play games with traitors of their own kind,” she whispered.

For several heartbeats, they stared at each other. The air between them was fire and ice, threat and pull. Something bound them in that moment—something instinctive, older than words.

Suddenly Kael realised he could smell something else entirely different in her. A faint smell that she quickly masked away. That got his attention. Only alphas could do that. Yet that smell made his wolf go wild. Could this traitor be his mate? NO.. he had to be careful around her.. She was dangerous.

Kael broke the gaze first, turning away sharply as if the connection unsettled him.

“Riven!” he barked.

The door opened immediately. Riven stepped inside, jaw set, distrust radiating from him.

“Yes, Alpha?”

“She’s coming with us.”

Riven blinked. “Where?”

Kael didn’t take his eyes off Lina. “To the ruins.”

Lina’s stomach clenched.

The ruins.

Her home.

What remained of it.

Her pulse quickened—not with fear, but with something deeper, heavier. A past clawing its way into the present.

Riven frowned. “Alpha, that place is forbidden. The Council—”

“Does not outrank me,” Kael said, voice a blade.

Riven’s gaze snapped to Lina, suspicion turning into something darker. “You think she has answers there.”

Kael stepped forward until he was standing beside her, his presence brushing against hers like heat.

“I think,” he said slowly, “that whatever she is... that place will tell us.”

Lina swallowed, throat tight.

The ruins were where everything ended.

Where blood soaked the earth deeper than any curse.

Where the screams still lived etched into stone.

“Do I get a choice?” she asked softly.

Kael met her gaze. “No.”

She held his stare, searching for cruelty. There was none.

Only determination. And a flicker—just a flicker—of something like curiosity and something warm. Something she had never seen before that scared her even more than facing her past.

Or maybe fate.

They left the fortress through the east gate, traveling on foot while dawn crawled across the sky. Fog clung to the ground, swirling around their ankles. Kael walked beside her, silent but watchful, his wolf a heavy presence pressing against her senses. Kael's wolf Lucien was trying to warn Kael that he should treat this woman with kindness and respect. He sensed the closeness yet her lycan Sandra was hiding so Lucien didn't really know what was happening.

Riven followed closely, as if expecting her to vanish into the mist.

Lina’s heart tightened with every step toward the past.

She had dreamed of this moment—returning.

She had feared it too.

The forest edge appeared in the distance, a darker smear on the horizon. Birds circled above it, their cries sharp.

Kael slowed.

“This is the border,” he said. “There’s no magic here.”

Lina nodded, though her skin crawled.

The closer they got, the louder the memories roared.

Her father’s shout.

Her mother’s trembling hands on her shoulders.

The roar of flames.

The clang of steel.

The howl of wolves dying faster than they could shift.

Riven stepped ahead and froze. “Alpha.”

He pointed.

Kael’s jaw locked. “Goddess.”

Lina’s breath hitched.

There, where the entrance to her village had once stood, the marker stone remained—blackened, cracked, half-buried under creeping vines.

But carved into its surface was the unmistakable symbol of her house:

The Valerius Mooncrest.

Her vision blurred.

She moved toward it as if pulled by a thread.

Kael grabbed her arm. “Careful.”

“Let me go,” she whispered.

For a moment, he hesitated. Then he released her.

Lina knelt before the stone, brushing away dirt with trembling fingers. Her Lycan whimpered—a raw, aching sound she hadn't heard since the night everything was taken.

Riven shifted uneasily behind them. "She... she wasn't lying."

Kael said nothing.

Lina touched the symbol—her family's crest—and whispered, "I'm home."

A surge of magic rippled under her palm.

The ground trembled.

Kael lunged forward, grabbing her shoulders, pulling her back just as the earth split open and a rush of ancient energy burst upward in a spiral of silver light.

Riven stumbled back, shouting, "Alpha!"

Kael shielded her with his body, snarling as the magic crashed around them.

When the light finally faded, etched into the soil where Lina had knelt was a message.

A rune.

One she knew.

One only a Valerius could read.

Her breath shattered.

Kael saw her face and demanded, "What does it say?"

Lina turned to him slowly.

"It says..."

Her voice trembled.

She swallowed.

"It says: THE HEIR LIVES."

Kael stared at her, eyes wide with a shock he couldn't hide.

Riven exhaled a curse.

And Lina realized three horrifying, exhilarating truths at once:

The forest had kept her alive for a reason.

Someone had known she would return.

And somewhere—someone else from her past might still be alive in this world.