

Chapter 101 Powers transfers

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Amalthea's POV

Standing near my bike, I waited. I waited for either Antonio to appear or for the leader to pick up my calls. It's been five minutes since Grusha left me out of the hotel with almost zero answers about my past, and as much as calm I wanted to be, it was pissing me off a great time.

I was beyond angry, and though I was telling myself I shouldn't be getting aggressive at something as small as this because this is not the first time something like this is happening to me, it's not something I can control.

Taking a deep breath, I sighed as I had already called the leader thrice, and he was neither picking up my calls nor replying to my messages. I was about to start my bike to leave when someone placed his hands on my shoulder, making me go stiff in my position.

"Long time no see, Amalthea Jade," I heard a voice, and I immediately gulped. Something told me that the man behind me was none other than Antonio himself.

"I don't think I have a recollection if I have met someone with this voice," I said, and I heard a snicker from behind me, making me close my eyes as I sighed.

No. I can't behave like this. I don't know if this person is a friend or foe. If I keep acting like this, I am indirectly telling him I am afraid of him, and that's the last thing I want.

Turning around, I was about to greet him, but I paused for a second when I saw a masked face in front of me.

"So, are you going to introduce yourself, or do I have to keep pretending we are long childhood friends?" I asked as I leaned my body on the bike, and he smirked.

"You have the kind of confidence I always envied. Nothing is above Amalthea Jade, no?" He said, and I hummed, not speaking anything, as I waited for his introduction.



"Well, we can wait for the introductions later. All you need to know is that I am the answer to all your questions, and you are the answer to my only problem. I don't think this is a decent place to discuss these things. How about we find a nice table inside the restaurant? I have observed that you like to eat at regular intervals, no?" He said, and though it was getting hard for me to read his expression and find his intentions because of his masked face, I sighed before nodding.

Maybe he is right. The food will also keep me calm as I don't know what kind of topic he will talk about when he says my problems.

"Let's go inside. It's not like the guy I was supposed to meet will show up soon," I said, and he nodded.

As we sat at the table in the farthest corner of the restaurant, I looked at the masked man to see if I could find anything that might look familiar.

"Shall we start talking?" I said after a few minutes passed.

I genuinely hate it when people waste my time. I mean, if you are here to talk, then get to it right away, right?

"You are still the same. You were this impatient when you were little too. Isn't that the reason you saved a demon's life?" He asked me, and I looked at him blankly, as none of the words he spoke made sense to me.

"What do you mean? If you already know me from so long, then I am sure you also know that I have no recollection of memories from when I was little," I said, and he chuckled.

"Of course, I know that. I was just checking if the spell we had placed on you is still working fine or not," He said, and I rolled my eyes.

Is he going to say something worth my time, or is he here to stall my time just like that? It would've been better if I had just gone to sleep. First, I met Grusha, but she ran away without a proper explanation, and now this guy, who I presume is Antonio, is wasting my time with his useless talks.

"You had a dream where you had heard a death hymn for the first time. You saw the brutal scene of a werewolf commander torturing a Siren, going to the extent of ra*ing her. I am sure you heard her last words where she was pleading for a guy called Antonio to avenge her death and kill the entire generation of that man, right? You had almost gotten caught in the deadly fire of the death hymn, but you were lucky enough as your wolf called you out, right?" He asked me, and this time I indeed looked at him.





Is this even possible? Can someone poke into someone else's mind like this? Wait. If he knows about this dream I saw long ago, then from how long has he been watching me?

"How do you know about it?" I asked cautiously, and he smiled.

"Sweetheart, there is nothing I don't know about you. Do you believe now that I am not here to waste your time?" He asked, and I hummed.

"I would still prefer you come straight to the point," I said, and he sighed before nodding.

"Azrael had told me about it. You hate wasting time and those who go in circles," He said, and I raised my brows.

"You know that lady? Are you here to harm me? That bitch almost killed me that day. If this is about the Sirens and how I hear the hymns in my head, and they want me to be part of some sort of cult, then I am out of this conversation," I said, and I expected him to get angry at me. However, he just chuckled at me before nodding.

"This is the first time someone has called Miss Azrael a bitch so brazenly. Even Lycans don't dare to do so. You are just like how she was," He said, and I squinted my brows.

Just like her? Is he talking about my mother? Grusha had indeed mentioned that my parents knew the head of the sirens, and that person was there when she was curing me. Is this guy the same head of the Sirens?

"Like my mom?" I asked, and he shook his head.

"No, not like her. Like my superior madam. The one who gave her powers to you. Do you think you were born a werewolf with the Siren powers when both your parents were pure alphas?" He asked me, and I looked at him blankly.

"What? Have you been really thinking that? What kind of books have you been reading for you to come to that conclusion?" He asked me, and I coughed a bit before looking away.

"Can you really blame me? How was I supposed to know that Sirens can transfer their powers -" I paused mid-sentence when I realized what he had said just now.

"A Siren gave her powers to me? What kind of twisted thing is that?" I asked, and I don't know if it was just my imagination, but it felt like he was smirking inside his mask right now.



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+120 Points at most

"Well, believe it or not, but that's the truth. And now we need her powers to be recalled. We have tried every way, but your wolf is resisting a bit too much, and that's why I am here. To take you with me," He said, and I raised my brows before standing from my place, ready to run far away from him.

However, as I looked around, I suddenly found myself in the middle of a forest, and I widened my eyes when I realized he has tricked me.



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Chapter 102 A maze of tricks

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Amalthea's POV

"You tricked me into this, didn't you?" I said, mocking myself, as I can't believe I fell for it just so easy, and he looked at me with a smile.

"Well, I won't exactly say I tricked you, but if that's what you will think, then I don't really have any intention of correcting you. Whether or not I tricked you is not the matter here. Your main concern should be why I did that, and I did that to take you with me, which I am sure you wouldn't have agreed to so easily if I hadn't done this," The man said, and I hummed.

"So, shall we go?" He asked me, and I nodded.

"It's not like I can do something about it. I don't even know what kind of place this is," I said as I looked at the long dark leaved trees with small purple-colored flowers, and he smiled at me.

As I started following him, I squinted my brows when a thought came to my head, and I couldn't help but pause mid-steps, making him turn to look at me for a brief second before he turned again.

He said that the Siren superior to him gave me her powers, right? And he also mentioned something about my dreams and how he wants to tame my powers and use them, right? Now, though my thoughts sound unrealistic, it would be better if I found them myself. I thought before humming to myself and looking at the man in front of me, who looked like he was waiting for my explanation as to why I stopped suddenly.

"Wait. I know you are taking me with you because you have some kind of business with the powers that your superior gave me, but can I ask you a question before that?" I asked, and he turned around to look at me.

"What is it?" He asked, his expression a bit cautious, and I sighed.

"Well, since you know about that dream I saw a few days ago about that Siren getting bullied, can you tell me if I have something to do with that commander? I am not a fool to not realize there is no way you would've mentioned something so important so casually if it didn't have a deeper





meaning," I paused, waiting for his reaction. However, when he didn't react, I sighed before starting again.

"She clearly pleaded for you to avenge her death by killing the commander's entire generation. What if this all is just a maze for you to bring me there and kill me? Though I am highly suspicious that it might be the case, I know nothing about my ancestors. I still want to have these things clear before I trust you with my safety," I said, and he looked at me observantly before nodding.

"Trust him with your safety? Some bold words you are using there. Don't you think so? What is the guarantee he won't just lie to you? And even if he tells you the truth and says he will kill you, is there anything you will do? You don't even know where we are, for god's sake," Crystal said, and I rolled my eyes.

"There might not be something right now, but I am sure I would pull something off. Thanks for the motivation and encouragement," I scoffed, and Crystal sighed before sitting in her corner again.

"You are indeed thoughtful. However, you don't need to worry about that. I can assure you that you don't belong to that generation. Not even close, because if that would've been the case, then our superior wouldn't have saved you in the first place," He said, and I hummed.

"Are you sure your superior was the one who saved me and not the other way around?" I scoffed, feeling annoyed how everyone was talking about how they saved me from something I don't even have a recollection of.

"Thes hesitancy in your words indicates, though I am not the person from that generation, it still has something to do with me," I said before looking at him closely, trying to decipher his expression through his masked face.

"Don't you think you are getting too impatient? We can talk about these things once we leave here," He said, and I looked at him coldly.

I looked around myself and couldn't help but sigh. The large and crowded trees were making it really hard to look at anything past the area.

Even if I try to run away from here, there was no way I would be able to find my way out of here.

Walking towards the large tree that looked a bit different from others, I was about to touch it when he held my hand, making me jerk it away when I felt his cold touch.





His hands are freezing cold. What is he? A cold-blooded vampire?

"I really didn't want you to know, but if you are so persistent about it, let me tell you. The man who is the last descendant of that generation is the love of your life," He said, and my mind immediately thought of Augustus, my heart thumping louder at the mere thought of it.

"I am sure that commander was a werewolf. How can his descendant be a Lycan?" I asked, and he smiled.

"Well, I am not talking about your current love, but the man you are bound to because of your marriage," He said, and I understood who he was talking about.

"That makes little sense. If Blake is the last descendant, why didn't you kill him when he was here just a few minutes ago? There is no way you hadn't felt his presence. Are you trying to trick me?" I asked, and he scoffed.

"That's why we need you, girl. You are bound to that man through marriage, and we don't know if my killing him will affect you. You have my superior's powers, and I don't want anything to happen to them," He said, and it was my turn to scoff at him this time.

"Do you think I am a fool here? Blake is the last descendant of the generation? His father is still alive. Why didn't you do anything about it?" I asked, and he smirked at me before chuckling.

"I think you should learn to clear your facts before questioning others. His father? I killed his father 17 years ago," the man said, and I looked at him, not understanding what he meant by that.

How can that be possible? He says Blake is the last descendant of the commander, and he wants to kill him. And the man we know as his father living in our pack is a fake person? What has been going on in our pack for so many years?

Did mom and dad know about this thing? No. They didn't know. How could they know? Blake's father is my dad's best friend.

Something is definitely fishy here, and no matter how I put things, it's not matching.

If his father died 17 years ago, who is the man in our pack, and why did Blake never say anything about it? If that man is my dad's best friend and Blake isn't his son, then why the hell did that man bring him to our pack? Was this a long-term plan that was being executed slowly without coming to anyone's notice?



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+120 Points at most

closer to me before taking off his mask, making me look into a pair of grey eyes.

"Bingo, sweetheart," He said, and I gulped as he looked at me intensely.

I don't know if I was happy or petrified to find out that the leader I had been interacting with for so long was Antonio and was probably a threat to my life.



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