

Being the Lycan Queen, Claiming by the Alpha

Verna

Chapter 1 The Fog Of Memory

Sienna's POV

I never thought I'd become one of those girls who lost everything because of a man.

But I did worse. I gave up everything when I had nothing to begin with.

He was my whole world, and I didn't even belong in his.

Perhaps it was a side effect of the accident or medication, but everything was suddenly too clear.

The hospital bed was too white, the sound of machines beeping was too loud.

The smell of antiseptics accompanied by the stench of defeat that seeped from my own flesh. I could hear and perceive it all.

No, this was different. Something was wrong.

I winced as I adjusted my position on the bed. This wasn't about the accident or painkillers.

Everything was just too sharp in an unnatural way.

The chirping of birds outside the window. The sound of nurses pushing wheelchairs down the hallway. The tearing pain in my chest—all of it was more vivid than ever before.

No. It couldn't be.

It hadn't been long since the last full moon when the awakening of my wolf spirit had failed once again. I didn't dare to even think of this possibility. Everyone knew I was hopeless.

For five years, I had been the useless Omega of the Blackwood Pack, unable to awaken even the faintest trace of a wolf spirit.

With these thoughts, I sank back onto the bed. I didn't know how long since I'd been admitted, but I wasn't in a hurry to leave either.

I had no one back home.

Home?

Right. The pack wasn't even home.

I wanted to close my eyes and fall asleep, but for some reason, my eyes drifted to look at the large window.

And right there was them. Just right there. The people I played that game of love with. And as though to mock me, they were perfectly in my line of vision.

Under the sycamore tree in the hospital courtyard, Lilith Eldritch was nestled in Kiran Blackwood's arms.

Kiran—the man I had been chasing for five years. The only man who had existed in my delusionally perfect world.

He was staring down at her with a tenderness in his eyes that I had never once seen directed at me in the past few years.

Lilith tilted her head up at him, saying something I couldn't hear.

The sunlight outlined her delicate profile, making her look so innocent, so pure.

Strange.

In the past, sighting them together should have made my heart clench with hurt. Now, all I felt was a sick sensation that made revulsion rise in my throat.

Five years ago, when my parents died in a car accident, that was the darkest moment of my life. He was the one who pulled me from the wreckage and brought me to the Blackwood Pack.

His scent had been oddly familiar to me. During the worst moments of my life, it was Kiran who dispelled all my cold and fear.

From that day on, he became the only light in my world. How could I not fall in love with him? It happened too easily. He would comfort me, tell me it was going to get better.

His attentiveness, his presence whenever I was sad, everything about his care made me think that I was special. Big mistake.

My obsession grew so much that I—the daughter of the late Alpha of the Silvermane Pack—willingly stayed in the Blackwood Pack as an Omega for him.

I did his laundry. Cooked for him. Organized his files. And I would have done more.

Everyone around him looked at me with disdain, as if I were nothing more than a beggarly dog.

But I didn't care.

Because Kiran would occasionally smile at me.

He would lean back on the couch, let me rest my head on his leg, and tell me he could only relax when I was by his side.

Those moments were like a drug, making me addicted, making me believe that this humble love would one day bear fruit.

Looking back now, it all felt ridiculous. A bubble of laughter escaped from my parched throat even as unwanted tears slipped from my eyes onto the pillow, leaving wet marks. To my surprise, it wasn't a tear of hurt. It was embarrassment. I just felt very foolish.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, my affections for Kiran were dead.

The sound of the door opening snapped my attention.

I immediately closed my eyes and held my breath, pretending to be asleep, just to hear what they would say.

"Sienna?"

Kiran's voice rang in my ears. I didn't move, my nails digging deep into my palms.

"Sienna probably still needs rest. We shouldn't disturb her anymore," Lilith's voice followed, so soft and delicate as usual when Kiran was around.

"If it weren't for you, she wouldn't even be worth my visit to the hospital," Kiran said, and I could hear the impatience dripping from his voice.

So, this was it.

I didn't even deserve a visit from him.

The same man who once held me while I cried over my parents' death. The same man who let me fall asleep on his couch when the nightmares were too much. The same man whose shirts I had washed a thousand times, whose favorite meals I had cooked until I could make them with my eyes closed, whose smallest needs I had memorized.

Now, he couldn't even spare me genuine concern.

"Kiran, don't be like this," Lilith started again. "She is also your subject, and she truly cares for you. Didn't you use to like her a lot?"

My breath caught. I waited, every muscle in my body tense.

"That was in the past, and I didn't like her. She was the one acting pathetically obsessed." Kiran's voice softened suddenly, affectionate. "Now, you are the only one in my heart."

The word stabbed my heart with feelings that made my body feel like it would explode. I wanted to scream, to sit up and demand to know what the hell those five years meant, if they meant anything at all. When he let me rest my head on his lap, when he told me I made him feel at peace, when he smiled at me like I mattered—was I imagining the warmth in his eyes? Was I so desperate that I invented kindness where there was none?

"Sienna is actually a good girl," Lilith whispered again. If I didn't know her as much as I did, I would actually believe that she cared about me.

"You're always so kind," Kiran said.

My body trembled uncontrollably under the covers.

It turns out, he wasn't incapable of love. His love had simply never been meant for me.

The girl who stayed quietly by his side, who never asked for anything in return, who loved him so completely she forgot to love herself—that girl didn't deserve even a fraction of what he gave Lilith so freely.

Bang.

The door closed at last, and silence returned.

I opened my eyes abruptly, sat up, and grabbed my phone from the bedside table.

On the screen was the profile picture of Kiran I had secretly taken.

The sunlight had spilt across his sharply defined face, casting a faint shadow beneath his eyelashes.

I used to think it was the most beautiful sight in the world.

Now, it just seemed absurd.

I opened the photo album, overflowing with countless images of him—eating, working, training.

Over three thousand.

My finger hovered over the delete button for a long time.

Then, without hesitation, I pressed it and the photos vanished one by one, just like the foolish fantasies I had clung to.

Completely gone.

After doing this, I let out a long sigh. I actually thought it would hurt, but there were no tears. My eyes remained completely dry.

So let this one-sided obsession end right here, in this hospital room.

Knock, knock.

A knocking sound echoed.

"Come in."

It was Doctor Danton, the man who had been caring for me all these years. After I chose to stay in the Blackwood Pack, he was sent by my grandfather to look after me.

"Sienna, how are you feeling?"

He walked slowly to my bedside, his voice filled with concern.

"I'm fine, Doctor Danton. Better than ever."

I looked up at him, my voice weak but firm. A flash of surprise passed through his eyes, then a relieved smile appeared.

"It seems your emotions have finally returned."

My heart clenched.

"Emotions... returned?"

"Although your wolf soul awakening failed again, your previous emotional deficiency has started to recover. Before, you couldn't fully express or even feel emotions the way others could. But this time, even though the awakening failed, it seems to have triggered a gradual return of your normal emotions."

His words shook me.

So... my foolishness in the past wasn't innate.

I couldn't understand complex emotions, so like a child, I mistook gratitude for love, stubbornly believing that Kiran was my destined mate. I couldn't distinguish between someone who cared and someone who was simply there. I thought dependency was devotion, thought his occasional kindness was love, thought the crumbs he gave me were a feast.

Now, the bird calls outside the window could make me happy.

Kiran's disgust could make me heartbroken.

Lilith's affectation could make me sick.

And his words—pathetically obsessed—could hollow me out completely.

"Well, that's good," I said softly. "Now I understand Kiran's true attitude toward me."

Doctor Danton sat down on the chair beside my bed. "So, what are you thinking now? Do you want to stay in the Blackwood Pack, or..."

"I want to go home." I cut him off. "Back to the Silvermane Pack."

Doctor Danton nodded, his smile deepening.

"That's the right choice. There's one more thing I need to tell you." His voice grew quieter, and his eyes struck with a seriousness I hadn't seen before.