

Chapter 9 – The Man With Thunder

Sienna’s POV

It was massive—its fur pure black, streaked with faint blue arcs of electricity.

Its eyes burned with blue flames, cold and majestic, looking down on everything.

It stood tall, exuding a powerful aura.

The remaining rogues were terrified, crawling on the ground, trembling all over.

A low growl rumbled from the black giant wolf’s throat.

As though pardoned by a higher power, the rogues scrambled into the depths of the forest.

I stared at it in astonishment.

The electric glow on its body gradually subsided, and its massive frame began to transform.

Bones cracked.

Shadows shifted.

A tall, naked man appeared in its place.

His black hair clung wetly to his forehead, his features sharp and defined.

His eyes, just like the giant wolf’s, were icy blue—like the sea.

His muscular, well-proportioned body radiated strength.

I stared at him intently and recognized him at once: Dantes Electra, the boy who used to steal from me when we were children.

He walked toward me, an invisible pressure radiating from him, making it hard to breathe.

He stopped in front of me, frowning, his thin lips parting to speak in a voice colder than rain.

“Alpha Ryan Silver’s daughter—why have you let yourself get into such a mess?”

I was dumbfounded, snapping out of my daze only then.

That was when I realized—he was still naked.

Embarrassed, I quickly lowered my head.

He dressed casually in front of me, utterly unbothered.

Seeing my silence, he teased, “What, are you shy now?”

Annoyance burned in me. Of all the times to meet him, it had to be when I was at my most disheveled.

I wanted to retort, but hunger and weakness left me unable to speak.

“Sienna!”

In the final moment of consciousness, I stumbled into a strong embrace—warm, steady, carrying the scent of rain and pine.

I faintly heard a muffled curse.

“Damn it... I shouldn’t have let you go to the Blackwood pack.”

Warmth surrounded me.

Something soft wrapped around me, holding me together.

The delicious smell of grilled meat drifted through my dream—until Kiran snatched it away.

I woke abruptly.

Flames flickered before my eyes. I was wrapped in Dantes’ clothes, his cold pine scent clinging to me.

The smell of grilled meat mixed with the earthy aroma of the forest, making my stomach growl.

I sniffed instinctively, saliva threatening to spill.

Following the scent, I saw Dantes sitting by the fire, focused on grilling meat.

The firelight danced across his cold, sharp profile, softening it into something almost gentle.

“Awake?”

The same icy voice, but this time, there was a faint hint of familiarity.

He glanced at me, his ice-blue eyes narrowing, brows furrowing in displeasure.

“Sienna, can’t you take care of yourself? You look like a ghost.”

His words hit like bullets, yet I felt a strange warmth in my chest.

“My brother sent you to pick me up?” My voice was hoarse, cracked with weakness.

His pupils shook, softening into concern.

“First, eat. I don’t want to talk to a dumbass who’s about to starve to death.”

He placed the grilled meat before me, and I couldn’t resist.

Ignoring the heat, ignoring how I looked, I grabbed it and shoved it into my mouth.

Hot juices and rich fat filled my tongue. The long-lost taste of real food almost brought tears to my eyes.

It was the most delicious thing I had ever eaten.

I ate hungrily, quickly. He watched me, tears shimmering faintly in his icy eyes.

He reached out, wiping oil from the corner of my mouth.

“No one’s going to take it from you.”

I froze, staring at him in confusion.

“After five years, when did you learn to take care of people?”

He sighed, standing up helplessly. His tall figure cast a long shadow in the firelight.

“What? You’re allowed to be shy now, but I’m not allowed to take care of people?”

I was speechless.

It was still the same Dantes—sharp-minded, quick-tongued.

I nodded silently.

His breath grew heavier, tinged with frustration.

With a cold laugh, he said, disappointed, “If I hadn’t come to the Black Forest today to investigate the source of pollution, you’d already be dead here. Not even a thank you?”

“Thank you, my savior,” I squinted, pretending to smile.

He arched a brow. “I see you’ve gotten smarter—more interesting than before.

“Before, when I stole from you, you’d just cry. Now you know how to fight back. Looks like those five years of hardship weren’t in vain.”

His teasing tone made my blood boil. I threw the gnawed bone at him.

He dodged easily, smirking.

“Ouch! You have the strength to throw at me? Looks like you’re full.”

He tried to sling an arm around me, but I dodged.

His expression flickered with awkwardness before hardening into seriousness.

“Do you want me to help you get revenge?”

I hesitated.

Knowing Dantes, his help would always come with strings attached.

I shook my head. “I’ll handle my own revenge. Right now, I just want to go back to the Silvermane pack. Can you please ask the Alpha of the Electra pack to send me home?”

His expression softened. He placed a hand over his chest in a mock gesture of respect.

“I am willing to serve Princess Sienna.”

But then his eyes darkened, sharp with fury.

“I checked your wounds. The bullets were laced with wolf poison and witchcraft.”

My breath caught. His fists clenched.

“They don’t just want to kill you—they want to destroy your wolf soul.”

Shock rattled me.

Hadn’t Lilith already gotten what she wanted? Why would she still want my life?

Suddenly, a wolf howl echoed in the distance.

Dantes stood abruptly, his eyes flashing with alertness.

“Someone’s coming after us.”

My heart dropped. The fragile hope that had just sparked inside me was crushed.

“Is it the Silvermane pack?” I asked quickly.

“No.” His voice was cold as ice. “The scent is wrong. It’s pursuers from the Eldritch pack.”

My blood froze instantly.

The Eldritch pack?

That was Lilith’s family’s power.