

## Read Novel A Gift From The Goddess Chapter 141

A Gift from the Goddess Chapter 141—“Two packs aligned under her rule,” Allison continued. “An accumulation of two Alphas, the Saintess and a Luna. Each one more monstrous than the last. A collection that broke our sacred traditions, and dealt with those who would not join them via irrefutable orders ... and death.”

She then pointed to another painting of four people; the Saintess with her silver hair and violet eyes, and a fearsome-looking male next to her with black hair and green eyes. Then a male with dark brown hair and molten gold eyes... and a girl who seemed depicted as an angel with shadow-like wings. Her brunette hair willowed in the wind as her eyes shone like sapphires.

“Their spawn continued their legacy, but it wasn’t until the Saintess’ death that a revolution was finally able to begin. A revolt against their rule and one to reinstate the ways of old. A war that lasted nearly fifty years. The Great Silver War.”

(( ...Was this the same war that the suppressors were designed for?” I asked.

She looked at me in surprise. “You know about the suppressors?”

And I fumbled, unsure how to answer. Kieran hadn’t told me if it was meant to be kept secret or not.

“I uh... I’ve been doing some reading at the packhouse. I think I remember something about them.”

“Oh... well, yes. It was thanks to our invention of them that our pack rose up to become the strongest rivalling force against The Mist. It was actually my father who devised the plan to finish them. Once and for all.” T

“The Mist’....? That sounded familiar.

Hadn’t someone said something like that to me recently? What was it again? The... ‘Winter Mist’? But... where?

However, I was more focused on what

Allison was saying. Because, as someone who had firsthand experience with the drugs, I felt a little sick hearing how she idolised its usage. Not to mention it was yet another reminder of Sterling, him being the first to tell me of Victor’s success in war.

“We’ve had peace for over a decade now,” she said. “A blessing from our Great

Mother to tell us we've done her work. We eradicated the false believers and restored true order. Just as it always should have been. But... we unfortunately lost my mother in the process."

"Kieran never told me what happened to her," I said. "You don't need to talk about it if it's too difficult. I know it was hard on you."

But she bit her lip as if trying to keep a strong face. "Some things in life really show the malicious nature within. The

Devils of the Mist were a testament to that very fact. That is why we have their pictures here; a reminder of the evil out there so we never forget.

And I left it at that, not wanting to pry further to upset her.

The topic was already incredibly uncomfortable even before her mother was brought up. I'd definitely had my fill of learning history for one day and it was enough to give me a headache, the gory nature of it all being deeply disturbing.

However, it seemed Allison wasn't quite ready to move on.

"Traditions are important, Raven," she then said, grabbing my hands. "There are reasons why we have a strong male hierarchy within the pack, why all rogues are to be treated as scum. Order is only maintained through keeping our values alive. This is what we are taught and what we will teach to our children one day."

"Allison, you're hurting my hand..." I said softly.

Her grip was getting stronger, almost too strong to pull away. The topic had clearly upset her without me intending it to and her eyes locked onto mine intensely.

"When people claim they are embodiments of the Goddess and seek power through mocking our ways... that is when doom will befall us. And it almost did. Back then, the Devils were almost invincible, capable of impossible feats of strength, of swaying the minds of others, of defying death....". 2)

"Allison..." I said again.

But she held on.

"Even blessed silver was not enough to purge them from this world," she continued.

"Because that is how the

Saintess got her name. Not for her hair, though the colour was apt... but for her ability to survive multiple wounds by weapons crafted in our most lethal substance. No person should survive such a thing. Her insanity alone saw the death of her own Alpha by her

hand, all in order to take that title for herself. She made the entire world fall to their knees before her in submission.”

“Allison... please.”

“My mother had to die in order for the Devils to be finally extinguished. We live in a world of peace now thanks to her sacrifice.”

But it seemed there was no getting through to her and, though I didn’t want to, I ended up doing something I told myself I never would.

...I yelled at her.

I yelled at the girl who was Kieran’s little sister.

“Allison, enough!” I shouted. “Let go of me. Right now.”

And, finally, it looked as though some sense came over her.

She blinked a few times and looked down at our hands, my fingers having turned pale from being constricted in her grip. If I’d forced my hands away, it would have caused her harm, and that, I knew, would be far worse than simply yelling.

“Oh... I’m sorry,” she said quietly. “I sometimes go on a bit of a rant.” 1

‘A bit’ seemed like an understatement for what that was, but I was relieved when she finally released me nevertheless. It was as if she had no understanding of just how terrifying she had become merely seconds before.

As if everything was... normal.

“I appreciate you coming with me today, Raven,” she then smiled brightly. “I really enjoy your company. Makes it easy to not dwell on the negative things.”

And though that nagging in my head was now screaming at me, the feeling of discomfort strengthening tenfold, I did my best to still push it aside.

Her mother’s death had broken her.

Kieran had already told me this. Clearly, the girl needed a therapist but that was not something for me to tackle. For now, all I could do was be respectful and understanding. I knew only too well what it was like to carry trauma and she had just lost another family member she loved.

And so I didn’t bring it up, playing the situation off as if everything was fine. But after I did eventually leave the temple that day, my head was filled with only more questions.

More than what I had arrived with.

“I have a surprise for you,” Kieran said the next day.

He'd arrived home later than normal and cancelled our training. I hadn't thought anything of it as he had been busy all week thanks to Sterling.

“Oh?” I said.

He walked up and kissed my hand tenderly, sending those sparks through

“Wear something nice,” he said. “I'll come grab you in an hour.”

And a smile spread across my lips, not having expected anything special to happen today. Truthfully, the whole week had been horrific and a distraction with

Kieran was the best thing I'd heard in so long.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

But he shook his head. “It's a surprise, Rae. I can't tell you.”

He let go of my hand and, with one final wink, left me to get ready.

And I made sure not to disappoint.

I fished out a new dress for the occasion, paying extra special attention to my looks. Which, by the time Kieran had returned, I knew had paid off. Because his stare trailing down my body alone was enough to send a shiver through me.

“You're the most beautiful girl I've ever met,” he said, slowly walking over.

I stared up at him lovingly as he encircled me in his arms, proceeding to place a kiss on my lips. It made me want to suggest skipping whatever he had planned and spending our night inside instead. Just the two of us as we did... other activities.

But, alas, he seemed determined to go.

“We're going to be late,” he said, pulling away. Much to my dismay.

“Late for where?”

However, he just smiled at me secretively. “You'll see.”

And see, I did.

Because as we pulled up in the car a few minutes later, outside a familiar looking building, I was reminded of the words Kieran had said to me on my first day here.

“Rose & Thorn...,” I said quietly, feeling that same pull towards the place. “Your favourite restaurant.”

“You remember,” he said, a little surprised. “I did say I was going to take you here.”

Yes... he did say that. But in amongst everything happening, it had completely slipped my mind. It had felt like there was always something going on, too busy to Book Wo actually go.

“Come on,” he said, opening the passenger door for me.

And he helped me out of the car, holding my hand as we walked inside one of the most eloquent looking establishments I’d ever seen.

It was obvious that they had gone to great lengths to accommodate us. Even to the point of ensuring our privacy by seating us in an exclusive area. Everything was perfect down to the most minute detail.

Just as amazing as Kieran had said.

We enjoyed our food, laughing and smiling properly for the first time in what felt like forever, forgetting about everything else we’d left behind at the packhouse. It was so easy to be captivated by everything he did, every different way he made me feel. He was a lifeline in my life I’d so badly needed, one that I adored. Never before had I felt like this about another person.

He was mine... my mate.

“Dance with me,” he said abruptly after dinner.

Our conversation had died down and I hadn’t expected the request. It was something I had never done before for leisure... only for work. Dancing had been drilled into me as a skill, a necessity to enchant men. Doing so here felt... strange.

“Please, Rae...,” he said, watching me hesitate with those puppy dog eyes.

Which, of course, I was helpless to deny.

“I’m a little rusty,” I said honestly, remembering it had been a while.

But this didn’t deter him in the slightest as he pulled me against him, our bodies starting to sway slowly with the music playing nearby.

His warmth was enveloping me as we moved, enjoying the company of the other. It felt... natural. Perfect. A moment in time I wished I could relive forever.

No worries... no stress... just Kieran holding me to him as we danced in a restaurant. Two people doing something so mundane, so normal. A dream I never would have thought was possible for me.

“Rae...,” he said quietly near my ear.

His body rumbled under my touch as he spoke, my head leaning against his chest.

“...Mmm?”

“Thank you for coming to Ashwood with me,” he said. “I don’t know what I would have done had you decided to stay behind.”

I lightly chuckled at that. “You would have been better off probably,” I said honestly. “I only seem to cause trouble wherever I go.

But he pulled away at that, cupping a hand under my cheek so I would look up at him.

“You don’t cause trouble,” he said, his face serious. “And I promise you... I’m not going to let anything happen to you. Ever.”

But the way that he said that, he made it feel as if there was more meaning in his words.

...Did he know about the problems waiting for me? About how I was originally only meant to be here temporarily?

... About how my father would probably try to kill him if he ever discovered just how attached I was?

“I don’t...,” I started, unsure if I should ask or not.

Only, he kept talking before I could do so.

...And spoke words I never expected to hear in my life... the first time I had ever heard such a thing.

“This shouldn’t be a shock but... I’m so helplessly in love with you, Rae,” he said. “I have been since the moment I met you.”

## **Read Novel A Gift From The Goddess Chapter 142**

A Gift from the Goddess Chapter 142–For those who already unlocked the chapter, you may need to ‘sign out’ and sign back into your Good Novel account or, if that doesn’t

work, "Clear Cache") for your local phone copy to be updated. Both of these options are found in the app's 'Profile' tab -> "Settings". However, keep in mind that Chapter #33 IS THERE, but you just needed to scroll down in order to read it. People unlocking it new from now on should only see the one chapter; #33.

Really sorry again that it happened. I was rushing to publish it that day and then I didn't have the power to edit it once published. Unfortunately, G don't work on weekends either. Thanks to everyone who commented to bring it to my attention. I'll do my best to ensure this doesn't happen again. 1

"...What? ...What did you just say?"

I instantly looked up at him, unsure if I'd even heard him right.

Because he didn't just say what I thought he did... right?

"I'm in love with you, Rae," he repeated.

...No, he'd definitely just said it.

My heart thumped loudly in my chest.

"I want to spend every morning waking up next to you... every night kissing you until we fall asleep," he continued. "I love your eyes, your smile, your laugh... I love the way you make me feel as if I matter. Not just because of my position or the mate bond, but because of me. Of who I am."

I felt frozen in place, unsure how to react.

Because I had strong feelings for him as well, of course I did. But... there was another thought in my head. More important than anything else.

Because did Kieran even love me? Truly? Or did he just love the girl I'd been pretending to be this whole time?

I was unsure if he still would have said this to me if he knew the truth. The whole truth.

...Including my dark past.

"...Kieran... I'm not, ah..." I started.

How do I tell him I'm not as perfect as he probably thinks? ...That, up until recently, my day job was espionage and murder?

“...I’m not... as great as I might seem,” I said slowly. “I’ve loved every moment spent with you, every single minute you’ve given me. In fact, I struggle to think about what my life would be like without you now. But... the truth is....”

I shakily inhaled, forcing myself to do so since it felt as though I couldn’t breathe. This was something I’d been putting off for so long now that I couldn’t believe it was finally happening.

Everything was about to come crashing down... but I didn’t want to lie anymore.

And so I closed my eyes for a second, accepting it had gone on long enough.

“The truth is... I’m not who I seem,” I finished, meeting his gaze again. It was hard to keep a strong face. “I’m not a good person. And... I’m sorry. Sorry for keeping it from you... for leading you on... I’m sorry for letting myself become so wrapped up in wanting to be with you that I selfishly ignored it.”

“What...? I don’t understand what you mean.”

“I mean... I’ve done truly horrific things,

Kieran,” I said honestly, my eyes beginning to water with tears. “I was raised to handle the dirty side of my father’s business, no matter what that entailed. Sterling’s death was just a reminder of how that side will always be a part of me.”

“Don’t say that. Sterling tried to assault you. That doesn’t make you a bad person

“-But Killing more people than I can count probably does though.”

The words left my mouth too quickly to stop them... and they hung in the open between us.

“... You deserve better, Kieran. So much better,” I said quietly. “...Better than a rogue.

He held my gaze for a moment and it was the first time I’d ever seen such confliction in them. A look I never wanted to see. Not from him. Never from him.

“Rae...,” he started.

But then he sighed, rubbing a hand across his forehead.

...Rae, your past doesn’t matter to me,”

he finished. “It never has. When I brought you here, I made a vow to keep you safe and protect you from those who wanted to hurt you. That included your father, someone who I had already assumed had you doing some shady stuff.”



“But that past is still a core part of who I am. You can’t just... ignore it,” I said.

“Honestly? If the biggest issue we ever have to face publicly is just crimes your father forced you to do, then I think we’ll be fine. No one in a right mind would blame you for that. In fact, if I had it my way, I would have already confronted that monster for what he did to you. The fact he’s still allowed to breathe... it boils my blood. Just remembering the bruises. and silver suppressors are enough to piss me off every time I think about it.”

“But I still did all those things,” I argued. “I... wanted to.”

“No, Rae, you didn’t. You just wanted to please a man who only sees you as a weapon.”

However, I only bit my tongue, trying to sort through the mess inside my head. I didn’t even know what I wanted. At what point can I say it was no longer ignorance but simply innate nature to do what I did? That I’d been dangerous even before my father had adopted me?

...I was never a good person and I had never even tried to be. Not before Kieran, at least.

Meeting him gave me a reason to do better but... if we’d never met? I would have probably kept on serving my father unquestionably until the day one of us finally died.

Was that really the kind of woman Kieran wanted to be with?

“Hey...,” he said gently, breaking me from my thoughts. “All that matters to me is who you are now. Who you want to be....”

And he lightly touched my cheek, the warm sparks no longer feeling like a comfort right now.

“So... tell me what you want, Rae... who you want to be. And I promise I’ll accept whatever your decision is.”

My breath caught in my throat, constricted with guilt.

“I...,” my voice trailed off.

He was an assignment. A person of interest to befriend for information.

Information relating to documents I had just located. From that perspective... I was done. I should have already left and returned back home to my father.

Mission success.

But... I'd had a glimpse of how good life could be with him now. How we were fated together and how this was some fantasy dream of saving me from my old, terrible life. A prince raising a girl from the ashes to lead as his queen. A Luna. A' happily ever after' fairy tale.

...But I was no queen.

I was... a Raven. A harbinger of death... just as I had been named for.

There was no room here for a Rogue Luna.

And so I knew that, if I really did care for him as much as I thought I did, then perhaps the kindest thing I could do would be to leave. Because maybe the next time I brought trouble here, it would be far, far worse than simply an uncle who had it coming. That sometimes people are born as something they can't undo. 2

"I... don't know," I finally said.

My heart was racing as I spoke, wanting nothing more than to tell him what he wanted to hear. But... I'd told myself I was done lying to him. And the truth was that I really didn't know what to do... or who I was.

"I don't know," I repeated, firmer this time. "I'm sorry, Kieran."

And I wish I could have burned from my memory the way he then looked at me. A look of hurt and pain, and one that instantly made me want to remedy things.

"Ok... well, let me know when you figure it out," he said. "I'll be waiting for you. I always will be. There is nothing you could do or say that would ever make me feel differently about you, Rae. Nothing."

But as I did my best to blink back tears, I knew it was words like that which only made this more difficult. He was deserving of a mate who could be what he needed. Not... whatever mistake I had been.1

Surely a paperwork error by their Goddess.

In the end though, those words of his were the last spoken about it for that night. The atmosphere was tense, my head was pulsing with a headache, and everything felt... wrong. And as the night came to a close, I felt myself breaking a little bit more as we slept separately. The first time in almost three weeks.

How quickly I'd become used to his warmth, to his touch. It was clear just how dependent on him I really was now. A dangerous thing for someone as conflicted as myself, where I wasn't sure what the correct thing to do was.

...Was I truly deserving of someone like Kieran? Was it possible to change? 1

Or would I find myself slipping back into old habits one day, unable to distinguish between right and wrong in a moment of lapse?

Though, his complete acceptance of my past did prove one thing to me however;

That he was a genuinely good person, through and through.

Something I would never be.

The next day, I awoke feeling alone.

With the bed empty, I was left to dwell in my own thoughts, the sheets feeling colder than I remembered them to be. 1:

How was I meant to guarantee that I would never become that person again?

Did a way even exist to erase that part of me? To start fresh with no looming threats from my past?

I wanted to be 'Rae' for Kieran's sake, but what if that was also just a lie?

And so I sighed, my head hurting once more.

Regardless of the confusion, I would need to make a decision sooner rather than later. Dragging this out was only going to hurt both of us. Clearly, he was just as determined to fix my past as he was to fix my wolf-shifting problems. But I wasn't too sure if this could be fixed so easily.

"Still having troubles?" Allison said, catching me off guard.

I'd wandered to the kitchen to grab breakfast, feeling in a daze as I did so. I hadn't even sensed her nearby.

"Oh... hi, Allison," I said quietly, giving her a small smile.

But her head tilted in innocent confusion, her sweet nature showing through. 1

"What's wrong?" she asked. "Did something else happen?"

"No, no, nothing to worry about... just. tired, I guess."

However, this apparently wasn't good enough of an answer as she pressed for more details.

“...Is it to do with Kieran?”

And I looked at her more attentively. ” How...?”

“He looked strange when I saw him this morning,” she explained. “Maybe more tired than you.”

Oh.

It pained me a little to hear that. The last thing I wanted was to hurt him. All of this stress was because I was trying to avoid that very thing from happening one day, though far worse in the future, I was sure.

“I know what might cheer him up,” she said. “A little surprise to make him feel better.”

I frowned. “I’m not sure that’s going to fix this, Allison. It’s a bit... complicated.”

But she just smiled brightly. “No, no, I promise, it’ll be good. Plus, I’m sure you’ll enjoy it too. There’s no way you’ve never been curious about it.”

“What...?”

Though, instead of answering, she merely held out her hand for me to take.

Something that made me eye it warily after the last time.

“Come on, Raven,” she said. “Please?”

... And I felt myself concede, grabbing her hand as she then led us through the packhouse.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“To the archives,” she said. “It’s a special restricted area of the library.”

I was pretty sure I’d seen it before. There was a locked door at the back with a keypad and a guard. I’d assumed it had confidential documents inside, something I’d made a note of before Sterling had told me the information I needed.

But why would Allison be taking me there?

“Hello, Finn,” she said to the guard there today. “We would like to go into the archives, please.”

The man looked down at her, puzzled by her request.

“Allison? Why do you need to go in there?” he asked. “You know the rules... ranked members and Elders only.”

Though she simply pouted, undeterred.

“But Raven is ranked, she’s going to be our Luna one day,” she argued. “Why else would have Kieran told her to go grab him some things from inside?” 2

And as Finn’s eyes travelled over to me, I immediately shifted uncomfortably. This was definitely not something I wanted to deal with today.

“Why exactly do you need access?” he asked.

Why, indeed, was a good question. An answer to which I didn’t have since I was only a blind participant in all of this.

However, Allison really wanted to go in, adamant that this was all for a surprise for Kieran. And... I don’t know. Perhaps it was because I didn’t have the heart to disappoint yet another Lycroft sibling today, but... I decided to go along with it.

“Kieran is busy this morning and asked me to retrieve some documents for him,” I lied. “I’m really sorry for all the short notice but... would it be okay for us to quickly go in just this once... please?”

He still didn’t seem convinced. “I don’t know....”

And I smiled at him as best as I could muster. “It would really mean a lot to me after all, I’d hate to drag Kieran away from his work just to come all the way down here....”

That seemed to do it.

With a flustered reply, the guard named Finn got to work opening the archives and allowed Allison and I in. For which, I still wasn’t sure why we were even here.

Inside, the place was filled floor to ceiling with shelves of papers, books, documents, and a few valuable looking items. Seeing it now, it definitely looked like the kind of place that warranted a guard.

“Give me a minute to find it,” Allison said, grabbing a book from the shelf.

And I left her to do her thing, walking around the room to explore instead. Most of the books were dusty from never being used. It seemed like no one really came in here, which made sense with its strict rules for access.

I scanned my eyes along the shelf in front of me, but I did find one thing slightly odd. One of the books had been moved recently. Unlike the others, the dust was disturbed around it.

A book with a familiar looking title that enticed me to pick it up.

“Dammit, I can’t find it,” Allison said behind me in defeat.

“What were you looking for?” I asked, turning back around to look at her.

“Well... I thought we could surprise

Kieran by finding out which pack your family belonged to,” she said. “I don’t know if he ever told you this but... most of the time, ranked members mate with other ranked members. Meaning your family might have been very influential at some point. I thought I could find which pack they belonged to but... I can’t seem to find any record of ‘Raven Reid’ or ‘Reid

And suddenly I had an overwhelming feeling to leave.

That this was a bad idea and I shouldn’t have come here.

But...

But this was Allison. I needed to get over those feelings about her already.

Especially when things were already so rocky with Kieran. The last thing I needed was to upset him further.

“Oh, um... that probably won’t work,” I said slowly. “I was adopted by humans, remember? ‘Raven Reid’ is just my adopted name.”

Or, at least, my working name. Bestowed upon me by my beloved father. Though it had been mostly a nickname at first, I became so used to being called his Raven that it wasn’t long before I’d cast my old name aside entirely. It sounded similar enough, I guess, and these days I wouldn’t even turn around if someone shouted my birth name on the street.

Though her face instantly perked back up at this. “Oh! I didn’t realise. Do you remember your old name then?”

...And I wanted to vomit. A choking that slithered around my throat, telling me to stop.

A feeling I ignored.

“My name...?” I asked, my heart pounding.

Leave. I needed to leave.

Now.

But I didn't.

And, instead, I introduced myself as someone I hadn't been in over sixteen years.

"My name is Rheyne...", I said. "Rheyne Knight."

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A Gift from the Goddess Chapter 143—"My name is Rheyne...", I said. "Rheyne Knight."

How strange to say it after all this time. It wasn't something I felt all that connected to nor had any particular fond memories of. It was simply the only thing I could recall when the orphanage had asked me who I was. Just my name and nothing else. Not even my parents.

"Allison?" I asked when she still hadn't spoken.

Something about the whole situation seemed off. The alarms in my head were still screaming at me to run... and yet I did my best to keep ignoring it.

Only... Allison now hadn't moved. Almost as if she were frozen in place.

"Allison? Did you hear me?" I asked. "Aren't you... aren't you going to check your book?"

But with her eyes cast down, her lips started to whisper something very quickly that I couldn't hear.

"...Allison? What are you..."

And it was as I took a step towards her that her eyes then suddenly snapped upwards, staring at me with an expression that took me aback. A hatred within them unlike anything I had ever seen.

"...A Devil of the Mist," she finished quietly.

"What? What do you mea-."

But before I could ask, she then stood up and began talking as if reciting from an old book.

“Beware the Silver Saintess, her hair as silken thread. With her consort mate of power, the people wept and bled.”

“Alli-.”

“And beware the Siren’s call, his eyes as gold as ore. With whispers of manipulation, they’ll hold you in their thrall. And if you breathe despite this, a devil still awaits.

Because forever lives another, the deathless angel mate.”

“Allison!” I yelled, beginning to panic. Stop!”

And I took a step back in confusion, unsure what was happening.

“You were meant to be dead,” she hissed. All of you.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Just stop and-.”

“NO!” she screeched. “Your words won’t work on me. I should have seen it earlier, the signs were all there. But I see you now. I see what you’re doing. Your power won’t work so long as I stay true to the Goddess’ path.”

And before I could do anything else, she then walked over to a glass cabinet, only turning back around to face me once she had retrieved a dagger.

“You’ve been influencing all of us to accept you. You with your silver tongue and golden eyes,” she spat. “Is this some sort of infiltration mission? Here to finish us off in revenge? Because I already lost my mother because of you. I will not go down easily.”

She moved into what looked to be an amateur defensive position, shakily holding the dagger up towards me. Me... who was still frozen in shock over what the hell was happening.

Because my mind was trying to piece together what she was saying... why she suddenly wanted to attack me... and the reason slowly dawned on me.

My family, the pack I must have once belonged to....

I was... a Devil of the Mist.

The same pack who had gone to war with Ashwood, who had apparently caused countless deaths and tarnished their traditions. Who were all allegedly insane.

...The ones who had caused the death of Kieran’s mother.

But there were bits I didn’t understand.



Allison was talking about some sort of manipulation... only I wasn't sure what that meant. I couldn't remember ever doing such a thing.

Maybe she was mistaken or... or I was like some distant, twice removed cousin. Maybe I didn't even share the same blood and was just a child of someone married into the family name.

...Though I'm not sure if that mattered right now.

Because it was clear that Allison had made up her mind... and she took a few steps towards me.

"Allison... don't do this," I warned. "I don't want to accidentally hurt you."

But she merely screamed at me angrily.

"Enough! That aura around you... That presence of reverence. Adoration. I'd thought this whole time that you were just easy to get along with, somehow feeling as if we were always meant to be best friends. Sisters. But it's... it's all a lie. Everything."

"I'm not intentionally doing anything, Allison, I swear."

"Were you even my brother's mate or was that just another trick? Does he know? Did you bewitch him as well, Child of the Siren?"

She was getting closer and closer now, too close for comfort. Soon, I would run out of room within the small space of the archives. A situation that would demand a decision being made.

...Fight or flight.

Neither of which felt right.

"Stop, Allison, please."

But as my back then hit a shelf, I knew it was too late.

She approached me slowly, her intention clear, and moved to strike. A sloppy attempt if I ever saw one, but I did my best to dodge it, using the book still in my hand as a shield.

"Die Devil!" she screamed at me, forcing me to push her away.

A little too strong as she almost fell.

What the hell was I meant to do here? Attack her? She was blocking the exit now so running would mean more conflict.

However, as the archives door then swung open, I was relieved to see the guard, Finn, come to hopefully intervene.

“What’s going on here?” he asked, shocked by the sight he was seeing. “Allison? What are you...” }

“Help me, plea-.”

But during my focus on the guard, I hadn’t paid attention to Allison’s advance. And before I could plead for assistance, her dagger then came swiping towards me. Something I didn’t have time to properly deflect... and I caught the blade in my hand.

“Fuck!” I cried in pain, persevering through it to pull it out of her hand.

The cut was deep as my blood began to flow, but it had been worth it. At least I’d disarmed her for now.

“She’s a Devil of the Mist!” Allison yelled to the guard. “Her real name is Rheyra Knight. This entire time she’s been deceiving us with her siren’s call.”

“I haven’t been doing anything!” I argued. I didn’t even know what The Mist was prior to a few days ago. Please, you have to help me. Allison has gone insane. She’s-.”

But it seemed my pleas fell on deaf ears as Finn’s face immediately changed. A darkness falling over him as he listened to Allison’s words.

“A Devil...,” he said, taking a step closer, and I cursed under my breath.

...I was screwed. Based on this reaction, it was clear that it wasn’t just Allison who would prove to be a problem once the information got out.

And I knew that this was it. I was done.

Ashwood was no longer safe for me.

And now...

Now I needed to leave. Leave quickly and hopefully with my head still attached.

A gasp left Allison’s lips then, drawing my attention back over to her, and I found her staring at my hand.

“It’s true... the stories are true,” she said. ” Look! Look how her hand has already stopped bleeding! Her cut was dealt by a dagger of blessed silver. Such an injury should take hours before our ability to heal works. And yet for her, merely minutes were needed. Only Devil’s have been known to withstand the effects of silver.”

“Allison! You’re crazy! Your fucking uncle was poisoning me with blessed silver suppressors for years. I’ve been on medication to counter it ever since I arrived at Ashwood. It’s probably just helping the process along by still being in my system.’

“Lies!” she screamed, and she tried to grab at me again.

Only... only this time I’d had enough.

I knew now that there was only one way out of this, and it entailed getting the hell out of here by any means. And so, with one injured hand, the other holding a book and dagger, I did what I had to...

I dodged her attack... and countered with a kick to her gut, sending her flying backwards.

“Allison!” Finn yelled.

And his face then turned to me, a warning growl rumbling through him as he walked forward.

“Please... I don’t want to hurt anyone,” I said. “Just let me go and I’ll leave. I promise.”

“Devil... You will not be leaving here alive,” he said, and he charged towards me.

Goddammit.

He wasn’t like Allison, a girl who had clearly never experienced any sort of combat herself. Finn was a warrior, someone I assumed had probably trained with Kieran at some point.

I did my best to avoid his attacks, manoeuvring around them, but I knew at some point I would either need to counter or make a run for it.

And as I quickly brought my hand up to prevent a jab from hitting my shoulder, it momentarily left me in a defenceless position. Because the wound instantly opened back up, causing me to cry out in pain. This was my first time experiencing a silver weapon’s cut and I hadn’t anticipated its full painful effects.

However, in the second of my lapse, Finn immediately took advantage to grab me and throw me to the ground, using his weight to then keep me that way.

“Let me go...,” I struggled.

But, of course, that wouldn’t work.

“You’ll stay here until the Alpha arrives,” he said, pulling something out of his pocket.

And I caught a glimpse of the shiny silver cuffs as they came out, dangling with a threat before my eyes.

I couldn't let him put those on me. Whatever else happened, I could not allow him to use those. All hope of escape would be lost.

My breathing quickened in panic, my body continuing to squirm. But there was nothing I could do against him. He had me perfectly positioned under him to render me completely helpless.

"Let me go... please, let me go..." I continued to beg.

But he was trying to turn me over onto my stomach now, the intention of placing the cuffs on me.

...And something inside me then clicked.

A calm washed over me... my body stilled....

...and I looked up at the eyes of the guard as instinct took over.

"\*Let me go, Finn\*," I said in a foreign feeling voice. "\* Let go of me right now\*."

And as his eyes seemed to relax, he proceeded to move off me.

Just as I'd asked.

I didn't waste time questioning why it happened. Instead, I quickly got back onto my feet, grabbing the dagger and book from the floor.

I knew I needed to leave. Now.

And with one final look behind me, I dashed out the door. Just as I saw Allison getting slowly back onto her feet.

This was a race against time now. I needed to get to the bedroom, grab Kieran's car keys, and make it back to the car before she could start a witch hunt.

... My chances were looking grim. No, in fact, they were looking downright impossible. But I had to try. That's all I could do.

I speedily walked through the packhouse hallways, doing my best not to draw too much attention to myself. Something easier said than done as I attracted a lot of attention anyway. Most likely from the blood stains covering my hand and clothes.

I thought I'd successfully gotten away with it though as I came to the last staircase, the one to lead to Kieran's room. But it was as I was about to ascend that I heard something behind me.

"Miss Raven," came a small voice.

I spun around defensively but only found a young attendant there.

"Miss... you seem to be bleeding. Can I get you anything?"

And I looked down at my hand. "Oh... this? No, it's okay. I was just trying to cut some fruit to eat but I hurt myself by accident. It's already healing, see?"

But their brows were still creased. "No, I was actually referring to your nosebleed. Would you like a tissue?"

Confused, I brought a hand up to my nose and, sure enough, there was blood trickling down. Odd. I'd never had anything like that happen before.

"Oh um. No, I'm fine. I have tissues in my room. Thank you though."

"Okay, how about some-."

But before they could ask another question, I quickly turned back around to climb up the stairs. I couldn't afford to risk wasting any more time, even if the behaviour might have seemed slightly odd. Hopefully not bizarre enough to be worth mentioning to others.

Once I was finally on the private floor though, I sprinted to Kieran's room, swinging open the door... and froze for a second.

His scent hit me immediately, it clinging to the space he lived in. His clothes, his bed, his possessions... all of it reminded me of him. It threatened to make me finally break down, to cry and give up. Because I knew that this was goodbye... and, if he was just like his sister, he would hate me after today.

I cried out loudly in a mixture of anger and sadness. Just one short sound to help push aside my feelings and focus. Because I needed to survive this. I needed to escape. There were more important things right now than farewells.

And so I quickly grabbed his car keys, leaving everything else behind.

But I should have known that it could never be that easy.

For when I turned back around to leave, it was then that my eyes met theirs.

Met his.

Standing in the doorway, watching me with confusion as he took in my appearance; dishevelled and bleeding, his car keys in hand.

“...Rae?” he asked softly.

... And my heart broke at hearing his voice.

## Read Novel A Gift From The Goddess Chapter 144

A Gift from the Goddess Chapter 144—“Rae... What’s happened?” he asked.

I opened my mouth to reply but the words wouldn’t come out. My body was running on pure adrenaline for survival now and I was doing my best to push through the overwhelming urge to cave into my emotions.

“I... I’m...,” I fumbled.

My eyes were trying to water but I gritted my teeth against it.

I didn’t want to fight Kieran... I didn’t know if I could live myself if I were to see the look of hatred in his eyes. Anything but that.

“Rae?”

“I... Kieran, someth-.”

But before I could finish speaking, I was suddenly cut off.

“RAVEN!” Allison’s voice shrilly screamed.

And I cursed. She was here. Probably at the staircase looking for me.

This was game over.

Kieran frowned but turned around to investigate, walking towards my only available exit. One now manned by his insane little sister.

“Kieran! W-wait... don’t...”

However, as I futilely trailed behind him, I was further stressed by seeing that Allison had recruited help. Help in the form of Daniel, the Beta heir.

“Hand yourself over, Raven,” Daniel said, stepping cautiously forward. “Let’s not drag this out any longer than we have to.”

“What the hell is going on?” Kieran demanded.

"I'm sorry, man, but she's been lying to you," he said. "Allison said that she admitted to being one of them. Called herself by a name that belonged to The Council of the Silver Mist. She's a Knight. Rheyra Knight."

But as Daniel enlightened him to the situation, it was Kieran's reaction that was the most unsettling.

Or, lack of, to be precise.

Because there was no shock or surprise that crossed his features at all. Just... remaining completely silent as he held Daniel's gaze.

Almost as if...

Almost as if he knew.

"...Kieran?" I whispered. "Why aren't you..."

And his face then confirmed it, closing his eyes in guilt for a moment.

Everything made sense now. Why he kept our training sessions private, why I was never allowed to talk about my health problems publicly, why he'd said those words to me last night. They'd struck me as odd, but I'd had more important things to worry about at the time. But his phrasing had been weird.

"\*Honestly? If the biggest issue we ever have to face publicly is just crimes your father forced you to do, then I think we'll be fine.\*" That was what he had said. 'Biggest issue' being my past. Because he knew that my birth family would cause a reaction like this, far greater than any other uproar I could possibly create.

"How could you know? Let alone keep this from me? Why bring me here at all?"

"I had my suspicions after I found out about the silver suppressors," he said. "You kept up with me during a fight whilst taking them, Rae. It meant you had to be from a powerful pack, one stronger than even Ashwood by a considerable margin. Of which, there was only one other in modern history. But... I thought you didn't remember anything about your birth family. I thought I could protect you."

The betrayal stung me unlike anything I'd felt before. He'd known this entire time and kept it from me, knowing full well that this might happen one day. That it was information that could likely lead to my death.

And I felt myself sink deeper inside, the last shred of hope dying.

It seemed we'd both been keeping things from each other. Secrets that had dire consequences. Perhaps our relationship really was irreparable now.

"She lied and bewitched you, Kieran!" Allison chimed in. "She's a descendant of the Siren. Manipulation is in her blood."

"She didn't do anything, Allison!" Kieran snapped angrily. "She couldn't even shift before I brought her here. She didn't even know what werewolves were. She was an orphan of war, somehow surviving long enough to still be tortured by our pack despite her situation. Sterling was selling silver suppressors, Allison. Illegally."

"She has you covering up her tracks, believing her fabrications," she said. "Now I'm starting to wonder if Sterling's death was really as justified as you claimed. She probably had you kill him as well. Swaying your mind to do her bidding."

"Allison. Stop and listen to what I'm trying to tell you. Raven isn't a devil like we were always told. She's just a girl, an innocen-".

"-I killed Sterling," I said quietly, my voice cutting through the room. "It wasn't Kieran ... it was me. I killed him."

"Rae!"

"No, she's right," I said. "Whether it's because I'm a so-called 'Devil' or due to my past crimes, I'm no innocent, Kieran. Pick a title; Rogue or Devil. Because the same meaning still applies. I don't belong here. I never did. There is nothing I can do to suddenly change who I am."

I'd given up and was feeling... exhausted. Exhausted of pretending to be someone I wasn't... and exhausted of now defending myself against something I couldn't change. My body felt numb to everything as the truth was unravelled.

I was done.

Allison cried out over hearing my confession, tears starting to fall down her face.

"Listen to her, Kieran! She is literally admitting that she's evil. She-."

"Sterling assaulted her," he interrupted. "Stalked her to her room and tried to force his mark on her. If she hadn't of killed him, I would have. He overstepped a line and was trying to abandon Ashwood, breaking our rules in the process. He was a bad person, Allison."

Though I interjected before she could reply.

"Right... but if you check the coroner report, you'll find that his finger joints were repeatedly broken prior to his death," I added. "I tortured him before I finished the job. Because that's what he was. What you were too. A job, Kieran. You really think I was



allowed to come here of my own volition? With a man like my father? My leash has only ever been long enough to serve his interests.” 1

“What...?”

And, finally, Kieran looked surprised.

“You were an assignment, Kieran,” I said, swallowing back my emotions. “You always were, even from the very beginning when we first met. I was sent to retrieve documents once in possession of a smuggler I’d killed, believed to be handed over to Victor Lycroft. Documents that I then discovered Sterling knew the whereabouts of. After he attacked me, I turned the tables on him and tortured him into admission. This shouldn’t be a shock. I already told you that I’m not who I seem. I’m... not a good person.”

“Rae-.”

“Raven,” I corrected. “...Rae is a lie. She doesn’t exist.”

His jaw tensed as he looked at me, making me want to take it all back. But even if it hurt, these were the facts.

“That’s not true,” he said. “You wanted to stay here with me, I know it. I saw it in your face every day we were together. I promised to protect you, and I still intend to do that. You’re still my-.”

But his complete denial at letting me push him away was only making this harder. Too hard to deal with... and I suddenly cracked.

A bubble of frustration and sadness surfaced all at once, a cumulation of both the revelations today and the confliction from last night.

“—YOU CAN’T FIX ME, KIERAN,” I snapped.

“I can’t change my birth family nor change my past. This isn’t something you can mend like my poisoning or shifting. Stop trying to always fix me.”

...Stop trying to always be such a kind and genuinely good person, believing the best still exists inside me,’ I added in my head. ‘

Because it’s not there. It never will be.’

However, nearby, Daniel stirred as I finally raised my voice in anger. It must have made him uncomfortable, unsure probably if I were about to perform some other devil magic. Whatever the hell that even was.

He took two steps towards me, taking an aggressive stance to suggest a fight, and I sighed. I was letting my emotions seep in again, something that was a snowball that would probably end badly. Right now, me leaving as soon as possible was the best-case scenario.

The only problem now was... how.

Because Daniel and Allison were still guarding the stairs, yet we were too many floors up for me to safely utilise a window escape. I was trapped unless I intended to fight my way out. Something that I wanted to avoid where possible.

"We need to take her to your father,

Kieran," Daniel said. "Let him decide what to do with her."

But Kieran wasn't having that. He looked... pissed. Probably rightfully so given the circumstances.

"Touch her and I swear to the Goddess, Daniel..." Kieran warned.

"You'll what? You really want to defend her? A child of the monsters who killed your mother? Our other pack members? So many died in that war because of them."

"What about Rae's mother? Huh? Her father? Siblings?" he argued. "Because her entire family is dead because of us. Did you think about that?"

...I hadn't.

He was right. This went both ways.

Everything had been moving too quickly for me to think about it before but... but if it weren't for Ashwood, perhaps I would have grown up normally. I might have known what it was like to have a real family.

"There were no winners in that war," he continued. "Just people who lost those they loved. All for myths, fairy tales and speculations. For traditions that are probably more outdated than those exact stories."

"You mean 'what about the other spawn we rightfully vanquished'?" Allison spat.

Listen to yourself, brother. You've bedded a devil and now want to protect it. But it's okay, I don't blame you. You just need help undoing what she did to you. Step aside and we'll get you that help. You can find salvation with the Goddess."

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