

The Princess's Revenge Chapter 11 Read Online

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Valenci's POV

I pressed myself against a thick oak tree, watching as Logan's body convulsed. His fingers dug into the soil, leaving deep furrows. The tendons in his neck stood out like cords as he threw his head back.

"Knox," he gasped. "Knox, help me hold him back—"

But the shift that began wasn't the black wolf I'd seen before.

Logan's spine arched impossibly, bones cracking and reforming with sounds that made my stomach turn. But the fur that emerged wasn't midnight black—it was silver. Pure, gleaming silver.

The wolf was massive—even larger than black one. He let out a roar that shook the trees. Then it lunged at the nearest oak and tore into it with claws. Bark exploded in chunks. The massive trunk, easily three feet wide, splintered under those claws. I watched in horror as he destroyed everything around it.

I should run. Should get as far from this creature as possible. Then my foot came down on a branch.

His head whipped around so fast it was a blur. Those golden eyes locked onto me, and for one heart-stopping moment, I was certain I was about to die.

The wolf's lips pulled back, revealing fangs longer than my fingers. A growl rumbled from its chest.

"Alpha Logan!" I screamed, my voice breaking with fear. "Alpha Logan, it's me! It's Valencia!"

But the silver wolf just snarled and began walking toward me.

One step. Two steps.

My back hit a tree trunk. There was nowhere left to run.

"Alpha Logan, please—"

The wolf lunged.

I screamed and closed my eyes, my hands coming up instinctively to shield my face from those deadly fangs—

Then... warmth. Softness.

I felt thick fur brush against my palms. Heavy weight pressing into my hands.

But no pain. No teeth tearing through flesh.

Just... warmth.

I opened my eyes slowly, trembling.

The silver wolf had pressed its massive head into my hands. Those golden eyes were inches from my face, staring at me intensely.

Then it made a sound—not a growl, but... a whimper?

A low, almost pleading whimper.

I stared in shock, my mind struggling to process what I was seeing. Was I imagining it? Could something so monstrous actually be pleading with me? The uncertainty made my heart race even faster.

"You..." my voice shook badly. "You won't hurt me?"

Another whimper. The rage in the wolf's eyes was fading slowly, replaced by something I couldn't understand. Something that looked like pain.

My hands were still frozen in the air. But now, slowly, trembling, I began to stroke the silver fur.

"It's okay," I whispered softly, not knowing if I was comforting it or myself. "I'm here. I'm here."

The wolf's eyes closed. It leaned into my touch, and I felt its whole body shudder.

We stayed like that for several minutes. Me standing against the tree, the massive wolf pressed against my hands, both of us breathing hard.

"I don't understand," I whispered, my voice shaking. "What do you want?" My fingers tangled in that thick silver fur, and I felt the rapid hammering of Axel's heartbeat beneath my touch.

Then the wolf's body went rigid. The massive body began to convulse.

"No, no, no," I heard myself saying, though I had no idea what I was trying to do.

The shift reversed. Bones cracked and reformed. The silver fur receded, revealing skin that was covered in a sheen of sweat.

When it was over, Logan knelt where the wolf had been. His shoulders heaved with each labored breath, and I could see his entire frame shaking.

I'd seen Logan killing without breaking a sweat. But this trembling, gasping man struggling to stay upright - this was different.

He didn't try to stand. Just knelt there, head bowed, fingers digging into the soil.

Then he lifted his head. "What the hell are you doing here?" His voice came out as a ragged snarl. "I told you to stay in the room!"

"I heard sounds. I thought—"

"Don't!" The word exploded from him that I froze. "Don't come closer!"

But even as he said it, his body swayed. His arms trembled, barely holding his weight.

"You need help," I said quietly, taking a small step forward.

"I don't need anything from you!" Logan tried to push himself up, but his legs gave out immediately. He caught himself before he face-planted, his breathing harsh and uneven. "Just... just go back inside."

He tried again to stand. This time he made it halfway before his knees buckled.

I moved without thinking. I lunged forward and caught him before he fell. His weight nearly took us both down. He was so much larger than me, all hard muscle, but I managed to wedge my shoulder under his arm.

"I said I don't need—" Logan's protest died as he sagged against me, too weak to pull away.

"Yes, you do," I said firmly. "Now lean on me. We're going back to the room."

For a moment, I thought he might fight me. His pride was a palpable thing, warring with his body's desperate need for support. I could feel the tension in him.

But then his arm came around my shoulders, and he let me take some of his weight.

"I don't understand you," I said quietly as we began the slow journey back. "I don't know why you saved me. I don't know what you want from me." Each word came between

labored breaths as I half-carried, half-dragged him forward. "But you did save me. So now I'm going to help you, whether you want it or not."

He didn't respond. Maybe he couldn't. His head hung low, his breathing ragged against my shoulder.

The walk back to the castle was agonizing. Every step sent fresh pain through my battered body, and Logan was barely conscious, stumbling beside me. Somehow we made it through the forest, across the courtyard, up the stairs.

By the time we reached the guest room, both of us were gasping. I guided him to the bed, and he collapsed onto it without resistance.

Logan's POV

I lay on my back, one arm thrown across my eyes, trying to steady my breathing. My chest still heaved from the exertion of suppressing Axel. Every muscle in my body screamed in protest.

I heard her move—soft footsteps crossing the room, the quiet splash of water in the basin. Then she returned, and I felt the cool dampness of cloth against my face.

I should tell her to leave. Should maintain the distance that an Alpha was supposed to keep. But I was too exhausted to form the words, too drained to care about protocol.

Her touch was gentle as she wiped away the grime and sweat. Methodical. Careful. Like she was afraid of hurting me.

The nervous energy I'd sensed in her earlier—that awareness when she'd bathed me before—was gone now. This was different. This was... care.

Her hand moved in slow circles across my chest, cleaning away the dirt from the forest floor. My breathing finally steadied under her ministrations.

"Why do you bear this alone?" Her voice was soft, almost hesitant.

The question hit me harder than any physical blow could have. No one had ever asked me that. Not my father, not my brothers, not even Dorian who'd served me for years.

For a long moment, I couldn't answer. Didn't know how to answer.

"Because it's my curse," I finally managed, my voice barely above a whisper. "I can't... shouldn't drag others into it."

She wrung out the cloth and continued cleaning my shoulders. "You seemed to be in such agony. Is it because of your wolf?"

I fell silent. Part of me wanted to shut down this conversation, to retreat behind the walls I'd built over decades. But another part of me—wanted her to understand. Needed her to know.

"I have two wolves inside me."