

# Alpha Damien & His Troublemaker

## Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 211

[ 1,256 words ]

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Chapter 211

Chapter 211

Selene

I doubt I would have done this for any other man

I doubt I would have enjoyed it this much

What was I even saying, I doubted I would have been on my knees in the first place.

72

55 vouchers

It wasn't that I thought men weren't worthy of me lowering myself for them. No. I simply believed that no one, man or woman, was ever meant to have me on my knees for them. I had promised myself long ago that I would never kneel for anyone, never grovel, never give another person the satisfaction of thinking they were above me. Yet here I was, on my knees for the Alpha of the Crimson Pack, the same man who had ended my life countless times in my past cycles. I must have truly lost my mind this time.

Did I regret it? No.

If given another chance, I would do it again without hesitation. I wanted to see this powerful, dangerous man completely lost in pleasure, moaning and groaning just for me and me alone. The thought made me bite my lower lip hard, and my thighs clenched together instinctively as a fresh wave of pleasure rushed through me. I was already so wet, and soaked beyond reason, the slickness dripping slowly down my inner thighs and making it almost impossible to think clearly.

Alpha Damien's crimson eyes flashed with lust and dark possessiveness as he watched me. Without a word, he stood up from where he had been sitting, pulled his pants and boxers down in one smooth motion, and kicked them aside. He reached for a black robe

that had been laid across the bed, tied it loosely around his powerful body, then bent down and picked me up as if I weighed nothing.

He lifted me effortlessly, guiding my legs to wrap tightly around his waist while one of his strong hands supported my back and the other gripped my ass firmly, He didn't seem to care at all that my wetness was now pressing directly against his skin. Before I could even catch my breath or form a single coherent thought, he pulled me closer and kissed me deeply.

The kiss was consuming. His lips claimed mine with fierce hunger, as if he had been holding back for far too long. His tongue pushed past my lips without hesitation, tasting me, devouring me, stroking against mine in a rhythm that made my head spin. The kiss was wet, messy, and full of need, his teeth grazing my bottom lip, his tongue exploring every corner of my mouth like he wanted to memorize the taste of me.

One of his hands tightened on my ass, squeezing the soft flesh while the other pressed against my back, holding me flush against his hard chest so there was no space left between us. I could feel the heat of his body through the thin robe, the steady thrum of his heartbeat, and the hardness of his cock pressing against my soaked core as he kissed me like he owned every part of me.

I wrapped my arms tightly around his neck, not caring about anything else, and kissed him back with equal hunger. My fingers threaded into his hair, tugging lightly as I moaned softly into his mouth, losing myself completely in the taste and

feel of him.

He started walking, carrying me easily as he pushed open the door and stepped out of the room. Normally, I would have been wary, questioning where he was taking me, my instincts screaming to stay alert. But for some strange reason, I trusted him. The realization hit me so suddenly that I froze in his arms.

I trusted him?

I frowned against his lips, confusion cutting through the haze of desire. How could I trust anyone in this lifetime, let alone the demon of the west. What the hell was that thought? I asked myself, my mind reeling

But he didn't give me any time to dwell on it. He simply kissed me deeper, his tongue stroking mine with even more intensity, swallowing any protest or doubt before it could fully form. I gave in completely, kissing him back just as fiercely. I bit his lower lip, sucking on it gently before soothing it with my tongue, enjoying the low groan that rumbled from his chest

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and the way his grip on my ass tightened in response.

Wherever he was taking me, whatever came next, I didn't care right now. All I wanted was more of him.

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Just then, I heard the soft sound of a door opening, but Damien didn't stop kissing me even for a second. He kept walking forward with me still wrapped tightly around him, his lips never leaving mine as he moved through the space without hesitation. He didn't even need to open his eyes to know where he was going. He simply continued walking until he stopped at the edge of something, one strong hand steadying me on my ass while the other supported my back.

He stepped into the water, and the warm liquid swirled around us with a gentle splashing sound as he fully entered. He slowly sat down, leaning back against the smooth edge of the tub before settling me firmly onto his lap. The moment the warm water touched my skin, I gasped sharply against his mouth, the sudden heat making my body shiver.

I finally pulled back from the kiss, opening my eyes to take in my surroundings. My lips felt swollen and sensitive, but I barely cared about that right now. My attention was completely captured by where we were.

We were inside a huge, luxurious bathroom that looked more like something from a dream than reality. Everything around us screamed quiet, expensive elegance. Soft towels were neatly arranged on a nearby table, and the bathtub we were sitting in was enormous, carved from what looked like solid gold that gleamed warmly under the dim lighting. The water was perfectly heated, scented faintly with something soothing and floral, and the entire space felt like a private sanctuary.

My mouth fell open in genuine surprise and shock as I looked around slowly. Maybe it was because back at the Mooncres Pack they had never bothered to make my bathing area anything special, they had simply done whatever was convenient, but this bathing house felt like heaven itself. The golden tub, the soft lighting, the sheer size and beauty of it all left me momentarily speechless. I couldn't stop myself from turning my head, taking in every detail with wide eyes.

Before I could fully process it, I felt one of Damien's hands grab my ass firmly while the other slid between my thighs, his fingers rubbing slow, deliberate circles against my already sensitive clit. I froze instantly, my breath catching in my throat, and turned my head to look at him.

Damien leaned in close, his mouth finding my neck. He bit down gently, then kissed and nibbled along the sensitive skin as he murmured against me in that deep, raspy voice that sent shivers down my spine.

“You are distracted again. What should I do to make you look at only me, little wolf?”

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[ 1,112 words ]

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Selene

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Before I could answer or even form a coherent thought, two of his thick fingers, already warm from the water, pushed inside me at once. A loud moan tore from my lips as my head fell back, pleasure shooting through my body so suddenly that my walls clenched tightly around his invading fingers.

I held onto his shoulders tightly, my fingers digging into his strong muscles as my lower body tried to adjust to the sudden intrusion of his two thick fingers inside me. I was normally so tight that it always took time for my body to relax and accommodate anything entering me, but that was clearly not part of Damien's plan tonight.

With one swift, powerful pull, he tore my dress completely away from my body, the fabric ripping easily and leaving me entirely naked in his arms. He pressed my bare skin flush against his, my breasts pushing softly against his hard, warm chest as he held me properly with one arm around my waist and the other hand still buried between my thighs.

Then he started moving his fingers inside me, slow at first, then deeper and more deliberate.

He curled them gently inside me, stroking along my inner walls with care, letting my body get used to the fullness. The warm water swirled around us with every small movement, and I gasped sharply at the feeling, my walls clenching tightly around his fingers as a wave of pleasure rolled through me.

Damien didn't rush. He kept the pace steady, sliding his fingers in and out of me with controlled strokes, his thumb brushing lightly over my swollen clit in teasing circles that made my hips twitch. Every time he pushed deeper, curling his fingers to press against that sensitive spot inside me, a soft, breathy moan slipped from my lips.

"Ah..."

I wrapped my arms tighter around his neck, closing my eyes as I let my head fall back slightly. The pleasure built gradually, spreading from where his fingers were buried inside me to every part of my body. He kept moving them in that same unhurried rhythm, pulling almost all the way out before sliding back in, stretching me open a little more with each thrust.

"Damien..." I moaned softly, my voice trembling as another wave of pleasure hit me.

He leaned in closer, his mouth finding my neck again. He kissed the sensitive skin there, then gently bit down before soothing the spot with his tongue. All the while, his fingers continued their slow work inside me.

Without thinking, my hips started moving on their own, rocking gently against his hand as I chased the building pleasure. The warm water splashed softly around us with every small movement of my body. Damien's thumb circled my clit more firmly now, matching the rhythm of his fingers as they thrust deeper inside me.

I couldn't stop the sounds escaping me. Soft, needy moans kept falling from my lips as the pleasure intensified, my walls fluttering and clenching around his thick fingers.

“Oh gods, that feels so good.” I whispered breathlessly, my nails digging into his shoulders as my body trembled in his lap.

He kept the pace slow and torturous, never speeding up, just pushing me higher and higher with every careful stroke and curl of his fingers. The combination of his mouth on my neck, his hand between my thighs, and the warm water surrounding us was driving me closer and closer to the edge.

The pleasure kept building slowly, until I started feeling that familiar tightening deep inside me, the warm sensation that told me I was getting close. My breathing grew faster, my hips rocking gently against his hand as the pressure mounted higher and higher. I looked up at Damien, my eyes hazy with need, and tried to speak through the moans.

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Before I could finish the words, Damien pushed a third thick finger inside me.

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My eyes widened in shock at the sudden stretch, a sharp gasp escaping my lips as my walls were forced to open even more around his fingers. I wanted to say something, to tell him it was too much, but the moment his lips curled up into that dark, knowing smirk, the words died in my throat. All three of his fingers started thrusting inside me at once, faster than before, curling and stroking relentlessly against that sensitive spot with every movement.

I threw my head back and moaned so loud that the sound echoed off the golden walls of the bathroom.

“Ahhh-! Damien!”

The pleasure became overwhelming. His fingers stretched me so perfectly, filling me completely while his thumb continued rubbing firm circles over my swollen clit. Just when I thought I couldn’t take any more, Damien leaned down and captured one of my breasts in his mouth. He sucked hard on the sensitive nipple, biting down gently before soothing it with his tongue, then switching to the other breast to give it the same torturous attention.

The added sensation made the pleasure ten times better. My whole body arched against him as I cried out again, the combination of his mouth on my breasts and his three fingers thrusting deep inside me pushing me right to the edge.

“Come for me, little wolf,” he growled against my skin, his voice deep and commanding.

I couldn't hold it in any longer.

My orgasm crashed over me so hard that my entire body started shivering violently in his lap. My walls clenched tightly around his fingers, pulsing and fluttering. I cried out loudly, my head falling back as my hips jerked uncontrollably against his hand. The release was powerful and endless, my thighs trembling, my breath coming in broken gasps while the warm water splashed around us from the force of my shaking body.

When it finally started to fade, I leaned heavily against his chest, completely breathless, my heart pounding wildly as I tried to catch my breath. My body felt limp and sensitive, still twitching with aftershocks.

Just when I wanted to find a more comfortable position to rest against him, I felt the thick, hard head of his cock nudge insistently against my still-sensitive entrance.

His raspy, deep voice rumbled against my ear.

“I have to be inside you,

Selene.”

Without giving me any time to prepare, he thrust hard into me in one powerful stroke, burying himself deep inside my body.

Fuck.

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[ 1,026 words ]

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## Chapter 213

### Selene

The sound of skin hitting skin echoed loudly through the large bathing house, filling the golden space with the evidence of what was happening inside the Alpha's private bathing area. My loud moans mixing with his deep groans, and the splashing of water with every movement.

If anyone had passed by the door at that moment, they would have immediately known exactly what was going on.

Normally, even though I was crazy and didn't care much about what others thought of me, I still knew when to behave myself and act like a proper lady. I would never have allowed myself to be seen like this, riding a man so openly, my hair messy and wild, my eyes blown wide with lust, my hips moving like they had a mind of their own, chasing pleasure without any shame or restraint. I would never have let myself lose control in such a way, but right now I didn't care about any of that.

I didn't care what kind of woman I was allowing myself to become or what kind of woman I had always wanted to be. All I knew was that this feeling felt so damn good.

His thick cock kept hitting so deep inside me with every downward thrust of my hips, stretching me open and rubbing against that perfect spot that made stars burst behind my eyelids. Damien's strong hands gripped my ass firmly, fingers digging into the soft flesh as if he was trying to steady

harder onto him with every movement

The way he looked at me was intense, his crimson eyes focused solely on my face, watching every expression I made as if he had never seen anyone more beautiful in his entire life.

The way he looked at me was intense, his rhythm

and guide me exactly how he wanted, pulling me down

I moaned loudly, the sound echoing off the re

walls without any attempt to hold it back, my head falling back as pleasure coursed through me. Every time I sank down onto his cock, taking him to the hilt, I could feel him groan low and deep in his chest, the vibration traveling through his body into mine as he felt the way my walls tightened and fluttered around him..

“A-ah!” I gasped out breathlessly, my voice breaking into another loud moan as I rolled my hips faster, grinding down on him in a desperate search for more friction, and more of that overwhelming pleasure that made my entire body tremble.

My breasts bounced with every movement, my nipples hard and sensitive as they brushed against his chest. The warm water splashed around us with every rise and fall of my hips, but I barely noticed it anymore. All I could focus on was the thick stretch of his cock inside me, the way he filled me so completely, and the addictive feeling of riding him like this.

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Damien

I felt her squeeze so hard around my cock that for a moment it was almost too much, her tight walls clamping down on me with rhythmic, pulsing pressure as her clit throbbed against the base of my shaft every time she sank down.

The pleasure that shot through me was intense, making my abs tighten, as she milked every inch of my cock with every desperate bounce of her hips. But more than the physical sensation tearing through my body, what satisfied me deeper was the look on her face, the way her entire body trembled and shook in my lap, the broken moans falling from her lips, the way her eyes fluttered half-closed with overwhelming pleasure. Knowing that I was the one making her feel this good, that I was the one pulling those sounds and reactions out of her, filled me with a possessive satisfaction that ran far deeper than my own release.

I slid one hand between our bodies, adding a finger right beside my cock to stretch her even more, rubbing firmly against her swollen clit at the same time. The extra pressure made her cry out sharply, but before the sound could fully leave her mouth I leaned in and kissed her hard, swallowing every moan and whimper as she continued bouncing on me.

My tongue stroked against hers while my finger worked her clit in tight, relentless circles, overstimulating her sensitive nerves until her whole body jerked and shuddered violently in my arms. My other hand cupped her breast fully, thumb

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brushing over the hardened nipple, squeezing and rolling it between my fingers as I kept her pressed close against my chest.

When I felt her start to come, her walls fluttering and clenching even tighter around my cock and finger, I didn't try to stop her or slow down. I simply pulled my mouth from hers and moved to her neck, kissing and sucking on the sensitive skin there as her orgasm crashed over her. She came so hard on me, her body shaking uncontrollably, her inner muscles spasming rhythmically around my cock as she gasped and moaned through the waves of pleasure. Her breathing was ragged and heavy, her chest rising and falling rapidly against mine while her hips kept moving in small, helpless jerks, riding out every last pulse of her release.

She looked up at me with hazy eyes, lips parted as if she wanted to say something, but before a single word could leave her mouth I pulled out of her in one smooth motion. In a single fluid movement I turned her around so her ass faced me, pressing her forward against the smooth edge of the golden bathtub. She barely had time to steady herself before I gripped her hips tightly and thrust back into her pussy in one hard stroke.

The moment I buried myself to the hilt inside her again, Selene moaned loud and broken, her voice echoing through the bathing house.

“Oh my-Damien!”

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[ 1,330 words ]

Chapter 214

Damien

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I groaned deeply at the feeling of her still fluttering walls welcoming me back so eagerly, and I didn't give her any time to adjust. I started moving from behind with long, powerful thrusts, my hips snapping forward to drive my cock deep inside her over and over again, the sound of skin slapping wetly against skin filling the air once more as the warm water splashed around us with every movement.

The sensation was intense, her body still pulsing from her recent orgasm, making every inch of my length feel like it was being squeezed and milked in the most addictive way possible. I didn't pull back slowly this time. I simply gripped her hips tighter and thrust into her again, burying myself.

It didn't take long for her to come again.

Her walls suddenly clenched around me even harder, her whole body trembling violently as another orgasm ripped through her. She cried out loudly, her voice breaking into a long, desperate moan as her pussy spasmed and pulsed around my cock, her hips jerking back against me uncontrollably. I kept thrusting through it, riding out every wave of her release while growling low in satisfaction at the way she fell apart so beautifully for me.

I still hadn't come.

The moment her orgasm began to fade, I pulled out of her, wrapped one arm around her waist, and in a flash lifted her up completely. I moved us across the bathing house in one swift motion, pressing her back firmly against the cool tiled wall. Selene instinctively wrapped her legs tightly around my waist, her arms coming up to cling to my shoulders as I held her there, suspended between the wall and my body.

Without giving her any time to catch her breath, I lined myself up and thrust into her again, driving my cock deep inside her soaked clit in one smooth, powerful stroke.

She gasped sharply, her eyes widening in shock as her head fell back against the wall.

"W-wait... it's too overwhelming. I-"

I didn't let her finish the sentence.

I thrust into her again, harder this time, rolling my hips so the head of my cock dragged against that sensitive spot deep inside her. Her eyes rolled back, a broken moan tearing from her throat as her legs tightened around me. I kept thrusting steadily, deep and relentless, my hands gripping her ass to hold her in place while I fucked her against the wall with controlled but powerful strokes.

Her body responded instantly, trembling and clenching around me as I pushed her toward another peak. I could feel her getting closer again, her moans growing louder and more desperate with every thrust, her nails digging into my shoulders as

she held on for dear life.

I didn't stop. I kept thrusting into her, deep and steady, determined to make her come for me one more time, watching every expression on her face as I drove her higher and higher until her body started shaking uncontrollably in my arms once again.

I didn't know how many times I had made her come anymore. Four. Six. Maybe more. I had stopped counting long ago. I was too lost in her, too consumed by the way her body responded to mine, the way she trembled and clenched and moaned beneath me in every corner of my chambers. We had taken each other against the wall, in the warm water of the bath, on the floor, and now she was finally back where it all started, spread out on my bed, her eyes hazy with lust, her breathing

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She looked like a complete mess, hair wild and sticking to her flushed skin, lips swollen from my kisses, body marked with

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my evidence. Yet she still looked ethereal, glowing under the soft candlelight, every curve of her flushed and shining with a thin layer of sweat. The way she looked right now could drive any man insane. It was driving me insane.

I leaned down over her, one hand sliding slowly up her thigh as I gently pushed her legs wider apart for me. My eyes stayed locked on her beautiful frame, drinking in every inch of her, the rise and fall of her breasts, the way her stomach trembled, the slick shine between her thighs. Even now, after everything we had done, there was still that spark of confidence in her eyes, though it had dimmed into something softer, and vulnerable. She looked at me like she didn't even have the strength left to argue or resist anymore, and that sight pulled a low, possessive growl from deep in my chest.

I took her wrist in one hand and trapped it above her head, pinning it gently against the sheets as I looked down into her

eyes.

"I will be careful," I said, my voice low and rough.

Selene looked at me as if I had lost my mind, as if the words “careful” and my name should never exist in the same sentence. I didn’t blame her. But I meant it.

I spread her legs further apart with my hips and entered her slowly, dragging the thick head of my cock through her slick folds before pushing inside her inch by inch. The feeling was exquisite, tight, warm, and still so sensitive after everything we had done. She let out a soft, broken whimper, her body arching slightly beneath me as I sank deeper.

I kept the pace slow, sliding into her with long, deep strokes that let me feel every flutter and clench of her walls around me. Our eyes stayed locked the entire time, neither of us looking away. I watched every flicker of pleasure that crossed her face, every small gasp and moan that escaped her lips, while she stared up at me.

I rocked into her steadily, grinding deep on every thrust, letting her feel the full length of me as I moved. My free hand caressed her thigh, then slid up to cup her breast, thumb brushing slowly over her hardened nipple. She moaned softly, her hips lifting to meet mine in a lazy rhythm that matched my own.

The pleasure built gradually. I could feel her getting closer again, her walls starting to flutter and squeeze around my cock with every slow drag in and out. Her breathing grew faster, her eyes becoming glassy as she held my gaze.

When her orgasm finally hit her, her body tensed beneath me, her back arching as she came with a long, trembling moan, her walls pulsing rhythmically around my cock. Her eyes stayed locked on mine the entire time, and the sight of her coming so beautifully for me finally snapped the last thread of my control.

I groaned deeply, my hips pressing flush against hers as I buried myself as deep as I could go. All the tension, all the hours of holding back, all the need I had been feeding her finally released at once. I came hard and long inside her, thick ropes of cum spilling deep into her body in heavy, pulsing bursts. The pleasure was intense, as I emptied myself completely, filling her until it overflowed.

Selene shook beneath me from the force of it, her body trembling violently as she felt every hot spurt of my release flooding her. Her walls clenched around me again and again, drawing out my orgasm even longer as she took everything I gave her.

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I stayed buried deep inside her, breathing hard against her neck, my hand still holding her wrist above her head as I growled naccessively. “Words of advice, little wolf. I’m going to kill any man that would ever see you this way.”

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## Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 215

[ 1,809 words ]

Chapter 215

Chapter 215

Selene

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A hollow laugh bubbled in my throat, but I swallowed it. Instead, I forced myself upright, ignoring the agony tearing through my body. My blood dripped onto the stone beneath my feet, but I stood tall.

“You know what?” My voice came out calm. “I don’t even blame you. I blame myself for being so blind, and stupid. For wasting my love and loyalty on the two of you.”

They looked at me confused, as if they didn’t understand where I was going with this.

I gave them a broken smile. “If I were ever given another chance, Adrian, and Sienna, I would make sure to become your worst nightmare. I’d take everything from you. I’d make your lives as miserable as you’ve made mine. I’d strip you bare until you had nothing left. And most of all, I’d make sure you never have the one thing you truly crave.”

“I, Selene Bloodrose, promise you this, if I must make a deal with the devil himself, I will haunt you for the rest of your lives.”

The sky rumbled, and then thunder split the air with a violent crack, making the guards flinch, making even Adrian’s face twitch as the sky darkened above us.

The goddess had heard me. And so had the devil.

“And to answer your rejection, Adrian...” I whispered, my eyes locking on his. “I hope this answer is to your satisfaction.”

Before he could understand, I lifted the blade high.

His eyes widened, as if, for the first time, he realized what I was about to do. “Selene-!” He moved fast, but I was faster. My hand drove the blade into myself, piercing through flesh.

I gasped, and the world went silent.

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My eyes snapped open wide, my breathing laboured and ragged as I tried desperately to understand what had just happened. Sweat ran down my body, my hands clenched so tightly into fists that my nails dug into my palms. My chest heaved with each shallow breath, my heart still racing wildly from the vivid memory.

I lay there for a long moment, staring up at the ceiling of the unfamiliar yet strangely familiar room, trying to ground myself back in the present. The luxurious bed beneath me felt soft and expensive, the candlelight casting gentle shadows across the walls, but none of it registered properly at first. My mind was still trapped in that painful scene from one of my past lives, the moment of my death caused by the two people I had loved and devoted my entire existence to. My mate, Adrian, and my own twin sister, Sienna.

I frowned deeply, lifting one trembling hand to press against my aching head as I closed my eyes for a moment. It had been such a long time since I had thought about that particular lifetime so clearly and so vividly. I had been so occupied with many things in this new cycle.

I had never truly forgotten what those people did to me. I would never forget the way they had taken everything from me, the way they had rejected me, used me, and left me bleeding out on the cold ground while they watched. The reason I hadn't done anything about it yet was simple and practical. I simply hadn't had the time for them.

I clenched my hand harder, my nails digging into my palm as a slow, dangerous smile began to form on my lips. I whispered to myself, my voice low and steady, “It seems like I have been playing too much, that I have forgotten why I begged for a third life. But it's now time to stop playing around and get straight to business.”

My eyes flashed with cold determination as the words left my mouth. In that moment, every painful memory from the

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Mooncrest Pack flooded back, the betrayal, the humiliation, the way they had treated me like I was nothing despite everything I had given them. I was going to make them pay. Even if I had to take over everything in my path, burn it all down, and rebuild it from the ashes, I would do it. The thought made my smile widen, a predatory curve that felt right on my face.

I was about to let that smile grow even darker when a strong hand suddenly grabbed my wrist. My eyes widened in shock as I was yanked backward and fell onto the bed with a soft thud. My hair spilled messily across the sheets, one hand still raised in a fist, ready to punch whoever had dared to touch me. But the moment my gaze met those familiar crimson eyes, I froze completely. The hand that was meant to strike was caught effortlessly in a lazy, powerful grip, as if it were nothing more than a child's attempt.

My heart skipped a hard beat as I stared at that breathtaking face hovering above me. Normally when someone woke up they were supposed to look like a mess, and I knew I probably looked like one right now, hair wild, skin still flushed from sleep and yesterday's activities. But that was not the case for this man. Not only did he not look like a mess, he looked even more handsome this morning. The early light caught the sharp lines of his jaw, the intensity of his crimson eyes, and the way his dark hair fell slightly tousled across his forehead. He looked beautiful. Almost unfairly so!

I couldn't look away, especially when the memories of yesterday rushed back in vivid detail, how he had taken me over and over again all over his chambers, making me come so many times that I had lost count, pleasuring me and punishing me at the same time until I was shaking and begging. And when he was finally satisfied, he had come deep inside me, filling me up that still lingered in my body. The memories burned hot in my mind, making my face flush a little despite myself.

It was funny how many times my face had burned because of this man. It was getting harder and harder to control my reactions whenever I was with him.

Wanting to take back some control of the situation, I tried to pull my wrist free, but before I could move, he touched my wrist again and dragged me on top of him in one smooth motion. My naked body leaned fully against his, my black-and-white hair falling like a curtain around his face, my blue eyes blinking in surprise as I felt his large, warm hand cup my ass possessively.

Damien tilted his head slightly, looking up at me with those intense crimson eyes, and said in a low, calm voice, "If you want to play, play. I will give you a larger playground to play in."

I froze, staring down at him in disbelief. "What?"

He didn't hesitate. His gaze stayed locked on mine, our faces only inches apart, as he continued, "Selene Blackwood of Mooncrest Pack, use me. I will give you permission to use me for what you want."

I looked at him, completely unable to believe what I had just heard. Our faces were so close that I could feel his breath against my lips as he offered himself to me so openly. The weight of his words settled heavy between us, and for a moment I could only stare, my heart pounding wildly in my chest.

At this point, I didn't even know if I had somehow entered an alternate world where everything was different, because there was absolutely no way this demon, the cold-blooded Alpha Damien, would ever tell me, or anyone else for that matter, to use him.

Wasn't he the one who always made others bow and serve? Wasn't he the one who commanded absolute obedience without ever giving anything in return? So what the hell was happening right now?

I raised an eyebrow at him, studying his face carefully before a slow, skeptical smile curved my lips. "Really? I can use you?" I asked, my voice light but laced with clear disbelief. "What do you want in return then, Alpha Damien? I know this is not for free. What do you get in return? Let me guess... you want me to belong to you? Or do you want me to become one of your women? Do you like what we did last night that you want to have me for yourself?"

"Do you want me to become yours?"

I said the last part with a clear hint of mockery in my eyes, because I knew men. They were all the same in the end. He was the same. He wanted me for what I could offer him, power, pleasure, or something else he could claim and control. No one gave something for nothing, especially not someone like him.

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Damien didn't get angry. He didn't even react with irritation or coldness like I expected. He just looked at me steadily, his crimson eyes calm and unreadable, before he finally spoke in that deep, steady voice.

"You're right. I want something from you."

I looked at him, almost expecting the answer I had already guessed. I even started to say it out loud, "As expected, you're the

But he cut me off smoothly, his eyes locked directly on mine with an intensity that made my words die in my throat.

“I want to become yours.”

I froze completely, my eyes widening in genuine shock.

What the hell did he just say?

The words hung in the air between us. I stared at him, my mind struggling to process what I had just heard. This was Alpha Damien, the demon of the west, the man who had killed me in countless past lives, the one who took what he wanted without ever asking or offering anything in return. And now he was saying he wanted to become mine? To be used by me?

It didn't make sense. None of it made sense.

My heart pounded hard against my ribs as I continued to stare at him, searching his face for any sign that this was a joke, a trap, or some twisted game. But his expression remained serious.

I opened my mouth, but no words came out at first. The shock was too deep, and sudden. All I could do was lie there on top of him, our faces still inches apart, trying to understand how the most dangerous man I had ever known had just offered

himself to me like this.

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## **Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 216**

[ 1,031 words ]

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Chapter 216

Sienna

1355 Voucher

I leaned back against the ornate chair in the garden, a proud, satisfied smile playing on my lips as the warm sunlight bathed my skin. Emma, my loyal maid, carefully picked up a ripe strawberry from the golden plate with a golden fork and brought it to my mouth with a wide, eager smile. I opened my lips gracefully and bit into the sweet fruit, chewing slowly as the juice coated my tongue. The sun was blazing hot today, but that wasn't a problem at all. Not when my late sister's personal maid, Evelyn, was fanning me diligently with a small ornate fan, and my sister's trusted guard, Silas, stood right beside me holding a huge umbrella to shield me from the harsh rays, both of them serving me like the queen I now was.

I touched my forehead lightly with the back of my hand and sighed dramatically. "Is it only me, or is this place getting hotter?"

Emma immediately caught my hint. Her face twisted into a frown as she turned sharply toward Evelyn and Silas. "Are you people crazy? Can't you do your work well? Lady Sienna is your new master now. You're supposed to serve her properly!"

Evelyn's hand clenched tightly around the fan, her eyes glaring at Emma with pure hatred, as if she wanted nothing more than to storm over and rearrange the maid's face. But before she could act on that impulse, Silas quickly grabbed her wrist, giving her a subtle shake of his head, a silent warning not to do anything she would regret. Evelyn frowned deeply, her jaw tight, before she forced herself to lower her gaze and mutter, "I apologise. I will do better."

Emma smirked triumphantly at her. I knew Emma well. If I hated Selene, then Emma hated Selene's maid even more. Evelyn was, after all, far more attractive than her, with a beautiful, slim body and graceful features that Emma could never match. That was exactly why Emma loved seeing her suffer. And after Selene died, I had generously given Emma free rein to torture Evelyn however she pleased. She hadn't wasted the opportunity, especially after that red-haired handsome man who used to protect them suddenly disappeared from the pack a week ago. No one was left to shield them now. Evelyn was truly miserable. Only Silas had been keeping her from completely breaking.

Evelyn started fanning me harder, her movements stiff but obedient. I smiled wider, my mood soaring higher than it had in a long time.

One of the noblewomen sitting nearby smiled sweetly and said, "Lady Sienna, you're so kind. After your sister died, you took in her servants as your own. Your heart is truly made of gold."

I glanced to my sides and saw the group of women seated around me in a semi-circle, all looking up at me with eager, fake smiles plastered on their faces. They sat there like

obedient little pets, none of them daring to complain even though I occupied the central, most honored seat like a queen.

Another woman nodded enthusiastically and added, "Of course! Lady Sienna has a heart of gold. She is so kind to people, even to people like her sister, who ran away with a man and died. Do you know she even begged the Alpha and the Prince to forgive her sister? Who could do something like that? Lady Sienna really has the heart of a saint."

Everyone around me nodded vigorously, murmuring their agreement with bright, insincere eyes, all of them desperate to stay in my good graces.

I looked at the group of noblewomen seated around me for a long moment, their fake smiles and eager eyes almost making me want to laugh out loud at how utterly pathetic their fakeness was. These were the same people who had laughed behind my back and mocked me openly when Selene was still Prince Adrian's mate, whispering that I was overreaching, that I had been put in my rightful place as the lesser twin. Now here they were, practically kissing my feet and singing my praises, all because Prince Adrian was my mate and I was now positioned to become the next Luna of the Mooncrest Pack.

After what happened that night, when I had drugged Prince Adrian and made sure things went exactly as I planned, the rumors had spread like wildfire across the pack. Everyone already knew what had happened between us. Even though Prince Adrian had been stubbornly refusing to mark me because Selene was still technically his mate, both the Alpha and my parents had refused to let the matter drop. Especially when two full months had passed and Selene still hadn't returned.

Everyone had already concluded that she was dead. There was nowhere left for her to hide, they had searched everywhere. And I had made sure Emma ran around spreading the story that Selene had run away with a secret lover. The pack had

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eaten it up eagerly.

55 vouchers

"The Moonborn died while running away with her lover." It was such a juicy, scandalous rumor, and I didn't care whether it was true or not. Selene would never be able to clear her name now. She was obviously dead.

Prince Adrian was still waiting for her like a fool, but in the end he had no choice. He cared more about the pack's stability than anything else, so he had finally marked me and made me his mate. I smirked softly to myself and lifted my fingers to touch the bold, beautiful teeth imprint on my neck, the mark that proved my victory.

I won. Selene lost completely.

I turned to the women with my sweetest, most innocent smile and said gently, “It’s my sister after all. I love and care about her. Even if she ran away with a man, we are still blood. I just hope she finds peace wherever she is. The Moon Goddess will forgive her heart.”

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## Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 217

[ 1,171 words ]

Sienna

The women nodded eagerly, their voices overlapping in agreement.

“Lady Sienna is such a good person.”

“She has such a pure heart.”

“Selene didn’t deserve a sister like you.”

“Truly the heart of a saint.”

Only Silas and Emma remained silent behind me, both of them glaring at me with pure hatred burning in their eyes. I didn’t care in the slightest. Their master was dead. No one was left to protect them anymore. They were nothing now.

I was basking in the flood of praises, letting their flattery wash over me, a voice echoed in the garden, “How are you sure she is dead? Don’t say something that is not confirmed, Lady Sienna.”

Everywhere went silent in an instant, and all eyes immediately turned toward the person who had dared to speak. There, eating strawberries casually from a golden plate as if she had all the time in the world, was Princess Avery, Prince Adrian’s younger sister.

She sat comfortably in her chair, her long, vibrant red hair styled beautifully and falling over her shoulders. Instead of a dress, she wore a simple white shirt and pants that perfectly outlined her elegant figure. Her beautiful eyes didn't spare anyone even a single glance as she lounged there like the entire gathering was beneath her.

I frowned deeply, my good mood souring instantly. I hated Princess Avery with every fiber of my being. She was the only one in the entire royal family who never fell for my charms or my carefully crafted schemes. She didn't even pretend to like me. From the very beginning, she had been against her brother getting married to me, openly saying that Adrian was going to regret leaving a gem for a worthless rock. She had said it straight to my face, not caring whether I heard or not.

She didn't like me one bit, mostly because she had always been good to Selene. I still didn't understand why she had shown up uninvited to my garden gathering today.

The noblewomen around me shifted uncomfortably in their seats, no one daring to disrespect the princess. They simply sat there in awkward silence, clearly not wanting to get involved in any conflict between us, but their eager eyes showed they were thoroughly enjoying the unfolding drama.

I clenched my hand tightly under the table and forced a sweet, gentle smile onto my face as I addressed her. "Princess Avery, what do you mean by that? I don't know what kind of relationship you had with my sister, but I care about her more than anyone. She was my twin, and I would never say my own twin sister should die. It's something everyone already knows. Selene is dead."

Princess Avery's lips curled into a cold, mocking smile. She popped another strawberry into her mouth, chewing slowly and relaxed, but her eyes shot daggers straight at me. "What a hypocrite."

I blinked, my smile faltering for a split second. "What?"

She leaned back in her chair, her gaze never softening. "You claim you're a good sister, but it's obvious you're anything but. You haven't even seen your sister's body, yet you're so sure she's dead. If I'm not

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mistaken. I would have said you killed your sister."

58 vouchers

Behind me, I heard Evelyn chuckle softly under her breath. I ignored her completely and glared hard at Princess Avery.

This bitch always had a way of getting under my skin. I took a slow, deep breath, reminding myself to control my anger. I might be Adrian's mate now, but I still didn't have enough standing in the royal family to go head-to-head with the princess. Once I officially became Luna, I would make her regret every single word. I would make her a slave in another pack, perhaps as a lowly concubine.

I forced another smile and said sweetly, "Princess Avery, you wanted to come to my party. Is there a reason for that?"

Avery put the last strawberry in her mouth, chewed it calmly, then stood up and dusted an invisible speck of dirt from her clothes. She looked at me with complete indifference and said, "Of course. Do you think I would come here just to fool around with idiots?"

The women in the garden frowned at Princess Avery's bold words, their faces twisting with discomfort, but none of them dared to utter a single syllable in protest. They simply lowered their gazes, pretending to be fascinated by the flowers around us while the tension thickened in the air. I leaned back slightly in my chair and asked with a raised brow, my voice calm but laced with clear irritation, "Then what do you want?"

Princess Avery lifted her hand and pointed directly at me. I blinked in surprise and asked, "You want me?"

Avery scrunched her mouth in visible disgust and replied sharply, "Not you. I want them." She pointed again, this time more deliberately, straight at Evelyn and Silas who were standing behind my chair.

Both of them looked utterly shocked. Evelyn pointed at herself with wide eyes and stammered, "Us?"

Avery smiled sweetly and nodded. "Yes, you. I would like to have the two of you with me."

I paused, staring at her for a long moment before repeating slowly, "Them?"

The soft, pleasant look on Avery's face vanished instantly the moment her eyes returned to me. Her expression turned cold and commanding as she said, "As you heard."

I frowned deeply, unable to hide my displeasure. "Why them? You could hire anyone you want in the entire kingdom, so why those two specifically?"

Emma, sensing that Evelyn might actually escape her reach and gain a better position, quickly stepped forward with fake concern and nodded vigorously. "Y-yes, my lady, why them? They are not good enough to serve you, especially the girl. She is a thief and a liar. She is "

Before Emma could finish her venomous words, Avery glanced at her own royal maid. The maid stepped forward without hesitation and slapped Emma hard across the face. The sharp sound echoed through the garden as Emma cried out in pain and stumbled backward, clutching her reddened cheek. But it didn't

end there.

Princess Avery walked straight up to Emma and pressed the sharp heel of her elegant shoe down hard onto Emma's hand, grinding it into the grass. Emma screamed in agony, trying desperately to pull her hand free, but Avery only pressed down harder, her voice icy as she spoke.

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97

55 vouchers

"Who allowed such a lowly thing to talk? It seems your master didn't train you enough to know your place." Avery then turned her gaze to me, smiling coldly. "You act all high and mighty, yet you can't even train your own servant properly. Would you like me to train her for you?"

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## **Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 218**

[ 1,063 words ]

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Chapter 218

Sienna

55 vouchers

I clenched my hand tightly on the arm of my chair, fury boiling in my chest. I didn't care about Emma herself, she was nothing more than a tool, but this was a direct disrespect to me, and everyone in the garden was watching. I swallowed my rage and forced a tight smile.

"No. I will teach her a lesson myself." I turned to one of the male servants standing nearby and ordered coldly, "You will punish Emma after this. Give her twenty slaps."

Emma's face turned pale as she whimpered, "M-my lady..."

Whatever else she wanted to say died in her throat the moment I looked at her. Avery tilted her head, clearly unimpressed, and said, "Twenty slaps? Don't you think that's too small? She disrespected a royal. She deserves to be hanged, but I'm showing mercy by allowing you to train her more thoroughly."

My hand clenched even tighter, nails digging into the wood. Avery was really pushing it. I forced the words out through gritted teeth. "Give her 100 slaps."

The male servant bowed deeply and replied, "Yes, my lady."

Emma's face went completely white, all her earlier arrogance vanishing in an instant as she realized the full weight of the punishment awaiting her. The garden fell into an uncomfortable silence as everyone waited to see what would happen next.

Avery smiled, clearly satisfied with the way things had turned out, and finally lifted her heel off Emma's hand. She stepped back gracefully and said in a light tone, "Now that we have taken care of the insect, let's focus on something else." She turned to me with a calm expression and continued, "Give me the two of them. I will take them out of your hands."

I looked at her for a moment, letting the request hang in the air before I smiled sweetly and replied, "Why should I do that, Princess Avery?"

Avery paused and raised an elegant eyebrow. I crossed my arms over my chest and added calmly, "They belong to me. I don't think it is right to take them like that."

Avery's voice remained perfectly composed as she answered, "Right? I am the princess of this pack. I don't care what is right or wrong."

I looked at her with the same calm expression and said, "I doubt your mother would allow you to do that. Even if you are a princess, there are rules and regulations laid out by her, and one of them is that you cannot simply take what belongs to another royal family."

Avery's eyes darkened at my words, but she didn't speak immediately. She knew I was right. After a long moment, she finally asked, "What do you want for them?"

I looked at her with open mockery and said, "What do I want? They must be worth something to you if you came all this way for them." I smiled wider and continued, "Wait, don't tell me the rumors are real. You really fell for my twin sister? No wonder you seem so obsessed with her. And now that she is gone, you must want her servants to calm your lonely heart?"

The women around us chuckled softly, clearly amused. Nobody truly liked Princess Avery. She might be

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65 vouchers

perfect, smart, and beautiful, but she ignored everyone like they didn't exist. Now they were eager to see

her embarrassed.

Avery didn't seem to care about their laughter. She simply shrugged and replied calmly, "You're right. I loved your sister. At least she is not a pretentious snake like you. She doesn't have two masks. So stop joking around and tell me what you want for the two of them."

I didn't get annoyed. In fact, this was turning out even better than I had hoped. This was the perfect punishment, making the proud princess lower herself in front of everyone. If she embarrassed herself here, no one in the palace would stand by her side.

I smiled innocently and said, "I see. Alright, I don't want anything. I can give them to you for free, but I have to do something before that." I turned to my guards and ordered, "Bring Evelyn here."

Evelyn flinched violently and tried to step back, but the guards caught her arms immediately. Silas's eyes flashed with dangerous fury as he tried to step forward, but several guards held him down firmly. Evelyn struggled and cried out, "Where are you taking me? Stop! Let me go!"

Silas shouted angrily, "Let her go!"

The guards ignored them both and dragged Evelyn forward, throwing her roughly onto the ground right in front of me. She yelped in pain as her knees scraped against the hard surface.

Avery looked at her and instinctively moved as if she wanted to help, but when she saw the look in my eyes, she stopped herself. She turned to me and asked sharply, “What are you doing, Sienna?”

I smirked and crossed my arms, looking down at Evelyn who was trembling on the ground. “What do you think I’m doing, Princess Avery? I’m punishing this maid for what she did. The other time, she stole my gold and jewellery. I didn’t punish her back then, but now that you want her, I have to. I have to punish my servants. I don’t want her to disappoint you, after all. You love when I punish my servants, don’t you?”

Avery clenched her hands tightly at her sides. I loved the flash of anger and helplessness in her eyes. I wanted more of it. I wanted to see the proud princess crack right here in front of everyone.

I turned to Emma with a calm smile and asked sweetly, “Emma, you saw what Evelyn stole, right?”

Emma, who had been scared and pale just moments ago, suddenly regained life in her eyes. She nodded quickly, her voice filled with fake righteousness. “Yes, my lady. I saw her. She stole a lot.”

I nodded slowly, keeping my expression composed. “And what happens to people that steal?”

Emma’s smirk grew wider, full of satisfaction as she answered, “You cut off their hands, my lady. It’s a rule.”

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## **Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 219**

[ 1,192 words ]

## Chapter 219

Evelyn's face turned deathly pale. Her eyes widened in pure terror as she shook her head frantically. "No! I didn't steal! You're lying! I didn't steal anything!"

I cut her off before she could continue her desperate pleas. "Everyone saw you though. So don't lie." I glanced at the guards and ordered coldly, "Alright then. Someone cut off her hands here."

The women around us gasped loudly in shock, exchanging wide-eyed glances and muttering among themselves. They were clearly surprised to hear me order something so brutal right in the middle of the garden. I turned to them with an apologetic smile and said gently, "I am sorry for letting you see such an ugly sight, but there is nothing I can do. I have to do it because of the princess."

The women obviously didn't want to witness something so gruesome, but they all nodded quickly, forcing smiles and trying their best not to annoy me. One of the guards stepped forward with a sharp sword while another grabbed Evelyn's arm, forcing her hand onto a flat stone. Evelyn was shaking violently now, tears streaming down her face as she begged, "No... please no! I didn't steal!"

In the background, Silas was screaming and fighting desperately against the many guards holding him down. Even though he was a strong black wolf, he couldn't break free, my guards were a lot. "Let her go!" he roared, his voice filled with fury and fear.

Avery looked at me with barely contained anger and said firmly, "That is enough. I will punish her myself. I will give you anything, just let her go."

I smiled innocently and replied, "I don't understand what you mean. She belongs to me. I'm just punishing my servant. There is nothing you can do."

Avery opened her mouth to argue further, but her royal maid quickly held her arm and shook her head, silently warning her not to interfere. They both knew that if Avery pushed too hard and word reached her mother, the Luna, it would put Avery at a disadvantage. No one wanted to get into serious trouble over a mere servant. But I knew Avery well. She wouldn't easily let Evelyn, Selene's precious maid, get hurt.

I looked at the guard holding the sword and nodded. He raised the blade high, preparing to bring it down.

Evelyn was sobbing openly now, her eyes squeezed shut in terror as she waited for the strike.

Avery stepped forward desperately and said, "Sienna, let's talk. Must you do this? If you cut off her hand, you will kill her. Even if she lives, you will destroy her bright future."

I simply shrugged, my smile never fading. "I can do anything I want, Princess Avery. She is my servant. My sister is dead, so she belongs to me. There is no one who can do anything about it." I turned back to the guard and ordered sharply, "Now cut her hands!"

The guard raised the sword high, the blade glinting coldly in the sunlight as it began its downward arc toward Evelyn's outstretched hand. Avery screamed desperately, "No! Wait!" but it was already too late. The sword was coming down fast, and I felt a rush of triumph bloom in my chest. I would get what I wanted again. Everything was going perfectly.

But before the blade could meet flesh, a lazy yet dangerously calm voice cut through the garden.

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"Bullying my people when I'm not around, I see. How bold."

97

55 vouchers

Everyone froze instantly. The voice echoed through the air, carrying an oppressive aura that made the entire garden tremble. No one dared speak. The women around me looked shocked, their eyes darting everywhere as they tried to figure out who had spoken with such chilling authority. But I didn't need to search. I already knew. I knew that voice even in my nightmares. It haunted my sleep, whispering promises of revenge. My heart stopped beating for a second.

Impossible.

The guard hesitated for a heartbeat, his knuckles whitening around the hilt of his sword. Sweat beaded on his brow despite the chill in the air, his eyes flickering with unease. But duty, or fear of his masters, won out. He gritted his teeth and raised the blade higher, the steel glinting coldly as it prepared to sever Evelyn's hand in one clean, merciless stroke.

In that moment, a vicious crack split the silence like thunder.

A whip, black as midnight and studded with wickedly curved daggers along its length, tore through the air with blinding speed. It struck first at the guard's sword, wrapping around the blade with unnatural precision and yanking it sideways. Before he could even gasp, the whip continued its deadly moment, coiling around his torso, arms, and neck like a living serpent made of leather.

One brutal tug.

The daggers bit deep. A wet, guttural scream died in the guard's throat as the whip tightened with savage force, slicing through muscle, bone, and sinew in a single motion. Blood exploded outward in a crimson mist, spraying across my face, my chest, and the front of my once-pristine dress. The metallic tang flooded my mouth as droplets landed on my lips.

The guard's body crumpled like a broken doll, collapsing into a twitching, ruined heap on the stone floor. What remained of him was barely recognizable.

For a stunned second, the world froze.

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Evelyn, still on her knees, stared with wide, disbelieving eyes. Silas gasped, while Avery's face drained of all color, her breath catching in a sharp inhale.

I felt my heart hammering against my ribs, dread sinking into the pit of my stomach. Slowly, I forced my body to turn, every instinct screaming at me to run instead.

There she was.

Lounging on an ornate high-backed chair. She sat with laziness, one leg crossed elegantly over the other, her posture radiating absolute dominion. Long white and black hair cascaded over one shoulder, framing a face of sharp, breathtaking beauty that felt both angelic and infernal. Her eyes locked onto mine with predatory intensity, pinning me in place.

A slow, terrifying smirk curved her full lips, revealing the faintest hint of teeth. It wasn't a smile of warmth. It was the smile of a wolf that had just found its favorite prey.

She tilted her head slightly, the whip still dripping blood in her hand, and spoke.

"Well, isn't this a touching little scene? I'm back," she said softly, her voice dripping with amusement. "Miss

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me, dear sister?"

## 55 vouchers

Her eyes darkened with clear murderous intent as she continued, “Now, how should I punish you for touching what belonged to me?”

The garden fell into complete, suffocating silence. My heart hammered wildly in my chest as cold fear gripped me for the first time in months. Selene was alive. And she was looking at me like I was already dead.

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