

Alpha Damien & His Troublemaker - Hope is not optional manuel flores 226[1,297 words]

Chapter 226

Chapter 226

Selene

10 vouchers

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The man on top of me kissed me hard on the lips, as if he could no longer control himself. My breathing came out ragged and uneven, my body trembling beneath him as I struggled to keep any sense of control. I wrapped my arms tightly around his neck, trying to steady myself, but it was useless. The moment his mouth claimed mine, everything else faded away.

His hands roamed over my body with hungry possession, biting my lower lip until I gasped, allowing his tongue to slide into my mouth and taste me deeply. Alpha Damien could hardly control himself as he kissed me like he wanted to devour every part of me, his body pressing me deeper into the bed.

I knew exactly how I had gotten here. This time my mind was not fuzzy or clouded. I knew precisely what I wanted, and what I wanted was him, Alpha Damien, the demon of the west. So now that I found myself on his bed, breathing hard with my legs spread open beneath him, I didn't stop his touch or try to question this feeling. I wanted him to touch me. I wanted this.

I kissed him back just as fiercely, sucking on his lips and tangling my tongue with his. He groaned into my mouth and eventually pulled back, his chest rising and falling heavily. He was still sweaty from the fight earlier, his skin glistening under the light, but that only made him look even hotter. Like something anyone would want to sink their teeth into. He ran a hand through his messy black hair, pushing the strands away from his face, his crimson eyes burning brighter as they looked down at me. My own eyes locked onto his without flinching.

He let his gaze travel slowly down my body, as if the sight of me like this, flushed, breathless, and spread out beneath him, did something powerful to him. He loved ruining me. His hand moved to my waist, fingers curling around the fabric of my dress as he leaned in close and said in that deep, raspy voice, “I will get another one for you.”

He didn’t wait for my answer. With one powerful tug, he tore the beautiful, expensive dress from my body. The fabric ripped apart easily, leaving me in nothing but my underwear. He didn’t waste time with that either, another simple tug and it was gone too, leaving me completely bare beneath him.

I looked at him, a small thought crossing my mind. I knew he was wealthy, but this was still a waste. This man was the type that ruined fragile, soft things. But then again, I didn’t care. I was not fragile or soft. I was the kind of woman who tore people apart.

I placed my hands on his chest, feeling the prominent ridges of his abs. They were so defined and natural, so satisfying to touch and look at. I smiled as I traced them slowly. When Damien moved to touch me again, I caught his wrist and held it, looking up at him with a seductive smile.

“Not so fast,” I whispered.

Using all my strength, I flipped our positions and climbed on top of him, straddling his hips so that I was sitting directly over him, my core pressed close to where his hard cock strained against his pants. I licked my lips slowly and said in a low, teasing voice while running my fingers over his abs, “You said you were mine, right? That means I have control over you. You will do what I say... right?”

I could feel his eyes darken with lust at my touch, his body hardening beneath me as his cock pressed insistently against my ass. The heat between us grew thicker, and I couldn’t stop the thrill that ran through me

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at the power I held in this moment.

In my head, Mira's voice rang out sharply, full of warning. "Selene, are you crazy? This is the demon of the west you're talking to, a man. Don't forget that. Even if he treats you differently, no man likes it when a woman takes control in a relationship. Don't pass your limit."

My lips curled into a slow, confident smile as I answered her silently. "Don't pass my limits? What exactly is my limit, Mira? He was the one who told me to use him. If he can't tolerate a woman acting above him, then he can't tolerate me. I will never be below a man. So if he expects a woman who will stay beneath him or let him control her, then I have no use for him."

I said it nonchalantly, not caring if anyone outside heard my thoughts. That was who I was. I would never let any man have control over me, no matter who he was. This was my test for the demon. If he couldn't handle me as I truly was, then it would all be a waste of time.

Just when I was wondering how he would react, I felt a strong hand wrap around my waist. Damien looked up at me, but the look in his eyes froze me in place, unable to move. He wasn't annoyed. It was the opposite. He looked at me as if I were a queen, as if whatever I wanted, he would give it to me, even if that meant giving me himself.

He said in that deep, raspy voice, "I'm yours, little wolf."

My eyes widened, and I froze completely. I hadn't expected that look, those words. I was so stunned that for a full minute I forgot I was on top of him, forgot how his hard cock was pressing insistently against my pussy. It was only when I felt that thickness pushing against me more firmly that I tightened my grip on his abs, my nails scratching lightly over his skin.

I sighed softly and said, "You know... when I came back, I never thought I would let you into my life, especially when you're the one that—" I stopped mid-sentence when he raised an eyebrow at me. I smiled instead and continued, "But that doesn't matter now. Because I find you very interesting, and I'm going to have you. In this lifetime, Alpha Damien... you're mine."

I reached for a black silk ribbon lying on the bed, brought it up, and looked at him. He didn't react, simply watching me with calm intensity. I leaned forward and tied the ribbon gently over his eyes, blindfolding him completely. The sight of him like this, powerful, dangerous, and now at my mercy, was a feast. A feast I couldn't wait to devour.

A shiver ran down my spine just by looking at him. I couldn't imagine what people outside the Crimson Pack would think if they knew I, the outcast, had blindfolded Alpha Damien and made him stay beneath me. The man whose very name was feared across the continent.

They wouldn't believe it if they saw us right now, but I didn't care about that. All I cared about in this moment was the man beneath me.

I looked down at him, my heart racing, before I could even finish my sentence "Alpha Damien-" his hands were already on my thighs, gripping them firmly as he pulled me forward and upward with effortless strength.

I gasped softly as he positioned me directly above his face, my knees on either side of his head. My eyes widened in shock. "Wait a minute-"

The silk ribbon was still tied over his eyes, yet I could feel the intensity of his gaze burning through it,

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Damien

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Before she could beg or protest, I gripped her hips hard and slammed her dripping pussy down onto my mouth. The taste of her exploded across my tongue, sweet, hot, and fucking addictive. I dragged my tongue slowly between her swollen lips, lapping up every drop of her arousal with a deep, satisfied groan that rumbled straight into her core.

Then I speared my tongue deep inside her, fucking her with long, demanding strokes while my nose ground firmly against her throbbing clit. Selene's hips

jerked wildly, grinding against my face as she lost control. Wet, filthy sounds filled the room. My tongue plunging deeper, sucking on her folds, flicking rapidly over her sensitive clit.

Her juices coated my chin and lips, dripping down my jaw, but only ate her harder, like a starving wolf finally allowed to feast. One hand slid up to squeeze her ass, spreading her wider so I could bury my tongue even deeper into her clenching pussy, tasting every desperate flutter of her walls.

Selene moaned loudly, broken and desperate, her body shaking uncontrollably. She leaned forward, bracing her hands on the bed above my head, thighs trembling violently around my ears. I could hear her heart hammering wildly in her chest, that frantic rhythm pounding louder with every thrust of my tongue.

I growled low, the sound vibrating through her soaked flesh as I devoured her relentlessly.

I kept my tongue buried deep inside her, savoring every pulse and flutter of her walls. Fuck, her taste drove me insane. It clung to my tongue, coated my throat, filled my lungs with every breath I dragged in through my nose.

Selene's body was still shaking, thighs quivering around my head but I didn't let her rest. I slid my hands up to her hips, gripping firmly, and guided her movements. A deep, needy sound escaped her throat, as I started rocking her back and forth over my face.

"Mmm... ahh, Damien..." she gasped, voice hoarse and broken.

I growled softly in approval, letting her feel the rumble. Her scent was even stronger now, thick with arousal and overstimulation. I fucking loved it. I dragged my tongue flat and slow from her entrance all the way up to her swollen clit, then sucked the sensitive bud between my lips, flicking it rapidly

"Ahh! Oh gods, yes!" Selene cried out, her hips jerking sharply. Her hands fisted tighter in the sheets above my head as she started moving on her own, grinding down against my mouth with confidence. "It's- it's too much... I can't-"

But she could. And she did. Her slick pussy slid messily over my tongue and lips as she rode my face, her hips rolling in desperate little circles.

"Damien... your tongue feels so good inside me." Selene whimpered, her voice cracking beautifully as she pressed down harder, grinding her soaked pussy against my mouth.

I inhaled deeply, drowning in her intoxicating scent. Her juices poured over my chin and down my neck, soaking the sheets beneath me. I lapped it all up greedily, thrusting my tongue deep every time she sank down, curling it to stroke that sensitive spot that made her thighs shake violently around my head.

She was riding my face properly now, hips rolling with desperate need, grinding her swollen clit against my nose while my tongue fucked her in long, deep strokes. Every time she lifted even slightly, I growled low and pulled her back down, burying my face deeper between her trembling thighs.

Selene's cries melted into a constant stream of broken sounds, high-pitched whimpers, gasping sobs, and throaty moans that made my cock throb painfully beneath her. "I'm going to come again... I'm so close!"

I squeezed her ass harder, spreading her wide open, and drove my tongue as deep as it would go, fucking her with relentless hunger. Her walls started fluttering wildly around me, clenching and releasing.

Her entire body tensed above me. Her thighs clamped tight around my head as another powerful orgasm crashed through

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her. Selene screamed, her hips jerking erratically as she flooded my mouth with her release. I groaned deeply, drinking every drop, licking and sucking through the violent spasms while her cries turned into breathless whimpers.

She kept riding me through it, lost in pleasure, hips rolling and grinding messily. I didn't stop. I sucked her swollen clit between my lips, flicking it rapidly while my tongue continued fucking her through every contraction, dragging her climax out longer.

Her back arched sharply, body bowing as another intense aftershock ripped through her. She collapsed forward, hands still fisting the sheets above my head, trembling uncontrollably as her pussy kept pulsing and dripping onto my tongue. Still straddling my face, soft, exhausted moans spilled from her lips. Too much... you're going to kill me."

I answered with slow, lazy, possessive licks along her swollen folds, savoring every twitch and flutter. I let her feel exactly how much I was enjoying my meal, licking up every last drop of her, unwilling to waste even a single taste of her.

Enough. I needed to be inside her.

With one rough tug, I removed the ribbon on my face, ripped my pants open and shoved them down just enough to free my aching cock. It sprang out, the thick head already glistening with pre-cum, and the veined length flushed dark.

I gripped Selene's waist with both hands, her skin burning under my palms, and dragged her down my body. I had no patience left. I lined up her soaked pussy with the head of my cock and pulled her down hard, sinking every thick inch into her in one relentless thrust.

"Mmm!" Selene moaned loudly, her eyes flying wide open in shock and pleasure as I stretched her open. Her tight walls clamped down around me, struggling to take my size even after 'd made her come.

I leaned forward, shifting us into a sitting position so I could hold her flush against my chest. My arms locked around her back as I buried myself to the hilt, my heavy balls pressed tight against her ass. I stayed completely still, letting her adjust, feeling every flutter and squeeze of her around my cock.

A deep, guttural groan tore from my chest. "Shit... you're still so tight," I rasped against her neck, voice hoarse.

Selene whimpered, the sound soft and broken, like she was drowning in the feeling of being so full. She wrapped her arms around my neck, clinging to me desperately, and gently bit my ear, her hot breath trembling against my skin. "You're still so big." she whispered back, voice shaky and needy, as if she could barely handle how deep I was inside her.

She wrapped her legs tightly around my waist, ankles locking behind my back, pulling me even deeper until I was kissing her cervix. The way she clung to me like she'd die if I pulled out sent a surge of satisfaction through me. I couldn't help the low, rough chuckle that rumbled out of my chest.

Seeing her like this, trembling and desperate, stuffed full of my cock and still begging for more with her body, it made me primitively happy.

I started moving her.

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Damien

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Lifting her slowly until just the swollen head of my cock stretched her entrance, then slamming her back down hard, impaling her on my full length. Again, and again, with deep thrusts that made her tits bounce against my chest and her slick juices coat my balls and thighs.

“Damien, ahh!” she cried out, her voice cracking beautifully with every powerful bounce.

I kept fucking her like that, strong hands controlling her hips, dragging her up and down my cock in a punishing rhythm. Every time I pulled her down, I ground up into her, rolling my hips so my cock stirred deep inside her clenching pussy. rubbing against that spot that made her shake.

Her moans grew louder, and filthier. The constant slap of her soaked cunt taking my cock, the slick glide of her juices coating me, her desperate little whimpers every time I bottomed out.

I could feel her getting wetter, her pussy gushing around me with every thrust. Her walls pulsed, milking my cock like she wanted me to fill her up. I growled low, burying my face in her neck as I moved her faster, bouncing her harder on my lap. the wet sound of our bodies growing louder.

Selene's head fell back, her eyes rolling as another broken moan ore from her throat. Sweat made strands of her hair stick to her flushed face and neck. She looked wrecked already, lips parted, chest heaving, but I wasn't nearly done.

This wasn't just fucking anymore. She had ignored me for days after the last time, acted like I was nothing, like what we shared meant nothing. That annoyed me more than I wanted to admit. So now I'd make sure she remembered exactly who she belonged to.

I tightened my hold and started driving up into her brutally, fucking her harder, and faster, using my strength to pound her down onto my thick cock. Each thrust was deep, the head of my cock kissing her cervix with every slam.

"Am I just disposable?" I growled against her ear, voice low and rough. "That you can throw me away after what happened last time?"

I slammed her down particularly hard, making her cry out. Her walls clenched violently around me.

"Don't worry, Selene," I rasped, never slowing my brutal rhythm. "I'll make sure you can't forget about me. I'll make sure your body never forgets me."

Her hand flew to my chest, palm pressing against my skin. She didn't push me away, but she didn't pull me closer either, fingers trembling like she couldn't decide. Her nails dug in slightly with every thrust, leaving little crescents in my flesh.

I could see it, the obscene bulge of my cock moving inside her. very time I drove up, the thick outline of my shaft appeared in her lower belly, stretching her from within. The sight was fucking primal. It made me growl and fuck her even harder, hips snapping up violently to watch that bulge disappear and reappear with every thrust.

Selene's moans turned into constant, desperate screams. "Ahh!"

Her lashes fluttered, tits bouncing wildly between us, nipples hard and begging for attention, and I gave it to her, putting one nipple in my mouth.

I shifted my grip, one hand sliding to her ass to spread her wide while the other stayed on her waist, controlling every brutal bounce. The new angle let me hit even deeper, grinding against that spot inside her that made her gush around me.

Even if her hand on my chest trembled harder. Her pussy, however, had no doubts. It squeezed around my cock.

I leaned in, biting slightly down on her shoulder as I fucked her mercilessly. I felt Selene's arms wrap tighter around my neck, her body pressing flush against mine as if she were trying to melt into me. Her moans vibrated against my skin.

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"Damien, I need to-" she whimpered, her voice cracking with urgency.

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I cut her off instantly, crashing my mouth against hers in a deep possessive kiss. I swallowed her plea, devouring her soft lips and tongue as I kept moving her on my cock like I had completely lost control. My hands gripped her waist harder, lifting her almost all the way off my thick length before slamming her back down with power.

I wasn't gentle anymore. I fucked her like a man possessed, hips snapping up brutally to meet every downward pull.

My eyes flicked to the large mirror standing behind her. The reflection was sinful. I could see everything so clearly, the way her tight, puffy pussy stretched obscenely around my thick cock swallowing me whole on every bounce. Her juices dripped messily down my shaft, coating the sheets. Her back arched beautifully with every slam, her spine curving in that perfect way as she took me deeper. Her ass bounced and jiggled in the mirror with the force of my thrusts. The sight was so filthy. and perfect, that it sent a fresh surge of heat straight to my cock groaned into her mouth and fucked her even harder just to watch it all.

Selene pulled back from the kiss, gasping for air. She looked straight into my eyes, those soft, glazed-over eyes meeting my burning gaze. She bit her lower lip, the look both seductively innocent and completely wrecked, and whispered breathlessly, "I really have to come... please, Damien."

That desperate little plea combined with the way she was looking at me snapped something deep inside my chest.

“Come,” I growled against her lips, voice dark. “Come on my cock right now, little wolf.”

The words shattered her.

Selene cried out sharply as her orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy clamped down around me, pulsing wildly along every inch of my cock. Her walls milked me in powerful spasms as she came hard, gushing all over my shaft. Her eyes rolled back, body convulsing violently in my arms. She screamed my name, her nails raking down my back and shoulders, leaving long, stinging red marks I welcomed with a deep groan.

The intense squeeze of her climax dragged me over the edge with her.

With a guttural roar, I slammed her down one final time and buned myself inside her. My cock swelled, throbbing violently as I came hard, flooding her with thick, endless ropes of cum. I kept her pressed tight against me, grinding deep as I pumped load after load into her, filling her womb until I could feel her belly slightly swell from how much I was giving her. Her walls kept squeezing around me, greedily milking every last drop as if she wanted it all.

Selene twitched uncontrollably in my arms. Her pussy continued to pulse and flutter around my cock, drawing out my orgasm until I was completely spent inside her. Cum leaked out round my shaft, dripping down onto the sheets..

Finally, she slumped forward against my chest, limp and trembling, her breathing harsh and uneven against my neck. I held her close, still buried deep inside her warmth, both of us panting Then my eyes flashed, shifting completely to glowing. blood-red crimson.

Selene lifted her head weakly and stared straight into them. For moment, I wanted to look away. No one had ever seen this part of me without fear. But she didn't flinch. Instead, her lips curled into the softest smile I had ever seen.

“Beautiful...” she whispered, voice hoarse but full of wonder.

No one in all the centuries had ever called my eyes beautiful. For the first time in longer than I could remember, my heart skipped a beat inside my chest.

I slid my hand up and gently but firmly held her chin, tilting her face so she had to keep looking at me. My crimson eyes burned into hers.

“You agreed to this, little wolf,” I said, my voice low, and possessive. “There is no going back. No one will take you away from me. Not even the gods.”

A deep growl rumbled from my chest. My fangs lengthened, sharp and aching with need. I leaned in and sank them deep into the soft curve of her neck, marking her, and claiming her completely. The taste of her blood on my tongue sent a wave

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55 vouchers

of pure ecstasy through me. She trembled hard against my body a soft, broken cry escaping her lips, before she bared her own fangs and bit down on my neck in return.

The mating bond snapped into place like lightning in my veins. Power surged between us, binding our souls together. I could feel her emotions, her pleasure, her heartbeat syncing with mine.

This was it.

There was no going back.

We were mated.

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Chapter 229

Selene

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Present Day

I smiled as I leaned back against the seat, my eyes locked on the figure ahead with amusement dancing across my face. My body looked completely relaxed, one leg crossed over the other, but anyone who truly knew me would understand that this smile was not born from joy. It was the kind of smile I wore when I was beyond angry, when everything around me had become so ridiculous that I found it entertaining instead of infuriating. I shouldn't find this moment amusing. This was the scene where I had caught them bullying my people, treating Evelyn and Silas like they were nothing more than insects to be crushed. I shouldn't be smiling. But I was, and that meant danger.

My lips stayed curled, my posture calm and elegant, yet my eyes had darkened dangerously, like two deep black holes ready to swallow anyone who dared meet my gaze. Inside my mind, Devourer chuckled with excitement.

“This is it! Was this what you meant when you said your enemies were not in the Crimson Pack? So they are here now, right in front of you.”

I didn't respond to him, but Devourer kept going, clearly thrilled by the bloodlust he could feel radiating from me.

'I can feel your bloodlust. You want everyone dead, don't you? Especially that one that looks like the uglier version of you? You want her dead? Killing her would be fun. What should I turn into to kill her, Master? Just give me the go ahead. Her dirty blood soaking me would make me more powerful. A sword always grows stronger when it kills its master's enemy.'

He was hyping me up, practically begging me to let him loose on Sienna. But I remained still. The entire garden had gone deathly silent. Everyone was frozen in place, staring at me as if they had seen a ghost. Especially Sienna. All the color had drained from her face. She looked like her soul had already left her body, as if she could see her life, her dreams, and all her carefully built power crashing down around her in that

very moment.

The words I had spoken in my past life echoed clearly in my ears, as fresh as the day I had screamed them.

"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."

It was happening.

I had truly become Sienna's worst nightmare. And the best part? I hadn't even started yet.

I made her think she had everything under her control, let her build her little kingdom of lies and power, and then, when I was ready, I came back to collect everything that didn't even matter to me.

I smiled as I sat there, my mind calm even as Devourer's excited voice rang inside my head.

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‘You know what, Devourer, dying is painless. I would know. I have died ten times. I wasn’t even tired or weak from dying all those times. It was my ninth life that was the most painful out of everything. Because it was the day I lived long enough to realize just how cruel the world can be. So killing them? That would be nothing. Making them live and taking everything from them, showing them just how cruel the world can be, that is what I want. I want them to live through it. So Devourer, you will not kill them. Instead, you will protect them at all cost. Is that clear?’

Devourer didn’t say anything at first, but I could feel his body trembling with dark excitement before he finally answered, almost reverent. ‘Amazing... I have met the right master. I’m even scared of you. They are stupid for ever betraying you.’

I smiled faintly but cut him off from my mind, turning my attention back to the scene in front of me. Sienna was trembling so violently that she looked like she might collapse at any moment. She pointed a shaking finger at me and stuttered, “Y-you... how is this possible? How are you alive?”

I ignored her completely.

Instead, I looked at Evelyn, who was shaking on the ground with unshed tears glistening in her eyes, staring at me as if she couldn’t believe I was really standing there. My expression softened instantly. I smiled gently and said, “Look at you... you lost weight.”

Evelyn bit her lip hard, trying to stop herself from crying, but her voice still cracked when she answered, “I- it’s your fault, my lady. It’s your fault if I don’t find a man to mate with because I’m too thin now.”

My eyes sparkled with amusement, and I replied lazily, “It doesn’t matter. If you don’t find a man to mate with, it’s their loss. You will stay with me and we will live our lives freely. So don’t worry about that. I always have your back.”

That seemed to break whatever endurance she had left. Evelyn stood up on shaky legs and ran toward me, tears finally spilling down her cheeks as she cried out, “My lady!!”

She crashed into me, wrapping her arms tightly around my waist and sobbing against my chest. I smiled softly and wrapped my arms around her, holding her close. She really felt too skinny. My ruthless heart cracked a little at how fragile she had become. At first, I didn’t need to worry because Lucas had been watching over them, but when he came to me, they had been left unprotected. If I hadn’t

arrived in time today, Evelyn might have lost more than just her hand, she might have lost her life.

My eyes darkened at the thought. I patted her back gently and whispered, “Don’t worry. I will make them all pay.”

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Selene

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Evelyn trembled at the sound of my voice and looked up at me with fear in her eyes, as if she were seeing a completely new person. Just then, Silas walked forward slowly and bowed his head deeply.

“Forgive me, my lady. I couldn’t protect her.”

I smiled at him and reached out to ruffle his hair gently. “You did well, Silas.”

Silas looked at me for a moment before turning his gaze away, as if he didn’t feel he had the right to look at me. I knew it would take time for him to face me after everything that had happened, but I also knew he was the type who wouldn’t let anything break him. He would grow stronger. He would become so strong that no other warriors would be able to stand against him.

For now, I simply held Evelyn closer, letting her cry while my eyes swept over the garden, over Sienna's terrified face and the frozen crowd. The game had truly begun.

Princess Avery's voice came out soft. "Selene..."

I turned to look at her and gave her a small, thankful smile. I was right, out of all the royals, Avery was the only one I actually liked. I would protect her at all cost, just like she had protected my maid today.

One of the noblewomen was the first to break the silence. She pointed at me with a trembling finger and gasped, "O-oh my Goddess... Selene is alive. She is really alive."

More voices joined in, whispering frantically, their shock spreading through the garden. I kept my gaze steady on Sienna as I spoke, my voice calm but carrying across the entire space.

"I'm back, Sienna. That means you can't harm my people anymore. But that doesn't mean I will let you go for what you and your maids have done."

My eyes flashed dangerously before I smiled, sweet, but deadly.

"But since you're my dear sister, I won't harm you. Your maid, however... is a different story."

Before anyone could react, I said softly, "Turn into a cage with poisonous needles. A cage that tightens every minute."

The whip in my hand trembled violently, then fell to the ground and transformed. In seconds, it became a black iron cage covered in sharp, glistening needles, needles designed not to kill quickly, but to inflict maximum pain.

People gasped in horror. Emma's eyes widened in terror, her face draining of all color as she stared at the cage. She looked at Sienna, shaking her head desperately. "No! No! What are you doing?! You don't have any right-!"

I smiled coldly. "Don't have any right? How stupid. Have you forgotten I am the Moonborn of this pack? I have the right to deal with anyone I want, and you are no different. Just because I didn't act like someone important before, you have forgotten your place. And I will remind you."

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I raised my head, my eyes flashing pure white for a moment as a terrifying aura burst out of me, pressing down on everyone in the garden. My voice rang out clear and merciless.

“I am the direct descendant of the Moon Goddess, and here is my punishment to the maid who doesn’t know her place. I sentence you to death. You will do better in your next life... that is, if there is even a next life.”

Emma froze in terror. She tried to run, but before she could take more than a step, the cage shot forward and swallowed her whole, snapping shut with a metallic clang. It was a slow, agonizing death. The cage kept shrinking minute by minute, the poisonous needles piercing deeper into her skin, injecting venom that kept her wide awake and feeling every single moment of pain. Her bones cracked and broke as the cage tightened, slowly crushing her while draining her blood drop by drop.

She screamed in pure agony, her voice echoing through the garden.

“Ah! No! Someone help! Please help! Forgive me, Lady Selene! Please forgive me!”

I didn’t react. I simply watched her, my gaze blank and steady, as if I were observing the weather rather than a woman dying in agony right before my eyes. Nobody could bear to watch it. Even Evelyn, Silas, and Princess Avery turned their faces away, unable to stomach the sight. The guards and the noblewomen looked anywhere but at the cage, their faces pale and sickened. Yet I remained completely still, my expression unchanging, and that seemed to scare them more than the screams themselves.

Emma’s skin turned deathly pale as the cage tightened around her. She grew weaker and weaker with every passing second, her voice fading from desperate screams to broken whimpers. The poisonous needles dug deeper, injecting venom that kept her conscious and feeling every ounce of pain. Her body hardened as the cage continued shrinking, slowly crushing her from the outside while the poison worked from within. In her final moments, the bones inside her snapped one by one with sickening cracks, until there was nothing left but a broken, mangled form that barely resembled a person.

Devourer finally turned back into a small hairpin and flew gracefully to my hair, settling itself neatly as if nothing had happened. Emma’s dried-up, broken body lay on the grass, lifeless, twisted, and unrecognizable.

I looked at her for a long moment. Since she liked bullying people so much, she deserved exactly this for daring to touch what belonged to me. Just because I hadn't acted before didn't mean I couldn't. I simply hadn't had the time. But now, she crossed a line she should never have crossed.

I thought calmly before turning my gaze to everyone else. The garden was deathly silent. People were breathing hard, staring at me as if I were some kind of demon that had stepped out of their worst nightmares. Sienna's entire arrogant demeanor had shattered. She collapsed onto the floor, her body weak and trembling with raw fear.

I smiled softly, tilting my head as I looked down at her.

"I hope you don't mind me. I was just punishing your servant for you. After all, you're very special to me, Sienna. We have a long way to go together."

My voice was gentle, almost affectionate, but the meaning behind it was anything but. The promise I had made in my past life was no longer just words. It was happening.

And this was only the beginning.