

10 | Silver

ONYX

I didn't have to read minds to know what these two envelopes meant. Or at least I thought I did. This wasn't good news. It was the worst news possible.

I was dead. I was doomed. It was ocially the end.

"Good!" the voice in my head added, and I rolled my eyes, shoving that wolf deep inside. This wasn't the time for her tricks.

"I have to say, Onyx," Conrad sauntered inside my room, "I wasn't convinced about your methods, but they do seem to work."

He handed both envelopes to me, and I had to accept, sighing heavily. Maybe it wasn't what I thought it was?

Unfortunately, it was exactly what I thought. Two invitations to be a companion to the Moon Goddess Gala. One from Ruhn and the other from Zion.

There was only one question – why? Just why would they do that? I was quiet, kept my head low. I did everything to go off their radar. Reading p'rn and grabbing Ruhn's a's were honest accidents! Couldn't they see that?!

Conrad cleared his throat, and I returned to reality. I had to show some kind of reaction.

"Yaaay," I said meekly, trying to stretch a smile, even though I was dying inside. I was back to square one. Again.

"So, which one is it going to be?" My fake father asked eagerly, taking one of the dark chairs nearby. Shoot. He was in the mood for a father-daughter conversation. I simply hoped that it wouldn't end with him strangling me this time. To avoid that, I sat as far away from him as possible and straightened my back like a perfect Alpha daughter probably should do, still looking at the invitations. Were they both handwritten? Surely, neither Ruhn, nor Zion would...

"It should be the Prince, right?" Conrad was not a patient man, and he wanted answers now. Answers that I didn't have.

Okay, I did have the answers, but he wasn't going to like them.

"No," I replied calmly and looked him in the eyes with my brows knitted together.

"You think that Zion would be best?" The wolf in front of me rubbed his chin, nodding hesitantly.

"No," I said, and his eyes glowed dangerously purple. Filin ew around the whole room, landing right next to my head on the armchair. That ominous glint disappeared at once, and I was happy to have my little ally now. It was funny, though, how he treasured this bird more than his own esh and blood.

"What's that supposed to mean?!" Conrad demanded.

That I want to live a long and safe life. That's what!

But of course, I didn't say that. Instead, I curled my lips and tilted my head playfully.

"Daddy, do you trust me?" I giggled softly, tapping my ngers on the armrest.

I knew that he didn't trust me one bit. It was a stupid question, and I needed to x that fast.

"Everything I have done up to now worked, didn't it?" I added quickly, and he simply had to agree with that.

"It's risky, Onyx." His tone was so serious, businesslike. As if we were discussing an expansion strategy for a rm and not who his child should be with for the rest of her life. "Secure the prince, and we will not have to worry about anything else."

"Daddy," I tried to sound sweet and almost threw up in my mouth a little bit, "Ruhn is a hunter by nature. He needs a chase and prey. If I just give him what he wants now, it will be over before you know it."

"Not if you are with his child."

Which I denitely wasn't.

"I am afraid such things mean nothing to him. He will just kill me when he gets bored, and it will be the end of it all."

Conrad looked at me with suspicion, and I gave him the most innocent look I could muster.

"Maybe we should play it safe and go for Zion, then?" Now he was asking for my opinion. Sort of. I considered this progress either way. I could work with that.

"That's hardly safe." I tried to match his tone. "We don't know much about Zion. Ruhn will have to take a Luna soon, but we can't be sure that Zion is also looking for one. It could be just a waste of time."

"Who wouldn't want a daughter of the Tynan family as their Luna?"

Unsurprisingly, a lot of people.

"Again, we don't know much about him to make that judgement." I shrugged my shoulders and noticed that the fake father wasn't looking at me anymore.

"That bird's eyes are glowing red again." Conrad furrowed his brows, staring at Filin.

Shoot! Was Zion listening to everything I just said? That wasn't good. I would have to try and mend everything quickly.

"Daddy," I cooed, "you and I know very well that I am not Zion's mate, so there is no chance for us. He deserves happiness and--"

A slap made me stop talking, and then a stinging sensation overtook me. The sad part was that I wasn't even shocked or surprised anymore. In this house, this was normal. Filin let out a shrinking sound, but this time my father's eyes gleamed so ominously that I was afraid to even inch.

"Happiness?!" He scoffed, anger lacing his words. He was looking at me as if I was the dumbest person in the world. "He is an Alpha, and what every Alpha needs is a Luna with perfect genes to breed! This is what I am offering to them! You will produce perfect pups for the lucky winner of your hand in marriage. And your beauty and my connections are a bonus to that. Mates should come after alliances are secured. Alphas can keep their mates for later, but with you by their side, no one would ever doubt them! You are a security ticket for every Alpha! They'd be lucky to own you!"

Wow. Could one person insult a woman in so many ways in such a short period of time? It was unbelievable!

"I am sorry, Dad," I squeezed the words out of myself.

Filin ew to the armrest, and I stroked his feathers absentmindedly. I had to leave this house today. At least for a short period of time. I had to form some kind of a plan for later.

"Just pick any of them!" Conrad grunted. He looked like he regretted his rash reaction. Not that it changed anything for me. I already hated his guts. The day when I would be leaving his home forever would be the happiest day of my life.

"It will be a mistake, Dad," I pursed my lips, trying to ignore the pain on my cheek. "They don't like an easy target."

"What do you suggest then?" He raised his brow, but yet again, I was in luck because this at least resembled a conversation.

"Ideally, I would suggest not going." I tried not to push too much, but I had to try and avoid the disaster.

"No," Conrad shook his head. "We can't risk them not seeing you for too long. There will be many Alpha daughters at the Gala, and they will all want Ruhn's attention. And Zion's too."

And this was exactly why it was such a great plan. Melody was supposed to appear there for the rst time. They would be all over her, and everyone would forget about me.

This was exactly what happened in the book, and the original Onyx caused a lot of trouble, but Melody managed to put her in her place with wisdom and kindness. Bruh... I would have made Melody a more complex character if I was writing her now. Although, maybe it would be for the best, and if we do cross paths, then I would be nice to her, and she can become my friend. Or at least someone who would whisper into Ruhn's ear not to kill me when the time comes.

"Fine," I sighed. "But at least I shouldn't go with either of them."

"But if Ruhn sees you with Zion, he will be jealous," Conrad still didn't seem convinced.

Damn. Just how could one argue with that logic?

"Or his pride would be hurt, and he'd never want to see me by his side ever again," I suggested, suddenly realising that maybe it wasn't such a bad idea after all. If I did go as Zion's plus one, Ruhn would be reassured I didn't want anything to do with him. And at least that problem would be solved. The question was if my acting skills were good enough to convince Zion that I wasn't worth his attention.

My asco yesterday made me rethink this strategy.

"Fine, I hear you," Conrad nodded. "Who will you go with then?"

"Do I have to go with anyone?" I apped my lashes innocently.

"Only if you want to look like the biggest loser out there!" The fake father scoffed. "A she-wolf who can't get a date for the gala is not considered worthy unless her First Shift didn't happen yet."

Well, mine didn't.

"And it never will!" The voice in my head cackled.

"Oh, how will I survive the disappointment?!" I responded, rolling my eyes mentally. I knew she got it.

"I can go with Cesarre!" I exclaimed all of a sudden. "It will be perfect. An older brother taking care of his sister and all that. Protecting me from all the greedy, lustful Alphas."

"I like where you are going with this!" Conrad smirked. "Because you are so precious, and we don't want you to meddle with just anyone."

Said the man who drugged his own daughter and put her in a bed with the guy who hated her guts.

"Yes," I forced a smile on my face so much it hurt. "So, deal?"

"Fine!" Conrad nally stood up. "Sounds good. I'll make sure to create a few opportunities for you when the time comes."

Phew. At least it was something. And on top of that, I would try to fake an illness the day before. The chances of it working are fty/fty, but I still had to try.

"I have to say, Onyx," the fake father paused at the door and looked at me with a smirk, "You surprised me, and in a good way! You are nally becoming a true Tynan. And I thought it was never going to happen."

I felt a jolt of pain in my heart for some reason. I knew very well that this pain wasn't mine, so I suppressed it as well as I could.

"Thank you, Dad," I mumbled and earned another smirk from Conrad.

"Don't thank me. I needed you to get your act together for a while. And now, I want to reward you for your good work."

Reward? A reward could be good!

"Oh, you don't have to!" I lied, but he only chuckled at that.

"Go to that boutique you like and order anything you like for the Gala. I want you to be the most noticeable woman there!" Conrad had a proud smile on his face, and I felt nauseated. This wasn't how fathers were supposed to send their daughters to events like this. He just wanted to nicely package the goods he was about to sell.

It wasn't bad, though. As I needed to get outside and explore anyway.

He left, and I casually looked in the mirror to check Filin's eyes. They were still red, which meant Zion was watching, and he had heard everything.

Not. Good.

Considering what we were discussing just now, it wasn't good. However, I had to keep the act in front of him, and anyway, it would all be xed once I got to that witch shop Silver spoke about.

I just thought about her, and she knocked on the door. I knew that it was Silver because no one else respected Onyx enough in this house to knock. One of the many reasons I had to nd a way to get out of here.

"Are you ready?" The Omega asked. I was going to take her to the city with me, and in return, she was going to take me to a secret magical shop where they could make me one little, but very necessary, potion.

"Yeah, almost." I was hectically trying to think of what I needed to take with me. I still was like a helpless baby in this world.

"Onyx, relax," Silver gave me a little hug, and I indeed felt better. "Agatha's shop will have what you need. I swear."

"Great, because without that potion, I will have to go to that stupid Gala and it will end as a disaster!" I breathed out through my nostril. My life literally depended on it. Werewolves and lycans didn't get sick too often, but there were a few unfortunate things that could happen to them and cause health problems. One of them was wolfsbane poisoning, which was easily treatable when identified. But the other was colloidal silver poisoning. And that one was a real b'tch.

I couldn't risk taking colloidal silver for real, but my dearest friend with the same name suggested we use the witches' services to buy a potion to imitate the signs. Nothing could detoxify the body fast when that was the problem, and I would denitely get a few days out of this. This was my perfect chance to miss all the Gala events!

The driver took us to the capital I was pleasantly surprised to see absolutely normal streets, clean and perfectly planned by architects, with beautiful, expensive-looking shops and cosy cafes everywhere. I noticed a gallery or two on our way.

"It's right here," Silver pointed at what looked like a simple bookshop. It was very small too, and I looked at her questioningly. Surely, this couldn't have been the place she meant, but she pulled me inside anyway.

It seemed even smaller indoors, and nothing magical was inside. Not even a single crystal.

"Hello! Are you looking for something special?" A woman in her thirties walked out from behind one of the shelves and smiled at us. She was wearing a deep purple dress and cat-eye glasses in a golden frame.

"Uhm, no," I mumbled, "we are ne."

"Come on!" Silver huffed a laugh. "My Alpha here is looking for a potion. It needs to be custom-made."

"But this is a bookshop. You are in the wrong place!" The woman still had the same smile that didn't reach her eyes.

"My Alpha will pay!" Silver grunted. "My friend was here just a week ago. The genie is out of the bottle!"

"Your friend must have been in a different place," the woman insisted, tapped her well-manicured ngers over the counter. She had a silver bracelet on her wrist for a shop assistant, but it was the tattoo right next to it that got my attention.

A chill went down my spine. I knew exactly where we were now!

"Silv," I grabbed my friend's arm and tried to pull her out of the shop. "I think you were mistaken. Let's go!"

"No, I wasn't!" The omega wouldn't simply give up. She was fuming. "Everyone goes here!"

"Never mind!" I tried to force a careless giggle. "I don't think I need this potion anymore. Just let's get back home!"

"What?" Silver didn't understand my reaction, but I already managed to drag her to the entrance. Yet to my shock, the door was already locked.

Shoot!

Shoot, shoot, shoot!

"Agatha, let her in!" A male voice sounded from above, and I knew I was going to regret this visit.