

5 | The Gift

The metallic taste in my mouth was overwhelming, and I had this weird ringing in my ears. Still processing what was going on, I tried to get up from the oor I found myself on.

That was when another slap caught me by surprise. Back to the ground again, I nally realised what was going on.

"How disappointing!" Conrad Tynan spat the words out, an expression of disgust on his face. "You can't even be a good wh're!"

The words stung me, and I wasn't even his real daughter. What kind of a sc*mbag did one have to be to say and do things like this?

Everything was still blurry when I felt someone grab me by my hair and lift me up... to give me yet another slap.

"Useless!" Conrad growled, and now I was truly terried as I saw him grow long claws. The Tynans were a family of half-blood lycans. Why did I forget this? How? They were beasts! Any of them could kill me with ease!

If Conrad cut me with those sharp claws of his now... it would hurt really bad! Then again, maybe I would go back to my life and wake up from this terrible dream.

I swallowed at the idea when he stepped closer, a promise of pain in his now glowing purple eyes.

"You are not a virgin anymore, and you don't have any ties with Ruhn Brynmorr! What the f*ck do I need you for now?" The "Father of the Year" snarled at me. "No one will want Ruhn's leftovers! It will be impossible to make you someone's Luna! You literally have no value to me anymore!"

Wow. Just wow. So this was the only value he saw in his own daughter? No wonder Onyx turned out the way she did...

Speaking of which, I didn't recall writing about her being ab.Used. So, what the actual hell was going on? I may have occasionally mentioned that her father was a cruel man, but I never specied...

Was this what happened to the characters if I didn't clarify things in my writing? It was... terrible.

My next villain would live alone in a mansion with servants tending to his or her every need! And everyone would have a happy childhood. EVERYONE! I swore to God this would be the case if I ever got a chance to go back to my comfortable life.

Conrad grasped my hair again, and this time I saw a hand with claws ready to hit me over the face. Instinctively, I tried to cover myself with my arms, but it was no use. He would just rip me to shreds.

"Father!" Cesarre clicked his tongue as if he was bored.

Prick. Excuse me for my execution not being exciting enough for him. However, it made the oldest Tynan stop, and I had a chance to catch a breath.

"What?" Conrad snapped, not letting go of my hair.

"In all honesty, how good is this tea?" My so-called brother shrugged, letting us know he didn't care much for what was happening. "Sometimes it doesn't work. I have heard of a few rumours about women getting pregnant anyway. That's why all my mistresses are on a pill instead. Onyx can still be with child, you know."

Yeah... No chance in hell. She wasn't pregnant in the book, and she didn't even drink the tea. I sure as hell wasn't pregnant now.

However, that wasn't something I was about to disclose with this psycho family.

"It was just one cup," I lied through my teeth. "And I poured most of it out on a plant. It wasn't that much!"

The patriarch assessed my face and immediately helped me back to my feet.

"Why didn't you say so at once?" He rolled his eyes, retracting his claws. "You know I hate educating you."

Educating... was this what they called it here? Terrifying!

"No worries, Onyx," he smiled at me as if he wasn't going to slice me to pieces just a few minutes ago. "You know I'd never really hurt you. Not my Princess. You are my future Lycan Queen, after all!"

He gave me a hug, and I patted him on his back awkwardly, disgusted by the fact I had to do this after everything. But survival instincts kicked in, and I decided to go with the ow until I could think about everything.

"Cesarre, take your sister to her room! She must be exhausted!" Conrad ordered, and the brother in question gave him the barest of nods, taking my hand and pulling me after him towards the grand staircase.

"Onyx!" My "father" called my name again, and I inched, turning back to look at him.

"Yes?" I tried to force a smile, but I was pretty sure it looked weak.

"You will make me proud, won't you?" He glared at me, and I swallowed uncomfortably.

"Of course...Father," I "promised". Just you wait, as*hole. You'll be so proud you'll have a heart attack!

Cesarre and I went to the next oor, and, luckily, he thought I didn't remember where my room was because I was shaken and not because I had never seen this place.

He opened one of the doors before me and pushed me inside, following me.

"Are you insane?!" He ran his hand over his face. "What's wrong with you, Nyx?!"

"How was I supposed to know that would be his reaction?" I went deeper into the room, looking around. The space looked better than Ruhn's, if I was honest. Luxurious and tasteful, it was composed of a few rooms within one: a bedroom with a balcony; a reception room with little sofas, chairs and tables; a study with bookshelves and a desk; and a deluxe bathroom the size of a swimming pool. The Tynants knew how to live a chic life. If only they weren't led by a psychotic sadist...

"How?" Cesarre looked at me with his brows knitted. "What do you mean how? That's Dad, Nyx! What did you think would happen? He would give you a hug and say to try better next time? Everything he planned depended on that night!"

"Well, it was a shi.tty plan that could potentially kill us all!" I couldn't stand this anymore. They all were delusional if they thought their schemes would work. By the end of my book, the Tynan clan was gone from the face of the Earth thanks to tricks like these!

"Was it that bad with the Alpha Prince?" Cesarre tensed, leaning over one of the walls.

Flashbacks of Ruhn's hands all over my body and his tongue tracing every inch of me hit my mind, and I could feel the heat in my cheeks.

"It was... tolerable," I bit my lip and turned away, trying to count how many times I cl*maxed and not even sure if it was real or I just imagined most of it. Could s*x be that good? It denitely wasn't like that with Jer.

The sudden memory of my ex made me frown. He was probably celebrating my death now. God, I hope he didn't think I killed myself because of him. Eww.

"Anyw., get some rest and stay away from Dad. He should be gone on a business trip this week, so we can breathe. You're lucky he won't make you train any longer since you could potentially be pregnant." Cesarre chuckled as he strode toward the door. "I really thought we both were going to die the last time."

He had already left when his head poked back through the door. "Nyx, don't die too soon, okay?" He disappeared before I managed to come up with a suitable reply.

Gosh, what was so wrong with this family?! Did I make them like this, or did they mess everything up on their own?

My head was buzzing. It was still morning, but this day had already been too long. I glanced back at the huge marble tub and sighed. A bath was probably the best idea for me now. I needed to clean myself and relax. Most importantly, I needed to think.

I threw the dress I wore in the palace into the garbage bin I found in the bathroom in hopes of never seeing it again. It smelled of cypress trees with a note of citrus. How did I know it was a cypress tree and not one of the thousands of other tree types? I had no idea! It was probably that wolf scent-smelling thing. Moreover, if I wasn't mistaken, that was what Ruhn smelled like.

Yeah, the bin was a good place for it. Dispose and forget!

I lled the bath with warm water and added some oral bath essence. Calm and relaxing, it was just what I needed now. After washing every inch of my body with passion, I tried to soak in the intoxicating aroma and forget about everything, at least for a little while. Of course, it was impossible in the current situation with the thoughts that were buzzing in my head.

Had I gone mad, and all this was the product of my inamed imagination? Did I die, and this was my purgatory? Was I destined to suffer as a character in my own book? What the hell was it?!

Or... was I a goddess here?

I was afraid to even think about it, but it kind of made sense. I created this world. I created every single person in the book. Every word I had written in the story came to life, and now I was here too. Did that mean that I could rule the fates of the people who lived here? I was stuck in Onyx's body, but what if I was almighty?

Could I be omnipotent? If I closed my eyes now and wished for the rain to start, would it happen? What if I had great power and just didn't know how to use it yet?

"****t!" I heard a female voice chuckling right next to me and looked around to nd no one. However, I had had enough surprises for one day and decided to get out and check the room at once.

There was a big mirror in front of the bath, which was disturbing on its own, but then I noticed my reflection and inched. Only the reaction didn't. Slowly, Onyx in the mirror lowered herself into the water, and I quickly realised I was doing the same.

Panic washed over me as I went underwater. What was happening? Who the hell was controlling my body?!

"How is that for omnipotent, Onyx the Almighty?" The same female voice sneered in my head as before.

I didn't know what to do. My body wasn't listening to me, and the water around me was illuminated with purple light.

Was I going to die now? Just like that? Again?!

Anger was boiling in my veins. I didn't want to go like this!

Not like this!

Not ever!

A growl escaped me, and I could feel my ngers again. I opened my mouth to take a breath and felt water gushing inside. Nonetheless, I managed to grip the edge of the bath and pulled myself out, dropping to the oor and coughing the liquid out of my lungs.

"Onyx?" I heard another female voice and shuddered, thinking that this person was going to kill me now after all. "Moon Goddess! Onyx!" The woman screamed and rushed to me.

I was about to push her away when a warm towel wrapped over me. I didn't realise how much I was shaking until she started rubbing her hands over it to warm me up. Her worried gaze met mine, and I noticed that she had wavy pink hair and blue eyes.

"Who... are you?" I managed to squeeze out of myself, my voice hoarse.

"Goddess," the girl gasped as she pulled me back to my feet and helped me to get to the bed. "What did they do to you? I am Silver! Your omega."

"Silver..." I muttered. "There was no character like that..."

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I woke up in a soft bed, covered with a warm duvet and stretched myself. I needed coffee badly. And my laptop. Mornings were always the best time to write. I always managed a few pages right before breakfast.

"Onyx!" I heard a familiar voice and inched.

No, it was all a dream. I wasn't Onyx. I was Brenna.

"Onyx," the woman with pink hair insisted, brushing her hand over my forehead. Silver, wasn't it? "I really wish I could let you sleep longer, but your father is calling for you downstairs. Something arrived for you."

"No!" I whimpered, trying to hold back sobs. This couldn't be reality.

"Weaking!" Another female voice appeared in my head, and I jumped up on the bed, looking around.

"Who was that?" I swallowed.

"Your worst nightmare!" The voice promised me and disappeared. Boy, I did not like any of this.

"Here," Silver placed something in my hands. "Just put it on, and you don't need anything else. Go there and be done with it. I will have breakfast ready upon your return. I told Alpha Conrad you weren't feeling well."

"That man is no Alpha!" I grunted, rolling my eyes.

"Well, make sure you don't tell him that!" The woman shook her head while brushing my hair quickly. It seemed like she was everywhere at once.

Surprisingly, my body felt great. I was sure everything would be aching today after the adventures of the previous night. But nope. Nothing.

The fabric in my hands turned out to be a black dress, and I pulled it on just as I was told. Throwing a quick glance at the mirror, I frowned. Onyx was a beauty, but today she looked incredibly pale.

I meant me. It was me. I was Onyx. I had to get used to that somehow.

"Should I put some make-up on?" I looked at Silver, and she gave me a glance over.

"Nope." She arched her brow. "Alpha Conrad was so happy to hear you don't feel well. Let's keep him in that mood. This is also a way out for you. Say that you are nauseous, and he will let you go at once."

"Fine," I mumbled, and we walked out of the room. "Can you take me to him?" I asked because I had no idea where to go. My companion seemed surprised, but she gave me a quick hug, and we went downstairs together.

Conrad Tynan was waiting for me in the spacious living room with a man I had never seen before. Not that I had seen many men in this... world.

"Onyx, dear!" Daddy dearest grinned as if he didn't try to cut me into ribbons yesterday. "Come here! A surprise arrived just for you!"

"How lovely!" I gave him a weak smile, joining him and his guest. There was a huge black box with a white silk ribbon on it. "What's this? Da... Father?"

"Why didn't you tell me you met Zion Valore yesterday?" Conrad asked, and the ground went out from under my feet.

What did he just say? Zion Valore?!

THE Zion Valore?

"He sent you a gift!" Conrad went on. "He said that your rst meeting made an unforgettable impression on him."

Shoot. I was as good as dead now.

What did he send? Would it kill me at once, or did I have a day or two to live still?

Zion didn't let people who offended him live long. Did I overdo it at the Palace?

"My Master sends his regards." The man who brought the box bowed to me respectfully, and I froze.

If I ran now, would it look too bad? Would they catch me and bring me back?

"Come on!" My fake father pushed me to the box. "What are you waiting for? You love presents! Open it!"

I noticed Silver poking her head out from the doorframe and gesturing for me to just do it. For some reason, I trusted her and decided to do just that.

Even if it was something that was supposed to kill me, it was best to just be done with it.

I pulled the silk ribbon, and the four sides of the box fell down, revealing what was inside.

Hell no! No, no, no!

Anything but that!

NOTE: So, what are your theories?