

Lycan King Chapter 60

I feel calm with him

VICTORIA'S POV

"Aunt Marla?" I shouted as soon as I reached my house.

"Over here!" I heard a distant voice. Following the voice, I spotted aunt Marla and one more man sitting on the patio.

"Victoria. This is my boyfriend Markus that I had told you about. Markus, this is my niece Victoria." She said, introducing both of us.

I politely smiled at him before turning on my heels and going inside the kitchen to pour myself some water.

"Hey Markus, I need to talk to my niece about something important. I hope you don't mind. How about I meet you back at your home?" I heard aunt Marla say to her boyfriend before the sound of a door opening and closing echoed in the house.

"Now, miss Victoria Gibberson, will you tell me what's going on here? Why am I coming to know of your departure, or should I say disappearing for a month from some random guy?" She said, mimicking the cold look with her hands on her waist in an intimidating manner.

"You knew?" I couldn't help but ask myself.

Turning around, I repeated my question.

"Do you also know about me? That I am not a human?"

"That, Victoria..." Marla said, her stuttering voice a clear indication that she knew about it.

"I would like to hear the truth only. Please?" I asked, not in the mood of any lies after what happened at Alexander's house.

"Yes, I knew. I knew all about it. Even your parents knew all about, what you are, how important your existence is for Martha and Nelson, and how your real grandfather wants to kill you." Marla said, and I couldn't help but smile sadly at that.

"Please continue."

"When you were born, no one expected you to be born a hybrid. It's against the law of nature for a person to have both werewolf and witch qualities and powers. It was okay if you have only genes, but your grandmother Azrael told everyone that it wasn't the case with you. You not only possessed the recessive dormant genes but the powers too. It was her only who had put a spell on you so that your powers don't show up before you turn of age and also for your powers to suppress the werewolf transformation." Marla said as we both sat in the living room to talk about things.

"Then?"

"Your grandfather heard the conversation between Azrael and your mother, and well rest you must've already figured out."

"Are they alive? My real parents, I mean."

"They are. But you can't meet them because your grandfather is still looking for you. Initially, we had allowed him to kill a baby exactly like yours when you were an infant, and he had thought that you died. Thinking that keeping you in the kingdom was risky, your mother gave you to your adoptive parents, who were their servers originally.

It wasn't two years before when your powers reacted, you must remember how you had fainted in the forest and you said you saw some black glint. It was your powers, who were trying to protect you from the rogues, and your grandfather came to know about it and asked his men to search the whole new York for you."

“Does that mean, my adoptive parents died because my grandfather found about me?” I couldn’t help but ask as things started to click in my mind.

Though everyone said that it was a car accident that caused the death of my parents, the scratches on their arms and neck that looked like an animal attack were something that I never understood.

“That’s one of the reasons. But not exactly the reason. Your adoptive parents were not killed by your grandfather, but by someone, about whom, if you don’t know, then it will be better for you.” Marla said as she stood and started loading the stuff from the poly bags into the refrigerator.

“You must hate me deep down, no?” I couldn’t help but ask.

I saw her stopping in her tracks of what she was doing before she turned around to look at me with a quizzical expression.

“I mean, I am the reason because of whom your brother and your sister-in-law died, but you still have to take care of me and provide me with a home. You must loath me, no? Isn’t that the reason why you don’t live with me?” I asked as I looked at her from under my lashes.

“Of course not, sweetie. Your adoptive father wasn’t my real brother. Oh, I forgot to tell you, I am your real aunt. I mean, I am your biological father Nelson’s real sister. Besides, your adoptive parents died because of their foolishness. And the reason why I don’t live with you is that I am mated to my mate.

You might know about such things because you transformed not long ago.” She said before smiling politely at me.

“My real parents must’ve known about my adoptive parents’ death, no? They must’ve seen me breaking apart and losing it. Why did they never come to see me? I saw them for the first time in my dreams when I came here. Will they never accept me because my grandfather wants to kill me?” I looked at her, waiting for the answers to the question that had been bugging me since the moment I came to know about the truth of my existence from Azrael.

“That’s not their call, Victoria. It must sound rude and hard for you, but I don’t think you’ll ever meet them in real. Your grandfather is a strong witch.” Marla said as she finished placing everything.

“Oh.” I couldn’t help but say as I felt my eyes tearing.

It wasn’t long before a tear fell from my eyes as I thought about my cursed fate.

My adoptive parents died because of me. My real parents may never meet me in my life. My grandfather wants to kill me, and my mate doesn’t side with me.

Everyone had been telling me this one thing that I wasn’t supposed to be born from day one since I came to know about my real personality. Closing my eyes I placed my hands on my forehead, leaning on the sofa as my mind started to become fuzzy with the negative thoughts again.

“Victoria! Stop it!”

“Stop it! Damn it!”

“Victoria! Victoria Gibberson!”

“Victoria Gibberson! I order you to stop it this instant!” I heard a distant voice as I struggled to open my eyes.

Opening my eyes, I looked around myself and couldn’t help but gasp at my surroundings.

To say my living room was a mess would be an understatement. It was a disaster.

The curtains were burning. The water flowing out from the kitchen’s tap covered the floor and had frozen. The couch and cushions were floating in the air. The table was broken.

I looked at Marla, not knowing what to do, who was standing there with an angry expression on her face.

“I...I... I am sorry.” I couldn’t help but say before closing my eyes again to ask joy to stop all of this.

It wasn't long before I was able to control all of it, however, the damage was already done.

Sighing loudly, remembering Azrael's words to keep my negative emotions in check, I looked at the curtains before replacing them with a new one and doing the same with the other damaged things.

"I am sorry for what happened today," I said one last time before jolting out of the house as my emotions were still not under my control, and hurting Marla was the last thing I wanted right now.

Running at my full pace without a destination in mind, which might help me to control my emotions as Azrael had suggested me to do at such times, I entered the forest.

As I was running with my mind still on Marla's words that I might not meet my parents, I collided with a tree, making me fall face flat on the ground.

Things can't be worse, no?

Lying sprawled out on the floor as I massaged my elbow, I was about to turn around when I heard a familiar laugh from in front of me.

"Is this some kind of new dance that you are practicing here? Something along the lines of kissing the floor?" Daniel said, making me look at him as my cheeks turned red in embarrassment.

"I...I...fell." I stuttered as I looked at him standing there all shirtless.

Though Alexander's body was more appealing to me, it doesn't mean I can't appreciate some good material out there, right?

'Don't think nonsense, Victoria! Our mate won't like it!' I heard Carla's growling, which made me roll my eyes at her.

'Well, his mate didn't like it when he sided with that bitch Laila. But did it stopped him? No, right?' I refuted back, which immediately shut her up.

“Do you need some help standing up, or are you gonna keep glaring at the ground because it made you fall?” Daniel said again, making me chuckle along with him as I dusted my jeans once standing again.

“What are you doing here? And, well, in that attire?” I couldn’t help but ask, wanting to talk with him, which might help me improve my mood.

“I was out on a run. Checking the patrols and all that stuff you know. My shirt got torn when I changed into my wolf form because I forgot to remove my clothes.” He said as we started to move in a random direction.

“So you guys have to remove your clothes when you guys turn into wolves?” I asked.

“Technically, yes. It’s really bad for girls because they have to be a hell lot more cautious than men. Though we being werewolves doesn’t care about such things, but since we are living in a human world, we have to be cautious. You might not know since you are not a pure werewolf.” Daniel said, and I couldn’t help but feel my throat tightening when I heard his last sentence.

Oh, how much my life would’ve been good if I was really what he and everyone thinks I am.

“Hey, hey, what happened?” Daniel said as he shifted closer to me cupping my face with his hands.

“It’s nothing,” I said before removing his hands from around me.

No matter what Alexander does with his female friends even after knowing he has a mate, it doesn’t mean I am gonna do the same. I know having a mate was something big in this world, and I just can’t let any other man touch me intimately like this.

“It’s can’t be nothing, Vic. You are crying for god’s sake!” He shouted, making me widen my eyes in shock as I touched my tears, which I didn’t realize had fallen.

Well, I know you are concerned and all, but you don’t have to be this reactive.

"I...I just came to know something about my parents' death being related to rogues doing it, and not just some random car accident. And I can't help but feel sad about it." I said, manipulating some of the truth.

"Sshh... everything will be alright. You couldn't help it back then since you didn't know what was going on. You can't blame yourself for it. Okay?" He said patting my head, and I couldn't help but feel my emotions getting back in control and my tensions evaporating as he patted my head like that.

Just what's this calming feeling that I get with him?