



# The Alpha King's Bride

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**Category:** Werewolf

**Description:** For three agonizing years, I rotted in a pitch-black underground cell, paying the price for a crime Rhett Sterling, a nobleman, committed. Before I was taken away, he held my hand with trembling fingers and vowed, through tears, to wait for me. He said we'd marry the moment I returned.

But when I finally walked out of that cell, bruised and broken, Rhett was nowhere to be found.

I went to the palace, hoping to find him. What I found instead was a dagger to the heart: Rhett, smiling cruelly, arm-in-arm with another woman. "You really think a tainted ex-con like you deserves to be royalty?" he sneered.

That's when the truth hit me—he had never intended to wait. I meant nothing.

Shattered, I surrendered to the marriage my family had arranged. On my wedding day, just as I tried to leave my past behind, Rhett barged in with his allies, sneering at me in front of the guests. "Is this your pathetic attempt to become my secret mistress, Mira? Wearing a royal bride's dress to trap me into marriage? You're a joke!"

Then the doors burst open.

Wyatt Sterling—the Alpha King of Duskhollow, Rhett's powerful uncle—entered, eyes blazing. He wrapped a shawl over my bare shoulders, slid a ring onto my finger, and stood by my side.

And suddenly, for the first time... Rhett looked terrified.

**Total Pages (Source):** 11

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“What are you doing here, Mira? Did you honestly believe that I, a member of the royal family, would marry a woman who’s been in prison? I only told you what you wanted to hear so you’d go to jail for me. I can’t believe you fell for it!” Rhett sneered at me as he walked past me, already dressed for his wedding.

I would never have agreed to take the blame for him if he had sneered at me like this three years ago.

Rhett got on his knees and begged me to go to jail for him.

He told me that my father’s previous victory had granted me eternal protection from the royal family, and as a result, he wanted me to take his place in prison. He even promised to marry me once I got out. I eventually gave in to him.

But now I hated myself for giving up my father’s previous victory in order to provide Rhett with a peaceful life.

When Rhett’s shit-eating friends noticed me, they began mocking me as well. “Isn’t she the orphan of the Morvain family? I heard she tore three werewolves to pieces and had her tail shaved clean when she was bound by a silver chain in the dungeon.”

Another of Rhett’s friends snorted. “Check out her wedding dress. She’s not here to force Rhett to marry her, is she? How pathetic. What made her think she’d get away with marrying into the royal family? Doesn’t she know she’d stain the royal bloodline?”

The sharp, condescending words stabbed through me like daggers, but the wedding

was about to begin, and I had no intention of getting into a fight with Rhett. As a result, I pointed them to the door and said icily, “Rhett, I didn’t know you were getting married today. I’m wearing a wedding dress because I, too, am getting married.”

Rhett and his friends laughed as if I had just told them the biggest joke of the century.

Rhett scoffed and looked at me with contempt. “You’re getting married? Nonsense! Everyone in Duskhollow knows you’ve trailed after me like a lapdog since we were children! Besides, who in their right mind would marry a woman who’s been in jail?” You know what? We go way back, don’t we? I might consider making you my mistress if you lick my shoe right now.”

His friends joked, “Hey, let us have a go at her if you ever get bored with her, Rhett.”

“I’ve heard that women who have been jailed are freaks in the sheets. I bet she’d be a great ride!”

Rhett appeared irritated by his friends’ comments, but he crossed his arms and drawled menacingly, “Fine with me. Once my wedding to Hannah is over, everyone can take turns riding Mira every night. “Go crazy for all I care.”

Unable to take Rhett and his friends’ snide remarks any longer, the Elder of Ceremonies beside me spoke up in my defence: “Sir, Ms. Mira does indeed have a wedding here today.” Didn’t you hear that the Alpha King is marrying her today?”

Rhett kicked the Elder of Ceremonies and sent him flying into the corner of the wall, yelling, “How dare you, a mere Elder of Ceremonies, make such filthy lies about my uncle?

“My uncle told the public that he will be marrying a daughter of nobility today, one

who was sired by a hero of Duskhollow, no less! Mira isn't worthy of such an honour! One more lie from you, and I'll rip your tongue out!"

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I countered: “My father, Morvain, died protecting Duskhollow, which makes me a hero’s daughter. Furthermore, I come from a long line of nobility. How does that make me undeserving of the honour of marrying the Alpha King?”

“Stop flattering yourself, Mira. Your father stopped being a hero of Duskhollow the moment he raised a criminal like you!” Rhett cracked a joke. “Why don’t you ask your dead father if he’s proud to have a felon for a daughter?”

He and his friends burst out laughing after that.

I clenched my jaw and said coldly, “I’ll say this again, Rhett: Wyatt and I are getting married today—”

Before I could finish speaking, Rhett lunged at me and dug his fingers into my face, nearly clawing my eyes and mouth corners. “My uncle is the Alpha King and supreme ruler of Duskhollow. What makes you think a woman like you, who’s been bound by a silver chain, is worthy of him?”

I pushed Rhett away, my fingers grazing the fabric of my wedding dress as I panted. Wyatt had designed the dress and hired a few of the country’s best tailors to make it a reality.

When I first got out of jail, my family was so ashamed of me that they begged my mother to marry me off. None of the nobility wanted a criminal as a wife, so my mother had no choice but to seek out Wyatt Sterling, the Alpha King.

Wyatt surprised my mother by asking for my hand after hearing my story.

I had no idea why he would want to marry someone with a reputation as bad as mine. However, I had high hopes for our upcoming union after seeing his eyes light up with sympathy at the sight of my shaved tail.

I wouldn't let Rhett and his friends' words ruin my wedding.

"Move, Rhett," I snarled, my eyes filled with a warrior's determination. "I'm getting married to the Alpha King today. You should seek out your bride instead of getting in my way!"

Rhett suddenly grabbed a fistful of my skirts and tugged them roughly. "Where did you steal this dress from, Mira? Uncle Wyatt designed this dress himself for his future wife!"

Rhett tugged on my wedding gown so hard that he almost pulled it off. I gritted my teeth and held up my dress, snapping, "Get this into your head, Rhett: your uncle and I are getting married today, and he had this dress tailored for me.

"If you get in the way again, I'll tell everyone at your wedding who the real murderer was three years ago!"

"What bravado!" Rhett hissed in my ear. "Do you think they'll believe someone who served time for murder?"

"Rhett!" A female voice rang out from down the hall, just as Rhett was closing in on me.

Hannah appeared in her wedding gown and stood between me and Rhett, looking at me with contempt and a challenge in her eyes. "Mira, are you here to attend our wedding? I'm not sure who invited you, but please leave right away. "I do not want to see my father's murderer on my special day."

Hannah had no idea that the man she was marrying had murdered her father three years ago! I raised my brow and looked past her to Rhett, who had a panicked expression on his face.

I fixed Rhett with an icy look. Three years ago, he got Hannah drunk and attempted to force himself on her; Hannah's father witnessed this and tried to protect her, but Rhett accidentally killed him.

After that, Rhett told me that he had caught Hannah's father attempting to assault her, and that he had rushed to protect her, accidentally killing her father. I might have believed him if I hadn't overheard what he said while he was drunk a few days before.

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The only thing preventing me from telling Hannah the truth was her long history of bullying; once, she used her position as a daughter of nobility to pick on my maid, resulting in her death.

I couldn't wait to see Hannah's expression when she discovered the truth about her beloved groom.

To get everyone to back off, I took off my engagement ring. "You recognise this, don't you, Rhett?"

According to rumours, the ring was a sacred relic passed down through generations of the royal family and could only be worn by the future Luna Queen. Wyatt gave it to her as an engagement gift.

Rhett grabbed the ring from me. "This can't be..."

He then threw the ring at my face, seething, "I underestimated you, Mira. You certainly know how to create a convincing replica! Only Uncle Wyatt has possession of the Sacred Ring! Not even my father has witnessed it. Where did you have the replica made?"

His friends were roaring with laughter. "Pathetic! She thinks a phoney ring will make her the Luna Queen of Duskhollow!"

"As expected of a shameless woman," someone sneered. "She's worse than the omegas of the pack!"



I felt their spit like venom on my face, stinging the scratches Rhett had made on my temples.

Rhett's eyes had an icy gleam, and his face darkened as he stalked towards me. He gave me a merciless push. While attempting to regain my footing, I unintentionally removed my necklace, which featured a wolf fang pendant inlaid with sapphire.

I quickly picked up the necklace, dusted it off, and gently cradled it in my palms. My mother once told me that it was my father's greatest wish to witness my wedding. The wolf fang was the only part of his body that remained intact after he died on the battlefield.

I couldn't believe Rhett almost crushed the wolf fang before my wedding began. I was still fuming when Hannah said, dejectedly, "Mira, I know you don't want Rhett to marry me, but how could you bring your father's remains here? Are you attempting to curse us?"

"Why else would you have done this but to bring bad luck to my and Rhett's baby? You'll just make Rhett hate you more. Get that filthy thing out of my sight right away! It's bad enough you killed my father, but to bring such an abomination to my big day-"

"Do not touch me!" I roared, pushing Hannah away, but not a moment later, I felt Rhett land a kick on my back, sending me to the ground, and the necklace I'd carefully picked up fell out of my grasp.

Rhett helped Hannah up, his eyes shining with a gentle indulgence I'd never seen before, and then he stomped on my necklace and looked at me imperiously as if I were a pest. "How dare you lay hands on Hannah, Mira? Don't you know she's expecting my child?"

“And for you to show up to my wedding with your father’s remains... I ought to teach you a lesson for being so arrogant!” He stomped on my necklace several times.

“Rhett, stop! I won’t have you insult my father!” I extended my hand to protect the trinket, but Rhett stomped on the back of my hand. I felt the wolf fang pierce my palm, and the pain was excruciating.

Rhett kicked my injured hand away before picking up the half-destroyed necklace. He threw it at the wall, and I watched as my father’s wolf fang broke into pieces.

My claws unsheathed from my fingertips as a growl rose in the back of my throat. “You’ll pay for insulting my father! I was tortured while I was kept in the dungeon for three years, but I heard some very interesting stories, too...” I lunged and pinned one of Rhett’s friends by the neck. “Tobias, you knew territory was a sensitive topic among packs, yet you used it to cause strain among them and demanded military back-up. But in truth, you were hoping to secure your position through war and gain resources for yourself, right?”

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Before Tobias could respond, I punched another of Rhett's friends in the stomach. "Caius, you tried to manipulate the conflict in the Council of Elders to your advantage and spread rumours of certain packs allying themselves with bounty hunters. But you were secretly trying to stir up unrest so you could paint yourself as the next democratic representative, weren't you?"

I threw Caius at another person. They collided like pendulums. "Edric, you forced low-ranking werewolves to work for you and handed those who rebelled against you to bounty hunters. Your greed is worse than any human trap I've come across!"

Within moments, Rhett's friends were groaning and grunting on the ground. He was the only person standing, seemingly frozen.

"And you, Rhett," I said murderously, my eyes steely and unforgiving. "You kept going on about how much you respect your Uncle Wyatt and that you won't have me besmirching his good name. But in reality, you were hoping you could use your friends as pawns to usurp the Alpha King so you could take the throne for yourself. Am I right?"

My sharp claws were pointed at Rhett's throat. "You guys always talk smack about me and how I'm the shame of werewolf nobility, yet you lot are the black sheep of Duskhollow. Rhett, you don't deserve to be a member of the royal family!"

As I lunged for Rhett, he pulled out the silver dagger from his waist and stabbed it through the open wound on my palm.

As the intense, blinding pain shot through me, I froze, and Rhett took advantage of

the opportunity to attack. He leaped forward and wrapped his tail around my midsection before throwing me to the ground.

“The skank knocked my tooth out!” Tobias growled, his hand clamped over his mouth, blood trickling between his fingers.

“She dislocated my arm!” Edric exclaimed. “Someone pop it back in for me! Ow, ow, ow! That hurts!”

Rhett’s friends closed in on me. My cumbersome wedding gown was my biggest disadvantage, as it took little effort to pin me to the ground. Tobias snarled menacingly, “Rhett, this woman knows too much. We can’t let her live.”

“Not today,” Rhett snapped. “It’s my big day with Hannah. I won’t have bloodshed.”

“Tomorrow, then.” Caius licked his incisor. “We’ll take her someplace remote and kill her there.”

Caius broke the tense silence with a wicked grin. “We may as well have some fun with her since she’s dying tomorrow.”

“Fair point,” Edric agreed. “I’ve never taken anyone as hot as her to bed before.”

“She’s still my ex, guys. If anyone wants to have a go at her, I should be the first. For sentiment’s sake,” Rhett interjected, frowning. He grabbed the bottom half of my face again, his claws digging into my skin. “It’s too bad things had to get so ugly, Mira. Had you obeyed me, I might have made you my mistress.”

His fangs were mere inches from my throat as he continued, “And now, let me have you in all the ways I want.”

Rhett was about to rip my dress off when Hannah pushed herself between us. “Rhett, you can’t betray me like this!”

He quickly released me and wrapped an arm around his scorned bride-to-be. “I was only humiliating her, Hannah. Don’t worry, you’re the only woman for me.”

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He led Hannah out of the room, assuring her of his loyalty. When she was gone, he locked the door and turned to face me. I fought against the hand that was clamped over my mouth, seething, “Don’t you dare lay a hand on me, Rhett! I’m the future Luna Queen!”

Rhett slapped me across the face. “Still clinging to your pathetic lies even at your deathbed, Mira? If you truly are the Luna Queen, why don’t you beg Wyatt to save you?”

I felt countless pairs of hands roving over my body, tearing the fabric of my wedding gown. “Get off me! Don’t touch me! Please...” My sobbing and pleading enraged them even more. In their excitement, one of them extended his claws towards my chest. The door flew open with a thunderous bang, and Wyatt growled in warning, “The wedding is starting, and the lot of you are here to pick on and humiliate a helpless woman? What happened to decorum?”

Rhett smiled as he left the room. “Uncle Wyatt, a certain shameless woman robbed the royal family; I’m only punishing her for you.

“She stole the wedding dress you designed and had a replica of the Sacred Ring, which has been in our family for generations, made just to force me to take her back. “I am teaching her a lesson on your behalf.”

He was expecting praise, but Wyatt grabbed him by the neck and lifted him off the ground, his gravelly voice tinged with the threat of violence, as he demanded, “Who’s in the room?””

Rhett was suffocating and choked out his response, “It’s...Mira...” The stupid woman who’s been harassing me... “Don’t get worked up about someone like her...”

Wyatt was so outraged when he heard this that he threw Rhett against the door, breaking it open with his sheer weight.

I was helpless inside the room, pinned to the ground by Rhett’s friends; when Wyatt saw this, he roared and charged towards the men holding me down, tearing them off me and throwing them away.

His eyes were wide with rage and disbelief as he scooped me up from the floor; frantic, he assessed my wounds and asked, “Mira...” Are you okay? I’m sorry I wasn’t there to protect you.

As I buried myself in his embrace, I was overcome with resentment and hurt. “Wyatt, they destroyed my necklace, which contained my father’s only remains, and then attempted to force themselves on me!”

The Elder of Ceremonies rushed to my side with a first-aid kit and began cleaning my wounds; she had awoken when Rhett’s friends attempted to force themselves on me, and she had tried to save me, but the scumbags pushed her away.

She was furious as she explained, “Ms. Mira told them she was marrying you today, but they not only didn’t believe her, but they also treated her badly!”

At that moment, Rhett’s friends pulled themselves to their feet. They blanched at the sight of Wyatt’s thunderous expression, but they didn’t seem to think they’d get in trouble with him, because one of them asked, “Alpha King, has there been a mistake? You stated that you were marrying a noble daughter whose father was a hero of Duskhollow today.

“This bitch is nothing more than a slut who came out of prison not too long ago. She’s not nearly good enough to be the Luna Queen!”

Wyatt threw the cotton bud he’d been using to clean my wounds at the werewolf who had insulted me, striking him square in the eye. “Mira is my mate, and you have no right denigrating her! Anyone who has touched her today will not survive my wrath!”

Rhett’s friends trembled so violently that they could not stand, and they fell to their knees to beg the Alpha King’s mercy. “We’re sorry, Alpha King; we were too shallow and ignorant to recognise our future Luna Queen! We beg her to forgive our oversight!



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They clasped their hands in prayer and practically knelt at my feet, pleading, “Ms. Mira, we apologise for offending you! Please forgive us. You can punish us however you want, but please spare us!”

I sneered at them, “What would you have done if Wyatt hadn’t arrived on time and I wasn’t his fiancée? Would you still apologise to me and ask for forgiveness now?”

I knew what these scumbags were like, and I had no intention of letting them get away so easily. I looked at their ashen faces imperiously and announced my decision: “I will not forgive any of you. If you refuse to respect me or any other female, you do not deserve to be a member of the nobility.

“Perhaps it would be better if they were rid of their tools of crime so that they may never terrorise another woman again. Castrate them all.”

“No! No!” When Rhett’s friends heard this, they stood up to run, their faces pale with terror.

Wyatt raised his hand, and a dozen warriors appeared at the door, blocking Rhett’s friends’ escape. Rhett’s friends turned to him for help when they were surrounded and had nowhere to run. “Rhett, what are you doing? Speak up for us and appeal to your uncle! We only crossed Ms. Mira because of you!”

Rhett was frozen, staring at me incredulously. He didn’t seem to have heard his friends at all. He watched Wyatt drape a cloak over me, but he spoke with disbelief and anger. “Are you really marrying someone else, Mira?

I sputtered at his shamelessness: “Why wouldn’t I be serious about it?”

He seemed to be stating the obvious when he said, “Because you loved me the most.” You even went to prison for me!” I was about to respond when Wyatt shielded me behind him and growled, “How dare you question my wife, Rhett?” Mira had been loyal to you, but you didn’t appreciate her. Instead, you brought your henchmen here to humiliate and degrade her.

“This is my official warning to you, Rhett-after the wedding today, Mira will be my wife and the Luna Queen of Duskhollow. You and your friends will pay for your actions today!”

Rhett stood still for a moment before flashing Wyatt an appeasing smile. “Are you pulling my leg, Uncle Wyatt? Come on, it’s me, your nephew! The son of your beloved brother, Edward! What will you tell my father if you hurt me? Have you forgotten your promise to our late grandfather? You swore you’d protect Duskhollow and the royal family!”

Wyatt’s resolve wavered, revealing his anguish as he heard Rhett’s words. I knew Wyatt and his brother, Edward, were close; killing Rhett now would not only strain their relationship, but also earn Wyatt the title of tyrant.

I took in a deep breath. After some thought, I yanked Wyatt’s hand down before he could issue any new orders to his warriors. “Wyatt, wait. Today’s our wedding. I don’t want any gore or bloodshed on our big day.”

Wyatt appeared to read my mind. “Mira, are you worried about the consequences this might have on me? I’ll be fine. They will pay for insulting you. What sort of Alpha King am I if I can’t protect my mate and avenge you?”

His eyes were rimmed red as he gently and apologetically caressed the wounds on my

face. I held his hand and comforted him, communicating my plans to him via mind-link. He understood and eventually calmed down. “All right. Whatever you say. We’ll decide what to do after the wedding.”

Only then did Rhett and the others let out a sigh of relief. They thought they were off the hook, but it only took a few seconds for them to give me dirty looks again, as if to say, “See, you don’t mean that much to him after all.”

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However, their relief was short-lived, as Wyatt directed his warriors to seize Rhett and the others.

“What, did you think you could get away with insulting the Luna Queen?” Wyatt’s eyes widened. “Mira may be kind-hearted, but it doesn’t mean I’m going easy on you or letting you off the hook. Take them to the holding cell; we’ll punish them after the wedding!”

I redid my makeup with the assistance of the Elder of Ceremonies. As Rhett and his friends looked at me in fear, I said, “You were always taking jabs at me because I’d been in jail, right? Look who’s going to be bound by silver chains soon.”

The prayer bell rang three times, and under the supervision of the Elder of Ceremonies, I walked slowly towards the mate at the altar with whom I would spend the rest of my life.

I was dressed in the wedding gown Wyatt designed, and even through the veil, I could feel his loving, intent gaze on me.

“In the name of the Moon Goddess,” Wyatt said, his voice low and sombre. “I, Wyatt Sterling, the Alpha King of Duskhollow, am bound to Mira Grayson as mates today.”

I extended a hand towards him, allowing Wyatt to slip the Sacred Ring he had recently retrieved onto my finger. Then I said my vows. “In the name of the Moon Goddess, I, Mira Grayson, am bound to Wyatt Sterling as mates.”

The Moon Goddess appeared before us, summoned by the priests and priestesses. The

sapphire on the Sacred Ring suddenly emitted a bright beam that intersected with the light from the blood moonstone on the altar.

My heart pounded from beat to beat. I was worried that the Moon Goddess would not bless me and Wyatt because I was so deeply involved with Rhett. To my eternal surprise, the Moon Goddess approved of my union with Wyatt and even bestowed her sacred blessings on us.

It only confirmed that Wyatt and I were fated to be together!

When the crowds around the altar saw this, they erupted in heartfelt applause, praising Wyatt and me for being a match made in heaven.

Following the wedding ceremony, Wyatt lit the bonfire with a pine scone to kick off the Moonlight Banquet. The dancers jumped into an ancient werewolf tribal dance around the bonfire, which also featured fresh hunt roasting on open spits and moonlight wine made by the Elders.

While I made rounds with Wyatt, the guests clinked glasses and talked about the divine miracle that occurred during our wedding ceremony. This was the first time I faced the packs as the official Luna Queen.

The packs cast curious glances in my direction. The veil had been covering my face all along. Wyatt and I kissed with our backs to the crowd during the wedding ceremony, and we exchanged vows so softly that those below the altar couldn't hear us.

As a result, the guests had no idea which noble family I came from.

Under everyone's intent gaze, I gradually lifted my veil to reveal my face.

I had been in prison for the previous three years and hadn't gone out much since my release. Most of the werewolves had forgotten my appearance, and the younger guests complimented my beauty, politely mentioning how Wyatt and I were a perfect match.

However, it didn't take long for the guests I knew to recognise me. They were looking ashamed when they asked, "Goodness! Isn't that Morvain's daughter, the one who just got out of prison? How is it that she's become the Luna Queen?" "What? She was in prison? How could a former criminal rule over us as Luna Queen?"

The crowd erupted, and several respected Elders began questioning Wyatt.

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I tightened my grip on Wyatt's sleeve as the guests gave me strange, judgemental looks.

He simply patted my hand and cleared his throat, meeting the crowd's questioning and accusatory gaze before solemnly declaring, "Mira is my beloved. As you've seen earlier, the Moon Goddess has given us her blessings. Mira is destined to be my mate, and I hope all of you will respect her as you do me!"

I looked at him gratefully, and under his encouraging gaze, I raised my hand to show the audience the Sacred Ring on my finger. "Wyatt gave me this Sacred Ring as a gift, and it symbolises my status and authority.

"I am Mira Grayson, the Luna Queen of Duskhollow." I hereby formally request a retrial for the murder of Ethan three years ago, as I am not the murderer! Somebody else is!"

I awoke the next morning in Wyatt's strong and warm embrace; I could feel his powerful and steady heartbeat, and my face heated as images from the night played through my head. Seeing that Wyatt was still asleep, I carefully eased myself out of his arms, only for him to pull me closer to him.

He kissed the top of my head and enquired in a low, gravelly tone, "Why are you awake so early? Don't you want to sleep in?"

I wrapped my arms around him and murmured, "I want to wash up." I'm supposed to meet with the Elders this morning." Following the wedding ceremony last night, the Elders granted my request that the murder of Ethan, which landed me in prison three

years ago, be retried.

I knew I was innocent and who the true murderer was, but I had confessed to the crime three years ago, and it was uncertain whether I would be able to clear my name after so much time. Regret and sorrow filled me as the thought occurred.

I met Wyatt's gaze and said, "I'm sorry you have to be dragged into my mess because of a stupid mistake I made three years ago."

"Do not worry. We will get through this, and you do not need to blame yourself. Wyatt comforted me with a gentle smile, saying, "I've always admired you for your spirit of helping those you care about."

He looked at me evenly and said, "I remember being incredibly jealous of Rhett because you were so in love with him. But now I am the one you love. Do you promise to give me all of your love?"

Moved by his words, I wrapped my arms around him and said, "I do, as long as you promise to love me equally!"

Wyatt and I washed up after snuggling in bed, and we were about to leave after breakfast when we encountered an unwelcome guest at the door.

The guards were holding Hannah back, but that didn't stop her from roaring and lunging for me. "You bitch, Mira!" How could you have locked Rhett up? You spoilt our wedding!"

She glared at me angrily before turning to Rhett and exclaiming, "Alpha King, how could you make a woman like her your mate? She murdered my father!"

"I still remember the night I woke up from a blackout and saw her standing over my



father's mutilated body, holding a dagger that was still dripping with his blood! Are you sure you want to spend the rest of your life with someone so despicable?"

Hannah spoke with such conviction that if I hadn't seen her brutally t\*\*\*\*\*e my maid to death, I would have assumed she had a strong sense of justice.

I was about to respond when a sudden thought struck me. I dashed over to Hannah, gripping her hands excitedly as her eyes widened in surprise.

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“Hannah, you said you saw me murder your father three years ago. Is that true?” I asked Wyatt, my eyes glittering. “Wyatt, I think I’ve found a way to clear my name!”

The sound of dripping water cut through the deathly silence like a blunt knife, deafening and aggravating one’s nerves at regular intervals.

The guards on duty opened the prison door for me, and I only then noticed Rhett in the electric chair.

The silver chain that had shackled me was now bound around his neck, gleaming menacingly in the dim light. I could see the wounds on his body; he appeared to be doing much worse than I had while serving my sentence.

When Rhett saw me, his eyes brightened with hope. “Mira, have you come to save me? I knew you were the only woman who loved me! Hannah lost her mind and aborted our child while accusing me of murdering her father!

“I’ve been imprisoned here and tortured since. I’m going insane as it is. You’re the only person who has come to see me. Get me out of here, and I promise to make you my wife!”

I sneered at him and asked, “Who do you think helped Hannah identify her father’s killer?”

It was me. After hearing what Hannah said the other day, I realised her version of events didn’t add up: I hadn’t killed her father, but she spoke as if she had witnessed the murder.

Not long after, I suspected Hannah had witnessed the murder scene, so I had her examined by a witch doctor, who discovered she had been hypnotised into believing I had killed her father.

When she was freed from the hypnosis, the truth emerged.

When Hannah blacked out during her father's murder three years ago, she regained consciousness to discover that Rhett had killed her father. Enraged, she threatened to press charges against him, but he held her down and had someone hypnotise her, forcibly altering her memories.

More importantly, I had an alibi on the night of the murder; many eyewitnesses saw me in the bazaar that night, but Rhett had gathered several powerful figures to place a gag order on those witnesses, preventing them from speaking out for me.

It took Hannah three years to realise that the man she'd loved and lived with for so long was her father's murderer. Despite her arrogance, Hannah loved and respected her father.

Furious, she disposed of the baby she had shared with Rhett and confronted the judicial elder.

It was because of her that everyone in Duskhollow realised Rhett was the real murderer, and I was finally able to clear my name.

When Rhett heard the whole story, he was furious. "How could you do this to me, Mira? You used to love me! How could you allow me to suffer like this?"

I snorted, "You've only been in here a month, and you think you're suffering?" I lived here for three years, Rhett! You persuaded me to go to jail for you, but then abandoned me when I was finally released.

“You had your friends degrade me and disrespected my father’s sacrifice! You destroyed all that was left of my father, and now you expect me to still have feelings for you?”

I snarled at Rhett, “You deserve to rot away like this, Rhett. I’m merely returning the hell I endured in prison to you sevenfold.”

Panic settled within Rhett as he begged, “No, I can’t stay here. I’m the beloved youngest member of the royal family! I cannot be deemed a criminal! Mira, you have to save me. Please! I’m sorry!”

As the guards closed the door, I cast a final glance over my shoulder at Rhett before walking away without looking back.

Following my visit to Rhett’s holding cell, I stopped by to see his friends, who were far worse off. They were castrated and subjected to corporal punishment per my orders. And now the wretched trio was shackled to the corner of their dungeon cell, barely hanging on for survival.

I felt satisfied seeing them in such bad shape.

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:12 am*

My recent investigations revealed that Tobias, Caius, and Edric had not only been politicking behind the Alpha King's back, but they had also abused their power. They had been involved in corruption, slavery, and numerous murders over the years, as well as the degradation of many women.

Wyatt became enraged when he discovered what Rhett and his friends had done. He had been aware of the corruption among the nobility. However, it had only been less than two years since his ascension to the position of Alpha King, and many of the Elders refused to listen to him due to his youth at the time.

"If I'd known about these scumbags, I would have killed them even if it meant giving up my own life!" Wyatt let out a scream.

Fortunately, after a year of political turmoil, Wyatt had finally established his authority over the werewolves and earned the right to deal with these scumbags.

Starting with Tobias, Caius, and Edric, he worked his way through the nobility, removing those with long-standing, questionable track records for further investigation. He stripped those members of nobility of their titles and officially transformed them into Rogues.

After the scumbags were removed, Duskhollow experienced political unity like never before. Many loyalists praised Wyatt's brilliance and contributed to the political revolution.

My outings with Wyatt these days frequently ended with us collecting flowers and gifts from the public, who wanted to express their gratitude for punishing those who

had wronged them.

However, Rhett's trial had been stalled while the criminals we had apprehended were being tried. We could have put him in a holding cell, but all investigations into his crimes were intercepted and stopped by his mother.

Rhett's mother, Rachel, was a Duskhollow warrior who made significant contributions to the kingdom's defence. She used her many contributions as leverage to get Rhett's case retried.

My father's sacrifice on the battlefield was the only reason I survived my trial for murdering Ethan. Duskhollow's laws worked in such a way that warriors who had fought on the battlefield received a one-time protection pardon from the royal family for their offspring.

And, while Rachel had not died on the battlefield, her victories were sufficient to secure a retrial for Rhett. The royal family had no reason to stop her, but she slowed our investigations into the case during the retrial.

As things stood, the only hard evidence we had against Rhett was his involvement in the murder of Ethan. However, if we were to punish him for it, he would only face a six-month prison sentence due to his noble status and his mother's battle contributions.

Just as Wyatt and I were getting stressed out, Galen Sterling, Wyatt's brother and Rhett's father, arrived. Rhett's recent mess must have taken its toll on him, as his previously muscular physique appeared gaunt, and his hair was more grey than black.

Wyatt and I were surprised when Galen handed us a notebook and said, "This is all the evidence I've gathered on Rhett's crimes."

There was a long pause before he continued painfully, “I’ve convinced Rachel that this is the right thing to do; don’t be too hard on her; Rhett is our only child, and it was difficult to turn him in at first.”

“We had no idea he was involved in so many horrific crimes until we investigated them ourselves. It is our fault for not educating and raising him properly. We hope to make amends for being bad parents by submitting this evidence.”

After Galen left, I gripped Wyatt’s shaking hand, knowing he was overwhelmed and torn about what he needed to do next. We knew we had to do what was right, even if it meant hurting those we loved.

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*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:12 am*

We were doing this for our own good, as well as the good of everyone in Duskhollow.

Rhett and his friends were scheduled to be executed today.

With the evidence Galen had gathered for us, Rhett's and the other nobles' retrials proceeded quickly. To make an example of them, it was decided that Rhett's execution would be made public in Duskhollow and held in the square outside the royal palace.

Wyatt and I observed from the balcony, noting the fearful expressions of those on death row.

Rhett was searching the audience for something, and his gaze trailed up the wall until it landed on me. His eyes lit up, and he parted his lips to say something.

Rhett coughed up blood as the warrior behind him fired an arrow through his chest, but even as the fight ended, he kept his gaze fixed on me. His lips moved as if he was trying to tell me something, but I didn't care.

At that moment, Hannah burst through the crowd and laughed maniacally at the corpses on the execution stage. "Good riddance! Good riddance to these filthy liars! They deserved it!"

I clutched the restored wolf fang hanging from the chain around my neck as I watched Hannah's hysterical outburst. A slow sigh of relief escaped me.



Wyatt took my hand and gently said, “Come on, let’s go home.”

On our way back, we passed through the forest beside the royal palace, and old memories came flooding back to me. I couldn’t help but think, “You know, Rhett wasn’t always this evil. He and I got lost in the woods here once when we were children, and I still remember how he comforted me and got me out of there.

“Who would have thought that such a good boy would grow up to be so wicked? I should use this as a reminder to raise our child properly so that he or she grows up to be kind.”

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, “What made you believe Rhett rescued you from the woods that day?” I was the one who got trapped with you!

I stared at him in bewilderment. Only then did I realise that the kind-hearted boy I’d admired since childhood was Wyatt, not Rhett!

“You could’ve told me that sooner! I always thought it was Rhett! I even agreed to go to jail for him because I wanted to repay his kindness from all those years ago,” I muttered.

Wyatt gave me a rueful expression. He wanted to explain himself, but then remembered what I had said earlier. “Wait, wait, wait. What did you mean by ‘our child’? Are you telling me you’re pregnant?”

I was beaming. “A bit slow there, Alpha King. Yes, you’re going to be a father!”

Wyatt, overjoyed, drew me into his arms, and we forgot about our earlier conversation.

It didn’t matter how our paths had crossed or how we had previously missed each other; I’d like to believe that my future happiness would heal and compensate for all

the pain I had experienced.