

# The Lycan's Queen by lailax Chapter 1

## Chapter 1 – Different Worlds

"He kissed me deeply and I knew in that moment that we would be all right."  
Snapping the now finished book shut, I sighed.

Normally I wasn't the type of girl who obsessed over romantic stories, but last week changed that.

All I've been doing is reading these unrealistic romantic stories and obviously imagining myself as the female lead. Who is the male lead, you might be wondering?

The same guy who stole my heart four years ago, Hunter Hall.

"Aarya, do you want to come grocery shopping with me?" My mom's unmistakable voice shouted up the stairs.

"No, Mom." I replied.

Aarya Bedi, that's my name. I am nineteen years old, and if you can't already tell from my name, I am Indian, and yes, I am a werewolf.

Currently, I live with my parents, Sid and Tara; they've been mated/married for twenty-seven years. My older brother, Sai, is twenty-four and his mate, Zoya, is also twenty-four.

Our pack is called Black Moon; I love our community. Everyone knows everyone and growing up here was amazing. Right now, I am training to be a pack doctor; it was always something I wanted to do.

I remember when I used to get teased when I said I wanted to become a pack doctor. My skin color and the stereotypes were the cause, of course.

Everyone thought it was the perfect career for me since I am Indian, and we are all apparently doctors, lawyers, or accountants. It used to bother me, but now I embrace it.

My mind was racing with thoughts about Hunter Hall; he was our Beta. He and our alpha, Carter Ward, were sent away for training four years ago, and they were coming back today.

I still remember the day before they left. Hunter came up to me with his gorgeous blue eyes and told me to wait for him. I was only fifteen at the time, but I knew I would wait for him.

After all, I was utterly in love with Hunter. He was my first kiss; I can still remember the feeling of his lips against mine.

Most wolves find their mates at eighteen, and since Hunter wasn't here when I turned eighteen and I didn't find my mate, I was convinced that Hunter was my mate.

Groaning, I rolled off my bed and walked over to my bookshelf. I had to think of something else, otherwise I would go insane. My bookshelf was overflowing with books. You could say I was a bookworm.

My fingers brushed against the covers of many books before stopping at one.

Picking it up, I sighed. It was the history of humans, werewolves, and lycans. Not a story but pure facts.

However, I knew that if I read another romantic story, my irrational thoughts would never let me rest.

I got comfortable in bed and began to read. Humans, werewolves, and lycans all lived in peace, and we have done for thousands of years now.

It was no secret that lycans ruled over us all; they were much stronger and powerful than us werewolves.

Our royal family was made entirely of lycans. I always found them to be extremely intimidating; they had this aura about them.

Skimming through the history of how we all came together for a significant battle, I found the chapter that always intrigued me.

Lycans' mates. They were considered to be so precious to lycans. It was said that if a lycan loses their mate, they can go on a rampage and kill thousands and destroy cities.

There is a special army that is trained to deal with such situations. Lycans can only have one mate. They are unable to mark and mate with someone else if their mate dies, like us werewolves can.

I always found that so fascinating. If a werewolf were to lose their mate, we had the option of finding happiness by marking and mating someone else, but lycans were not able to do that.

That's why a lycan's mate was so precious, and it also made lycans extremely loyal. As I continued reading, I came across the aging part. Lycans stop aging at twenty.

Many still celebrate their birthdays, but they technically are still twenty; they can live for hundreds of years.

Before our current king, the previous king ruled for five hundred years before handing the reins to his son. It is said that he went traveling with his mate, and no one has heard from them since.

Us werewolves also live for a long time but not as long as lycans; we just age slowly.

It also said how if a lycan's mate is a human or a werewolf, their body adjusts to become a lycan. They become stronger and more powerful and are considered to be a lycan.

That bit always freaked me out, but I knew it to be true. After all, my best friend was now a lycan.

Even though I never admitted it to her, I always felt intimidated by her. She changed, and that scared me.

Since the book wasn't new, it failed to mention our new king, Adonis Dimitri Grey. Apparently everyone called him Dimitri, and only those close enough to him were allowed to call him Adonis.

Our king was strange; he took over the throne with no mate by his side, which was unheard of. All the lycan kings before him had found their mates before becoming king.

He also hated pictures apparently; there were only three of him. One when he was born, another when his siblings were born, and the last one when he took over the throne.

I was only a child when he took over the throne; it has been ten years. No one really knows the king's real age, and I suspect that he probably doesn't tell anyone either.

A familiar ringtone started playing, and I rolled over to grab my phone, which was on charge. Seeing the name flash up on the screen, I smiled and quickly answered.

"Sophia Butler, long time no speak," I teased.

"Aarya Bedi, stop teasing me. You know I have been busy," my best friend Sophia whined.

"Have you really been busy? Or has Luke been keeping you trapped away?" I continued to tease.

Sophia laughed, "You are horrible. You know I have been busy. After all, the Lycan Ball is coming up! Aren't you excited?"

Ah yes, the Lycan Ball. The kingdom's way to ensure that all packs get to see the palace and meet the king. I hated it.

This was our pack's second time being picked to go but my first time actually going. I have always hated dances, school dances, wedding receptions. I don't know why because I love dressing up.

I have a feeling that the reason I hated the Lycan Ball, even though I had never been, was because I was intimidated by the lycans.

The first time we got picked, I was struck down by an awful case of the flu. My grandparents flew from Canada, where they live, to come look after me while the rest of my family went.

That's how my best friend met her lycan mate, Luke.

She's the one I mentioned before. Sophia met Luke at the ball four years ago, and since then, she was changed a lot.

Don't get me wrong, I was very happy when she rang and told me, even if I was puking my guts out. But a part of me knew I would lose my best friend.

After all, she was a lycan now, and they had very important roles and responsibilities. Her mate, Luke Martin, was head of the warriors, so Sophia remained busy all the time.

Since she loved organizing so much, she was in charge of organizing important events, and the Lycan Ball was the most important one Sophia would ever organize.

"Oh yes. I am so looking forward to it," I sarcastically replied.

"Well the good thing is you'll get to see me." Sophia tried cheering me up.

"That's true. We haven't seen each other in a year. Not since you came back home to see your little nephew." I sighed.

"I miss you too. I wish I could come back more often." Sophia also sighed.

"You're busy, I get it. Thank God for technology though. We can always talk even if we aren't together," I said.

"That's so true. Oh, Aarya! I just can't wait to see you! You leave tomorrow, right?" Sophia asked.

"Yep, tomorrow. Bright and early." I sighed. "Stop sighing! At least try and be a little excited," Sophia complained.

"Okay, sorry. I will try." I laughed.

"Well I have to go now. Duty calls, but I can't wait to see you tomorrow," Sophia replied.

"See you tomorrow," I said, hanging up.

It wasn't long before my mom came into my room with Zoya, carrying a bag. I knew what was in there: my dress for the ball.

"Aarya, you need to pack. You know we leave early tomorrow," Mom said, shaking her head at me.

Groaning, Zoya laughed and said, "I'll help her pack."

Mom nodded and left. Zoya dragged me out of bed and helped me pack. It was a distraction from thinking about Hunter.

Once we were done, I asked Zoya, "So, any news on when Hunter and Carter will be back?"

"Why? Impatient, are we?" Zoya chuckled.

"No, I'm just curious, that's all." I rolled my eyes.

Zoya was the only one in my pack who knew that Hunter kissed me and I loved him. Everyone else just thought I had a crush on him.

I didn't want my parents to know, and especially not my brother. He wouldn't take the news very well, but I knew I could trust Zoya.

"Well they should be here very soon. Are you nervous?" Zoya asked.

"A little. I just can't wait to see him," I admitted.

Zoya and I sat on my bed and chatted for a while. I loved the fact that I could open up to Zoya; she was basically my sister.

Sai said that he loved seeing that his sister and mate had an amazing relationship. I was just lucky Zoya was so cool! After Sophia left, I felt lonely, but Zoya was always there for me.

Before long, my werewolf hearing picked up the sound of cars coming down the path. I jumped up, my heart beating fast as nerves started to get to me.

It was finally time. I was going to see Hunter after four years.

Zoya held my hand as we walked downstairs together. Did I look ok? I ran my hands through my hair, and Zoya shook her head.

Deep breaths, Aarya, you've got this. It's okay. Luckily, our house was near the pack house, where the alpha and beta lived with their families.

Sai was waiting for us downstairs and held Zoya's hand. "Let's go and see our alpha and beta."

Zoya never let go of my hand as we walked the short distance to where the cars were already parked. My heart was beating so fast, I just wanted to see Hunter. We walked up to the cars, and my wolf was restless. Was that the sign I had been looking for? My mate was here?

My dreams were coming true. Hunter would step out of that car, and he would know we are mates. Hearing the car door open, my head snapped to the sound. First, our alpha, Carter Ward, got out. He hadn't changed a bit. Well, except he got muscular. His green eyes twinkled with mischief and happiness. Yep, the same old Carter.

He brushed some of his blond hair out of his face before hugging his parents and younger brother. I watched as he said hello to everyone before stopping at me.

I was lucky that the future alpha wanted to be my friend. Throughout school, Carter was always there for me, and I couldn't thank him enough.

I considered him to be one of my best friends, along with Sophia.

A contagious smile took over his face, and I found myself smiling also. The next thing I know, Carter has picked me up and spun me around, causing the adults to laugh.

"Aarya! Oh, how I have missed you! You've changed quite a bit. Puberty, hey?" Carter teased.

I rolled my eyes and hugged him. "It's good to see you too, Carter. You haven't changed at all. Don't worry, sometimes people are late bloomers," I joked, earning a laugh from Carter's parents.

Carter smiled and hugged me again. "I really did miss you, Smiley."

"I missed you too," grinning at Carter's nickname for me, which he hadn't forgotten.

Hearing the car door open, I glanced over Carter's shoulders to see a familiar body get out of the car. His back was facing me, so he didn't know I was standing behind him.

I wanted to see his blue eyes full of love and adoration for me.

Carter moved out of the way and stood by my side, which I thought was a little weird. Surely he should have continued saying hello to everyone?

Maybe he wanted to see the moment Hunter and I acknowledged each other as mates. Yes, that must be it.

My wolf continued to pace, fueling my thoughts that Hunter was indeed my mate. I watched as his light brown hair blew in the wind. His back was still turned to me; I just wanted him to turn around.

What was he waiting for?

Just as I thought he was about to turn around, and that magical moment I had dreamed about would happen, Hunter turned back to the car and held his hand out.

My heart stopped as I saw a manicured hand reach for Hunter's. The smile fell off my face and was replaced with a look of betrayal.

