FANTASY NOVEL

PRIMORDIAL

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which you will feel as though you are a part of.

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PROLOGUE

Primordial werewolves are the first existing, strongest and most powerful werewolves in existence. They first came into existence in the beginning of 5 000 BC. There are seven of them in total - three females, four males and only one is found in a continent.

They existed along with primordial vampires and no, they didn't get along. They were natural enemies still. How they were created is currently unknown.

At the beginning of time, werewolves and humans lived in peace, harmony and tranquility but as time went on, the werewolves got angry and took over.

It was a monarchy with their Alpha King.

Over time, humans were not happy with the way they were treated. They were treated like the slaves that they were.

A couple of hundred years later, they discovered Wolfsbane, the werewolves' weakness and so they were driven into hiding for quite some time.

The humans were happy yes but their happiness didn't last because the werewolves returned with more powers and new leaders.

They returned with aggressive, extremely powerful, very strong and intelligent Primordial werewolves - their Alpha leaders. Not only were they vengeful and cruel but they managed to take over the world again and rule, making humans their slaves.

The humans tried to kill the Primordial werewolf but they were the ones who died as Wolfsbane did not work on the Primordials.

Primordials have extremely enhanced
keen senses of hearing, sight, smell and taste. They had superhuman speed, endurance, strength, agility and healing factor which allows them to heal faster than you can say Primordial.

They are immortal, they are telepaths, they can detect fibs and their anger increases all their powers. Their terrifying alpha voice makes them appear even more powerful.

In human form, they look indistinguishable from humans and in wolf form they have the usual appearance of a timber wolf but much much larger, even more larger than normal werewolves. In wolf form, they are taller than the average human male. They grow stronger in time; their muscular physique is much more defined and muscle mass is increased.
Nonetheless let's get to my favorite part, narrating the story of our very own Primordial werewolf, Zane McKnight.

1

"Leave my room." He ordered. The maid hurried out of his bed, picked up her clothes and rushed out of his bedroom.

Why didn't he allow her to dress up? No one ever knows. He always did this with every girl he had sex with. It was no secret that he slept with the maids and he wasn't ashamed.

As for the girls, having sex with the Alpha King was nothing but a pleasure to them, after all they were slaves. Any type of slaves the Alpha wanted them to be.

To everyone else, they were just maids who worked at the castle but to the King, they were his sex slaves, his domestic workers, his stress relievers and his punching bags.

You think he was abusive? Well, it was no secret that Zane McKnight was cruel and merciless and thats just how he was made to be along with his other six siblings who all lived in six other different continents.

With his power, Zane alone managed to govern not only all the werewolves in the continent but all the humans as well. His siblings as well managed to do the same.

Everyone cringed at the surname McKnight because it carried a lot of fear and blood to it. They were werewolves, powerful ones as well, what did you think would happen?

Those who were against the Alpha King were decapitated by the Alpha King himself and that was used as an example to every human.

Their bodies were hung in public with their hands tied to their heads for everyone to see what would happen if they were to cross the Alpha King.

Zane, made sure to kill all the werewolf Alpha's that were against him so he could take over their packs and rule them. If he managed to do that on his own, a human was merely nothing to him.

He was good, he was great but people portrayed him and his siblings as sinister and baneful, full of anger and cruelty. Well, that's exactly what they were and quite frankly, they didn't care.

They never cared because they don't know what love is and they can't love so then why not loathe? Why not exchange girls like your underwear? Why not kill for fun?

Zane got up from his bed and made his way to the shower to take a quick one. He had a meeting with his siblings about bringing in new slaves and how they'd trade them.

The slaves earned them wealth and status. All the werewolves in the world looked up to them.

They didn't care if you were young or old, as long as you were alive, you'd work your ass off and earn nothing to keep yourself alive. You just get to be alive and be grateful for it.

They didn't necessarily earn nothing, it was just never enough. Every household had to own their own farms with crops and cattle otherwise, you could barely survive with the salary.

They instead used the money to buy themselves clothes so they could look presentable to the Alpha King. Not that he noticed, he was way too selfish to care about their wellbeing even.

He stepped under the shower taps and turned them on then grabbed a shower sponge and shower gel then washed away his sins for the day.

Zane loved sex, lots of it and it was a shame because he was always disappointed. With all the different girls he had sex with, he was never really that satisfied.

No girl was able to please both him and his wolf, maybe that's why he always kicked them out nude, furious and without a care in the world.

He was kicky and he hit it rough and hardcore but it did no justice for him. While the girls enjoy the intercourse
Advertisement

he doesn't. No one knows about this but if they were to know, no one would comprehend.

When he was all cleaned up and dressed up like the King that he was, he looked sexy, respectable, dominant but all the girls preferred him naked.

No girl would deny the fact that he looked way better when he was naked but that was only because they got to see his chiseled muscles, defined abs, hard body and his gigantic manhood.

Zane was handsome but he found no girl beautiful to his approval.

They were all just fine to him. They appeared to be nothing but useless and pathetic slaves to him.

Werewolves on the other hand were no better than humans at all. The girls liked throwing themselves at him and he was no way pleased with their cheap tactics.

They were much stronger than humans, yes and were almost the same as he was but they were merely that exciting.

Outside his room awaited his beta, Saige. Saige was a lycan werewolf. He was more powerful than a regular werewolf but he was no where near a primordial werewolf.

Saige was not only Zane's beta but he was also Zane's one and only friend. You're probably thinking, how does a cruel man like him have a friend at all? Zane was not that bad and Saige was the only one other than his siblings who understood his true nature.

Zane was also impressed by how Saige appeared and carried himself. Just like him, he was smart and heartless but like everyone else, he was still terrified of Zane.

Primordial werewolves are known for decapitating and eating hearts so Saige would never cross Zane, not even if he were to kill anyone close to him.

"Let's get going." Zane ordered and Saige only nodded before walking off with Zane behind him. The car was waiting in front of the door for Zane and his beta so it could take them to the airport.

Well, he could shift to his wolf and run but he was going to a paramount meeting and had to look professional. Long flights and drives bored him to death but his dignity and self respect were more important.

Even if he was going to meet his siblings, his pride and ego got the better of him. What would they think of him if he were to pitch up dirty and tired in an important meeting?

Well, thats how the McKnights are, all of them. Their parents were like that too and I believe they would've still been like that if they were alive.

But then, they both died a tragic death in each other's arms screaming each other's names. Maybe thats what contributed to their abnormal anger and cruelty, losing their parents in the most cruel way possible.

Their parents were lycan werewolves but their children were the first and only Primordial werewolves. However that was possible, no one knows and it will remain unsaid until facts are gathered which I doubt is possible.

Nonetheless, arriving at the airport, Zane was already bored and tired of the drive, his wolf as well. It appeared he would be bored to the core in his private jet unless he got the rest he needed to get.

He didn't sleep all night. Its not because his guilty conscious was starting to get to him but it was because he was trying to figure out what was wrong with him.

He had had sex with a myriad of different girls but he was never satisfied, at least not to his approval while he wondered how he could make girls scream their lungs out.

Maybe the goddess of the moon was punishing him through the one thing he loves, sex. Maybe he was to never enjoy sex

unless he changed his ways. Maybe he was having too much sex it started messing him up or maybe he was having it with the wrong person.

Well, he couldn't possibly be punished for that was his true nature. That's how he was made to be and he'll die that way should he happen to die cause he was immortal and no one but he knew what would kill him.

He couldn't possibly be having too much sex, he didn't believe in having too much sex. That was not a thing to him and it never will be.

As soon as the jet took off, he took a mask and covered his eyes as he drifted off to sleep along with his wolf. This was going to be a long flight and he needed all the rest he could get.

2

"Well, I certainly need more slaves." Said , the fifth one of the Primordial siblings. "I too need new slaves, female slaves to be specific." Zane said and his older brother, Felix chuckled.

"You're still sleeping with different girls?" Felix asked. He thought by now Zane would've found one sex slave who pleased and satisfied him since all six of them have.

"Well, finding the one to satisfy me is cumbersome." Zane agitated. "Or maybe you're digging too much into it. Sex is meant to be enjoyed little bro." Felix said and Zane decided to ignore him.

"Well, there are girls I've been wanting to trade, all over twenty one but one. She's nineteen and she's an adorable innocent cutie." Roselie suggested. Rosalie was the sixth one within the siblings and she, unlike her siblings was a sweetie.

She was often kind but when angry, you wouldn't even point her out. The McKights were beautiful and that was no doubt. Their pale and flawless skin did justice to them.

They all had full and juicy lips with brown hair and beautiful aquamarine eyes. The males had detailed faces with sharp jaws and thick brows. They were tall with broad shoulders and appetizing physiques.

The females had beautiful bubble bodies with full breasts. They were not as tall as their brothers but they were definitely McKnights.

"Everyone is adorable to you, Rosalie." Commented Tatiana, the last one of them. She was the less talkative one who only spew out what was on her mind and was definitely a badass.

"Well, anyone to trade with?" Rosalie queried, ignoring Tatiana's negativity. Zane nodded, adding to his statement that he'll trade the girls for guys from his continent and that was the end of his deal.

They all agreed on a date for the trade and ended the meeting so they could have lunch. All seven of them looked alike regardless of their gender. You can barely tell the males and the females apart.

They were free spirited with each other and enjoyed each other's company. Nonetheless, Zane couldn't wait for the new slaves to arrive. He was sure that he'd have sex with all of them so he could finally find the one who satisfy his needs.

After all, he was the only one left meaning if he didn't find satisfaction then the problem would lie with him.

Falling in love was not a thing to Primordials but having sex was the way.

In no time, the day ended and again he was in his private jet with his beta

Saige. They couldn't possibly stay over there otherwise his Kingdom would be in shambles by the time he returned.

He had way too many enemies including primordial vampires. They were said to be each other's equivalent but the Primordial werewolves appeared much more powerful to me.

They didn't even need to put in much effort in killing the vampires. All they had to do was to decapitate them or bite their heads off and burn them to dust. They were indestructible.

It was only the next day when they arrived at the castle. He was tired but he wanted to have sex and more sex. He sent his beta to find him a girl of which he returned with.

She was a cute little blondie and was a virgin too, lucky for him. Finding virgins was hard for Zane or was it because he broke almost every girl's virginity?

He had sex with the girl and it was no better than everyone else. Again, he was disappointed but because she was a virgin, he allowed her to stay until sunrise.

See? He wasn't that bad.

Well, he couldn't sleep so he stuffed himself with work and more work just so he could escape his reality. He thought he had a problem and that only saddened him.

No, it wasn't a disease. Primordials were not prone to diseases and illnesses.

He couldn't fathom how he was the problem because girls praised him during and after the deed.

A knock on the door dragged him out of his thoughts. "Come in!" He shouted and the door instantly opened and in came the girl he once fucked. Which girl hasn't he fucked?

"Your breakfast, sire." She said softly after bowing to him. She placed the tray filled with food on his desk and awaited instructions from him.

"Leave." He commanded and she wasted no time to. Zane was scary so everyone was afraid of him. I don't know if they respected him but they did obey him.

He glared at his breakfast before getting up and taking in the smell of the food. It smelt odd. It smelt strong and unpleasant. It smelt like poison.

Who dared try to end his life? The maid? The chef? Who? Who poisoned his food? Who had the nerve to try and kill Zane, the

Alpha King and a Primordial werewolf with a keen sense of smell.

He placed the plate on the tray then grabbed his telephone and called Saige. "Zane, how are you?" Saige asked as soon as he answered. He knew Zane never shared his feelings with anyone yet he dared ask him how he felt like he always did.

"Summon all the kitchen staff, valets and maids to the throne room." He ordered then hung up without waiting for Saige's response.

While Zane headed to his bedroom to change into a more presentable outfit, Saige made sure to summon all the kitchen staff and maids to the throne room in no less than a minute.

By the time Zane arrived at the throne room everyone was already there. They all bowed down before him as he settled on his throne and scanned all of them.

"I enjoyed today's breakfast." He announced and they were all shook at his announcement because they thought they were summoned for an important announcement. Or were they just good at pretending?

He mind linked Saige to fetch his breakfast from his study and he returned within a minute using his super speed.

"I would like to share it with everyone in this room." Zane said as he continued to scrutinize them. "Saige, make sure they all get a piece of this scrumptious food." He ordered then got up from his chair.

Saige made his way to the staff and each of them grabbed a piece of the food and awaited Zane's command to eat.

He made his way to them and stood in front of them. "This food is poisoned. If you eat any of this food, you'll die a slow and painful death." He announced and everyone gasped and some started crying as they were not ready to lose their lives.

"Someone poisoned this meal with a motive to end my life. I suggest you just show yourself and I might show you mercy." He said. None of them revealed themselves.

Zane was starting to get frustrated. "Well now it seems like everyone is dying this morning and whoever poisoned me must know that their plan failed and they killed innocent people." He said. "Now eat!" He commanded.

They were all hesitant on eating but even if innocent people died, he wouldn't care at all. He was that cruel and heartless. His eyes landed on the maid who served him the breakfast. She was more nervous than everybody else.

"Stop!" He commanded yet again and to say they were relived would be an understatement. He made his way to the maid and looked into her eyes.

"Did you poison my food?" He asked and she shook her head. He knew she was lying. He was a primordial werewolf, he could detect lies. No one would dare lie to him.

He wrapped his arm around her neck, strangling her. "You made the biggest mistake of your life." He whispered in her ear before throwing her to the front.

He took the plate from Saige and collected the bits and pieces from the staff and handed the plate to the maid so she could eat it in front of everyone.

He wanted them to see what would happen if they dared try to outsmart him.

When she was halfway through eating the food, crying, Zane pulled her by her hair. His fangs surfaced before he bit her neck and separated her head from his body and throwing them across the room.

Everyone started crying and praying to the god who failed them to protect them.

Zane pulled out his handkerchief from his blazer and wiped the crimson liquid off his lips and threw it on top of her body. "Go and hang her body for everyone to see." He said to Saige.

He then turned to everyone. "Get back to work." He ordered then left the room.

3

A week had passed and the new female slaves had just been dropped off. There were ten of them. They all looked utterly fine but one.

She was scared and tiny compared to the rest of the girls. She was short and thin with longer brown hair and big ocean blue eyes. She had her lips curled as she was trying to look like she had everything under control.

"Sire would like to see you all in the throne room." The butler announced then led all the girls to the throne room. They all trembled in fear as they set their eyes on Zane McKnight.

He looked even more intimidating in that royal suit and crown. That chair made him look more powerful than he already was. He also looked handsome but he would look even better with a smile - that was the tiny girl's thoughts.

The Alpha King ascended from his chair and stood infront of them. They all bowed but the tiny girl. Not knowing what to do, she amitated the rest of the girls.

Zane was shocked to see her. Was that the girl Rosalie was talking about? The adorable and cute one? She was right, she looked like a baby to Zane but then she had some woman qualities in her and she came out beautiful.

He asked them for their names, all of them but he skipped the tiny girl. She felt bad because she thought the Alpha King did not think of her to be fit for the castle and that he'd sell her to rich people to use her as a sex slave.

You did not need to be beautiful to be a sex slave, that's what she believed.

He addressed them on their residential area which were dormitories right behind the castle and their work. Once he was done announcing, he told them all to leave his presence and they left along with their bags.

The tiny girl was confused. If he did not like her, why did he not excuse her before making the announcements?

She caressed her arm as she made her way out the door only to be stopped by Saige. Zane had already mind linked him to stop her from leaving and to bring her to him.

Saige carried her over his shoulder and made his way to the King. He put her down and stood next to Zane. To say she was nervous would be an understatement.

She didn't know what to do with herself, she didn't ask to be born like this and sadly, she didn't know her parents. "What is your name?" Zane asked, his voice terrifying her.

"A-Azandra." She said softly. Both Zane and Saige were shocked at how soft her voice was. It fit her tiny self perfectly. She was no dwarf but she most certainly was not as tall as all the girls around the castle let alone the Primordial werewolf.

"Beautiful name..." He complimented. He was shocked yet again to see her cheeks turn red and puffy, like she was on the verge of bursting with laughter. He swore his heart melted at the sight of that.

"You will be taking care of me." He announced and she was appalled to hear that. "I eat my breakfast at eight, brunch at eleven, lunch at one and supper at five. You will clean my room and office when I'm not there and I do not want to see a single speck of dust anywhere, am I clear?" He asked and she nodded vigorously.

"You may leave." He said. She bowed before rushing out, not forgetting to pick up her bag which fell when Saige carried her. Zane rose from his chair and turned to Saige. "She's so tiny." Saige said as if trying to figure her out.

"Keep a close eye on her." Zane said. "What for?" Saige asked. "She looks innocent, anyone might try to bully her or something." He said. Saige chuckled.

"Why do you care man?" Saige asked playfully, only to earn a growl from him. That made Saige aghast, she must mean quite a lot to him for the special treatment.

"If she gets hurt, I'll decapitate you." Zane warned before leaving the throne room

leaving Saige taken aback. Without thinking further, he left the throne room to find the tiny girl.

There she was, registering herself. She knew nothing and no one, she didn't even know herself. The only thing she knew was her name, age and birthday.

Saige watched as she signed the register, took keys to her room as well as her uniform. Saige found her adorable as well. He had never seen anyone like that before.

'Zane must've fallen for her, that's why he wants me to look after her.' Saige thought.

Once the girl made her way to her dormitories, Saige followed her. He watched from a corner as she unlocked the door to her room and got inside. Saige then followed her inside before she could lock using his super human speed.

The girl was taken aback by how rude he was. Why didn't he knock? "You must be..." Saige trailed off after noticing he had already forgotten her name. "Azandra." The tiny girl chimed in. What a beautiful name indeed.

"I'm Saige and I'm the King's beta." Saige introduced himself and Azandra nodded but she wondered why the King's beta was in her room.

"Am I going to be your sex slave?" She asked suddenly, shocking Saige. Why would she just ask about being a sex slave? "No, is that what you were before?" Saige asked and she shook her head.

"No. Its just that it terrifies me. Women scream so loud during sex and I'm scared to have it if its painful." She said softly. That dumbfounded Saige.

She knew nothing about sex at all. She must be a virgin. Saige knew Zane would want to sleep with her and unfortunately there was nothing he could do. He was irking to tell Azandra that she might be Zane's sex slave but he couldn't bring himself to.

"Look Azandra, I'll be keeping a close eye on you. If anyone bothers you, tell me. If there's anything you want to know, you can ask me." Saige said.

Azandra nodded then her eyes shifted off to the time. "Thank you..." She trailed off at the realization of forgetting his name. "Its Saige." He said. She nodded. "I'll see you tomorrow morning, don't be late." Saige said before leaving the room.

Azandra made sure to lock the door and set a reminder for six ante meridiem so she wouldn't be late.

It was just five o'clock in the evening and she wanted to use the remaining time to soak herself in a bath to help her relax then get some rest so she could be ready and energized for the following morning.

All her life Azandra was alone. She had been traded six times already to different countries to work for different people and she was sold for high prices.

How is she still a virgin? She was bought by females. Rich females who worked well with Rosalie as Rosalie liked her. She only sold her because Zane offered her a lot of money.

She didn't want to trade her but Zane insisted because he was eager to see the tiny adorable female.

After her relaxing bath, she went through the clothes that were on the wardrobe and found herself a baggy shirt to sleep in.

Not caring who the clothes belonged to, she put on the tee along with her undergarments then unpacked her clothes. By the time she was done, dinner was sent to her. She ate then went to sleep.

The bed she slept in was fairly comfortable compared to the other beds she once slept in. The room was not big at all but it fit her perfectly.

It had a bathroom with a basin, toilet and bathtub with warm water. Her closet wasn't big either and her bed had a lot of space considering she was tiny.

Remember, she's not a dwarf.

Azandra had problems with adjusting so she knew she was going to have a long and sleepless weak or a month even. It took time for her to acclimatize to new places and with her fearing Zane, it was going to be a lot harder.

4

Another week had passed yet again and Zane was at it again. He was quite taken by the new tiny girl with long brown hair, Azandra. He didn't fathom why he was so fascinated by her but he just couldn't help it.

He was also impressed by her. She was never late, in fact she was always early. Her cleaning skills were impressive but she never uttered a word to him unless it was necessary and she was spoken to which was never.

Zane hadn't spoken to Azandra since she started working and she was perfectly fine with not hearing his intimidating voice.

She made sure to clean only when he wasn't around and she cleaned to perfection. Once she was done with her work, she always retired to her room which was always neat and clean.

Zane didn't allow her to do anymore work than the work he gave her. He had been keeping a close eye on her along with Saige and they could both tell she wasn't getting enough rest.

She looked even more adorable when she was fatigued. She amused Zane when she yawned which Saige found quite strange for Zane to have so much interest on a human female.

Zane looked at his reflection in the water before him. He had shifted to his wolf, Amory. Amory was a Canis lupus, a humongous black wolf.

Zane shifted to his wolf so he could run faster in the forest as he thought things through. He needed to be alone with his wolf so he could decide on what to do.

He still hadn't found the right sex slave and he had already had sex with all of the new girls but Azandra. He couldn't bring himself to have sex with her. He didn't want to hurt her.

Zane was kinky and rough. He liked tying girls up and hitting them during sex. He'd even strangle some of them or have anal sex with them but he didn't want to do that to Azandra.

He didn't understand why he was feeling like that towards Azandra. She looked innocent yes but he was Zane McKnight, a primordial werewolf and he was cruel and merciless. He didn't care about anything or anyone but there he was, protecting Azandra.

One other thing he couldn't understand was why he couldn't stop thinking about her. Zane would never neglect his work to creep around and stalk a mere human being but he did that with Azandra.

He'd make sure she ate well and every midnight he'd sneak into her bedroom and watch her sleep. If that's not creepy then I don't know what's creepy in this world.

Zane ran back to the castle because the running that was supposed to help clear his mind made matters worse. He shifted back to his humanoid and put on some clothes.

He sat in his office trying to understand what exactly was happening to him. Why the sudden care, interest and the need to protect Azandra?

'You should have sex with her and stop stressing about useless things.' Amory said to Zane.

'I don't want to hurt her, didn't you see how tiny she is?' Zane asked his wolf.

'Why do you care if she's tiny?' Amory asked and Zane had no response. Nonetheless, Amory also cared but he was trying to convince Zane not to care.

Azandra was changing him without even trying. The girl who he barely talked to was changing him without even knowing.

'Just have sex with her then maybe you'll get to understand why you're so obsessed with her.' Amory suggested.

It was yet again another night when Zane fussed over Azandra. He made sure to send Saige to Azandra's room with a plate full of food. He ordered Saige ensure that she finished the food.

Zane thought the reason she was so thin was because she didn't eat well or didn't eat at all so he wanted to feed her until he could see some change because the goddess of the moon knows why.

And at midnight
he snuck into her room as usual. He carried her into his arms from the couch she fell asleep on and placed her on her bed then covered her with a warm blanket.

She looked beautiful and sexy in only that baggy t-shirt she had on. If he wanted to, he could've had sex with her but he didn't want to do that to her. He felt he had to ask permission to have sex with her.

What happened to Zane? Not so long ago he was decapitating people without a care in the world but now...

He crouched next to her bed then caressed her cheek with his thumb while admiring her beauty. He removed the strands of hair that were covering her face and tugged them behind her ear.

His mind was made up, he was going to have sex with the girl no later than later on in the day. He had a good feeling about it, he could feel it in his blood.

It was yet again the following morning. It was exactly eight ante meridiem when there was a knock on the door. Azandra entered with a tray of food for Zane and Saige.

He placed the tray on top of Zane's desk then bowed. "Morning sire." She greeted and Zane only nodded curtly. He enjoyed hearing her talk, her voice was like music to his ears.

Like always, she poured Zane and Saige their coffee and added sugar to it. She was always careful not to create a mess. Once she was done, she excused herself from his office then finished off with her work.

"How is she?" Zane asked Saige as soon as he sat down on the chair opposite him. "She's fine, she's cleaning your room." Saige responded.

"Any reason why she doesn't get any sleep?" Zane asked and Saige shrugged. He would've asked her if he was allowed to talk to and converse with her but Zane didn't want him or any other male talking to her, be it werewolf or human.

"She's still struggling to sleep at night. She only falls asleep before midnight." Saige said. Zane nodded then excused himself from his study.

He went to his room and found Azandra cleaning it. To say she was terrified of him would be an understatement. She was not done with the cleaning when Zane arrived and so she was scared.

Zane could tell she was scared, the look on her face said it all. She bowed down to him. "My apologies sire, I didn't know you'd come to your room by this time of day." She said softly.

"Its okay, take a seat." He said pointing at the bed. She placed her cleaning equipment down then perched up on the corner of Zane's huge bed.

He was really going ahead with his plan or was it his wolf that took over?

5

He never cared at all and he didn't know what he was feeling. He didn't know how to define the alien feeling he got whenever he'd see or think about her.

He had never felt this way before and so he was flabbergasted. He couldn't digest all of that. "Am I your sex slave?" She queried looking terribly scared because of him.

He crouched next to her and took her hands into his hold only to earn a feeling of tingles. He thought it was just in his head just like everything else little did he know she also felt the tingles. "No Azandra, you're not my sex slave." He said as soft as he could.

She gulped down her saliva. She didn't believe him. Why else would he invite her to his bed chamber? "Well, I just want to try something first before I can label you as my sex slave." He said.

She was now more terrified. She wasn't ready to have sex but then again, who dares go against the Alpha King?

Zane gave her a glare then scanned her. She looked so innocent and terrified. Well, she was beautiful and cute, just like what Rosalie said and he was hoping he could be able to satisfy her and not the other way around.

"Are you a virgin?" He asked and she shyly nodded. Her cheeks heated up and she was on the verge of bursting with humiliation. She didn't know what Zane would think yet she was flushed.

Well Zane thought she was cute and irresistible. She was a tiny and short brunette with long hair and beautiful ocean eyes. She had small strawberry lips and the most beautiful smile Zane has ever seen a woman wear.

"How old are you?" He asked out of curiosity. He never cared about your age as long as you were over sixteen. "I'm nineteen." She said softly, again her cheeks heating up.

Zane found himself smiling. She was amusing him, too adorable to watch. He let out a chuckle and rose from the floor then settled next to her.

"You're beautiful, Azandra." He complimented her. While she blushed so hard, he couldn't hold himself so he just wrapped his hard arm around her waist and pulled her closer.

She was nervous. She didn't comprehend what was going on while Zane was fascinated and horny. He had a good feeling about this one and he was sure about making her his sex slave.

Her cupped her one cheek then pulled her in for a kiss. He was sure that this was her first kiss which made him want to ensure that she enjoys it.

In a swift and without breaking the kiss, he scooped her in his arms and walked to his side of the bed.

He gently placed her on the bed before hovering over her. He broke the kiss when he took his T-shirt off and looked into her innocent eyes. "Are we going to have sex?" She asked then immediately covered her mouth.

She was sure she had offended Zane and so she was to be punished. She shut her eyes and grit her teeth as she awaited to be punished only to earn a chuckle from Zane.

She slowly opened her eyes and they met with Zane. She then felt weird, like something was happening inside her belly. She felt as though her intestines were tangling up and her stomach doing back flips.

She trembled lightly as she felt shivers going down her spine then immediately looked away. Fear washed over her as he hovered over her, caging her head between his hard giant arms.

She felt tinier than she already was and looked. Zane was right, she was tiny. She would definitely look like his daughter but then this is Zane, he didn't give a flying cucumber.

One thing was for sure, Zane had never kissed any of the girls he's had sex with yet he felt he needed to do it again with

Azandra as he captured her lips with his again and gently sucked on them.

It was passionate and it left Azandra confused. She heard from the other maids that he's never kissed them and he's always rough with them then he'd order them to leave as soon as they're done.

Zane was enjoying himself while Azandra didn't know what to do with herself.

Feeling sudden cold breeze hitting her skin
she knew that Zane had gotten rid of her dress and was now left with her undergarments.

He felt sorry for her but he wasn't going to let her go. He came first and he didn't care so why let her go?

He took her hands and wrapped them around his neck. She was clueless but he was ready to teach her the rules of sex. He snuck his hands to her back so he could unhook the hooks of her brassiere of which he then threw across the room.

He broke the kiss then stared at her beautiful full breasts. Her nipples were hard and that brought a smile upon his visage. He took her legs and placed them on his shoulders then reached for her knickers and slowly took them off.

He threw them to the side then quickly got rid of the rest of his clothes. Azandra was flushed. She had her eyes shut because she didn't want to see the look on his face as he scanned her body.

"Azandra, look at me." He ordered, his voice terrifying her once again. She hesitantly did as he pleased then locked eyes with him.

He grabbed his extremely hard shaft and gently brushed it on her surprisingly wet entrance. He was happy to know he made her wet.

Rubbing his head on her warm and wet entrance felt great, he wondered how it would feel inside. Once again, he hovered over her and pulled her in for a kiss to soften her up once he inserted his shaft.

She broke the kiss and flinched in pain as he tried to insert his gigantic shaft inside of her. "Sshh, calm down. I'm not going to hurt you." He whispered in her ear then pecked her cheek.

He nibbled on her earlobe and sucked on her neck as he shoved the rest of his cock inside of her. She grabbed on the sheets as she took it all in - the pain and the cock.

If she saw how big it was, she would've ran out of the room. "Are you okay little pumpkin?" He asked and she nodded vigorously even though she had tears streaming down her eyes.

She was too weak for that kind of pain. Well, at least thats what she thought. Zane was proud of her for some reason.

He pecked her tears then looked into her eyes as he removed the strands of hair that were on her forehead and hung them behind her ear.

He slowly started to move and the reaction on her face gave it off that she was still in pain but soon enough, she was going to enjoy it all and she'll come back for more.

However, with the slow and small thrusts he was making, it felt great. She was warm and tight. He had a feeling that it was going to be great.

He kissed her as he increased the pace. She slowly started to moan in Zane's ear and started wrapping herself around him. She didn't understand it but she definitely liked and enjoyed the feeling of it.

As well as Zane. He was enjoying himself as well as the sound of her moans in his ear. They turned him on. He was completely lost in his world of pleasure as he started increasing the pace at which he thrusted.

With that, her moans also increased and soon enough, she arched her back and curled her toes before trembling beneath

him which left him rushing to his orgasm of which he got in no time.

He gripped on her and growled as he spew his semen inside of her. Once done, he kissed her as he was taking his shaft out of her.

Azandra was drained. She was tired and sweaty from just one round. She quickly opened her eyes as she reminded herself not to make herself comfortable in the Alpha King's incredibly comfortable bed.

He threw himself next to her and tried to catch his breath. She jolted up and got off his bed. "Where are you going?" Zane asked, taking her by surprise.

"I-I didn't finish my work." She lied and Zane knew it because he was a primordial, he could detect lies. Well, she wasn't done with her work but the real reason behind her wanting to leave was that she didn't want to leave the room naked with everyone looking at her.

Zane took her hand and pulled her to the bed. "Lie down with me." He ordered. She was shocked but she obeyed as she laid down next to him. He wrapped his arms around her waist and rested his head on her back before drifting off to comfortable sleep.

6

Azandra fell asleep. Zane awakened before her. He finally slept well after such a long time even though he only slept for a short period of time.

Azandra's light snores filled the room. She was deep in her sleep. Zane pecked her back as happiness erupted inside of him. He was happy that he finally found the one to satisfy him but labeling her as a sex slave felt and sounded wrong.

He realized then that he cared deeply for her which is something he didn't know existed within him.

That was new to him but he liked it. He caressed her arm before pecking it. "I won't allow anyone to hurt you, I promise." He whispered in her ear. That was the first time he had made such a sweet promise to anyone.

He usually promised to do bad things and indeed he kept his promises but to make such to a female human was a new one. Azandra was glad to hear that. Yes, she was awake and Zane could feel it for some unknown reason.

"Hey little pumpkin." He whispered in her ear. She sat up straight then looked down, awaiting the Alpha King to chase her out nude for everyone to see. She looked sad to Zane and he didn't want to see her like that.

"Are you okay?" He asked and she nodded. Zane knew she was lying, she couldn't even look at him. "What's wrong?" He asked, tilting her head with his finger so she could look at him.

"Are you not going to chase me out?" She queried, her soft voice filling his ears. However, her question brought his spirit down. That meant she knew that he had sex with different girls and he chased them out soon after.

But why did he care what she knew?

"Are you hungry?" He asked and she shook her head, still lying. She was ravenous but didn't want to give that away to the Alpha King.

Other than that, she was used to going for days without food so it didn't really matter to her. "You know you can't lie to me, right?" He asked, raising his voice.

She shrunk then nodded vigorously, her tears on the verge of streaming out. Azandra was shouted at every single day but thats one thing she couldn't get used to.

Zane sighed then turned to his nightstand and reached for the telephone and called the kitchen. He ordered them to double his brunch then send it over to his room.

Azandra quickly wiped her tears so that Zane wouldn't see them. Not only was she crying because the Alpha King shouted

at him but she knew Zane was either going to turn her into a sex slave or like the other girls, he was going to throw her out of the room naked for everyone to see.

If anything, Azandra was not used to showing her body, you could tell from the clothes she wore. They were all loose and long. She only showed her hands and head.

She has also never been naked in front of anyone in that manner, be it a man or a woman.

She had herself covered with the duvet and she hugged her knees to her chest. Zane could tell just by looking at her that she was crying. "Are you going to chase me out naked?" She asked.

He shook his head vigorously. "You did that to everybody else." She said. He sighed out loud then moved closer to her. Zane didn't know how to comfort and he was no good with sweet word's either. But he tried.

"You're not everyone else
Azandra." He said. "Am I your sex slave now?" She asked. Even though the sex was not what she anticipated, she still didn't feel comfortable having it with Zane.

It was painful at first and she ended up enjoying it but she felt terrible after it. Its as if a part of her was taken along with her virginity.

"No, no you're not my sex slave." Zane said. He knew he wanted to have sex with her again and again and again but he also wanted to do more than just to have sex with her.

"I didn't finish up my work." She said. Zane frowned at that. He didn't want her cleaning or doing any work for that matter. "We're going to have brunch together." He said.

"I'm not hungry, sire." She lied. Zane did not like it when she addressed him as sire. He was a king, yes but he didn't want Azandra calling him that. "You didn't eat your breakfast so we'll have brunch together and that's final." He said, his voice louder than before.

She had no choice but to agree. A knock on the door came through. Zane got off the bed and put on his sweatpants and headed to attend to the door. His brunch was ready and delivered.

He took the tray of food and put it on his nightstand. He saw that Azandra was uncomfortable with being naked so he handed her his T-shirt to wear.

Zane sat on the bed and placed Azandra on his laps then fed her to his satisfaction. After they both finished eating, he

carried her to the bathroom and left her to take a bath while he retired to his office and summoned Saige there.

"I was wondering where you two disappeared to. I just didn't think you'd have sex with her so soon." Said Saige.

"Well I did and I enjoyed myself. She's not going anywhere." Zane said. "What do you mean she's not going anywhere?" Saige asked.

"I want her here at the castle, close to me so I can take care of her and protect her." Zane said busying himself with his work. His response shocked Saige. Zane has never taken care of anyone before, in what ways would he take care of Azandra?

"Why do you care so much about Azandra?" Saige asked. "I don't know and even if I did, I don't answer to you." Zane responded.

Saige sat down and folded his arms. "As your friend, would you tell me?" Saige asked. Zane threw his head back then sighed out loud. He had been thinking but he kept on brushing his thoughts off.

She couldn't possibly be his mate, Primordials were not capable of loving nor caring... Yet he surprisingly cared for Azandra and he even went as far as promising to protect her.

"Are you going to make her your sex slave?" Saige asked and Zane shook his head. He was going to have sex with her repeatedly in fact he wanted to bury his shaft between her warm thighs that instant but he didn't want to label her as that.

"That's good because she appears to be scared of being that." Saige said, grabbing Zane's full attention. Azandra had been asking the both of them if she were their sex slaves and that had Zane worried.

"Do you think she was violated?" Zane asked and Saige shrugged. "She was only traded to rich females and she's a virgin or at least she was." Saige said.

"She said she was scared because women scream out loud when they have sex. She thought that was because they were in pain." Saige added.

"That couldn't be the reason." Zane said. Saige looked at Zane for quite some time. "Did you tie her up? Strangle her or hit her?" He asked and Zane shook his head.

Instead he was super gentle with her, he didn't even know he was capable of doing that. But one thing that grabbed his attention was that... "She seemed uncomfortable after sex. She literally wrapped herself in the duvet. And now that we think of it, she's always wearing long and loose clothes." Zane said.

"Maybe I should talk to her, in fact I'm going to check on her." Zane said getting up and used his super human speed to get to his room.

Saige was left speechless yet again. Zane was changing slowly but surely. Maybe he loved Azandra, thats why he acted that way. But then again, Zane is heartless he couldn't possibly fall in love.

If that was the case then she would be his weakness and his enemies would find a way to bring him down. This needed to be a secret otherwise it would attract too much attention.

Azandra was done with her bath. She was done with everything but she wasn't in Zane's bedroom which had him startled. Her scent was all over the room but she was gone, along with her clothes and his T-shirt.

He banged on the wall before rushing off to the dorms to her room. There she was. She was putting her uniform on which made Zane upset. He didn't want her working whilst he could take care of her.

She on the other hand was nervous. What was Zane doing in her room? Was he looking for his T-shirt perhaps? She gulped down her saliva before she reached for it on top of her bed then handed it to Zane.

He snatched it from her hold then threw it down in anger, startling her yet again. "Why did you leave without my permission?" Zane asked, his Alpha voice scaring Azandra.

"Answer me!" He shouted. Azandra was beyond terrified. She was shaken and confused. Why was he shouting at her? "Azandra!" He called out her name. Startled, she involuntarily took a few steps back until her back came in contact with the cold abrasive wall.

Zane halted right in front of her. She covered her face with her hands then slid her way down to the floor and bursted into

tears. She tried to muffle her cries as she thought they would exasperate Zane.

He was already upset as is but she was expecting him to harm her. Zane's heart swelled when he heard her cries. He acted without thinking and made her cry. He didn't mean to do that but that's how he was made to be.

She was curled up like a ball on the floor, crying because she was terrified of Zane. She knew what he was capable of and she knew he wouldn't hesitate to kill her but why was he taking so long?

He crouched next to her and tried to touch her but she flinched. He quickly removed his hand from her in disbelief. Why did he feel so bad? Why did he scare her?

Zane being Zane, he got up from the floor and made his way to the sink. He was angry, it was beyond repair. He grabbed the glass that was on the sink and crushed it with his hand.

He started throwing stuff around the room while Azandra broke into more tears, still curled up against the wall. She didn't want to see him. If he were to punish her then she didn't want to see it.

He had to cause a racket because he had to vent his anger out on something. He rather he turned her room into a dump than to turn her into a punching bag.

He would never hurt her on purpose, his aim was simply to protect her but she was scared of him. If it were up to her, she would run back to her previous owner than to be around Zane.

Zane settled on one corner of the room and threw his head back with his eyes shut. Azandra was still appalled on why he didn't punish her. She rose from where she was sitting and what she saw confused her.

Her room was trashed and Zane was seated on one corner with bloody hands. She couldn't read his expression, his face was blank.

She tip toed to the bathroom and returned with a first aid kit. She kneeled next to him and debated whether to help him or not.

What was she thinking in the first place
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what if he hurts her now? She swallowed the lump that formed in her throat then quickly got up from the floor but not quick enough since Zane managed to grip on her wrist.

He pulled her down and she fell on top of him. He wrapped his arms around her and rested his head on her shoulder, his face stuffed on her neck. Was he hugging her?

As if Zane couldn't shock Azandra anymore. Why was he hugging her, for comfort? Why would Zane McKnight seek comfort? From a human might I add.

Azandra had a lot to questions to ask but she was scared of him, perplexed actually. He finally broke the hug after what felt like hours. Azandra hesitantly sat infront of him and placed both his hands on her thighs.

She opened the first aid kit and started cleaning his wounds while Zane was wondering why she was helping him. He thought it was brave of her.

Yes she was brave, she just didn't know it just like how she didn't know Zane's wounds would heal within a few minutes.

She applied ointment on the wounds before bandaging his hands. Once she was done, she got up from the floor and headed to the bathroom with the first aid kit.

She then started cleaning her room up with Zane still seated on the same spot. She didn't know what else to do so she just decided to clean her room up. Not talking to Zane was also part of the plan. What would she say to him?

She was still crying, she feared for her life. She didn't love the life she led but she appreciated it. She had dreams and dying young was not part of them.

In a few minutes, she had everything back in its place. Zane didn't do much damage to the room. Well, the wardrobe and its mirror were broken but its nothing she couldn't handle.

A few more minutes and the room was clean. She was cautious not to hurt herself and Zane was watching her every move like a hawk.

He had officially dedicated his time to her than his kingdom and his work. He had more important issues to take care of yet he found it better to watch Azandra's every move.

Once she was done with everything, she settled on her bed and played with her fingers. She didn't know if she needed permission to leave her room so she awaited Zane to say something to her.

Finally, Zane got up from his corner and went to sit next to Azandra. She stiffened when she felt his presence near her but he had good intensions. "None of this was part of the plan." He said.

"I was just worried when I didn't find you in my bedroom so I assumed something terrible happened to you." He explained. Being a slave was taking a toll on Azandra, she could never get used to being mistreated.

Zane cupped her cheek and caressed her lips with his thumb. "I feel so overprotective of you Azandra. I would never hurt you

and no one will hurt you while I'm alive." Zane said remembering the promise he made to her earlier on.

It was only then that Azandra shed her remaining tears. That's what they all said. They all told her they wouldn't hurt her but they went on and hurt her. He wiped her tears then pulled her in for a tight hug.

He pecked her forehead and earned saddening sobs from her. She was trying to muffle her cries but she failed. Even if she could, Zane could hear things very far from him.

"I'm not going to hurt you." He whispered in her ear and she couldn't help but to nod vigorously.

8

She was enjoying it, the kiss. She loved being kissed even though Zane was the first to kiss her.

There was something about her being intimate with Zane. She felt tingles all over her body whilst her stomach churned and turned.

She didn't know whether it was normal or not but she liked and enjoyed all of it.

He broke the kiss then went to sucking on her neck. She wrapped her arms around his head as she was enjoying the feeling she was getting. She was enjoying the feeling that was building up and she wanted it to linger.

Her moans filled Zane's ear, encouraging him to thrust faster and deeper than he already was. After all this time, Zane couldn't get enough of Azandra. She was also enjoying herself but she still wasn't comfortable around Zane naked.

Zane on the other hand thought her body was beautiful and he liked seeing her naked.

She grasped onto him as she was nearing that mind blowing feeling, the one that made her tremble hard with chills going down her spine.

She arched her back and curled her toes whilst she dug her nails deep onto Zane's broad back before trembling under him, her coochie throbbing after the explosion she just felt.

Zane started groaning hard in her ear, turning her on once more as he also neared his climax. He kept on changing his pace because he wanted it to linger.

When he finally reached his orgasm, Azandra had reached her second one and she was spent.

Zane secretly liked it when she orgasmed. He liked how she moaned softly in his ear and how she wrapped herself around him without a care in the world.

He liked how she looked when she orgasmed and how she looked once she was spent.

It was a week later and Zane tried his best to stay away from Azandra but she was making it hard for him to. She always gave him reasons to talk to her which he found cumbersome because she was irresistible.

He lied next to her whilst she tried to catch her breath. She was panting hard after all the screaming she had been making. She didn't mind having sex with Zane again because she enjoyed it.

But then again, she was always uncomfortable after the intercourse. She also liked it when Zane would cuddle up with her, his strong arms caging her as if protecting her.

As much as she felt safe, she still feared the Alpha King. He wrapped his arms around her and pecked her forehead, his warm breath fanning her face.

"Little pumpkin..." Zane called out to her, searching for her eyes. When they finally locked, she turned scarlet then quickly looked away.

Her shyness seemed to trigger something inside Zane, it made him smile. Zane was not one to smile but Azandra made him smile effortlessly. "What do you think?" He asked and she started fiddling with her fingers, still flushed.

"I uhm... It... It was great, I really enjoyed it." She said softly. "So you don't mind doing it again?" He asked and she shook her head. "Does that mean I'm your sex slave?" She asked and he shook his head.

He didn't seem to have a better word for this hence he was trying to get permission from her without exactly spelling it out. 'Please', 'thank you' and 'sorry' are words that did not belong to Zane's vocabulary.

"No. It means we can both get intimate if we want to, like a deal." Zane said. "Oh okay." She said. Zane crashed his lips on

hers once more and those tingles returned, they both felt them.

They also sent shivers down Azandra's spine and Zane chuckled at that. With everything happening
none of them really knew what was happening. None of them understood.

Zane however wanted to tackle something. He was concerned about Azandra and her well being. Since she slept earlier than before, that meant she had acclimatized to the new place but there was something else, one he was eager to know.

"Azandra, how was your previous owner before Rosalie?" He queried. Her facial expression changed and she stopped fiddling with her fingers. "She- She was fine." She said. She was lying. "And the previous owner before that?" He asked.

"She was also fine." She lied again. "And your second owner?" He asked and she smiled, as if her head was drifting down to memory lane. "She was amazing. She was kind and treated me like her own child." She said.

"Oh yeah?" She nodded. "She taught me how to cook and what to use to clean and a whole lot of... Embarrassing things." She said and earned a chuckle from Zane.

"And the first one?" Zane asked. Her smile vanished again. "She was okay." She said and shifted uncomfortably.

All of her owners were females yet only one of them managed to actually make her happy. "How was Rosalie?" He asked and she smiled a little. "I think she liked me, I liked her too." She says.

He smiled at that because he didn't want to have to deal with his sister. "Were your owners married?" Zane asked and she nodded. All of them but Rosalie. "How were their husbands towards you?" He asked.

"They... They were also okay." She responded. She was lying again but what is it that she was hiding? Why was she protecting them? Its not like they care. "Azandra..." Zane called out, his Alpha voice out to play. That voice always creeped Azandra out. "Why are you protecting them? They're not here so they won't know." Said Zane.

"What did they do to you?" He asked. Azandra shut her eyes as she thought of the moments. She never thought she'd have to talk about her past again so she had all her sad memories pushed to the back of her head so she couldn't get to feel pain.

Zane was saddened to see her tears rolling out. If he could, he would've just read her mind so that she doesn't get to utter a single word but it was blocked for some reason. He had attempted many times to read her mind but it was blank.

He didn't believe that she wasn't thinking of anything so it made sense to him that it was blocked even though he didn't understand why or how. "What did they do to you, little pumpkin?" Zane asked.

Azandra couldn't bring herself to speak about her past, it was too painful for her. "Were they hitting you?" Zane asked and she nodded vigorously, her eyes still shut revealing her incredibly long lashes.

"What else did they do?" Zane asked. "They... They used to touch me on my feminine parts and... And try to... To force me to sleep with them.

Every time I refused and ran off, they'd hunt for me and... And tie me up then whip me so hard. They'd lie to their wives and... And tell them that I-I seduced them.

They never be-believed me. They'd get so mad and... And leave me to starve and bleed for days." She cried.

That's was enough to make Zane angry. He quickly flipped her over so he could see her back. Now that he knew her story, he could see the whiplashes. Staying with Rosalie for the past three years helped her quite a lot.

She saved her from misery and not once did she hit her. The wounds and scars were almost invisible but they were there. You wouldn't see them if you're not paying much attention.

He ran his fingers through her back as images of her tied up and being whipped invaded his thoughts. How dare they? He flipped her over again then wrapped his arms around her, enveloping her in a beautiful tight hug.

He pecked her forehead as she cried and gently caressed her back with his hand. Another question popped up on his head. "Is that why you wear long and loose clothes?" He asked and she nodded.

She figured they'd chase men away and assume she had an unpleasant body but it didn't work with Zane so why would it work on the others? They still harassed her even with her baggy clothes.

She was beautiful after all, almost irresistible. "You're so strong and brave to survive all of that, you know that?" Zane whispered to her. He was too saddened by Azandra's story but he had to remind her that she's a woman, a rock.

"That's also the reason you're uncomfortable when naked?" He asked and she nodded. "I-I didn't want anyone to... To see the scars all over my body. And I thought you... You'd hit me." She said.

"I'd never do that to you, little pumpkin. I won't do anything against your will." He said. "Is this in cahoots with you not wanting to be in sex slave?" She nodded.

"Some men beat women up during sex and they strangle them, I-I don't want that to happen to me." She said and Zane sighed.

He was one of the men who beat women up during sex.

But he'd never hurt Azandra, right?

9

It was the following day and Zane was stuck in his office, trying to get some work done. He hated it when he wasn't productive but he couldn't stop thinking about Azandra.

Since she managed to tell him all of that meant she trusted him and that made him happy but his happiness was short lived by her story.

No one has seen this side of him hence he locked himself up in his office. He still didn't want anyone to know how he felt but he most certainly had never felt so sad, not even on his parents' funeral.

That must tell you how heartless they are but since Azandra arrived in his life, he started caring. He felt emotions he didn't know existed. He felt useless, like he could've done something to protect her.

From hereon, no one was going to hurt her. They would all die slow and painful deaths just like how her previous owners were.

He had to, he had to plan a trip to Europe so he could avenge Azandra. The pain she went through can never be compensated for. She was abused her entire life, nine years straight up.

How she survived all of that will never be known but that meant she was brave and strong. As tiny and fragile as she was, she had a heart of a lion, a fighter.

Now that Zane had her, he was never letting her go. She was his, she belonged to him. She was now an important person in his life, she filled the void in his heart and she was under his protection.

A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts. It was Saige. He sat on one of the chairs opposite Zane. "You look terrible." Saige said.

"I feel terrible." Zane said. Saige's eyes widened and a smile creeped on his face. It was the first time in his history of living he has heard Zane talk about his feelings besides him being angry. That was a shocker for him.

"Azandra is not in her room and nowhere to be found." Saige announced. "She's in my room." Zane said. "But... But why?" Saige asked. Zane put the file that was on his hand down on his desk.

"Because she'll be much safer there plus she was still asleep." Zane said. Saige sat back on his chair and folded his arms. "Why do you go through so much trouble to accommodate her?

You like your own personal space and you've never shared a room with anyone, why didn't you take her to my room?" Saige asked and Zane raised his brow.

"Why would I take her to your room? You failed to find her, how would you protect her?" Zane asked. "I'm a lycan, Zane." Zane chimed in. "And I'm a primordial. What difference does that make?" Zane asked.

"Exactly my point. You're a primordial werewolf, you don't care about anyone and anything but yourself. You're heartless and cruel. I on the other hand have feelings.

I have a guilty conscious and I know I won't hurt her. What if you get angry then you lash out on her then harm her?" Saige asked.

Zane was glaring daggers at him and he had half shifted. His eyes blood red and his nails out in the open. His sharp canines had surfaced and Amory was in control. "I'm going to rip your head off." He said.

"You know I'm right." Saige said. "I've given you too much freedom, haven't I?" Zane asked
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getting up from his chair. Saige was now scared but he was trying to act tough.

He also got up from his seat and he gulped down at the realization of not being as tall and large as Zane. He wrapped his hand around Saige's neck and threw him across the room.

Saige hit the wall before gravitating on the floor. His back arched and he swore he broke a few rib bones. Zane made his way to him and strangled him once again.

He pinned him against the wall and when his telephone rang, he dropped him then rushed to answer, that left him appalled. "Zane..." Azandra's soft voice called out his name and he swore his heart melted at the spot.

He shifted back and you would swear he was human and not a werewolf.

He liked how she said his name effortlessly. He had given her permission to call him by his name cause he hated it when she addressed him as the king.

"Yes little pumpkin." He responded. The pet name had Saige furrowing his brows, forgetting all about his pain and eavesdropping on their conversation with his hearing senses.

"I-I'm hungry." She said and Zane quickly looked at the time. It was seven in the morning. Zane usually had his breakfast at eight but Azandra used to wake up at six ante meridiem and she only had her breakfast at seven.

Surely the chefs had not begun making breakfast. "What would you like to have?" He asked. "Anything is fine." She responded. He nodded before hanging up.

He glared at Saige. He knew he was eavesdropping on them because his thoughts were not in check, instead they were pretty loud and Zane heard them.

He grabbed him by his neck and threw him out of his office then rushed to the kitchen. Everyone was startled by that. The Alpha King hadn't been to the kitchen in years.

Everyone stopped working as soon as he entered the kitchen. They all bowed down to him. "Sire, what are you doing here?" Asked the head chef.

"From tomorrow, I'm going to have my breakfast at seven ante meridiem. Whatever you make, double it and bring the food to my room." He announced and everyone just agreed.

They were furious now that they had to wake up earlier than they did but they had no choice. "Leave..." He excused everyone. They all stared at each other then back at the King.

"I said leave!" He roared. They all rushed out of the kitchen, leaving Zane alone.

He indeed hadn't been to the kitchen in years and he hadn't cooked in years too. He familiarized himself with the kitchen

and grabbed whatever ingredient he found and laid it out on the table in the middle of the room.

He then started cracking, stirring, seasoning, frying and he whipped up something quick for both himself and Azandra. In fifteen minutes he was all done. He placed everything on the tray as well as coffee for the both of them then rushed to his room.

Azandra was seated on the floor but she quickly jumped up as soon as Zane made his way in. He placed the tray on the floor then grabbed a blanket and pillows and laid them out on top of the rug.

They both settled down and started eating. Azandra kept on stealing glances at Zane, wondering how he managed to get food so fast.

She enjoyed it, it was exceptionally good. She never thought a mere omelet could have so many flavors that still blended well together and resulted in a meal so good.

Once done, she drank her coffee. She was ravenous and she ate without a care in the world.

Zane was also stealing glances at her. She was scared that she showered without permission and she smelt like Zane because she used his shower gel and his lotion.

Her hair however was not dry. Azandra liked air drying her hair because she found it healthier since heat was not good for hair.

He ran his fingers over her hair, raking it and she instantly held her breath and stiffened up. "You smell so good." He complimented and she was flushed. "Thanks for the food." She said trying to avoid the topic Zane was about to start.

"Would you like to get some air, a walk in the garden perhaps?" Zane asked and she shyly nodded. She had been locked up in the room since yesterday and she just wanted to feel the cold breeze of wind hit her face.

"Let's go then." He said jolting up. "I have to clean up first. I haven't cleaned this room and your study and these dis..." Zane chimed in. "Let's go, someone else will clean up." He said.

"Am I going to lose my job?" She asked and Zane shook his head. If only she knew that she was secretly promoted to being Zane's smile keeper from being a maid.

If only she knew she had Zane by the balls and he did almost everything she told him to and almost anything for her. If only she knew how much power and hold she had over the Alpha King, no one would believe them.

A smile formed on Azandra's face as she laid her eyes on the beautiful garden. She didn't see the garden when they arrived and she had no time to see it once she was settled in.

She kept herself busy by helping others with their jobs seeing is to Zane only gave her little work to do. She just wanted to escape reality by keeping busy but now that Zane wanted her close to him, she couldn't do it.

"Do you like it?" Zane asked and she nodded vigorously. It was a wide spring garden with green wet grass and various plants with different bright colors.

In the middle of the garden, there's a colossus fountain with fresh and clean looking water. She had never seen such a beautiful green garden, even though she was enslaved by wealthy people.

Even Rosalie didn't have such a huge and beautiful garden. Azandra looked at Zane and he just smiled and nodded at her, granting her permission to explore it.

She grinned as she ran off to the fountain and kneeled on the grass then inserted her hand inside the water and ran her fingers over it.

Zane had his arms folded to his chest with a smile plastered on his face as he watched Azandra playing with water, it was an adorable thing to see.

She got up from the fountain then ran to the flowers on the sides. Zane followed her and stood next to her. He took a flower and tugged it on the side of her hair.

She blushed then looked down, shying away from Zane's brown eyes. He placed his index finger on her chin and tipped her face up. "You're so beautiful." He complimented. She looked away, shy.

"Thank you... You're handsome." She said softly and earned a chuckle from Zane. "Thank you, little pumpkin." He said. Thank you? He thanked her? She gaped at him in disbelief at the realization that Zane McKnight thanked her.

"Want to see more?" Zane asked and she nodded vigorously with a smile on her face.

He took her hand into his then led her throughout the garden, the entire garden. She looked much better after that and she felt better too.

Zane settled on a bench and watched as the sun kissed her while she checks out some of the flowers, smelling them. He caught her frowning after sniffing a flower and couldn't help but to laugh.

Beautiful.

She got up and made her way to Zane. He watched as her hips moved up and down as she ambled down the garden. Something struck him as he watched her. It couldn't possibly be true. Even though all the signs were there, he just couldn't bring himself to believe it.

He was a primordial and not just a werewolf. They were just not the same and Primordials, much like psychopaths, didn't have much emotions. She couldn't possibly be his mate.

He wasn't in love, was he?

She sat next to him. He looked at the time and it was brunch time. He didn't realize they had stayed that long in the garden. Zane had neglected his life completely for Azandra's life.

"Let's go have brunch." Zane said taking her hand into his and intertwining their fingers. "I... I think I should get back to work." She said and he instantly tensed up.

He really couldn't watch her work knowing very well he could give her everything she wanted. She didn't need to be a slave nor a maid to earn a living. She just needed to be right by his side.

"You're on leave." He said. Azandra's eyes widened. "I didn't apply for leave." She said. "Its forced leave, little pumpkin." He said. She frowned.

"I don't want to take a leave." She said. He smirked. "That's why it's called forced leave." He said before pecking her lips and getting up. He helped her up and they strolled back to the castle.

She wasn't happy about the leave. Azandra needed to work because that's what helped her to cope. Working has helped her escape reality and it was like a drug to her, an addictive drug.

Inside the castle, the maids were going up and down, doing their jobs whilst others were looking for Azandra. The butler made his way to them and halted infront of them.

He bowed down. "What is it?" Zane asked nonchalantly. "Sire, we've been looking for Azandra everywhere." He said. Zane scanned him then Azandra. She needed to work. Zane has never met someone who was eager to work like Azandra
Advertisement
was that healthy?

"She's on leave." Zane announced. The butler's eyes widened. "We are allowed to take leave?" The butler asked and Zane shook his head. "She's on forced leave and none of you can

take leave now go find someone to replace her." Zane said before walking away, his hand intertwined with Azandra's.

They made it to his office. He shut the door and ordered her to sit on one of the couches. There was a sudden knock on the door, it was one of the maids with Zane's brunch.

It was doubled like he ordered. The maid locked eyes with Azandra and she just shrunk. Why would she look at her like that?

Its because she's one of the girls Zane had sex with. They're all wondering why he's so attached to Azandra. Such a tiny little girl who knew nothing, not even herself. "You're late." Zane said to the maid.

"My apologies, sire." She said looking down. "Leave." She wasted no time to leave. Once she shut the door, he made his way to the couches. He sat next to Azandra with the tray of food on his laps.

She reached out to take the eating utensils but he grabbed her hand, startling her. He placed the tray of food on the coffee table and ordered her to sit on his laps.

She hesitantly curled up on top of his laps and he started feeding her. He secretly loved feeding her, taking care of her to be specific.

If he could, he would do everything for her so she could never do anything. After eating, he left her laying on the couch while he busied himself with work, stealing glances at her here and there with her doing the same.

She was bored to death and her mind was racing with thoughts. She hated it, she hated that she couldn't do anything about her situation and that she didn't have a say but she never had a say to begin with.

She needed to work, to keep herself busy and not drool over Zane while he kept himself busy and his mind occupied.

Not that she had a problem with staring at Zane, she could do that for as long as she was up. Zane McKnight was attractive, too attractive.

She watched as his biceps flexed as he typed away on his computer, his sharp jaws clenching as he typed further, his brown eyes piercing through the screen.

He looked sexy, but she knew staring at him all day was impossible, she needed to keep busy. "Uhm... Uh, Zane." She called out and he looked up from his screen. "Can I go out and do some work?" She asked.

He groaned then shook his head. "Can I at least do something?" She asked softly. She then quickly covered her mouth and

wished she could swallow her words or take them back to the very least.

She earned another groan from Zane. She was slowly but surely getting used to Zane and Zane liked that she could speak her mind but she also had to keep in mind that he's the Alpha, he's the leader and he's primordial.

She ended up falling asleep on the couch while reminiscing about her and Zane's hot sessions. She couldn't keep her eyes off of him but she knew she had to.

Zane liked watching her sleep. She often looked peaceful in her sleep, like she didn't have a disturbing past at all. On the other hand, for Azandra sleep was also one way to escape reality.

She was not one to have terrible dreams, in fact she last had a nightmare three years back, after Rosalie had taken her in. She wasn't living the best life but because Rosalie liked her, she lived a standard life.

She was a cleaner and a cook and she was paid fairly for her outstanding work. She used her money to buy food and clothes, loose, long baggy fitting clothes to cover her body up.

Since then, she had never had a nightmare or rather she doesn't recall having one. The door barged open and Saige made his way in. "You gave her a leave?" He asked and Zane only hushed him.

"She's driving you crazy, what's going on with you?" He asked again. "Sshh, she's sleeping so peacefully." Zane said. Saige couldn't be anymore appalled. Surely she was attractive and fragile but Zane was exaggerating the whole situation.

"Why did you give her a leave? She just started working here a couple of weeks ago." Saige said sitting down. "Its a forced leave. I want to keep a close eye on her." Zane responded.

What sort of witchcraft did she use on Zane that he couldn't detect? He glared at them. Zane was perched up next to her, caressing her lower lip with his thumb.

Well, she was beautiful and she did not deserve a man like Zane in her life. She did not need such a cruel being in her life. Surely, Saige was cruel but he was no match for Zane.

"I was already keeping a close eye on her." Saige mumbled but Zane heard him. He gave him one stare, his eyes bloodshot and that was enough to send chills down his spine.

"I don't want you near her. Even if you bump into her, run as fast as you can." He said sternly with his baritone Alpha voice. Saige only nodded, its not like he had a choice.

Zane managed to get half of his work out of the way an hour before dinner. Azandra was still sleeping peacefully on the couch

her head rested on top of the comfortable pillow.

He got up from his chair then made his way to her. Not wanting to wake her up, he scooped her in his arms, careful to rest her head on his chest then rushed to his bedroom.

He carefully placed her on top of the bed then headed for a run in the woods. He shifted then ran off, he needed the breather with everything happening in his life.

Azandra on the other hand was enjoying her nap until she started to struggle with breathing. Her eyes snapped open and she started kicking. She wanted to scream for help but the pillow that was suppressed over her was restricting her to.

Her screams were muffled and her kicks were futile. Her tears drenched the pillow as she was running out of breath. She stopped kicking and screaming and just gave up, awaiting her death.

The door opened and the pillow was removed off of her. She opened her eyes and tried to catch her breath. She sat up straight and came to sight with the most disturbing thing she had ever seen.

She felt lightheaded and her vision was slowly blurring out. Zane sat next to her and cupped her cheeks. Her heavy breathing terrified him, she almost died.

He saw her shutting her eyes and he lightly slapped her cheek. "Azandra..." He whispered. "Saige, I need to get her a doctor." He said scooping her into his arms and rushing out.

Her breathing was too abnormal and her heart rate was incredibly low.

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"How is she?" Saige asked sitting next to Zane who looked like he had been hit by a bus. He slept over at the hospital awaiting his little pumpkin to awaken.

The beeping heart monitor machine exasperated him and he couldn't stand to see that IV connected to her but he had to because it'll help her. He had to tolerate it all.

He raised his head and looked at her, their hands still intertwined. "She'll be okay, she just lost consciousness." He said then looked at Saige.

"I shouldn't have left her alone." Zane said softly then looked at Azandra. She looked peaceful. "I promised to protect her and not let anyone harm her." He said. Saige patted his shoulder.

"You couldn't have known that she was going to get harmed." Saige said trying to comfort him. "Even so, she'll think I'm a monster." Zane said to Saige as he replayed the moment Azandra laid her eyes on a headless body in his mind.

"You should've seen how her eyes widened and how she tried to gasp, forgetting that she was already struggling to breathe." He added on.

"You were saving her. That maid was going to kill her and you saved her life." Saige said and Zane shook his head in disagreement.

"I should've controlled myself. I shouldn't have done that infront of Azandra." He said. "Zane, she knows you're a primordial. She knows you tend to be cruel and merciless. She knows how you are hence she fears you.

No matter how much you're slowly changing, she can't take away your true nature. That's how you are and thats how you were made to be. As much as we'd all love for you to stop being so cruel, we can't change that.

She fears you, we all do. I bet she's grateful that you saved her life, she just never thought she'd see you in action." Saige said.

"I traumatized her." Zane said softly. Saige was now out of words. He just cleared his throat. "You need to eat and freshen up. At least go get some sleep then you'll check on her later." He said to Zane who just shook his head.

"I can't leave her alone, what if someone else comes back and tries to finish her off?" He asked.

"I'll stay over. Just go so you can look presentable when she awakens." Saige said. Zane looked at her then back at Saige before nodding. "But I'll be back in a couple of hours. If anything happens to her, you won't live to see the next full moon." He threatened before getting up.

Saige shook his head before sitting comfortably on the chair.

"Z-Zane." Azandra's soft voice filled Zane's ear. He jolted up from the couch and rushed to her bed. "Yes?" He sat on the bed and caressed her forehead.

He didn't get any rest because he wanted to be with her when she awakened. He sent Saige away as soon as he arrived so they could be alone. He wanted to make sure that they were on good terms after what happened.

"Zane..." She called out again and tried to sit up straight but Zane held her down. "She's going to kill me." She said panicking, her tears streaming down her cheeks. "No she's not. She won't kill you, little pumpkin." Zane said caressing her cheek.

Then it hit her that she saw something disturbing before passing out. "She's dead. I saw her lying on the floor. Her head was on the other side of the room and there was so much blood." She cried and Zane tried to hush her.

"She's dead and I killed her. I'll kill everyone else who tries to harm you, okay?" Zane said and Azandra gaped at him in shock. She thought he'd hurt and possibly kill her.

"Please..." She pressed her hands together. "Please don't hurt me, I'll do anything you want me to." She beseeched, more

tears flooding out. Zane took her hands into his hold and laid her head on his chest.

"I would never hurt you, little pumpkin." He said. He cupped her cheeks and wiped her tears using his thumbs. "I wish you didn't see what I did and I only wish you never get to see that side of me ever again but I would never hurt you.

I promised to protect you and believe me you, I keep my promises. Nothing and no one will harm you, not even me." He said to her.

Zane was not one to apologize and he was most certainly not about to apologize for what he did. It was in his nature, he never had to apologize before so why start now?

"Let me go get you a doctor." Zane said already on his feet. She gripped his wrist with both her hands. "Please... Please don't leave me." She cried and more tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Azandra..."

"They're going to kill me." She said and Zane shook his head. "No one is going to kill you, Azandra." He said searching for her eyes. She looked nervous and once they locked contact, she broke into shivers, causing Zane to chuckle lightly.

Once her cheeks turned rosy, she looked away. Once again

he perched up next to her and tipped her head. She had calmed down, just by seeing a smile on Zane's face.

"Get some rest." He commanded after pecking her forehead. She nodded then rested her head on Zane's chest.

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He gently placed her on the bed then covered her with a fleece. "Please don't..." She mumbled in her sleep. "Don't leave me..." She added on.

Zane shook her and she jolted up from her slumber. Her breathing was heavy and she was sweating hard. She looked around the room then hugged her knees to her chest.

She raked her hair before burying her head in between her thighs.

A nightmare.

She hadn't had that in years. Zane sat next to her and pulled her into his embrace. "They want to kill me." She whimpered.

"Azandra..."

"Why do they want to kill me? I'm nothing but a sex slave and a servant and men use me and force me to satisfy their needs, why do they want to kill me?" She whimpered yet again.

He tightened his hold around her and pecked her forehead. If only she knew what they all knew. Everyone could see how Zane was attached to Azandra.

If they cannot have him then no one can.

"You're not a slave, you're my little pumpkin, okay? No man is going to touch nor even look at you but me and I won't force you to do something you don't want." Zane said trying to comfort her.

"I want to go home. I want to go home." She whispered to herself. She didn't know where her home was but something in her told her that she'd live a much better life there.

She had hope that her parents and siblings - if she had any - were still alive and that they'd somehow find their way back to each other. "I want to go home." She whispered yet again.

Zane held her hands. "This is home, Azandra. This is home." She looked at him in shock. "I am all you have and you are all I have. We have each other and this is our home." He said.

He got up from the bed and grabbed the telephone and called Saige. "Gather all the servants in the throne room. I want to

meet all of them within five minutes." He ordered then hung up and turned back to Azandra.

She was trembling. He took off his top and sat on the bed. He pulled her to him and covered her with a blanket. She'd get warm sooner this way.

She curled up on top of him and wrapped herself around his warm self. They sat in comfortable silence as they were both deep in their thoughts.

Azandra was curious as to why Zane ordered to meet up with the servants while Zane was trying to convince himself not to do this but Amory was also pushing him.

He did not like it when Amory tried to take over because he always succeeded. "Are you warm enough?" He asked her and she just nodded.

He covered her with the fleece then put his T-shirt back on. He carried her into his arms and rushed off to the throne room where everyone was patiently waiting.

A few gasps and stares ascended as they came to sight with a clueless Azandra in the Alpha King's arms.

He sat on his throne with his little pumpkin on his laps. Siage too stood clueless next to the throne but as a loyal servant and

beta, he had to maintain his professional face and keep some of his thoughts to himself.

But whatever love potion Azandra gave Zane, he needed it. They all wanted it.

"I called all of you here today because I come bearing news." Zane announced, his Alpha voice echoing around the room.

"Someone tried to kill Azandra here today but she failed." He looked at Azandra who was staring at him back, awaiting her questions to be answered.

"I killed her. I decapitated her and hung her and I will do it again if anyone tries to harm Azandra." He added on.
"If you even think of harming her, you will die a slow and painful death." He announced, still looking at Azandra.
She looked at him in awe. She most certainly did not expect that. "From hereon, I declare that Azandra shall no longer be a slave nor be traded!" He shouted and earned gasps.
"Azandra is officially a McKnight and if anything happens to her, I will not have mercy on you all." With those words, they stormed out of the throne room back to his bedroom.

She laid down with more questions than before and she needed answers. "Why did you do that?" She asked. He laid next to her. "Sleep."

13

It was one of those days, the day werewolves were most excited about. It was one of those nights rather, where the moon produced much light and brightened up the whole earth.

It was one of those nights where the moon gleamed brightly along with the rest of the stars.

It was a night where werewolves would howl at the moon and thank the goddess of the moon. It was also the night where the werewolf powers were at peak.

Zane was extra tonight. Everything of his was exaggerated. No werewolf didn't want this day to arrive but things were different for Azandra.

All the howling scared her to death. And not only that but she was heating up. She had dizzy spells all day and would get a banging headache then she'd start heating up and getting horny.

She asked Zane to lock her inside the room so she wouldn't bother him. Not only was she heating up but she was also in excruciating pain and Zane could feel it.

He ignored her the entire day as per instructed and when night time came, he couldn't stay away from her any longer, after all there was a full moon.

Azandra sat in a bathtub filled with cold water almost the whole day in attempt to get rid of the heat she was feeling and putting on clothes was not an option.

But as time went by, the pain would strike hard, leaving her to spasm. She was laying on Zane's bed with only a towel covering her up. She had it tightly wrapped around her bosom.

As soon as he opened the door to his bedroom, she threw herself at him, kissing the living daylights out of him. Zane broke the kiss and scanned her.

She was still spasming but she wanted nothing more than to have Zane between her thighs. If it was a regular day and she was horny, she would've probably kept it to herself but the heat was in control.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Zane asked placing her down on the bed. "Are you okay?" He asked checking her temperature. She nodded before leaning in in attempt to kiss him.

"Little pumpkin..." He called out softly. "What's going on?" He asked. She only wished she could answer his question because she was also confused. "I still feel hot and I'm still in pain." She said.

"And I want you..." She added on. She couldn't be going through heat, could she? How was any of this happening?

These were all signs of heat. She wasn't even his mate yet she was going through heat.

He looked out the window and saw the full moon. He then looked back at Azandra. She had her eyes closed and was trembling under him. She was indeed going through heat, there was no way he couldn't possibly see that.

Well, he certainly wasn't going to stand there and watch his little pumpkin suffer. He took this lightly because the heat was not as hot and the pain not as excruciating but then everything was at peak with the full moon.

There was only one way to stop this. It was going to be more painful than the heat itself but he had to give it a try. "I know how to help you. It might hurt but I'll try to make sure it doesn't." He said.

He started undressing and Azandra couldn't wait so she helped him. Once he was done, she got rid of her towel and Zane hovered over her.

He kissed her and she kissed him back hungrily. He thought he was doing this for the poor little girl but the devil in him rose as Amory got out to play.

The pull...

He pinned both her hands above her head as he inserted himself inside of her and started to thrust in furiously.

Her moans were not doing him any justice and they quickly turned into screams. He kissed her hungrily as he pumped in harder.

He was careful not to hurt her, he didn't want to hurt her. She wrestled her hands out of his grip and wrapped herself around Zane. She wanted to do something with her hands, the pleasure was just too much to take in.

He pounded her hard and when he felt her walls clenching around his manhood, he knew she was reaching climax and so his canines surfaced and without any warning, they pierced through her flash
right below her neck.

She screamed out loud at the pain as well as the pleasure she experienced at the same time. She arched her back and curled her toes as she orgasmed on the spot.

Her grip tightened around Zane's anatomy as her eyes rolled to the back of her head, her head thrown back. She started feeling lightheaded and her vision blurred out.

Zane spew his seeds inside of her and that was only when he stopped. He licked the crimson liquid from his canines and scanned her.

He marked her and it looked beautiful. He was even more satisfied with marking her than he thought. He truly didn't want no man around Azandra and the mark should also chase them away.

He pecked the mark which comprised of a crescent moon before pulling out of her. He watched as she gravitated on the bed and shut her eyes. She was meant to pass out after the mating process for it was painful.

He caressed her cheek before pecking her forehead and leaving her to rest. She needed the rest after all of heat she went through.

He headed to take a shower then put on a pair of joggers and sat by his overview window, watching the full moon. He wanted to shift so bad and howl at the moon but he didn't want to leave Azandra on her own.

Time passed by whilst he was looking at the moon with a lot of thoughts running in his head. He only came to when he felt Azandra's presence near him. She hesitantly sat next to him and he wrapped his arm around her.

"Hey little pumpkin, why are you up?" He asked almost in a whisper. "My head hurts, I think I'm hearing voices." She said softly. He wrapped his other arm around her too and rested his head on her shoulder.

He knew what was going on with her, her head was filled with his thoughts. After the mating process, they could both communicate telepathically and Azandra was not used to that, in fact she was human so it was bound to hurt until she could acclimatize.

"Don't worry, it'll be over soon." He said. He pecked her naked shoulder then looked back at the moon. Azandra thought it was beautiful. "Aren't you supposed to be out there and howling at the moon?" She asked and he chuckled.

"I had to stay here and look after you." He said. "Well I'm okay, is it too late for you to go?" She asked and he shook his head. "I still can't leave you on your own. I rather stay with you here, you need me more." He says.

She turned to him. His blue eyes were slowly but surely turning to a light shade of red. He was irking to shift and he was struggling to hold it together. "Zane you should go, I'm not sick." She said.

How could he say no to that? "If I go then you are coming with me." He announced, taking her by surprise. He jolted up from the bed and scooped her into his arms then dashed out of the room.

They stopped in the middle of nowhere, somewhere in the woods. He put her down and she stumbled on her feet as she looked around. "Be careful, would you?" Zane snapped at her.

The sound of wolves howling, wind blowing and crickets sent shivers down her spine. She noticed his eyes were darkening and his blue eyes were turning red. His veins were popping out and were twitching even.

"I'm going to shift and I promise I'm not going to hurt you. I need you to step away and please don't run away. Just stay calm, I won't attack you." He said and she nodded hesitantly.

She took a few steps back and watched as he started shaking his head and groaning. She shuts her eyes when she hears bones cracking and popping.

Her eyes snap open when she hears a loud growl. She falls to the ground as she comes to sight with the biggest werewolf she had ever seen.

She knew werewolves existed but she didn't believe that the person she was sleeping with had shifted into a giant pooch.

Its eyes were blood red, his sharp razor canines were dripping wet with its saliva. He was so big, she swore it was as tall as a human.

She got up from the ground and slowly made her way to it. She watched as it got down and she walked further towards it. It had soft and shiny looking black fur and she instantly fell in love with it.

She hesitantly raked its incredibly soft fur, careful not to tangle it. "You're so beautiful, I'm going to call you Midnight since Zane didn't tell me your name." She said wrapping her arms around it.

Not that she did a good job, the pooch was humongous. It stuck its tongue out and wagged its tail.

How was she not scared of this werewolf? Was it because she knew that it was Zane? Was there something else?

She even did the unthinkable, she got on top of it and laid there comfortably as it ascended from the ground and started jogging off to the nearest cliff.

She was shaken but she was mostly excited. Zane did assure her that he wouldn't hurt her so she was mostly excited.

'Midnight' finally arrived at the cliff. He looked up to the beautiful moon and howled out loud and earned howls from other werewolves.

Azandra giggled at that. She really was excited. "Do you do this all the time, Midnight? I wonder how it feels like to be a werewolf." She said.

"Well I'm human. If I was granted to opportunity to be a werewolf, I would take it so I can be as powerful as you are and not a weak human being." She said still raking his soft fur.

"I like your fur, its soft like Zane's hair." She said then giggled at the thought of playing with his hair. If only she knew Zane liked it when she did that.

"I think I like you more than Zane. He's grumpy and scary, you are a good listener." She said then looked at the moon. "Although he's sweet at times. People who say that he's evil, cruel and merciless don't know who he really is.

Maybe they should spend time with him and get to know him. I mean, he was born that way, he didn't choose for himself. But he is strong and does appear to be cruel." She said.

Amory noticed she was fond of him, he just decided to settle down under the moon and listen to her talk about Zane. Midnight was not such a bad name, it was cute.

Maybe if he turned her werewolf then she'd name her wolf Midnight. Did she even know how blessed she was? Zane never allowed any girl to touch his wolf and confide in it. Azandra truly meant a lot to both Amory and Zane.

She grew tired of talking and fell asleep on Zane's comfortable fur. He then decided to return to the castle and made sure she had a good night sleep in his bed.

And like always, he stayed up for an hour or two and watched Azandra as she fell deeper and deeper into slumber, stuck in her dreams.

He stayed up and thought of ways to make sure Azandra would feel comfortable in the castle. He thought of ways to ensure that she keeps herself busy although he didn't want her cleaning.

"This is messed up." He said to himself. He knew it, he knew he was falling for her but he didn't want to admit it. His ego and pride were getting in the way of his one chance at love.

It might not be as bad as it seemed, he just wanted to experience it but then he's primordial
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he doesn't believe in love.

All the things she said about him got to him. After all she's been through, she finally found peace.

She makes him happy, she makes him feel like a brand new person. She could never take away his true nature but she did know how to control him.

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"Zane..." She called out as she looked around the room searching for him. He walked out of the bathroom with only a towel wrapped around his waist.

Her eyes landed on his chiseled torso and then she swallowed hard. He had a very toned and detailed body with hairy legs and arms. Well, he's a pooch and they're all about hair.

"You're awake." Zane said, snapping her out of her thoughts. She nodded with her throat drying up as she was trying to understand how she hadn't noticed all of those muscles.

"Join me..." He said making his way to her. He perched up on the bed then took her hands into his and pecked them. "Zane, I don't think..." He groaned as he threw his head back.

He got up from the bed. "I'll be waiting..." He said walking away. Azandra looked at her hands in disbelief. She got off the bed and hesitantly took off her clothes.

She had beautiful skin, clear and smooth regardless all of her scars. To Zane, she was perfect but to her, she didn't deserve to be under Zane's protection.

She wasn't comfortable in her skin and didn't want anyone to see her nude but Zane had seen her naked multiple times, almost every single day.

She was nervous, they'd never taken a bath together. It is always just getting intimate but never so cosy.

She took a deep breath before she involuntarily walked to the bathroom. Zane was already in the humongous bathtub with his eyes closed and she knew there was no turning back.

She knew he could feel her presence and so she left things be. She held her hair up and stepped inside the tub and Zane helped her to sit down.

He held her hair up and she rested her head on his chest and he splashed water on her. They sat in comfortable silence as he was braiding her hair into a ponytail.

Once he was done, he caressed her arms and pecked her mark. "You're beautiful..." He complimented her. "Th-thank you." He chuckled.

His hands moved from her arms to her thighs. "Zane..." She called out softly. He splashed water on her breasts and he went on and kissed her mark.

His hand moved from her breasts to her inner thighs, her breathing hitched. "Re-Lax." He whispered in her ear. She was as nervous, they used to touch him like that.

"I won't hurt you, okay?" He asked and she nodded vigorously. She shut her eyes and allowed Zane to explore her body but images of them touching her slowly but surely crept in.

Zane stopped and pulled her closer to him, engulfing her into his embrace. "You're safe here, okay? I won't hurt you nor will anyone else." He said softly to her as she sobbed on his chest.

He then swore and promised himself, whether Azandra agreed or not, he was going to kill them all for hurting his little pumpkin and nothing was going to change his mind.

Azandra was not feeling well. She woke up feeling lazy. Her body was stiff and her eyelids heavy. She felt lightheaded and nauseous. She felt like barf.

She wanted to puke, she needed to puke. Her stomach churned and she gagged, trying to hold it all in. She was worried about Zane freaking out if he didn't find her next to him.

But then she also didn't want to mess up the covers. She got off the bed and rushed to the bathroom as the churning deteriorated.

She kneeled infront of the toilet, opened the toilet seat then stuck her head inside, letting it all out. She puked so hard, she ended up crying with her hands on her belly.

She sat next to the toilet, her hands still on her belly. She had tears streaming out of her eyes, her throat was sore and her belly wouldn't stop churning.

She felt more barf rising up to her throat and so she went on her knees and threw her head back inside the toilet bowl as she let it all out. She felt her hair being elevated followed by her back being caressed.

She then sat next to the toilet, her hands still on her belly. She shut her eyes and rested her head back whilst Zane kneeled next to her.

He was worried, she looked terrible. Her lips were dry and her eyes were baggy like she didn't sleep. She couldn't sleep, she was tossing and turning all night. How did Zane miss that? He was whipped, deadbeat. He was beyond fatigued that he just died for the night.

"Are you done?" He asked placidly and right before she could nod, she threw her head back inside the toilet bowl. She had never been that nauseous heck she had never seen such.

Her mood was off, walking was a drag and even talking was a mission and a half. "I'm done." She said softly. Zane scooped her in his arms and placed her on top of the counter next to the basin for her to rinse her mouth while he flushed her vomit away.

Once done, she grabbed a towel and wiped her face and hands dry. Zane carried her back to bed and pecked her forehead. He awaited for her to sleep before he got up from bed and started walking around the room, deep in his thoughts.

He perched up on one corner of the bed and buried his head in his hands. What kind of illness is that? What's wrong with her? What if I'm at fault?

He glared at the time and it struck two. Azandra was up staring at him and wondering why he wasn't in bed. Surely he was disgusted by her, he just didn't want to voice it out.

Zane could feel a pair of eyes drilling into him. He turned and made contact with Azandra. Her eyes were glistening with fresh tears and her hair was covering her face.

She was trembling so hard and he couldn't stand it.

He crawled back inside the bed and pulled her to him, enveloping her with his arms. She rested her head on his chest. "Why are you up?" Zane asked. "I-I'm cold." She whispered.

She was indeed cold
she was ice cold and freezing. He tightened his hold around her and covered her with a blanket. He felt warm and thats because he was warm.

After a few minutes, she was warm and asleep which left Zane thinking about what was wrong with her.

He didn't want to exaggerate nor take it lightly so he decided to take her for a checkup just to make sure everything is alright before he drifted off to sleep.

Morning came and she was still asleep. Breakfast was delivered and she refused to it, surely it must've been a stomach bug.

When she laid her eyes on the English breakfast, she dashed to the bathroom to puke all over again.

He placed the plate of food on his nightstand and raked his brown hair out of his face with his fingers. He got up from the bed and Azandra was already done. She made her way to bed and covered herself up before softly breaking into tears.

Her cries filled Zane's ears and he just wanted to take the pain away. He lied down next to her and wrapped his arms around her waist and pecked her back.

She thought he was disgusted by her but he wasn't. "I'll call a healer so she can check on you. If that does not help then I'll call a western doctor to check on you. We'll be fine soon, I promise." He promised once again.

"Let's get some sleep, little pumpkin." He said and she nodded then shut her eyes.

Zane was working from his room so he could monitor Azandra who was still sleeping. Its almost dinner time and she's still asleep, who sleeps so much?

He stopped working to take a shower and she was still asleep when he finished. Now he wasn't having any of it. He grabbed his telephone and summoned the healer to his castle, to his bedroom.

Azandra was woken up by two voices babbling. She opened her eyes and looked around the room and found Zane talking to an elderly woman. She was wearing a brown hood, a long hood.

They both turned to look at her as she sat up straight. Zane then rushed to her to help her sit up straight. He stuffed pillows behind her so she could sit comfortably.

The healer sat on the other side of the bed. She greeted her, her voice was low and composed. It was placid and calming yet people with such voices tend to be devious.

"Mistynne is a healer, this kingdom's healer." Zane introduced. Azandra just nodded, she remembered that Zane said he'd call in a healer or a doctor.

Mistynne's eyes landed on Azandra's shoulder, right by the neck. Her eyes widened as she came to sight with a mark. It was no ordinary mark but it was a mark which comprised of a wolf face and a crescent moon.

Every werewolf mates have to go through that mating process and that is the male mate should mark his female mate on the neck that is a little above the shoulder.

What puzzled her was that... "She's human." She whispered. She got up from the bed and Zane followed her. "I've never seen such in my entire years of living." She said in disbelief.

"What's wrong?" Zane asked. "With all due respect sire, she's human but she's bearing a wearwolf mark." She said.

"She was going through heat so I had to mark her." Zane said.

"You marked her? Primordials don't go through the mating process because they do not have mates, let alone human mates." She agitated.

"Mistynne, do not forget your place. Help her, heal her or help yourself and leave before we both regret what's going to happen." He warned nonchalantly. She bowed then made her way to the bed.

She sat down and took Azandra's hand in hers. She placed her other hand on her shoulder then closed her eyes. She scanned her body and soul, trying to find the problem.

Her eyes widened and she stared at Azandra for the longest time. "What is it?" Zane asked settling near Azandra.

"This is impossible..." Mistynne said in disbelief.

"Mistynne!" Zane shouted. She closed her eyes again and scanned her, trying to find a loophole but there was none.

She had been scanning her for the past ten minutes and she had been finding the same thing over and over again.

"If you don't tell me what you found I'm going to decapitate you and carve your heart out." Zane said startling Azandra. Mistynne swallowed her saliva then turned to the Alpha King.

"Sire, Azandra is... She's pregnant." She finally spit, shocking both Zane and Azandra. "Are... Are you sure? That surely can't be possible." Zane said. Mistynne nodded before getting up from the bed. She herself needed to digest the sudden news.

It was known that Primordials didn't have mates nor did they have offsprings hence Zane was sleeping with every girl he laid his eyes on.

"May I be excused, sire?" Zane nodded and she left the room with a pale face. Zane on the other hand was emotionless, expressionless. Azandra stared at her belly and put her hands over it. How? How is all of this possible? How is she pregnant?

Zane got up from next to Azandra and sat on one corner of the bed. He looked distressed. Wasn't he supposed to be happy that he made the impossible possible?

Azandra got out of the covers and crawled to Zane. She placed her hand on his shoulder before resting her head there. "Do you not want a child?" She asked softly. "Or perhaps not with me? I can understand if not.

I'm just a slave of the lowest class and caste. I couldn't possibly mean anything to you nor to anyone. And I'm human and I'm weak compared to anyone else." She said.

Zane groaned. He didn't know what else to say to her. He was questioning himself, his sanity and whether she was the only girl who was pregnant with his child. Everything was a mess, a huge mess. He got himself stuck in a really sticky situation.

He got up from the bed and grabbed a telephone and summoned the royal doctor who arrived as quickly as possible. Zane tried to explain himself over the call so the doctor knew what to expect and what to bring.

He handed her a container to pee in and drew blood samples from her so he could make tests. Zane watched the entire process in horror. She was given home pregnancy tests to take whenever she was ready and the doctor told them the tests would be ready in two days.

The longest two days of Zane's life. Azandra was confused at what was happening. She had never seen Zane go into shock like that, nobody had seen him like that before.

He also wasn't spending much time with her like he used to. He'd lock her up in his room then keep himself busy whilst she just wandered around in Zane's room.

She had tried to keep herself occupied by reading the books on Zane's shelf but she soon grew tired of that. Reading all day just made her nauseous and she didn't want to throw up knowing she couldn't eat nor find a way to get good into her system.

It was after dinner and she needed a bath to help her relax. She got inside the tub filled with warm water and sat down, allowing the water to coat her and relax her.

Zane was at his office and the doctor had just delivered the test results he took two days ago.

He locked eyes with a furious Saige who was sitting opposite him and Mistynne who was seated next to Saive. As to why Saige was angry, Zane didn't know. "Aren't you supposed to open them with her?" Saige asked, traces of anger noticeable in his voice.

Zane ignored him. He went on and opened the envelope which contained the test results. He sighed out loud before taking the paper out and scrutinizing it with his bloodshot deadbeat eyes.

He was tired from not sleeping for the past few days. He needed to see Azandra but couldn't. Something was unsettling him with this pregnancy, it felt wrong.

He squashed the paper and threw it across the room before ascending from his chair and trashing his office. It couldn't be possible. How was any of that possible?

"How? How Mistynne, how?" He shouted at the top of his voice. Poor Mistynne was too terrified to even share her vision with the Alpha King.

Saige on the other hand believed Zane had no right whatsoever to be angry. "How is she pregnant?" He asked, much calmer this time.

"Sire, that is currently unknown but the pregnancy is dangerous especially since she is human." Mistynne says. "Is it primordial?" Zane asked. "That is also unknown
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Alpha King." She responded looking down.

He raked his hair before turning to Mistynne. He needed more answers, more than what she told her. He needed elaboration, clarification, simplification. He needed a solution and a way out.

He had been ignoring his little pumpkin for two full days without checking on her because of his shame. He finally felt guilty and he did not enjoy it one bit.

He was too ashamed to leave his office. If he could impregnate Azandra then that means someone somewhere might also be pregnant with his child, after all he did sleep with countless girls.

"What do you mean the pregnancy is dangerous?" He asked. "If werewolves and humans breed, the werewolf gene can sometimes transfer to the unborn child, but it is rare. Its dangerous if the female is human because if the child does get the werewolf gene then her pregnancy will be the three months gestation which can harm both the mother and the baby." She said.

"How will they get harmed?" Zane asked, now taking a seat in his swivel leather chair, his elbows on the table and his gingers intertwined into one fist.

"The baby will fully develop in three months and it might feed off from its mother and she could possibly die after giving birth. Humans only give birth after nine months, not three." She elaborated.

"This is your fault!" Saige yelled pointing at Zane. "This is all your fault! Now the poor girl is going to die because of your

selfishness." He added on. Now Zane was the one who couldn't fathom why Saige suddenly cared for Azandra.

Nonetheless, he promised to protect her and he was not about to break his promise. He was not ready to lose his little pumpkin. "Will it be safe to terminate the pregnancy?" Zane asked and Mistynne nodded.

He got up from his seat and dashed out of his office to his bedroom. He unlocked the door and the room was empty. Azandra was nowhere in sight and her clothes were scattered on the floor.

He made his way to the bathroom and there she was. She was lying inside the tub filled with cold water. Her eyes were shut and her breathing was not normal. Her heart was beating slowly and he could see fresh tears on her face.

He perched up on the edge and lightly slapped her cheeks. "Azandra, wake up." He continued slapping her. "Little pumpkin please do wake up. I know how we can save you so please wake up." He said as soft as he could.

Her eyes flickered before she opened them. "Z-Zane." She said softly. A smile creeped on his face before he got up and scooped her with his arms and led her to the bathroom.

Azandra was dizzy. She saw double of everything and her vision was blurred out. "Hey, hey, don't ever do that to me again." She heard Zane say and she just nodded and shut her eyes.

She gave into the darkness and shut her eyes but she was not asleep, her eyelids felt heavy. She heard Zane talking to someone. She didn't catch everything else but that, "We have to terminate that thing before it kills her."

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Azandra woke up to a pair of red eyes staring at her. She swore her heart skipped eight beats at once. She couldn't read Zane's expression.

He was seated at the corner of the bed, his back resting on the canopy whilst his eyes bore into Azandra. His veins were twitching and his eyes bloodshot. He looked angry and made her uncomfortable yet she didn't want to voice it out.

His eyes shifted off hers to her belly of which she instantly covered with her shirt. Now that he was looking at her, he believed she was pregnant.

Her belly wasn't flat anymore and she was gaining weight. He thought it was because she was eating well but its because she was pregnant. She had a bump which seemed to grow with each passing day.

It looked a lot bigger than that of the previous day. "Zane..." She called out. He locked eyes with hers. He could read her thoughts, he knew what she was thinking.

The mating process was complete and so he could read her mind. He couldn't before because he thought it was blocked and now he can. "Are you going to kill my baby?" She asked softly.

He couldn't bring himself to utter a word to her. He was ashamed of himself for the first time in the history of history. "Why are you looking at me like that?" She asked. Zane got off the bed and disappeared to the bathroom.

He shut the door then ran a warn bath for her. It was six o'clock in the morning and she had an hour before her breakfast. Once done, he headed back to his room and found her undressing herself.

He carried her to the bathroom and carefully placed her inside the tub. He watched her every move until she was done. She had never been so uncomfortable and scared.

It wasn't long since she learnt she was carrying Zane's baby but she was already attached to it.

Once she was done with everything, she laid on the bed and stared at her belly. She couldn't believe she was pregnant at the age of nineteen with the Alpha King's baby.

She thought she would've died by now but she proved to be strong and brave. She made it out but then again, she was stuck between her baby and the Alpha.

Zane left the room to make her breakfast since she could only eat certain food which most certainly didn't make her vomit.

With the chance she had she caressed her belly, running circles around her small bump. "I'm not going to let him or anyone take you away from me.

I don't have anything but I'll make sure you have everything you need. I'll make sure you don't grow up like I did. We're going to be okay, just the two of us." She said to her unborn baby.

Both Saige and Zane were at the door listening to her conversation. Saige turned to Zane and shook his head. He'd been really brave lately, he even dared to defy his Alpha King just because of Azandra, she wasn't even his mate yet he cared for her.

"Congratulations, you just ruined her life." Saige said to Zane before walking away. They were both too vulnerable to fight and bicker with each other. Zane just sighed out loud before opening the door and entering his room.

Azandra quickly wiped her tears and sat up straight. He sat next to her and positioned Azandra on his laps before starting to feed her. He was thinking throughout.

She was too attached to the baby and wouldn't agree to terminating it, how would he convince her to allow him to terminate the baby?

Once they were done eating, he left the room, unable to face her any longer. He locked himself in his office and Saige took

the opportunity he had to visit her after Zane had not locked his bedroom door.

He smiled when he laid his eyes on her. She looked so sad and that made her look more adorable. Her ocean blue eyes were glistening and her small cherry lips curled.

She was caressing her belly. "I swear it looks bigger than how it did two days ago." Saige said, startling Azandra. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you." He said closing the door.

He made his way to her and perched up on the bed. "What are you doing here? Zane will flip if he finds you here." She says, her soft voice filling his ears. "Don't worry

he won't be here for another two hours or so." Saige said.

"How are you feeling?" He asked. She looked at him unsure, why would he just come to visit her because he only used to visit her under Zane's orders and last time she checked, he wasn't supposed to talk to her.

"Zane didn't send me here." As if he read her thoughts, he responded. "In that case, I'm not so good." She confessed. Saige sat comfortably, awaiting her to tell him more.

"Zane is freaking me out, I think he wants to kill my baby." She said. "Do you want to have this baby?" Saige asked. He watched as her cheeks turned scarlet and she looked down.

She was flushed and didn't want Saige to see her. He tipped her head up so he could see her, he thought she was adorable. "I want to keep the baby..." She said then shyly looked away. "Is that a bad thing?" She asked.

Saige raked his hair, this was a complicated situation. He honestly wouldn't have cared less if it were any other random girl but it was Azandra, she wasn't just any random girl.

"The pregnancy is dangerous, it might even kill the both of you." Saige said. She looked down, sad. "Then I'm willing to keep it. If we both die or I happen to die then it won't matter. Other than this baby, I have nothing to live for." She said.

Saige's heart swelled at that. Azandra really was no ordinary girl. Even though she wasn't his mate, he felt something drawing him to her. She was surprisingly attractive and pleasant to be around. She was fascinating and amusing.

Her beauty did no justice to both Saige and Zane. They were both drawn to her, the Alpha King and his second in command.

She bore Zane's Mark and his child. She was mated to him yet he still found her sexy and adorable. He was playing with fire but it was a risk he was willing to take.

"Are you sure about that? Both Zane and I don't want you to lose your life. I've never seen Zane like that ever since I became

his beta. You changed him without even doing anything and he's doing this to save you." Saige said.

She was fiddling with her fingers. "Well, I-I'm doing this to save my baby. If I lose my baby, I might as well lose my life too because I have nothing and no one.

Zane just uses me to have sex with him. I know he's sugarcoating it but I'm his sex slave." She said.

"Well you have me, I can be your friend if you like. You can tell me anything you want and I won't judge you." He said.
"Really?" She asked softly and he nodded with a smile on his face. She couldn't help but to laugh too.
He looked at her belly. He didn't know how to feel about this pregnancy. She was really adamant on keeping this baby and he failed to convince her to terminate it. They only had two people to count on.
If the plan doesn't work then its all over. "May I?" He asked and she hesitantly nodded. He caressed her belly before resting his head on it. "There's a whole pup in there." He said poking her belly causing her to giggle hard.
"Stop it!" She continued to giggle.
Zane clenched his fists and grit his teeth. Reading both Azandra and Saige's minds, he dashed off to his bedroom from his study. He wasted no time to strangle Saige and to throw him across the room.

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His veins popped out and his razor sharp canines surfaced. His eyes turned red and that only meant one thing - Saige was in danger. He wanted to carve Saige's heart out with his long sharp nails and eat it infront of him before biting his head off.

"Didn't I tell you to stay away from her?" He asked, gritting his teeth. Saige was in pain and couldn't respond.

Zane had him thrown on top of every solid thing in the room. He didn't even care if Azandra was watching or not. He wanted her to see what he would do to any man who would go near his little pumpkin.

"Zane please stop..." Azandra beseeched at the top of her voice, crying her lungs out. "Zane..." She called out softly. He wasn't paying attention to her but the task before him.

He banged him against the wall while Azandra watched in horror. She shut her eyes and covered her ears then screamed out loud. "Zane McKnight, stop it!" Zane froze when he heard a familiar voice. It was his older brother, Felix.

He dropped Saige then turned to him. He saw how terrified Azandra looked in Rosalie's arms, crying her lungs out. He then looked at Felix who most certainly showed signs of disapproval regarding his behavior.

They were all there, all his siblings. He thought only Felix and Rosalie would come but they were all there. Felix, Luth, Jamil, Aldusa, Rosalie and Tatiana. They all glared at him like a criminal, their arms folded across their chests.

"How careless can you be? She's carrying your child!" Rosalie agitated.

"We need to get that thing out of her." Zane said. "Its not a thing, its a baby." Aldusa said. "Well that baby is going to kill her!" He yelled at the top of his voice and they all shrunk but Felix.

"You're not thinking straight brother, calm down." Felix said nonchalantly. "Felix that thing is going to kill her and I won't sit by and let that happen.

If she dies, that baby will remind me of her every time I lay my eyes on it, do you think I'll be able to love and care for it?" Zane said.

"But I want to keep it, don't I have a say?" Azandra asked softly. "Not if its going to kill you. I won't allow it to kill you." He said.

"Its my body and I'm keeping it." She said curling up on top of Rosalie who only caressed her back.

He furiously raked his hair and let out a loud growl before storming out of the room and dashing outside. He shifted to his wolf and ran towards the forest. Felix

Aldusa and Tatiana also shifted and ran after him.

Azandra bursted into more tears as her eyes landed on Saige who looked hurt. Luth and Jamil helped him up and took him out of the room leaving Rosalie alone with Azandra.

Rosalie always had a soft spot for Azandra. After hearing her history, she opened up to her and swore to care for her. She gave her a place to stay, allowed her to work, home schooled her and gave her everything she possibly wanted.

She made Zane swear to treat her like his queen or else she'd break their bond and he swore.

It was only after when she had stopped crying and calmed down when Rosalie spoke to her. "Why do you want to keep this baby knowing it will kill you, Aza?" She asked her.

She wrapped her arms around her belly. "Because I wouldn't live with myself knowing I killed a being." She said softly. "I don't want to be a murderer." She added on.

"You won't be a murderer but Zane will be. He'll torture even more people knowing he killed you and he might even kill this

baby himself after you die and... And I don't want to lose you." Rosalie admitted.

"I'm not going to die, Rosalie. I'm going to give birth to this baby and I'll make sure it gets everything it needs.

I didn't have the best childhood but I'll make sure it does." She said. Rosalie shook her head then sighed out loud knowing she won't be able to convince her.

Her eyes landed on something shocking, Zane marked her? "What happened to your neck?" She asked running her fingers over the mark.

She watched as Azandra's face went tomato before she looked away, she sure was blushing which caught Rosalie by surprise. "Zane bit me there during... You know, he said it will help me with the heat." She said and Rosalie's eyes widened.

"What heat?" She asked. "The last full moon, my body was hot and weak. I was in a lot of pain and I could feel heat rushing through my veins. He was also in pain. He said he knew how to stop it and it was to bite me there." She said shyly.

Rosalie furrowed her brows. He's primordial, why was his sex slave going through heat? That was only for werewolves and Lycans. They are the ones who are supposed to go through the mating process.

And why Azandra out of all the girls he had slept with? There were too many questions that nobody had answers to, not even Zane himself.

"And how did it feel?" Rosalie asked. "It hurt when he bit me but after a while, it was ticklish but then I passed out." She said.

Azandra was always shy but Rosalie swore that during the three years she'd lived with her, she'd never been this shy. "And Zane... How do you feel about him?" She asked and watched as her face turned scarlet.

She looked like a balloon on the verge of bursting because it contained too much helium. "He sometimes scares me but he's nice and handsome." She said looking down.

"He takes care of me, makes sure I eat well and healthy. He walks with me around the garden, he's always watching me and he once promised to not let any harm come my way." She said.

That was a shocker. Rosalie did not expect Zane to live up to his promise knowing him as her brother. "Also when he touches me, I feel tingles and when he kisses me, I feel like my intestines are tangling up... Is that normal?" She asked now looking at Rosalie who was flushed in embarrassment.

She had never experienced that in her lifetime so she couldn't really answer her now could she. "I'm sure it is... Do you like him?" She asked. She looked down then nodded.

"A lot?" Rosalie asked and she continued to nod. "But he doesn't like me. I'm human and I'm his sex slave. I've defied him already as the Alpha King so I know he'll kill me after killing my baby." She said.

She didn't regret anything. She meant everything she said earlier on but she knew Zane had a temper. He was merciless and unstoppable. He decapitated people then hung them in public.

"If he tries to harm you then I'll take you back with me." Rosalie said trying to cheer her up. She nodded.

Azandra really liked Zane but it did not matter now did it? He was doing all of this because she was his sex slave. He struggled to find her and wasn't going to give her up so easily.

"I won't allow her to go ahead with this." Zane said. "Look, you need to calm down. Why do you care anyway?" Aldusa asked.

"I don't expect you to understand." He mumbled. They were now somewhere in the forest, trying to have a cordial conversation. "Then make us understand, brother." Said Tatiana.

Zane was still looking for a better way to explain everything to them without coming across as crazy and delusional. "I don't know what's going on with me but I think I'm attracted to her.

I want to protect her and make her smile. I feel connected to her, like its more than just sex. You know I once took a stroll with her to the garden and she looked so happy, that alone made me happy.

And there was a time where we explored the forest together during the full moon. She wasn't scared of Amory. She ran her tiny fingers through my fur and smiled at me.

That was the very same night I marked her and I was so satisfied with that, knowing no one will dare harm her and she'll be protected." He said with a megawatt smile on his face as he drifted off to memory lane.

He sat on a rock and pressed his head against the tree trunk. "You marked her?" Aldusa asked with concern in her voice. "She was going through heat and it stopped immediately." Zane responded.

"How is that possible?" Tatiana asked as she turned to Felix, hoping for an answer. Zane buried his head in his hands and accessed Azandra's mind.

He acted without thinking once again because of anger. He just couldn't stand seeing Saige and his little pumpkin together.

'He sometimes scares me but he's nice and handsome.' He smiled at her response to Rosalie's query.

'He takes care of me, makes sure I eat well and healthy. He walks with me around the garden, he's always watching me and he once promised to not let any harm come my way.'

'Also when he touches me, I feel tingles and when he kisses me, I feel like my intestines are tangling up... Is that normal?' He chuckled at that. It was great to finally know that he was not the only one who felt that way.

'But he doesn't like me. I'm human and I'm his sex slave. I've defied him already as the Alpha King so I know he'll kill me after killing my baby.' His smile then disappeared after hearing that.

He wouldn't want to hurt her in anyway instead he wanted to protect her. He couldn't bare the thought of her leaving him, that just tore his heart asunder.

He threw his head back, his eyes shut as he tried to hold in what felt foreign to him. What is it that he was feeling? He had never felt that way before.

Felix asked the girls to leave them so he could talk to Zane. He crouched next to him and placed his hand on his shoulder. "I can't lose her." He said in a saddening tone.

"She's going to leave me." He added on. Felix heaved out a sigh. "Brother, I've never seen you care so much about anyone let alone a human."

"I-I think I love her." He announced, shocking Felix. "Love is such a strong word brother." He said to Zane and he shook his head. "I think she's my mate. I don't know how all of this is happening but all the signs are there." Zane agitated.

"I've never seen such in my entire years of living. Did you speak to your healer?" Felix asked and Zane shook his head. "I was still in shock to have a cordial conversation with her. She also seems puzzled by what's going on." Zane said.

"I'll arrange a meeting with her and a werewolf doctor so we can understand this." Felix said and Zane just heaved out a sigh.

"I don't want to lose her. For the first time in my life, I feel like I have everything I'll ever need and then this happens.

She's scared of me. She thinks I'm going to kill her and I'm just trying to save her. She's too attached to the - the baby

she will never agree to terminate it." Zane said.

"Then talk to her. Meet her halfway and see if you can come up with a solution. She might have a good reason to not want to terminate and do you really want her to? I mean this might be your only chance of becoming a parent." Felix said and Zane shook his head.

"I don't want to be a single parent." Zane mumbled.

Felix helped him up and they rushed back to the castle. They started off by checking on Saige. He was angry at Zane for manhandling him like that and even though he knew Zane never apologizes, he kept his charade.

"I did warn you to stay away from her." Zane mumbled. "Well you can't keep the poor girl locked up all day and night. She needs a friend, someone to talk to and..." Zane chimed in. "And Rosalie will do that. You are not her friend and you never will be. I don't want you near her or my baby, understand?" He shouted at the top of his voice.

The room went quiet and all eyes turned to the door where Azandra was standing with Rosalie. "Zane..." She called out softly. He heaved out a sigh before turning to face her. She looked saddened and hurt. Why was he doing this?

"Azandra you should be resting. Rosalie why did you bring her here?" Zane asked. "She wanted to check on Saige." Rosalie said. He got up from his seat and made his way to them.

She looked down and rested her hand on her belly. "I just wanted to see how he was doing then I'll leave." She said softly. "He's fine, he's a lycan." He responded and Azandra swallowed hard.

"Zane..." He rushed to her. "Let's go." He scooped her into his arms and went to the garden, Azandra's place of peace. They sat on a bench in silence while they were both thinking with Azandra curled up on top of Zane, listening to his heartbeat.

"Do you love him?" He asked and she instantly looked up. "Who?" She asked. "Saige, do you love him?" He asked. He hated that he had to ask this question but he had to, he really had to.

"Zane..." He threw his head back. "Just answer the question Azandra. Do you love him? Do you wish to be with him? Do you wish you were having his baby and not mine?" He asked.

She looked down and fiddles with her top. "No." She said softly. No? No what? No, I'm not answering this question or no, this is wrong. What was the no for?

"No, I don't love him and I don't wish to be with him and I don't wish I was carrying his baby." She responded.

"Then why are you so free with him and nervous around me?" He asked, slightly hurt. His question left a bitter taste in his mouth.

"He's less terrifying and he wants to be my friend." She replies softly. "But you do have a friend, Rosalie is your friend." He says.

"I know but there's a difference between Rosalie and Saige." She points out.

"I have no one and I'm all alone. This baby is all I have, Zane and I'm scared." She sobs.

"And you think I'm not scared? I'll be the first ever primordial to have a baby but that'll be short lived because I'm going to lose you. I don't want to lose you." He said then pecked her forehead.

"You won't lose me Zane, I won't die." She says. "And if you do? Please reconsider this little pumpkin, please." He said

tightening his hold around her. The thought of losing her angered him.

"I need you..." He said in a whisper.

"Zane..." She lightly slapped him. She tried to awaken him yet again but he held her wrist and she jumped in fear. "I'm awake, little pumpkin." He said, his voice still hoarse from sleep but it fascinated Azandra, mostly sexually as she clenched her thighs tightly and let out an involuntary moan.

He chuckled. "What is it?" He asked, his eyes still shut. She watched as his Adam's apple went up and down his throat as he swallowed and her throat instantly dried up.

"What do you want?" He asked yet again. She gulped as she scanned the man lying next to him who makes her feel things she didn't even know existed effortlessly.

He squeeze her butt and she gasped. He was touching the right place but only if he went further would she be pleased. "Azandra..." He called out then looked at her, his azure blue eyes looking directly into her ocean eyes. "Zane..."

Its not just the colour of her eyes, he genuinely saw the ocean in her eyes. When they meet the sun, her eyes gleasten and when she cries, the streaks move as if they're waves. And when she smiles, he wished he could just jump into her eyes.

"What do you want?" He asked. She raked his hair as she thought of a response. She bit her lower lip. "I want you..." She

said softly. "I'm here." He said and she nodded. "I know." She said.

His hand caressed her thigh while she raked his fur-like hair. "So, what do you want?" He asked yet again. "Zane..." She curled her lip and traced her fingers on his shirtless torso.

He pulled her closer and kissed her. As much as he wanted to torture her for awakening him, he was torturing himself as well. His member was rock hard and twitching. She was making it hard for him.

He broke the kiss and jolted out of bed so he could take his boxer briefs off while Azandra took her nightgown off and threw it across the room.

He climbed back on the bed and held her from behind. "Uhm... Zane?" She called out softly. She was baffled at what he was doing. What is he doing behind her?

She really was clueless when it came to intimacy. She just knew what she experienced.

"Kneel upright." He whispered in her ear and she did as instructed. He parted her thighs and held her in place as he inserted himself from behind.

She gasped out loud. "Are you okay?" He asked and she nodded. "Yes." He held her tightly as he slowly started to move.

She held on to him while he gripped her thighs, careful not to hurt her.

He went on and sucked on her neck. Her moans filled his ears are he lost control of himself and increased his pace, resulting in him thrusting harder, faster and deeper than even Azandra had envisioned.

She freed Zane and went on all fours, holding on to the bed covers and gripping on them. She bit her lower lip as she tried to muffle her loud screams but she was failing as Zane was one hundred percent on predator mode.

His eyes had darkened with lust and his werewolf was in total control. Her screams turned to cries of pleasure as it was all too much to take in. That familiar wave of pleasure was nearing, she could feel it build up and it always just messed her up.

Zane held her tightly as he released himself inside of her and softly groaning in her ear.

He pounded in hard and that was enough to have her gush her releases all over his manhood. She collapsed on the bed and tried to catch her breath.

"Are you okay?" He asked yet again as he wrapped his arms all over her. She turned to him and nodded. "I'm fine." She responded then placed her hand on her belly. "We're fine..." She said

slowly drifting back to sleep.

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"Azandra. Zandra." He whispered shaking her awake. She mumbled and turned to the other side. "Little pumpkin." He whispered still shaking her.

"I'm sorry..." She mumbled in her sleep. "Please untie me..." She added. Zane lightly slapped her cheeks but she wasn't budging, who sleeps so much? "Please give me food." She mumbled yet again with tears streaming out of her eyes.

He took her hand and rubbed his palm against hers. She slowly opened her eyes and they met Zane's eyes. She didn't look away like she always did but clearly her mood wasn't like that of any other day.

Pregnancy hormones perhaps?

"Hey, are you okay?" Zane asked wiping her tears. She nodded then looked around the room and back to Zane. "Where... Where am I?" She asked lazily, words failing to leave her mouth.

"You're safe, you're in a safe space." He responded not knowing what else to say. "Safe space?" She asked, clearly puzzled and Zane just nodded.

She must've been exhausted, that's what Zane thought. That was the only logical explanation he could come up with. "Did I escape?" She asks, still looking at Zane in the eyes. He shook his head.

"No, you didn't." He said and she jolted up straight and a migraine instantly hit her. Zane caught her and rested her head on his chest. "Little pumpkin..." He called out.

She was dizzy and she didn't feel so well. "He's going to find me..." She mumbled. "Who's going to find you?" He asked her.

"Tundra..." She said. "Tundra is going to find me." She added on.

"Who is Tundra?" Zane asked, perplexed by her sudden nostalgia. She gagged. "I need to puke..." She said softly. Zane was still trying to register what was happening to his little pumpkin and who this Tundra she speaks of. "I feel like barf..." She said.

She gagged once again. He scooped her into his arms and rushed to the bathroom just in time for her to puke.

She threw her head inside the toilet bowl and let it all out while he held her hair.

One thing about the McKnights, they hated being in the dark and Azandra's situation was not helping Zane.

"Why am I feeling sick?" She asked. Zane held her and caressed her arm. "Its morning sickness. You're pregnant, remember?" He asked and she didn't respond.

Her eyes were now shut. "He's coming." She whispered before she fell unconscious. Zane carried her back to bed and summoned Mistynne, Saige, Felix and Rosalie to his bedchamber.

He put on some presentable clothes and covered Azandra up before they arrived.

"You called us?" Rosalie said perching up next to the sleeping beauty. "Yes, I called you. Something is wrong with little pumpkin..." He said and all their eyes widened at the cute name. "Who's little pumpkin?" Mistynne asked.

"Its Azandra." Saige said stiffling his laughter. Zane snarled at him. "This is a serious matter!" He snapped.

"Calm down, brother." Felix said. "You're really smitten, aren't you?" He added on. Zane charged towards him but Rosalie stopped him.

"You said something is wrong with Azandra?" Mistynne asked and Zane nodded. "She had a nightmare about her past and when she awakened, I think some of her memory was

somehow erased. She kept on saying Tundra is coming." He explained.

Mistynne gasped followed by Rosalie. "What's wrong? And don't you dare lie to me." He said sternly.

Mistynne looked away. "That means he knows." She said more to herself.

"Who knows what?" Felix asked. Rosalie got up from the bed. "That she's here." She said.

"And that Azandra is Luna."

21

Do you know that time where you isolate yourself from everyone and cogitate on your life? You then find yourself thinking about anything and everything and end up feeling all the god damn emotions and once.

Or when you look out the window and start creating false memories or rather, tragic thoughts and you end up crying?

Or when everything just gets too much for you that whenever you cry, you cry for every tragic and painful thing that is happening and has happened in your life because you still haven't healed from it?

Now, let's talk about love.

Have you ever lost a loved one? Do you think of losing your loved one? Do you wonder where do souls really go when people die? Do you ask yourself why them?

There are so many cruel people who don't deserve to die in the world yet those good ones always have to suffer.

Have you ever seen your life fall apart before you, in just a few seconds and there's nothing you can do about it.

"Get that thing out of her, now!" He shouted at the top of his voice. He needed that baby gone, he wanted them to terminate

it. If he could, he would've done it himself but he couldn't and he was a failure...

"Sire, we cannot do that." Mistynne announced. Zane turned to her in fury and in a blink of an eye, he had her strangled and pressed against the wall.

Unable to breathe nor speak, she started kicking. Zane had his eyes glued to hers, the anger that elevated in him was beyond his powders. He wanted to kill her before that thing could kill his little pumpkin.

"Zane, stop it." Aldusa warned him. He dropped her to the floor and walked away. He knew it was too late, very late for the termination to take place and so he knew he was going to lose Azandra.

"Get out, all of you!" He ordered chasing them out. "GET OUT!" He shouted, louder. They all left things be and left him alone. He needed to be with Azandra as it might be his only chance to spend time with her.

Heartbroken doesn't even begin to describe how Zane felt, from good news to terrible news.

Azandra being his Luna, that was just the cherry on top of his cake but then she was carrying a hybrid whilst she's human and there was another threat.

Tundra.

He had never felt so helpless and weak before. He grew up with so much anger that it overpowered all emotions and anger was the only emotion he had and could feel.

This pity party and feeling sorry for himself was a first and most certainly a last because after Azandra

he was certain that he won't be able to even feel angry, he'll destroy everything and kill anyone.

Until someone managed to help him then he swore that he would destroy the world.

He looked at his little pumpkin and instantly fell in love with her. Yes, it was love and there was no denying that.

'Is this pain? This is what -and more- my little pumpkin felt all her life?' He asked himself. Then this truly meant that he was weak and Azandra was even more powerful than him.

He lied next to Azandra and held her tightly, as if his life depended on it. But it did, he wouldn't able to live with himself knowing that he didn't hold her when he had the chance.

He laid his head on her bosom and just shut his eyes. His jaws clenched and his eyes stung as tears streamed down his face. He needed to stop the pain, it was unbearable.

Slumber, it was an escape plan. He longed for the oblivion of sleep because he knew he could escape reality for a couple of hours. But it was hard, everything was hard.

What he saw whenever he shut his eyes scarred him deeper than ever. His hold around her tightened, only to awaken her.

She opened her ocean blue eyes and what she saw, she was rather not ready for. Zane McKnight? The whole Alpha King was in tears?

"Zane..." She called out softly. He looked up and quickly looked away. Zane has never succumbed to pain nor allowed anyone to see him in pain, surely his pride didn't allow him to cry in front of Azandra yet he wanted to be in her presence at all times.

"You're crying?" She asked and he remained quiet. Again, his pride wouldn't allow him to come to terms with him crying. Azandra even thought he was incapable of crying.

"Did I upset you?" She asked, now sad as well. Her pregnancy caused her and Zane to be connected further than just in the real world. Their connection was beyond, it grew to a point where Azandra could feel what Zane was feeling at all times and she knew Zane was morose.

"I failed you..." He uttered with his eyes shut. He couldn't face her, he just couldn't look at her with all the guilt that was eating him up.

"This is punishment for everything I did in the past." He added on and Azandra couldn't be more puzzled. "Zane..." He looked up and looked at her.

"I'm sorry..." He apologized. He apologized? Zane McKnight just apologized.

"I promised to protect you but I failed you. Instead, I'm the one who endangered your life." He said in between his sobs.

"Zane..." She tried to sit comfortably but he held her tighter than he already had. "Don't let go." He ordered. "Zane, I want to sit comfortably." She said.

"Then will you hold me?" He asked and she nodded, "Only if you ask."

He gulped. "Will you hold me?" He asked and she giggled. "You forgot to say please." She said. "Please?" He asked and she nodded. "Now use please in your request." She said.

"Please hold me?" Zane asked and she grinned as she nodded in agreement. He cracked a smile. It wasn't his megawatt smile but she could see his dentals so it was more or less a smile.

She sat comfortably and he rested his head on her bosom. His arms managed to envelope the whole of Azandra while she didn't do a very good job at that with her short arms.

But...

She was holding him and that's all that matters.

She raked his soft hair while she hummed an old song she used to sing while working. She could tell that her giant pooch needed to escape to the world of dreams and this was going to help him fall asleep.

As cliché as it is, she too was falling for him but her fate laid in the hands of time.

He wiped her tears and caressed her cheeks. The nightmares are not stopping, the pain is slowly creeping back in and the tears are streaming out uncontrollably.

The past is haunting her. With each passing night, the same fate takes place.

Nightmares, nightmares and more nightmares.

They're always different yet the same. Torture, pain and regret. Zane always wondered how she was still able to shed so much tears after all the tears she has shed already.

"Tundra was my last owner." She explained, cringing as she slowly but surely stepped back into that dark hole.

"I thought you were owned by women only." Zane says grabbing her full attention. She looked up and gulped down as she stared at Zane's defined visage, what a destruction.

She cleared her throat and looked away. "I was until Tundra found me and abducted me." She said then looked back at Zane.

"He abducted you?" He asked and Azandra nodded. He was now deep in his thoughts trying to piece the new information together.

"He abducted me and many other people. He too enslaved them as well as trained them then turned them to vampires and locked them up." She elaborated further.

"And you? Why didn't he turn you into a vampire?" He asked.

"He... He said that he... He loved me and he didn't want me to become a monster like him." She stuttered. Zane instantly turned to her and cupped her cheeks.

His anger had instantly risen at the mention of love. He knew nothing about love but he knew that a Primordial Bloodsucking leech wasn't capable of loving.

"And you, do you love him?" He asked and she shook her head. "No, I would never love someone who has put me through hell." She looked down and caressed her belly.

It was growing every single day. Regardless of how much she ate, Zane put her on a strict green list diet because he believed she wasn't supposed to give in to her cravings.

"What hell?" He asked. She heaved out a sigh and shut her eyes as she allowed her past to invade her mind.

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He grabbed her arm and dragged her across the abrasive concrete so he could tie her up on the nearest pole he could find.

Indeed, he tied her hands up with a rope to a pole and tore her clothes. She could hear the sound of a whip and how much it fascinated him.

And when the whip came in contact with her skin, she knew she was going to die.

The screaming, the flinching, the cries, the blood, the whiplashes, they were like music to Tundra's ears. He enjoyed the sight. He was punishing Azandra for all the people who wronged him. He was venting all his anger on her.

He whipped her until she couldn't scream anymore, until she just prayed for whichever high power existed to take her soul so she could never have to suffer like this ever again.

The only sound he could hear was that of the whip and as if he had blacked out, he stopped and looked at Azandra then the whip. "What have I done?"

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"He untied me and hugged me and apologized countless times. He took care of me until I healed then he'd do the same thing over and over again and I..." Tears tears tears.

He tightened his arms around her and consoled her
his little pumpkin. "Had Rosalie not found me, I would've died. He was going to kill me." She whimpered grasping onto Zane for warmth, comfort as well as security.

He pecked her forehead as he listened to her sobs. He still remembered his promise and he was going to keep it. "How do you know that Tundra is coming?" Zane asked. That was what bothered him most, fear that he might've done something to her in order to bind them to each other.

"I-I don't know. I just dreamt of him and it felt so real. I don't know how that happened. Is he really coming? Please don't let him take me away, he's going to kill me." She beseeched.

"Calm down my love, I won't let him take you." Zane said. Azandra looked at him in disbelief of what she just heard. Zane also realized what he had said and he had nothing to say for himself.

In his defense, there was no defense, there was no way out of this one. Yes, she was his love, he loves her but does she? Does she love him? Is she doing all of this because she feels forced or because she has no choice but to come to terms with reality?

She looked down, her face on the verge of bursting and her cheeks were rosy. When last did he see her flushed?

He chuckled inwardly at her heart melting expression. She was indeed beautiful, more than he could ever imagine. "You're so beautiful." He complimented.

She stole a glance at him and he was still looking at her. She quickly looked away as well as faced the other way. "Azandra." He called out, ecstasy noticeable in his tone of voice.

"Look at me." He ordered. She did her breathing exercises first before turning to Zane. She avoided eye contact.

He held her closely and rested his big head on her shoulder. "I won't hurt you nor let anyone else hurt you. I'm going to protect you with my life, okay?" He whispered and she nodded.

He pecked her shoulder, trailing up to her neck. "Let's put you to sleep." He said then pecked her lips and enveloped her in his arms. "Zane..." She called out softly and he looked at her.

He cupped her cheeks and wiped her tears with his gigantic thumbs. "I'm scared." She confessed, her voice shaky and her tears on the verge of flooding out.

She only wished she was braver and stronger than she currently was. She wished she had the heart of a lion or rather in this case, the heart of a Primordial.

She only wished none of this existed and she was raised like a normal child. She wished she knew her parents and she had a normal childhood like some other lucky humans.

She had all the right to hate Zane and the rest of the Primordials but love, love was the enemy. She could not even be angry at him for just an hour and whenever she tried, he'd just picture him saying sweet nothings to her.

"I'll protect you with my life. We'll find Tundra and he'll never hurt you ever again." He whispered to her.

"I'm still going to die anyway." She whispered.

Zane heaved out a sigh as he remembered that what was supposed to be his blessing is going to be his punishment.

All of this could've been prevented by terminating but it was too late, there was nothing he was going to do. "Maybe we can still find a way to save you."

She batted her long eyelashes in disbelief as she awaited for Zane's response to her query, "You're joking, right?" Little did she know that he wasn't. He was not joking at all.

"Zane..." She called out softly. "Azandra listen..." She chimed in. "I'm not going to do that to my baby." She said looking away, tears already stinging her eyes.

"Little pumpkin just listen to me, its not as bad as it seems." Zane said trying to convince her otherwise. "No Zane, no! I'm not going to put my baby through that, I'd rather die." She says in a shocking tone of voice.

Zane had never heard her speak in that manner before. Where did all the anger come from? "Stop saying that!" Zane yelled. "Its our baby and you're not going to leave me!"

"What if I die either way, what if our baby dies? Why can't you just accept the situation as is?" She shot back. "Don't speak to me in that tone!" He roared. She remained quiet and looked away. She wrapped her arms around her belly as if she was protecting her baby.

"We can do this, it will work. I won't lose you and we won't lose our baby." He said in a much placid tone. "You want them to cut me up and take my baby out before I go into labor? Why

don't you just kill me then?" She shouted yet again which irked Zane.

"Azandra!" She stormed out of bed and dashed out of the room. She headed to Zane's office. She once saw a rope there while cleaning and she was hoping it was still there and untouched.

She rampaged through the drawers and turned the office upside down while looking for the rope. "Azandra, what are you doing?" Zane asked standing by the door way.

She ignored him. She continued searching for the rope while Zane was trying to piece her thoughts together, they were so loud that he couldn't make sense of any of them.

He hated being in the dark. Not knowing what Azandra was looking for and why she spoke to him in that manner angered him. He wanted to punish her so bad yet he didn't want to hurt her.

He slowly made his way to her and wrapped his arms around her waist. "Little pumpkin." He called out softly. "Talk to me." He added on.

She stopped fidgeting and turned to Zane with the rope at hand. "What are you going to do with this?" He asked. She wiped her tears and looked at the rope.

"I'm tired Zane, I'm so tired. I've been suffering all my life and when I thought I've finally found peace, something bad happens." She said.

"Azandra..." She hushed him by pressing her index finger over his lips. "I can't lose this baby

Zane please try to understand. I'm nineteen and pregnant with the Alpha King's child. Tundra is out there looking for me and you... Please don't stop me." She said then gulped down.

"What do you mean I shouldn't stop you?" Zane asked gripping her wrists. "I... I don't deserve you Zane. I don't disturb your... Your mercy and kindness. I don't deserve your protection. I don't want to be your downfall, I'd rather die along with our baby." She whimpered.

It only made sense that she was going to hang herself with that rope. He held her hand. "Look at me, little pumpkin." He ordered. She looked up and held his gaze.

"Do you really want to do this?" He asked. She looked down and slowly shook her head. "Then don't do it. We'll find a way out of this." He said tipping her head up.

Faces only inches away from each other and his breath fanning her face, her breathing hitched. Her eyes landed on his freshly licked lips. "I won't bear losing you, little pumpkin. My whole

life would be ruined and I would want to ruin other people's lives as well." He said to her in a whisper.

"Zane..." He hushed her. He pressed his forehead against hers and shut his eyes. "I don't know how or why but I've never felt like this before. I've never felt so overprotective of anyone. I've never wanted to spend so much time with anyone and I've never felt like this before." He said.

"Zane what are you talking about?" She asked softly, fazed by Zane's words and actions. "I didn't even know I was capable of such until I met you, Azandra. In all the generations I've lived, I've never cried nor felt so happy." He added on.

"I've never cared about anyone else before and I most certainly never loved anyone before but you... You tend to mess me up Azandra. I lose my mind when you're around yet I always want you around.

I want to see you flushed all the darn time and I want to hold you. I feel restless whenever we're away from each other and I just lose focus." He confessed.

He grabbed a hold of the rope in her hand and slowly but surely slipped the rope out of her hold.

"This is not the solution, my love." There, he said it yet again. He called her his love again. In all his countless years of living,

he had never called anyone his love yet he could easily call his little pumpkin that.

"You... Your... Love? Zane..." He threw the rope across the room and held her waist. His head disappeared to her neck and he nuzzled the crook with his nose. He took in her pleasant scent and left a peck on her mark.

"I love you, Azandra." He whispered in her ear.

She probably wasn't hearing correctly or at least that's what she thought. He said that love word again and this time in a different manner. "I think I'm hearing voices." She said softly.

Zane chuckled and shook his head. He looked into her ocean eyes and said it again. "I love you, Azandra."

He was waiting by the door, watching and listening to their conversation. Even though she had not been eating well because she had been giving in to her cravings, she looked good. The bump was growing rapidly and she was only happier.

Her eyes moved from her bump to Zane. Her beautiful smile faded as soon as they locked eyes. She broke the contact and looked at Rosalie forcing a smile. He just wanted to have a cordial conversation with her.

Rosalie looked at him and nodded. He nodded too before stepping inside the room, announcing his presence. "Can I have a word with you? I promise I won't be angry nor make you angry." He said to Azandra.

The room went quiet, everyone awaiting her response. Rosalie nodded at her after squeezing her thigh. "Sure..." She agreed. Zane carried her in his arms to the terrace and placed her on the comfortable couch before sitting next to her.

He wrapped his arm around her and rested her head on his chest. "Are you okay?" He asked and she nodded, taking in the fresh morning breeze as if it cleansed her soul.

"Are you having a good time?" He asked and she nodded. She closed her eyes and faced up, allowing the breeze to hit her face.

She looked beautiful, the wind blowing her hair which then covered her face. He gulped down as he watched her, he just wanted to kiss her and envelope her in his arms so bad.

She doesn't look like someone who had been having nightmares about her tragic past. She was full of life, she had the most beautiful smile and her big blue eyes were gleaming with happiness and freedom.

He looked at her belly. Her hand was resting on top of it and showed no sign of letting go. She loved the baby and he was afraid she loved it more than him.

He hesitantly placed his hand on top of the belly, taking her by surprise. He slowly caressed it before a smile creeped on his face. "I can hear her heartbeat..." He said in disbelief.

Azandra was shook. She didn't expect this from Zane. She thought he was going to try and convince her to have an early birth but there he was, bonding with the baby.

She only had a month to go before she gave birth and it was too late to try and terminate. Besides Mistynne's warning, maybe that's why Zane made peace with this. He had no choice but to.

"How do you know its a girl?" She asked. "Because I want it to be a girl. I want her to be as beautiful, kindhearted, free

spirited, hard working, innocent and strong as her mother." He said.

She smiled in disbelief, on the verge of crying. "So, you're not going to hate her?" She asked softly and he shrugged.

"I know she's going to remind me of you but if anything happens to you then I'm to blame, I'm at fault. I won't be able to forgive myself but I won't punish her for my wrongs." He said.

She could hear the sadness in his tone and that only made her cry, her tears rolling out. "Hey, why are you crying?" Zane asked cupping her cheeks. "Because you're sad and that makes me sad." She said softly.

Zane chuckled then wiped her tears. "If you keep crying then I'm also going to cry." He said. "But why?" She asked. Silence emerged as Zane was searching for the right answer.

"I love you Azandra." He said. Her eyes widened and her smile faded after hearing that. "I love you and I'm not ready to lose you but I'll make sure that you enjoy this pregnancy." He said.

Zane had told her this before but she didn't take it to heart and now he had said it again.

She felt morose, she wanted to cry more than she already was so bad but she didn't want to embarrass herself in front of

Zane. She grabbed a hold of the hem of her tee and started fiddling with it.

"Th-Thank you." She said, unsure of her words. Zane tipped her head up with his fingers before capturing her lips with his. Azandra broke the kiss, unsure of what was happening to her.

He caressed her cheek using his thumb. He felt empty now that she broke the kiss, he was enjoying it. She wrapped her arms around his neck then pulled him in for a kiss.

They only broke it after a while, when they were both panting heavily. She looked away immediately, her face was already tomato. "Why are you so shy?" Zane asked and she shrugged.

"I don't know." She mumbled.

"Oh! She's kicking." She said with a smile on her face. She placed her hand on her bump and giggled. "May I?" Zane asked and she nodded. She took his hand and placed it on the belly where the baby was kicking.

He smiled once again. "Its definitely a girl." He said and Azandra's smile turned into a grin. He then rested his head on the belly, listening to the heartbeat. It was steady and placid.

He now understood why she was so attached to the baby because he was slowly getting there. She ran her fingers

through his hair, it was silky soft. Zane loved that, he even purred causing Azandra to laugh.

"Did you just purr?" She asked. He shook his head before joining in.

"What should we name her?" He asked. "I've been thinking, how about Diandra?" She asked. Zane raised his brow. "French?" He asked and she nodded. "Its beautiful and has a powerful meaning." She said.

"I love it. Its settled, we'll name her Diandra." He said and she grinned all over again. Silence engulfed all over again. They were both stuck in their thoughts.

Zane knew Azandra loved him but she didn't voice it out after he confessed his love for her whereas Azandra wasn't convinced that Zane really loved her.

Or was she afraid of letting Zane have her heart? She might lose her life soon and she doesn't want Zane to break down because he'll need to look after the baby but if she didn't die, she was still not sure about letting Zane have her heart.

Zane was a casanova. She wouldn't be able to take any kind of pain from him. Zane could read her thoughts. He now knew what she was worried about. She feared for her heart, her fragile heart. She had been through a lot already, he would just be the last straw.

"Did you really mean it when you said you love me?" She asked and Zane nodded. "Yes, I meant it. I love you, little pumpkin." He said.

"You're Zane McKnight. You're strong and powerful, you're wealthy and you're a King, an Alpha King. Why would you love me out of everyone in this world?" She asked.

He heaved out a sigh. "I'm not going to hurt you, Azandra. I just want to love you and experience your love before you leave me... Us." He said.

"Plus, you are my mate, my Luna. I need you as my other half and I won't give up on you so easily." He said. "I'm your what?" She asked. Zane was taken aback, was that a wrong thing?

"B-but I'm human." She said in disbelief. "I'm weak and all I know is to clean." She said.

"I don't care. I want you, I love you and our baby. I don't care." He said.

He cupped both her cheeks and she gripped his wrists. "You're perfect Azandra. You are perfect just the way you are. I want you, all of you just the way you are. This is the Azandra I know and love.

You being human makes you more special. You're going to be the first human Luna, my queen. You don't need to change and I don't want anybody else."

She looked away and quickly wiped her tears. She was never good enough, she's never felt good enough. The Alpha King loved her to the moon and back. She was Luna and had the responsibility of taking care of not just a pack of werewolves but all the wolves in the continent.

She didn't know herself or where she was from. She knew no one and had no one but her daughter. She didn't know how long Zane was going to be a part of their lives, especially knowing that her pregnancy came with complications.

"I know you can feel it, Azandra. The unexplainable feeling we've both never experienced before. I know you can feel the sparks as some may call them. I want us to experience this for as long as we can, just allow me to prove to you that I am capable of loving you without hurting you."

"Zane I..." She bit her lower lip and fiddled with her fingers as she failed to construct a proper sentence. Zane tipped her head up and searched for her eyes. He didn't want to pressurise her but he has been longing for a moment like this for a very long time.

Knowing how shy his Azandra was, he made things rather easier for her. "I'm going to kiss you. If you love me then you'll kiss me

back and if you don't, push me back. Its your choice and this won't change anything between us, okay?" She nodded slightly as she was still trying to decide on what to do.

His lips suddenly crashed into hers and she felt it, that thing that Zane described as a spark. Her tumbling insides instantly went placid and her tense body relaxed. It deepened as she raked Zane's hair, her fingers massaging every inch of his scalp while he held on to her waist for his dear life.

Letting go was never an option to begin with. None of them were prepared to let go.

"Are you Azandra?" A soft angelic voice interrupted her thoughts. Her eyes snapped open and landed on an adorable little girl sitting next to her. "Yes, I am Azandra." She replied.

The girl's eyes shifted from Azandra's face to her belly. "What's your name?" Azandra asked the little girl. "Angela." She replied. What a lovely name.

"Uncle Saige said there's a pup inside your tum tum." She said softly and Azandra nodded. "There is a pup inside my tum tum." She says. "Did you eat it?" Angela asked and Azandra shook her head.

"Then why is it inside your tum tum?" She asked yet again. Azandra was at a loss of words, she didn't know how to explain it in a decent manner. "The pup is growing inside my tum tum, Angela." She said hoping she'd understand.

"Is it painful?" She asked and Azandra shook her head after giggling. "Can I touch it?" Angela asked and she nodded. She poked Azandra's belly a couple of times, making her giggle yet again.

"Oh, there you are." Saige said appearing with Zane. Saige carried Angela into his arms while Zane sat next to Azandra and pecked her lips while he caressed her belly.

"Are you okay?" Zane asked, his lips slightly against hers and she just nodded before placing her hand on her belly as well. He pecked her mark then her belly.

"Uncle Zane, why is there a pup inside Azandra's tum tum?" Angela asked and they all chuckled. "I think you had enough candy for the day, let's get you back home." Saige said before walking off.

"So, you two get along now?" Azandra asked and Zane nodded. He didn't apologize to him but they talked it out and made peace. Zane stuck on his word of not wanting Saige near Azandra, especially now that Rosalie and his other sisters were here.

"Are you enjoying the sun?" He asked and she nodded before looking up and closing her eyes. "Its so peaceful and quiet." She said and Zane just gulped down as the sun kissed her.

He scanned her until she looked at him. He pulled her closer and pressed his forehead against hers and watched as her cheeks turned rosy. "I love you, my little pumpkin." He said catching her off guard.

"Zane -" He hushed her.

"That's enough tanning for the day, let's get you rested." Zane said getting up. He scooped her into his arms and they went back inside the castle.

Brunch was already set up at the table and his siblings were already seated down along with Saige. Zane sat down with Azandra on his laps which shook everyone else. Well, he liked feeding her and he felt entitled to her when she sat on his laps.

As if marking her wasn't enough, Zane wanted all of Azandra to himself and him alone.

They were in their own perfect world with kisses here and there until a foul smell entered his nostrils. He sniffed the air then the food before throwing the plate against the wall.

His eyes landed on a nervous looking maid and he instantly knew it was her. He wrapped his hand around her neck and threw her across the room. "Zane -"

"Rosalie get Azandra out of the room!" Zane ordered and she wasted no time in rushing out with her. "What did she do?" Azandra asked as soon as she settled on the bed. "She poisoned your food." Rosalie responded.

"But why?" She asked softly. "Not everyone is going to like you Azandra, especially now that you're so close to the alpha king and you're carrying a hybrid in there." Rosalie said poking her belly.

"I rather we talk about something else, you and Zane." Rosalie said and Azandra giggled softly as she blushed away. "You are

getting closer and closer." Rosalie said and she nodded in agreement.

"So that means -" her smile disappeared. She was now more hesitant on giving Zane a chance, especially after what just happened. "Rose, Zane had sex with almost everyone and now they hate me. What if they harm my baby and I?" She asked and wrapped her arms around her belly.

"Zane will protect you, Aza." Rosalie said and she shook her head. "And when he's not here

who will protect me then? I can't protect myself how will I protect my baby?" She asked and Rosalie just engulfed her in a hug.

Zane would have to return to his beloved and whisper sweet nothings to her so she'd be satisfied.

On the other side...

"You poisoned my Aza?" Zane asked, pressing harder on her chest. She shook her head repeatedly and Zane knew she was lying. Just by looking into her eyes, he could see she was lying.

He dragged her across the room by pulling her hair and grabbed a knife from the table of which he used to decapitate her, separating her head from her body.

He didn't stop stabbing her until he was pulled back by Saige and Felix. He was angry. The thought of losing Azandra made him angry all the darn time and if he does lose her, he'd follow her to wherever she'll go.

They got him out of the room while Aldusa asked the servants to get rid of the body and to clean up the entire room.

"What if she hurt Azandra?" He asked, picturing her lying lifelessly in a pool of her own blood. "What if she killed her? What if something terrible happened to her?" He asked, feeling more anger ascending from within.

"Calm down, brother. You have to go check on Azandra, she might be in shock." Felix said to Zane. He just shut his eyes, threw his head back and listened to his little pumpkin's thoughts.

"You need to control your anger. Learn to control yourself around Azandra. You're going to be a father soon and you need to be able to protect them." Felix said.

Zane just wanted to see Azandra, he'd then talk after that. He got up and rushed to his room. His eyes landed on a crying Azandra and his heart melted.

Rosalie left so she could give them some space. He was covered in blood so he decided to take a quick shower so Azandra wouldn't see him like that.

After the shower, he just covered himself with a towel and settled next to Azandra. He just enveloped her with his arms until she eventually stopped crying.

She wasn't safe as well as their baby, that's what really got to her. He tipped her head up and her eyes landed on his slightly wet lips. She tried to keep a straight face and not attack him with a kiss.

"Maybe I should go back to Europe with Rosalie." She said softly and Zane stiffened. None of that was going to happen. "You think I can't protect you?" Zane asked and she just shut her eyes.

He placed his hand on her back and carefully laid her down. "You think I'm going to let them hurt you?" He asked, murmuring against her lips.

She batted her long eyelashes and looked at his lucious lips which were slightly against hers. "Your maids, your enemies, everyone wants me dead. This is the second time I was almost killed, Zane." She said softly.

"Didn't I protect you all the while?" He whispered hovering over her. Her hands rested on his wet chest and she swallowed hard before answering. "You... You did." She responded.

"But I don't want to live like this. I want to live freely or I might as well go back to being a slave." She said and Zane kissed her. "What was that?" He asked before grabbing her buttcheek.

She gasped. "My Luna won't become a slave, never again. Do you understand?" He asked and she giggled before nodding.

He pecked her lips then placed his hand on her belly. "You're not going anywhere, both you and Diandra. Anyone who tries to harm you will die and I'll hang them for everyone to see. I'll do it myself if I have to but you are not going anywhere, little pumpkin."

This morning's breakfast was a rather reserved one with everyone minding their own business after a sleepless night. None of the humanoids who resided in the castle could sleep. Azandra kept Zane as well as everyone else up.

If not the pains then it were her nightmares. Everyone was deadbeat fatigued. She freed her eating utensils as she started wheezing. Her eye pupils changed colour as well as her skin.

"Azandra..." Zane said searching for his little pumpkin's pupils but he couldn't find them. He couldn't tell if she was looking at him or not but none of this was a good sign.

Her pupils had turned to a ocean blue, just like her iris and they had also dilated. Her skin was rather too pale and it felt like ice. "Zane..." She called out softly as she turned to him.

She could tell that he was fazed, well everyone was. She also couldn't pinpoint what was happening to her. "What's going on? What's happening to me?" She asked in a state of panic.

"Saige, get Mistynne!" Zane yelled and Saige wasted no time in getting up. "I can see something." She muttered. Indeed she could see something.

"What do you see?" Jamil asked getting up from his seat. Concern was written all over his face, he was too concerned for someone who barely uttered a word to Azandra.

"A group of humanoids with bloody fangs and gleaming red eyes. They're clothed in bloody garments as well." She elaborated and held on to both Zane and Jamil. She squeezed both their hands as she saw something else.

"There are also wolves, Primordial werewolves... Except, they're eight and not seven." She said. She gasped out loud as her pupils changed back to their normal state.

Just then, Mistynne rushed in with Saige. She bowed and settled next to Azandra. "What seems to be the problem, sire?" She asked referring to no one specific.

"She just had a vision, vampires versus werewolves, eight Primordial werewolves." Zane responded. He knew exactly what to say because he had invaded his little pumpkin's mind and read her thoughts.

"The eighth one, male or female and what was it?" Mistynne asked as she scanned Azandra who was is shock after what had happened.

"It was female and its a Canis lupus arctos primordial werewolf." He responded yet again. Mistynne nodded and held Azandra's hands.

"What were you doing before you had your vision, what were you thinking of?" Mistynne asked her. She looked at Zane then back at Mistynne. "Nothing to be specific, I was eating and thinking of getting some rest." She responded.

She nodded. "Please close your eyes." She said. Azandra hesitantly shut her eyes after Mistynne had hers shut and it was only after a few moments of silence when the ice was broken.

"It was a vision. There will be eight Primordials in a space of time and she will be the alpha queen." Mistynne announced with a smile.

Zane glared at his little pumpkin in disbelief and cupped her cheeks. He smiled and engulfed her in a fuzzy hug. "Do you know what any of this means?" He asked with a smile plastered on his face still.

She shook her head
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she was still fazed and clueless. "It means that you are going to live after all. You are not going to die." Zane elaborated with traces of happiness in his tone.

"And it means we'll go to war with vampires." Jamil added on. Zane's smile grew bigger. He hasn't been to war in almost a decade and he missed the smell of burning vampire flesh.

He missed decapitating them as well as hearing their screams. All in all, he missed killing them in a swift and ending those blood sucking dead creatures' lives.

Azandra was shook as to why she had that vision. She was not a seer, at least that what she thought. "Another thing, Azandra is a witch. Descendant of the Rodriguez bloodline." Mistynne added on.

"I'm a what?" She asked in disbelief. She was finally getting to know herself and soon enough, she'd be able to find her family. Her life was finally coming together.

"You're a witch. Your gift is both a blessing and a curse but it will never lead you astray. You're going to be the first powerful Luna, Azandra and you're going to need your gift.

So long you trust your instincts and believe in yourself then you will make a great witch and the best Queen. As well as your unborn princess." She advised with watery eyes.

She bowed down and excused herself as her job was done.

The sudden news left the Primordials in awe. Nothing seemed to make sense in their minds but as for Zane, he was beyond happy. His eyes were even starting to change.

He needed her and finally he had her. There was just one step left and then she'd be his completely. His life was now

complete. He had his princess and his queen. He had anything and everything. He was on top of the world and so nothing else mattered.

"I'm a witch?" She asked softly, she was more like trying to convince herself that she's a witch but she couldn't decipher the words she was uttering.

However, it did not matter to Zane. He was obviously shook that his little pumpkin was a witch but his shock was clouded by his happiness.

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Everyone was pretty much still in shock, Azandra herself was in shock. Zane was as happy as anyone would ever be, his happiness was worrying.

Azandra had locked herself up in the library trying to find out about the Rodriguez history as well as more information on witches.

Some of her worries had subsided when she learnt not all witches are evil. They weren't meant to be evil to begin with but too much power and knowledge can make one do unimaginable things, they calivesange a person.

She also learnt that her daughter was also going to be a witch as the Rodriguez bloodline lasted thousands of years and with

all the deshedants, only one in the generation was the chosen one, the witch.

Meet Azandra Rodriguez, the future Alpha Queen and the witch.

Azandra threw her head back as she slowly but surely started loosening up and sank right into pleasure. Her tiny arms wrapped around Zane like her life depended on him.

She wanted him to stop but yet again she wanted it to linger. If he were to stop then the feeling would disappear and if they were to finish then they'd have to start all over again.

"Are you okay, little pumpkin?" He asked and she only nodded repeatedly. She couldn't form a one word answer because of the pleasure, let alone a sentence.

Her eyes snapped open and they met his. They had darkened with lust and it pleased her knowing he lusted after her, he wanted her as much as she wanted him.

As soon as he shot out his load, she started trembling hard beneath Zane. He pulled out of her and watched as she curled up into a ball, unable you control her trembling self.

A few more seconds and she stopped trembling. Zane held her to his chest and slowly kissed her strawberry lips. "I love you so much." He whispered in her ear and nibbled on her earlobe.

"I love you too." She said breathlessly. She had never had an orgasm like that before. That was the best feeling she had ever gotten and she would do almost anything to have it again.

"Sex is much better with the person you love, is that true?" Azandra asked while running her small fingers on his chest. "Yes its true, except we make love." He said then pecked her forehead.

She giggled then looked down as blood gathered on her cheeks.

No one would've thought that a McKnight would find themselves falling in love with a slave. No one would've thought a McKnight would be so protective over a slave.

Love is a really beautiful thing, isn't it? It has the power to bring about two different worlds and make them one. It has the power to make you a better person.

"I'm just happy that you're not leaving me. In fact, you have many more years to live." He whispers in her ear then nibbles on her earlobe.

"On that thought
I want to go look for my family. If I find at least one family member then at least they'll let me in on their history and how this witch stuff really works." She said softly still looking down as she was unable to face Zane.

"Will you come back?" He asked her and she shrugged. "Uhm... It depends." She says. "On what?" Zane asked with gritted

teeth. "On when we're going to find them and where we're going to find them. I also want to spend time with them, just to know more about myself." She answered.

He huffed and turned to the other side. "Zane." She called out as she tried to touch him but he groaned. "Are you upset?" She asked and he turned to her and grabbed her wrists and tightly pressed them together.

"Yes I'm upset. You want to leave me? You want to stay with your family and not me?" He asked with fury written all over his face. "Zane that's not what I said." She said. She was trying to keep it together but she was terrified of Zane.

"Then what did you say? Do you even love me or you're lying to me? Answer me!" He yelled.

"You're hurting me." She squirmed trying to free her wrists from his abrasive hold. She was now in tears. Zane freaked her out and he was hurting her.

His grip loosened from her wrists and he stared at them in disbelief. He had forgotten how strong he was and how he was much stronger when angry. His grip was tighter than he anticipated and he had hurt his little pumpkin.

He left his finger prints on her as he squeezed on her wrists. Yes, he squeezed them hard.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you." He apologized.

He carefully held her face and wiped her tears with his thumbs. He then pressed his forehead against hers. "I'm so sorry."

"I'm not leaving you, I just want to know my family." She said softly, her voice cracking in between. "You won't leave me?" He asked and she nodded. "Yes, I won't leave you." She said in her soft and angelic voice.

He wrapped his arms around her for his dear life. "Please don't ever scare me like that again." Zane said to her. She sniffed and wrapped her short arms around Zane's anatomy. "I won't."

Nothing scares Zane more than losing his little pumpkin. Its his one and only fear if I might add. His life wouldn't instantly end if he were to lose her and he would do anything and go to any lengths to keep her alive but close to him.

"We should look at your wrists, do they hurt?" He asks and she shakes her head. They were slightly stinging but she didn't want to let go of him. She felt better just by holding him close to her.

"Okay then, get some rest." He said then pecked her forehead. She let out a moan then shut her eyes and snuggled as close as she could to Zane.

She wanted to ask him to help her search for her family but seeing how he reacted to when she told her she's going to look for her family, she feared he wouldn't agree.

She feared that she would restrict everyone from helping her because he wants her all to herself and she was right.

Zane McKnight was a selfish and heartless powerful alpha king who got what he wanted and did things his way but what she didn't know was that he could dance to her tunes.

He loves her so much, he would do anything to keep her adorable self happy and smiling. "We love you..." She whispered just so he could remind him that she's not leaving him and neither is their daughter.

He chuckled and raked her hair. "I love you."

Beautiful.

Zane awakened up to a busy mind. It was disturbing how his little pumpkin woke up in the middle of the night and sat by the window and stared into space with a busy mind.

Her thoughts were not only loud but they were confusing. Her eyes had dilated yet again but he was confused whether it was a vision or another witchy ability.

He rushed out of bed with settled next to her. He tried to touch her but she felt ice cold and wet. She looked pale and shaken.

Her thoughts were screaming Tundra and she was stuck on how she was treated by him. There's no denial that her life was horrible in the hands of Tundra and she almost died.

Zane could proudly admit to being a better man than Tundra was, ten times better in fact.

He was just as bad for being cold hearted and for killing mercilessly. He was just as bad for forcefully taking Azandra from her family to turn her into a slave but never, not even once had he mistreated her.

"Zane?" She called out, unsure of her words. "Yes little pumpkin." Zane responded, his voice filled with worry and restlessness. He scooted closer to her and ignored the cold and wetness of her pale skin.

He pulled her into his embrace and caressed her beautiful hair. "I'm scared." She confessed in her soft yet shaky voice. She did sound scared, like she had just seen that something terrible was going to happen.

"What are you scared of, my love?" Zane asked her then pecked her forehead. "Everything. He's coming for me and he wants to punish me for running away with Rosalie. I don't want to go back there." She admitted.

He sighed out loud. It was completely normal for her to worry so much. She was just as scared of Tundra after all she's been through under his mercy.

She depended on him more than she could ever thought. She knew nothing and so she trusted him dearly. She knew what he was doing to her was wrong and uncalled for but she had no choice but to stay.

She knew no one and had no where to run to. She didn't know what she was doing and the only life she ever knew was that of pain, tears and sorrows.

She had seen people die in front of her yet she could never get used to it. She'd sit and watch Tundra suck the blood out of a mere human being but he brainwashed her into believing its normal.

He didn't want to taint her innocence and so he kept on comforting her with lies and punishing her for no reason at all just so she could remain naive, innocent and stupid.

He wanted her to depend on him and worship the ground he walked on.

"He... He said he was saving me for the right time. He said when the time came
I'd be his forever and after that, I'd understand why he was doing everything he did.

He said I was his beloved and I belonged to him. He said our souls would be tired and we'd be united forever." She said as she teared up but she didn't want to stop.

She wanted to keep going because she only felt better as she spoke about it and how it truly was. "He said I possesses great skills, knowledge and powers and so I should stay under his shadows and he'll guide me.

He said I was his precious cargo and that he'd love and protect me. Yet he was the one who'd hurt me - beating me to a pulp because he felt like it. At some point, I wished I could die because I couldn't take it anymore.

I hate him and I wished he could die. I still wish he could die, I want to be the one to kill him." She said sternly.

Zane was surprised as well as shook at how his little pumpkin and precious Azandra was able to say such vile things.

He was slowly falling in love with her boldness yet he loved her naive self more because that's the Azandra he fell in love with.

"Come, let's get some rest little one." He whispered to her. She shut her big ocean blue eyes until they cleared out of dilation and she rested her head on his chest.
He wiped her tears with his huge thumbs and pecked her forehead before scooping her tiny self into his gigantic arms and rushed to the bed.
He carefully placed her on it then rested right next to her and held her tightly just so she could feel safe and protected. "I love you, Zandra and I promise you, no one will harm you and I'll make sure of it." He promised for the one hundredth time.
"I know, I love you too." She said softly, already drifting back to sleep. Zane couldn't help but worry over his little pumpkin.
He felt helpless because he couldn't help her and he hated seeing her in such a state.
He had only one choice and that was to bring Tundra to her knees so she could end him and probably feel much safer and at ease.

But he was going to taint her innocence and he did not want that to happen.

Everyone gathered in the living room sharing a wonderful meal and enjoying their time together.

Azandra curled up on top of Zane while he feeds her. As usual, they're in their own world, not minding everyone else around them.

He gently wrapped his arms around her, hugging her for his dear life as of sensing something bad was about to happen. "I love you." He whispered in her ear and she couldn't help but to giggle.

"I love you too." She said as soft as she could. It was no use for she was surrounded by werewolves. Whispering wouldn't help because they could hear even the tiniest of things with their super senses.

"Let's go for a walk." Zane said to her and she just nodded. He scooped her in his arms and they rushed to the garden. It was beautiful at night with all the lights surrounding it.

He hugged her from behind and rested his head on her neck. "This is beautiful..." She said and Zane pecked her neck. "Not as beautiful as you, my little pumpkin." He said and she blushed away.

"Ah!" She screamed as she felt pain on her lower abdomen. "What is it?" Zane asked. She turned to face him. "I don't know, its just... Ah!" She screamed again as the same pain attacked except much harder.

"Ah! Zane it hurts." She whimpered, already in tears. Zane didn't know what to do so he tried to carry her into his arms but she screamed even louder. "It hurts!" She cried.

He tried to carry her yet again but she screamed louder. "Will you be able to walk inside?" Zane asked and she nodded after placing her hand on her belly.

He took her one hand into his and they slowly but surely started walking until she suddenly stopped and looked at Zane. "What's wrong?" Zane asked. She felt liquid streaming down her legs and so she raised her dress to confirm. "I-I think my water just broke." She said softly.

"And what does that mean?" He asked. She covered her mouth and shook her head. "It means I'm going into labour." She said in disbelief as she stared into space.

Zane looked at her in shock. There was no way he was ready for that, he had even forgotten that it was the third and the last month of their pregnancy. Azandra screamed out loud, almost falling to the ground but Zane caught her.

He scooped her in his arms and rushed to their bedroom. He mind linked Saige to fetch Mistynne and told his sisters to meet him in his bedroom.

He carefully placed her on the bed but her screams were starting to deteriorate. He fetched towels from the bathroom and placed some of them beneath her.

"Zane!" She cried. Zane didn't know what to do with himself. Her screams were hurting him very badly, he could feel her pain.

The women arrived all at once and Mistynne ordered that they get a bowl of warm water and two more towels. Tatiana went to fetch them.

Mistynne wetted one towel using the warm water and kept on dabbing it on her forehead. "I need you to breathe in... Then out." Mistynne ordered. Azandra imitated her while she continued to dab on her forehead.

Azandra knew she had fully dilated when she felt the urge to push. Zane sat next to her and they held hands, their fingers intertwining. "It hurts, I can't do it!" She shouts in pain.

"You have to, my love. Do it for our baby." Zane said softly to her.

She screamed out loud with more tears streaming out and squeezed Zane's hand as she went on for another hard push. "Zane, I... Ah!" She screamed once again as she pushed even harder than before.

"There there, we're almost there. Just one more push." She squeezed Zane's hand as she gave out one last push.

She threw her head back and relaxed and shut her eyes as she heard her baby's cry. Zane said it
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it was a healthy little female pup, Diandra.

Mistynne covered her with a towel while Zane cut the umbilical cord. Mistynne handed baby Diandra to Azandra and she melted at the sight of her baby.

She had her eyes, big ocean blue eyes with a hint of Zane's azure glowing eyes and she instantly stopped crying when her mother held her. Everyone was in disbelief, it was all totally unexpected.

Zane lied next to her and held his baby. He knew just then that he was going to love and protect her, the both of them. "Our baby..." Zane said softly. "Diandra." Azandra said looking at Zane.

Zane pecked her forehead and held her tight as if he knew he was going to lose her. Azandra glanced at her baby and shed

her last tears. "Take care of her." She said softly then shut her eyes.

Diandra started to cry again while everyone was appalled by Azandra's statement. What did she mean by that? Zane looked at her and she had her eyes shut. She looked paler than normal and her hair looked rather ashened.

"Azandra..." Zane called out. Mistynne looked at Zane and shook her head. Zane knew what that meant, he knew very well what it all meant.

"You said she wasn't going to die!" He shouted glaring daggers at Mistynne.

Rosalie sensing Zane's anger, she rushed to take baby Diandra and left the room with her so she could clean her up and keep her away from all the distraught and ire.

"Azandra, don't do this to me. Wake up, we need you." He beseeched as he slapped her cheeks.

She indeed looked lifeless. "How could you do this to me?" Zane asked, his anger mixed with sadness. He was in tears and his heart was torn to bits and pieces, it was torn asunder.

"What should I do? What should I do to wake her up? I'll do it, I promise." Zane asked caressing her cheeks.

"You know what you have to do, sire." Mistynne said softly. Zane looked at his lifeless beloved, his mate and his Luna. The mother of his first and only child, his daughter.

He didn't want to turn her because he didn't want her to become like him. He didn't want to lose his little pumpkin to the cruel world so he prayed and hoped that she survived but life had other plans.

He removed the straps of her dress to the side as well as her hair and pecked her mark. His canines surfaced and he sunk them onto her flesh without thinking twice.

If turning her primordial was going to keep her alive then so be it, even if he lost his sweet little pumpkin to the evilness of the curse but he couldn't bare losing her forever.

The girls had Azandra all cleaned up and dressed up. She wasn't going to be normal when she awakened and it was going to take time for her to get used to her new life.

Zane was pacing around the room, awaiting Azandra to wake up. Not even once had he touched baby Diandra, it felt wrong to him. He felt bad and he beat himself up about it. "What if it doesn't work? What if she doesn't wake up and what if I did it all wrong?" He asked then looked at Mistynne.

"There's something special about Primordials, everything about you is special but just know that you and Amory don't share the same intelligence and knowledge.

Amory knows everything about being a Primordial and if you do something wrong, he takes over and does it right so Luna will awaken when her body has fully accepted the venom and the transformation has taken place." She responded.

However, Zane was still bothered. What if her body rejects the venom? There was a difference between his sleeping little pumpkin and this Azandra. She looked so peaceful yet it bothered Zane. Or was his guilt getting the worst of him?

He looked at her from the glass. She still wasn't moving, not even a little. "How long is this going to take? Its been 52 hours

already!" He asked and Mistynne chuckled. "Patience, your highness." She responded softly.

Zane had never felt so disconnected from Azandra. When he touched her pale skin, it felt ice wet and cold. Her beautiful golden brown hair looked brittle and dry.

Her eyes had bags and patches and her lips had dried up. Her last words 'Take care of her.' Haunt him because he knew he wouldn't be able to care for her. She already looked like Azandra and he for once admitted to being too weak to face her therefore he'd wait for Azandra to awaken - if she ever does.

Full moon.

Zane couldn't bring himself to leave the house today. He'd been waiting for Azandra to awaken therefore his day wasn't productive at all. He looked out the window and saw the beautiful full moon.

He was irking to shift and run to a cliff so he could howl at the moon but he wanted to do that with his little pumpkin, with Azandra on his back, caressing his soft fur.

He groaned as he started twitching, his eyes slowly turning red and his canines surfacing. Other howls filled his ears and that just made it harder for him to resist.

He clenched his fists as well as his already ticking jaws. He furiously raked his hair and groaned in exasperation. "Wake her up, Mistynne!" He yelled. "Wake her up! Tell her to wake up!" He yelled louder.

It was starting to hurt him. Its been too long since she had left him. Two full days and four hours. He'd been counting because there was nothing he could do but to stare at the clock.

"I'll bite her again then to speed up the process, I'll do anything you want me too
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just wake her up." He said, sounding defeated.

His eyes darkened and he needed to shift. "Go sire. Go clear your head then come back. She might wake up when you come back but she needs peace and you need to be patient." Mistynne said.

Zane glared at Azandra before rushing out of the castle. He shifted and sprinted through the woods to his cliff where he just howled loudly at the moon, along with other wolves.

His howl was not that of a normal howl but a howl of pain. He was hurting because his little Azandra wasn't waking up and in all honestly, he was scared.

But all that stopped when he heard thoughts, a lot of thoughts. They were not clear whatsoever but they were positive. He

instantly felt warm energy surrounding him followed by his little pumpkin's soft voice calling out his name.

It was different. It wasn't as soft as his Azandra's voice but it was much softer and more pleasant.

Excitement brewed inside him and he let out one last howl, a loud howl of excitement and unexplainable amount of joy in his heart.

After that, he ran back to the castle to meet his little Azandra. He rushed to meet his new little pumpkin because he couldn't wait any longer.

He quickly shifted back and rushed inside to where his little pumpkin was resting for hours and hours and hours.

When he got there, his little pumpkin wasn't there. She wasn't where he had left her and so was everyone else. He was puzzled as to what he was hearing and cringed at the possibility of something bad happening in his absence.

"Zane..." That soft angelic voice again. He turned behind and was met by his newborn mate. He scanned Azandra and chuckled in disbelief. It was her, it really was her.

She was full on primordial werewolf. She rushed in inhumane speed to Zane and they held each other like their lives depended on it.

She really was primordial. Her skin was much paler and warmer, her hair looked much better, shinier, longer and white? Her hair had turned white and that did not justify her beauty.

Her ocean blue eyes were sparkling with joy and she was only an inch taller and a tad thicker. She was beautiful, adorable and deserved to be queen.

"Hey..." Zane greeted her as he caressed her cheeks with his thumb. "Hey..." She greeted back shyly. She was not so different from his little pumpkin and that was all he had asked for.

He chuckled in disbelief and lifted her up then spun her around. He was unable to hide his excitement and he needed to thank Selene for what she had done for him and his small family. She truly deserved to be the goddess of the moon.
Azandra on the other hand was giggling this entire time while she grasped onto Zane. He finally stopped and put her down. "Don't ever scare me like that again." He whispered to her. She giggled yet again and pulled him closer to her. "I won't." She whispered back. He pulled her into his embrace again before kissing her strawberry lips. "I love you so much Azandra..."

"I love you too, Zane."

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Fingers intertwined, lips locked and body on body. They both loved being this close to each other with no boundary and no limit.

They appreciated such moments, when they could explore each other's bodies and connect beyond expectations. They were now fully binded, they were one. There was no going back and none of them had regrets.

Sweat was cascading down their skin and their heavy pants and soft moans filled the room. They'd been going at it all night long but there was no sign of fatigue nor exhaustion.

Primordials didn't sleep much and soon Azandra was going to learn that. They had as much energy as needed yet they still needed some morning glory which had been dragging all morning.

He held her tightly as she started trembling hard and she threw her head on his neck. She grasped onto his back and dug her nails inside it.

A soft peck on her neck and another one on her strawberry lips followed before they laid next to each other, their hands intertwined while they stared into each other's eyes.

"I love you so much." He said to her as he removed her unruly strands of hair from her face. "I love you too." She said back.

"White hair looks good on you." She giggled and slightly slapped his hand away from her face but he brought it back and caressed her rosy cheeks.

"I thought I was making a mistake by changing you but I'm glad I did. I would do anything for you and our daughter." He whispered.

"Mmhh, I never thought my life would change drastically." She said softly and he chuckled. "Me neither. You complete me, Azandra." She turned her back on him and he wrapped his arms around her waist.

"Thank you. Thank you so much, for loving me, for protecting me, for caring for me. You helped me out of misery and so much danger."

"You don't have to thank me." He said pecking her bare back and she couldn't help but to flush. 'I can't wait to see Diandra.' Zane chuckled at her thought, she sounded excited but he knew she was going to be mindblown by how they look alike.

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Saige couldn't take his eyes off from his Luna. She looked different, she looked primordial. She looked like a goddess, a

diety. She was an inch taller and her skin was flawless and glowing.

Her hair had actually changed color, matching little Diandra who was in her arms with Zane standing behind her. They were both glued to the adorable little creature they had created.

All of this felt surreal. In all his lycan years, he had never seen such. He had never witnessed a human being turned primordial, heck he didn't even know it was possible.

And he most certainly had never imagined Zane having a weakness. He had two weaknesses now. Diandra and Azandra were his weakness.

"You know better than to drool over Azandra, Zane will decapitate you with no hesitation." Rosalie warned as she slid inside the car
leaving Saige to finish packing their bags into trunk.

He finished up and shut the trunk before joining Rosalie at the back. She glared at him in disgust. "Keep your thoughts to yourself and do not forget that Azandra is your Luna." She added on.

Saige had to listen to Rose, she was telling the truth. But it was going to he hard seeing as to he was going to be around Azandra quite a lot.

Azandra, Zane and Jamil along with baby Diandra were taking one car to the airport whereas Saige, Rosalie and both her and Jamil's betas.

They were all headed for Europe to visit Azandra's family. They had alright found that she belonged to the Rodriguez family of witches and so it was easier to track them down.

It was going to be a long journey but they had hoped that their kingdoms and queendoms don't fall apart while they were gone. Hopefully, with Azandra's newly found gift, they'd be able to protect themselves and prevent certain things from happening.

The drive to the airport felt long as Azandra was stuck in her thoughts. She was wondering, why was Jamil coming with them. They have literally never spoken, let alone utter a single word to one another until she had a vision and the revelation that she was a witch.

'Stop thinking so much.' Zane responded to her thoughts.

'I'm just wondering... Now stop reading my thoughts.' She shot at Zane. Rosalie walked past them and took little Diandra into her arms and walked off.

Zane took the opportunity to get closer to Azandra. He pinned her against the car and pecked her mark. "Jamil has felt left out

all his life because he had a different gift. I bet he doesn't feel that way anymore because your gifts are similar.

You two will be able to work hand in hand because of your abilities." Zane clarified. "Oh... What's..." Zane hushed her. "I think you should have that talk with him, it'll give you a chance to have something to talk about. It'll be nice to see my little brother have a conversation with anyone other than his beta."

"Okay love birds, let get moving!" Rosalie shouted.

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The journey to Azandra's home was long. It was something she had been longing for the longest time and now that its here, she's scared. What will her family think of her? Do they even remember her? Will they accept her and her daughter as they are?

"All will be well." Is all Jamil said to her. She flashed a polite smile at him and thanked him. "Do you want us to come with?" She nodded and looked at Rosalie. She was the one who she saw fit to come with her.

If anything happens, Zane will flip and lose it. He has always had a temper and Azandra didn't want him flipping at her family. After all, he and has brothers are the ones who initiated this slavery issue and took her from her family.

They rushed in inhuman speed to the door and she exhaled in fear before knocking on the door of which opened in a swift. It was as if she was expected. A girl almost her age opened the door.

She was an exact copy of Azandra except she was still mortal. She scanned both the ladies at her doorstep up and down before tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Mom, its Azandra!" She shouted. "I told you she was coming, I told you!" She rushed back inside the house and returned to the door dragging a young looking woman whom she assumed is the mom, her mother.

"Az... Azandra?" The woman asked and Azandra slowly nodded. Before she knew it, she was in the woman's embrace, her arms tightly wrapped around her body. "Oh my baby..." She released her and held her cheeks.

"God knows I've been waiting for this day. Oh my baby." She hugged her yet again.

'Its going well.' Rosalie said to Zane whose thoughts were running wild.

"The door barged open and in walked three soldiers in their caramel brown uniform holding weapons.

Their eyes landed on the startled family having their lunch together. The three soldiers looked at each other before one made his way to the young looking girl whilst the other two vandalized the house and restricted the parents from taking their baby.

The young girl was thrown on the soldier's shoulder like a bag of potato while she screamed and kicked, beseeching the soldier to let her go.

She had no idea about what's going on but she knew it was nothing pleasant. Her mother's screams filled her ears as the soldier walked out of the house with her.

She was thrown inside of a van, tied up along with other young girls she had never met. They were all tied up in thick ropes and they were all crying. Some were hurt and some were dirty from all the fighting they put up.

The door closed shut and she looked out of the window, screaming for her parents.

The soldiers walked out of the house and locked the door. She watched as they poured gasoline around and all over the house before setting it alight.

She had never screamed and cried so much in her life. She knew her parents were going to die. They were going to burn to ashes inside that house and she'd never see them again." She narrated as I caressed the young naughty girl's forehead, raking her snow white hair with her fingers.

"And what happened next? Did her parents die?" Azandra asked, awaiting her mother's response.

"I don't know. The girl never saw her parents again but she found herself in a strange world, where she had no one and knew no one. She was forced to adjust to her new life as a slave because she had no where to go." She told her, fighting back my tears.

"What's the girl's name?" Azandra asked, as curious as ever. Her mother couldn't hold any more of her tears back and so she let them out, they cascaded down her cheeks.

"Her name is Azandra." She announced. Azandra felt a pang of sadness in all of this. "You were only taken away from us when you were just a little girl and had Amara been here, we would've lost her too." Her mother sobbed.

She had been in denial since Azandra was taken. At some point, everyone thought she had passed. Her father passed thinking his daughter was murdered by these cruel pooches. He detested them till he took his last breath.

"How did you survive the fire?" Azandra asked. "We managed to get out through the backdoor and that's when we ran off and moved here. Your sister had been hidden since then."

"Amara has been my pillar of strength. She has always felt a connection to you and even dreamt of you returning home but she lost that connection a few days ago. She feared that you might have passed but that dream kept her hopes high."
Ophelia
the mother elaborated.

"Here, I made this for you. I figured you might be hungry so I cooked this for you. Remember we used to share it all the time when we were still toddlers." Azandra flashed a polite smile at her twin sister before slowly shaking her head.

"Unfortunately, I don't remember anything apart from my slave life. A lot of my memories had been erased." She responded in her defense yet she wondered how her sister still had such memories.

She sat up straight and took the tray into her hold. Amara joined her and sat next to her and they both started digging in.

It was only after a while that Ophelia remembered that Azandra was accompanied by a young lady here who unfortunately couldn't stay because she was rushing somewhere.

"Who is that nice lady you came with?" She asked. Azandra stopped eating and gulped. "Uhm... She's a friend of mine. I had been living with her for the past three years and her brother only took me in a few months ago. They took care of me and I've been living my best life." Azandra said, squeezing in a few nice words for them.

She didn't want her mother hating the father of her baby and her future sister in-law. "Well she looks well off, my dear. Is she from a wealthy family?" She nodded. She must've noticed the garments she was wearing along with her rich hair and jewellery.

"They are from a wealthy family." Her mother nodded. "That's why you look so good. You look fit and strong and healthy. But baby, what did you do to your hair?" Amara laughed at her mother's sudden curiosity.

"Mother, let Azandra eat in peace and she will answer all your questions as well as fill you in on her past after she has acclimatized." Her mother nodded in agreement.

"That's okay but I want to know these siblings that took you in. You should invite them for dinner or something so we could

thank them properly for looking after our Azandra." Ophelia said and Azandra only nodded.

"We should go for a walk after this." Amara suggested. Well she wasn't asking Azandra but telling her.

While Azandra was the quiet and shy twin, Amara was the bubbly and garrulous one. She was wild and she didn't know when to stop talking. She spoke of whatever crossed her mind and she wasn't ashamed of herself. That's how she had always been.

"There's something bothering you, cough it out." Amara said nudging Azandra. They were now strolling down the woods for some peave and quiet. Amara didn't want to surround her other half with people yet. She still didn't want to share her.

Well she was in for a competition because someone's primordial mate didn't like sharing Azandra either.

"Uhm... Please don't be shook or even tell mom, I want to tell her myself." She said softly. Amara nodded and listened attentively.

"Well, I have a daughter. Her name is Diandra and she's only a couple of days old." Azandra said and Amara squealed in excitement. "I'm an aunt? That's great, I bet mom will be happy to know that she's a grandmother except... You're only nineteen." She said in disappointment.

"I hope you were not molested?" She added on and Azandra shook her head. "I wasn't molested nor forced into this whole thing. And I know I'm too young to be a mother but I didn't ask for all of this to happen to me." Azandra started babbling and that's when Amara stopped walking and held Azandra's arm.

"Uhm Azandra... Don't panic but there's a giant dog coming our way." She said softly. Azandra looked at Amara then at the huge Canis lupus then flashed a smile.

She freed her arm from her twin's hold and walked up to the pooch. "Hey Amory..." She greeted as she ran her fingers in between the wolf's thick and soft fur.

"You... You're talking to the giant dog? Don't tell me its your pet because I swear I'm going to..." She swallowed the rest of her words as she watched the giant "dog" turn human.
She squinted her eyes and furiously rubbed them to ensure that she was seeing the right thing and she indeed was but she couldn't register any of what was happening. None of it made sense. She was struggling to piece everything together.
"Did the dog just shift into a full on human being?" She asked in disbelief and Azandra nodded. "Wait, is that a McKnight?" She asked yet again. The couple looked at each other then back at Amara before nodding.

She nodded and let out a soft chuckling before dropping to the ground.

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Silence...

That's not the reaction they were hoping to get when they had delivered the news to her on a silver platter. They expected her to pass out yet again or to scream out loud or to argue with them.

They looked at each other then back at Amara who was still trying to digest the shocking information she just learnt.

"You know, I knew that there were werewolves lurking around but never have I ever thought my sister would be one of them." She finally spoke. She sounded disappointed.

"I knew the McKnights were evil and that they were immortal but I've never thought I'd ever meet them and actually be bound to them."

Azandra nervously looked at Zane then back to Amara. He pulled her closer to him and pecked her forehead. "Look Amara, I love your sister and in all honesty I'd do anything for her." Amara chuckled as she looked at him.

"Oh no, I know that. I can feel her energy when she's around you. But the person you have to worry about is mother... Oh god, she's gonna flip!" Amara said raking her hair.

She was already imagining her mother's reaction towards this whole situation. "Maybe if we show her Diandra first she'll loosen up." Zane added on.

"He's right. You have to introduce them and tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Azandra stared at her in disbelief.

She knew very well that she had to introduce them because her mother would automatically know. Ophelia was not a witch but she was married to a man that came from a family of witches.

Their father was raised by witches and had the witch bloodline. She learnt a thing or two and so she was as good as one.

She had to introduce them as soon as they get home for the dinner.

Just then, Rosalie appeared with baby Diandra in her arms. She was of course accompanied by her beta along with Jamil and his beta.

Amara got up from the log she was sitting on as her eyes landed on the most gorgeous man of them all. Wedding bells were already ringing in her head, causing the telepathic Jamil to chuckling after reading her wild thoughts.

Rosalie handed Diandra to Azandra who smooched her entire chubby face repeatedly. "Hey little Wolfie. How's mommy's angel doing?" Zane cooed causing Azandra to chuckle.

"She looks just like you..." Amara pointed out. "So you're telling me she's also a primordial werewolf?" She asked and Zane nodded.

"Not fully because her mother was human." He added on. She took her niece into her arms and instantly fell in love with her.

Her beautiful ocean eyes were locked with hers while her tiny fist was inside her toothless mouth hole. "This is unbelievable, is this real?" Amara whispered as she stroke the baby's rosy cheeks.

It was official, she was in love with her. There was no way Ophelia wasn't going to love her. "She's a special one." Her breath hitched as soon as she heard those words.

It was not the words that made her feel somewhat but the voice and its owner. She knew it was the other pale skinned man with darkened eyes and messy brown hair. He looked upset until she saw him chuckle. He had a beautiful chuckle and his voice was even more attractive.

"Diandra that is... Zane is the first primordial to have a baby and what's more shocking is that her mother was human. Azandra is the first ever human to be turned primordial and the first ever human Luna." Jamil said walking closer to Amara.

She swore she stopped breathing as soon as he halted next to her. He was only an inch away from her but it felt closer than that. It felt like he was touching her. It felt like they were married and they had their own family.

Jamil chuckled yet again. "Your thoughts... I like your sense of humor." He said. She forced a smile as forced herself to stop gawking at him. "Tell me, Amara..." Her whole world stopped spinning as soon as her name slid smoothly off from his tongue.

Nobody ever called her like he did. Her new favorite thing was to listen to this gorgeous man call her name. "Amara!" He snapped his fingers
dragging her out of her thoughts.

"I'm sorry, I just..." She stopped herself and walked away from him. It was never going to work and she wasn't prepared to risk her precious life in that manner.

"You're back already?" Azandra asked as she took her baby back into her arms. Amara disappeared with Diandra after she told everyone to come up with a good story to tell Ophelia during the dinner.

She wanted to bond with her niece until that gorgeous man ruined her plans.

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Amara was staring into space while caressing her arm with her hand. She was lost into her own world of numbness. She didn't know how to feel or what to feel but whatever she was feeling was not normal.

"How did you feel when you first met Zane?" She asked Azandra who was playing with her hair while reminiscing about her little family. "I was... I was terrified. I was scared to death. I was the shortest and smallest person amongst huge and tall humanoids. Zane looked at me like he was going to kill me."

"And how did you two get together?" She asked and Azandra shrugged. "It was a complicated situation. He sent people to guard and look after me and after a week, he asked me to get intimate with me. He'd get worried when I disappeared and get so mad when he found me.

Time went by and he couldn't stay away from me. He made me stop work and got me pregnant and along the way, we confessed our love for each other." She said with a smile across her face.

"Zane makes me feel special. He makes me feel emotions I didn't even know existed. When he touches me, I feel sparkles, when he touches me, my insides tangle up. When he speaks, I break into shivers and when he makes love to me..." Amara chimed in.

"Whoa! That's enough, thank you." They looked at each other and both giggled. When their giggles died down, the gorgeous brother crossed her mind. "And the other brother, how is he? Is he normal?"

"There is absolutely nothing normal in this world but I can tell you that he's different and well... Unique. I have never spoken to him but I know he's a good person."

"I think I like him Aza... I do like him. I like his voice and how he says my name. I like how he looks at me and chuckles. I like to be around him even though it feels weird... But I like it."

"And I think he likes you too..."

"Why is there an extra plate on the table, Azandra?" Ophelia asked as she walked into her kitchen. It smelt amazing and she couldn't wait to dig in but she was stunned by the extra plate.

"Oh uhm... The siblings came with their younger brother and I suggested that he joins us, just to be polite." Azandra responded to her mother.

Ophelia nodded then looked at the other twin who had been stirring the soup for the longest of times. She was staring at the wall before her, looking at nothing specific but her mind was on another planet.

"What's wrong with her?" Azandra cleared her throat whilst stirring up a tale to tell her mother. "She uhm... I think she had a nightmare. She woke up worried." She fibbed, well partly.

Ophelia nodded and headed to Amara who was still stirring the poor soup. She held her arms and moved her from the stove and helped her sit down. What was eating her up so much?

"Amara..." She looked at her mother straight in the eyes. She had never done that before, she never had the courage to. Ophelia was shook, this was a sign of disrespect.

Azandra could hear her wild thoughts. While she fibbed and told Ophelia that Amara had a nightmare, Amara did have a bizarre dream which made her worried.

Yes, she dreamt of Jamil and herself. They were in what looked like a battle field. There were humongous werewolves and tall vampires battling each other while Amara was laying on the ground, in pain and in tears. Jamil was kneeling next to her, stroking her cheeks as well as massaging her scalp.

"I love you..." He uttered those words to her in the most beautiful way possible. "And I'm doing this because I don't want to lose you. Please, do not loathe me after this." He beseeched. She only nodded because that was all she could do. Her whole body was aching and she was bleeding.

Before she could decipher the meaning of his words, she felt a sting on her neck and she let out a loud scream. That's when she awakened, sweaty and screaming.

Ophelia did not hear that for some reason.

"I think Amara should rest, mother." Azandra said feeling her temperature with the back of her hand. "She's burning up." She added on.

"No, I'm fine." Amara agitated.

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They're here and the twins were terrified, shaking in their tight corsets. Azandra couldn't even stand straight as she kept on thinking about how this could turn into a disaster.

One look at Zane and her baby managed to calm her down, but not Amara. Being in the same room as Jamil worsened things. Her mind was overly active that she ended up excusing herself.

What was happening to her, why was her body heating up? Why was she feeling this way, why did she have that dream?

"Let me go check on her..." Azandra said already rushing out. Amara was seated outside caressing her arm. "Are you okay?" She shook her head. She was starting to sweat rapidly.

"I'm heating up Azandra, I don't know what's wrong with me." She explained. "What do you mean you're heating up?" Just then, she let out a loud scream of agony and threw her head back. "It... It hurts, so much. Make it stop please." She pleaded.

She hoped Azandra could make it stop with her knowledge and powers but she didn't know of any spells and most certainly didn't know what was wrong with her.

Azandra headed back inside
worry written all over her face. "Something is wrong..." Just then she heard her scream louder than before. "She says she's heating up and in pain." She reported.

Everyone followed her out to where Amara was sitting. Her eyes landed on Jamil and instantly darkened with lust. She wanted him closer to her. She wanted him to touch her and to get intimate with her.

"Looks like heat, remember you went through the same Aza?" Zane asked Azandra and she nodded. "But how?" Rosalie asked. "Unknown but the lustful look, the spasming, the sweating, burning up, all signs of heat." Zane responded.

"That would mean her mate is near." Rosalie suggested. They all looked at each other. This is not good.

"But... But I'm human." Amara managed to respond. "Azandra was also human when she went through heat."

"What do you mean Azandra was human?" A query from someone everyone had forgotten about erupted. Azandra's insides twisted when that question fell in her ears.

"Mother I..." Amara screamed yet again. Jamil crouched next to her and held her knee. She instantly cooled down, her nerves loosened and she was relieved from agony.

"What? She's cooling down." Jamil announced to everyone. He got up but she let out another scream, now accompanied with tears. "Please don't let go!" She beseeched. "Please..."

"What do..."

"Please don't let go, it hurts so bad." Jamil crouched yet again and touched her knee. "Jamil, get away from her..." Azandra ordered. "But..."

"Just get away from her." Jamil nodded and stepped back. Azandra touched her but she was still in pain. Zane touched her and she was still in pain. Rosalie, and their betas touched her but her pain didn't subside as well as the burning sensation.

Unable to bare seeing her in so much pain, Jamil rushed to her and held her hands. She flashed a weak smile. "Thank you..." She said softly. He nodded and wrapped his arms around her. "Better?" She nodded and grasped onto him. "Yes, much better."

"Where does it hurt the most?" He asked in a whisper. "My... My neck." She responded. He moved her hair from her neck and hung it behind her ear. "Urhh, I think we should excuse ourselves." Azandra suggested.

She remembered Amara confessing to liking Jamil. It must be matters of the heart. As soon as they stepped inside the house, they remembered they were in trouble.

Indeed they were. Ophelia was standing with her arms folded across her chest. She was tapping her foot on the ground and

biting the insides of her cheeks. "Someone better tell me something." She said.

"Someone tell me what's happening to my daughter, what is this heat that you keep speaking of and what you meant by "Azandra was human"." Just then, Diandra started crying.

Azandra took her from Zane's arms and started cradling her in her arms. "She must be hungry or agitated by all the noise." She said.

"Azandra, whose baby is that?" Silence erupted yet again which agitated Ophelia. "I asked questions and I want answers! Who are these people, why is your hair white and what in the world is happening?" She shouted.

On the other side of the wall, Amara was laying comfortably against Jamil's chest. "You dreamt of something... I can see it but I just can't put it together. Is it what's bothering you?" He asked and she nodded.

"Yes. I don't understand that dream and I haven't been feeling well after waking up."

"What exactly did you dream of?" He asked. She bit her lower lip and heaved out a sign. "There were werewolves and vampires at war. I was laying on the ground, in pain and bleeding. I figured I must've been hurt from the war.

You were crouching next to me, holding my head and... And stroking my cheek. I was pressing over my wound but it seemed to be futile as I had lost a lot of blood.

You said that you were doing it for me because you didn't want to lose me and I shouldn't loathe you. You said you... You love me before your fangs surfaced and you bit my neck.

I woke up and felt weak and tired. My neck hurt but things got worse as time went by." She narrated.

He cleared his throat and look at the sky. He had to turn her primordial? No! He wasn't going to let anything happen to her and therefore, there won't be a need to turn her into a monster.

"Mother, this is Diandra. She's my..." She cut herself and looked at Zane who was seated next to her. She cleared her throat and looked at her mother. "Diandra is our daughter, Zane and I."

Ophelia choked on her saliva and accidentally bit her tongue. She coughed repeatedly while Rosalie rushed to get her a glass of water.

She took it with her trembling hands and gulped it down her throat in one go. The room was quiet as everyone was waiting for her reaction.

"You're... You're only nineteen. You're... You're still a child, my child. Did he molest you? Did he force you? He lied to you, didn't he?" She asked and Azandra only shook her head.

Her mother was in a state of panic thinking about how young her daughter was, she was nowhere near ready to be a mother. "No one forced me into anything mother, Zane and I love each other and in the world we're in, I was meant to have a baby at my age."

"Nonsense!" Ophelia shouted, her fist landing on the gigantic wooden table separating them. "You are still a child!" She yelled. "And no child of mine has a child!"

"And you, how dare you take advantage of my daughter like that?" She shot at Zane. "Mother, Zane and I love each other."

The room grew silent yet again. Her baby was taken from her when she was only a child, she grew up as a slave with no love whatsoever. What did she know about love?

"Will you accept both Zane and Diandra because they are not going anywhere. They'll always be a part of my life." Ophelia just remained quiet, clearly this conversation was beyond her powers.

She didn't want it to get to the point where her own prodigal daughter chose someone else over her. She didn't want to lose her daughter over again.

But what if she had already lost her to the world of the unknown? What if she didn't return as herself but someone else?

She wiped her uninvited tears as soon as they fell on her cheeks. Azandra didn't want to make her mother cry but she had to tell her the truth.

She was not going to choose between her mother and sister along with her small family. But if it did come to that, she would. She didn't belong in this world anymore and so her choice would be obvious.

"Would you like to... To see her? I mean she is your grand daughter. But you don't have to, I know this is sudden and you're still in shock and most probably disappointed in me. Mother, I'm sorry, I..."

"Let me see her." Ophelia announced. She was now a grandmother and there was nothing she could do about that. Yes, she was disappointed, broken

sad but she had to accept the situation for what it was.

She got up from her seat and made her way to Ophelia. She hesitantly handed Diandra over to her mother.

She was awfully quiet. She was just staring at her grand daughter as she sucked on her tiny fist. "She's amazing..." She said giggling. She cradled her before bringing her closer to her face and pecking her forehead.

There was no way she was going to get mad now, at least not now.

Azandra suddenly gasped and jumped on her seat. It started yet again, right in the middle of an important meeting. "Azandra, what do you see?" Zane asked holding her face into his hands.

As usual, he was looking into her dilated eyes, awaiting her response. "What do you mean what does she see? What's happening to my daughter?" Ophelia asked.

"Don't worry Mrs Rodriguez, she's okay. She is just getting a vision." Rosalie said trying to calm her down. "Vision, what vision?" She asked.

"Please keep it down, you're disturbing her." Jamil interrupted.

Azandra held Zane's hand and shed tears. She squeezed his hand tighter as she got deep into the vision.

"Tundra, I see Tundra. I see Amara as well, she's in pain but she cannot ask for help. She's too weak to even move." She gasped yet again. "They're coming, he has an army with him. They're too many." She cried.

Zane pulls her into his arms and starts caressing her arm. "How are we going to defeat them?"

"Enough of this nonsense! Will someone tell me what's going on?" Ophelia asked in fury.

"Your daughter is a witch, she was abducted and abused by a vampire and now she's a werewolf! Your grand daughter is a werewolf and Amara will soon become one. We're all Primordial, we're the McKnights!"

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Azandra knocked on the door to her mother's bedroom. She could hear her sobs and sniffs clearly and she couldn't stand them.

But how is a mother supposed to react to such news? How is she supposed to be happy about both her daughters becoming cruel immortal beings? How does she accept them because they were becoming what murdered their father?

Even worse, her grand children would become cruel pooches as well. Now that she had already lost them, she was going to lose them for good in whatever war they're going to.

She sighed and walked away from the door to her bedroom where her sister was lying staring at the straw roof. "We will be leaving tomorrow night." She announced as she joined her on the bed. "And mom?"

"We'll take her to a safe place along with Diandra."

"And me, what about me?" Amara asked. She feared for her life. The life Azandra led was a dangerous life. She still couldn't decipher everything Jamil had said.

"I don't want to die, Azandra and I don't want to kill. I don't want to lose you and mom."

"Don't worry, nothing will happen. Just give mom some time to... Digest this. You won't die, but that's only if Jamil changes you."

"Why him?"

"Because you're mates."

"Ophelia will be safe, as well as Diandra," Zane said trying to convince Azandra. She was not having it, as much as she was Primordial, she was still the same Azandra, the innocent Azandra that Zane fell for.

The one who was scared of everything yet was brave enough to calm an angry Primordial down. "We have to get going, we don't want Tundra to track you back here," Zane said.

"I need to see Diandra one more time," she said trying to make her way inside but Zane held her and pulled her back. He knew she'd never want to leave if she went back inside.

Amara had already left with Jamil everyone else. Saige was the only one left with them and Azandra was making everything hard. "They'll be safe, I promise." she smiled weakly and nodded. Zane pecked her forehead and led her to the car.

She had been looking out the entire drive, thinking of her innocent daughter and her newly found mother who was mad at her, she wouldn't be surprised if she hated her.

On the other hand, there's nothing Zane was rooting for than to end Tundra. He wanted to be the one to kill him but he knew it would give Azandra a peace of mind if she did it herself because she would be ensured that he's gone and never coming back.

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It was a sleepless night for everyone, especially for Azandra. She needed to find a way to connect to her baby. It was the first time she was away from her and it wasn't such a nice experience considering she might never see her again.

Zane wrapped her arms around her and pecked her naked back. "Hey, I need you to stop over thinking things, okay? We'll survive this and Azandra and your mother will be safe and no one knows where they are. Amara will also be safe, she has Jamil and other guards." Azandra nodded.

Not because she believed him but because she had to. She was working on being hopeful and brave for her family. She had to be.

"Okay let's do this. Look at me..." Azandra turned and looked at Zane. He took her hands into his and held them tight. "I want you to close your eyes and think of connecting to Diandra," she didn't really understand why but she did as she was told.

She was shook when she saw her lovely princess that she couldn't help but to cry. It felt as though they were with her, standing next to her.

"Hey baby..." she was already asleep, her arms and legs spread across her crib. "Mommy will come back for you, okay? And

nothing of this sort will happen ever again. We'll never be apart ever again," she whispered.

"I love you so much, okay? I love you,"

Zane tightly wrapped his arms around her as she burst into tears. He hated having to see her cry and hopefully this was the last time she was going to cry so badly.

A few more hours to go and he'll finally end all of this. Even if something happened to him but he was going to end Tundra and his army. "No Zane

no!" Azandra yelled.

"Nothing will happen to you. I'm not going to raise Diandra alone!" she shouted. "Its a risk I'm willing to take. I'm willing to risk my life for you and Diandra. I promised to do anything to protect you and I'm keeping that promise,"

"NO!" she shouted. "No one but Tundra will die tomorrow, you hear me? I'll kill him myself if I must." it was most certainly going to be a very long night.

Zane had never seen Azandra, like this, no one has. That old Azandra was slowly but surely fading and a new Azandra was appearing. It was unpleasant.

Morning came and everyone was on edge. No one was safe, including the guards themselves. Someone amongst the workers was working with Tundra. Someone dared to spy on the McKnights and try to end them.

No one knew who that person was and there was no time but it was definitely an obstacle because there was no way they could discuss their plans. The castle had turned into a cell where everyone had to look out for themselves because they didn't know who to trust.

Azandra was shown a snitch in her dream but the face was covered. She could see the hair and the eyes but no one she laid her eyes on matched the snitch in her dream.

"Azandra..." a voice very much familiar to hers invaded her thoughts. She turned to her other half and forced a smile. "Don't do that, don't smile at me like you're not scared and everything is alright." Azandra shook her head still maintaining her fake smile.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said. Amara sat next to her and took her hands into hers. "You can never lie to me, we share empathy. Whatever you feel, I feel."

"Its just that... This war is overwhelming. I thought I was going to live a beautiful life without having to see Tundra ever again but now that he's here, I can't help but to worry. I am scared, Amara. I can't lose Zane nor you, mother and Diandra. No one

but Tundra must die but I know he's been planning this for years and I know how powerful new borns are." she confessed.

"Have faith... That's the least you could do. Believe in them, in us and in yourself. Please don't..." her words slurred off immediately when she saw her sister zoned out.

Her eyes had dilated again, was she having a vision? "Azandra..." she called out waving her hand in front of her eyes. "They're here..." she said softly.

"Who is they?" Amara asked in confusion. Azandra turned to her other half and shed her last tears, she extended her hand and searched for Amara's face "I love you, okay?"
Amara held her hand and nodded, "I love you too,"
he Primordial siblings came rushing out of the castle after Zane had seen Azandra's vision, it wasn't a good one. "We're under attacked. I want this castle turned into a fortress. No one comes in and no one goes out!" Zane yelled out instructions but was it not too late?
An arrow came out of nowhere, fire blazing and aimed at Azandra. It was the perfect shot, one that would kill her if she was human but she wasn't human and Amara didn't know better as she stepped in front of her sister and took the arrow for her.

She was a mother, the long lost daughter and she had people who loved her. In Amara's head, if one of them had to die it was her for she had nothing to live for.

"Amara!" Azandra shouted her sister's name in agony, her screams piercing everyone's ears, breaking their hearts as well. "Azandra!" she was pulled back, her arms tightly held by her beloved mate, the love of her life.

"Let go of me, Zane! Let go of me…" her words slurred off as it pained her having to see her other half laying lifelessly on the ground, bleeding like there's no tomorrow.

"My love, calm down. Jamil will take care of Amara," he said caressing her rosy cheeks trying to calm her down. She didn't want her sister to be turned primordial, she didn't want her family to be a part of this life but she wasn't going to lose her twin sister, she didn't want to be separated from her family once again.

"Where's Tundra, I want to kill him," she said absent mindedly as her past came back flooding, causing her heart to sink to the pit of her stomach, her tears streaming out profusely.

"Stop thinking about it my love, I'll kill him. Not after everything he has put you through," she shook her head vigorously, her ocean blue eyes darkening with each passing second. "I want to kill him, slowly. I want to watch him bleed and I want to watch as his non-existent soul finally parts from his flesh."

She looked at Zane in the eyes. "He destroyed me, I deserve to end him, to finally have peace. Especially after hurting Amara!" she shouted then freed herself from his hold and ran off to the battle field, following after his beloved and joining his siblings.

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There were humongous werewolves and tall vampires battling each other while Amara was laying on the ground, in pain and in tears. Jamil was kneeling next to her, stroking her cheeks as well as massaging her scalp.

He didn't want to, he didn't want to turn her into what he was, he didn't want to lose her as well. Watching her cry and pressing on her wound was the hardest thing he'd have to endure ever since he was created, it hurt like a bitch, like he was being punished for all his sins through her.

"Jamil…" she finally managed to call out his name after moments of struggling to utter even a single word. "Sshh… Don't say anything." She tried to lift her head up but she failed, feeling weaker and weaker.

"Please tell… Azandra that I… I love… Her, Diandra and… And mother," she stuttered. He shook his head.

"I love you… And I won't let anything happen to you, okay?" He uttered those words to her in the most beautiful way possible. "And I'm doing this because I don't want to lose you. Please, do not loathe me after this." He beseeched. She only nodded because that was all she could do. Her whole body was aching and she was bleeding.

Before she could decipher the meaning of his words, she felt a sting on her neck and she let out a loud scream. The sting quickly turned into a pleasant feeling, a ticklish sensation, causing her body to relax and her eye lids to start feeling heavy.

"I… Is this supposed to make me feel…" she giggled softly, causing Jamil to smile at her. "I love you too, Jamil." She then shut her eyes and gave in to the pull. He held her closer and placed a long peck on her forehead.

"I will avenge you

my love." With that said, he got up from the ground, his beloved in his arms and rushed inside the old castle and locked her up in his bedroom, ensuring that there's no way in and no way out. She would be safe while he fought for her, killed for her and proved his love for her.

It was a mess out there, a lot of men were down but the one who was supposed to be down wasn't. He was as powerful as ever, using Azandra's past to anger her so he could see what she was capable of.

"You are nothing without me, pumpkin. Just because you're a lousy pooch doesn't make you strong.

You were stronger when I tied you up, and hit you. You were stronger when you managed to take the fall for everyone, saving everyone and playing hero. You were stronger when you endured everyone's pain. Now you are weak! You are nothing but a disgrace!" he spat at Azandra who was fuming.

"But you are still my innocent little Azandra, my beloved. I told you I'd come for you little one, and I have. You know you'll always have a special place in my heart." He added on, now angering Zane.

Azandra held his arm tightly and tried to calm him down.

"Azandra, I'm going to kill him." He whispered and she shook her head. "I'd love to see you try, dog!" Tundra shouted as loud as he could. "I only came here for Azandra. Give her to me and I'll set you free."

Azandra looked at Zane and freed her arm from his. She looked into his eyes and went on her knees to peck his cheek. "I love

you," she winked at him then slowly made his way to Tundra, who was standing at the other end of the field. He knew she was up to something but what damage could she do, she was tiny and short with no powers whatsoever.

Unable to wait any longer, he rushed in inhumane speed to her. He held her hand and pecked her knuckles, his eyes gleaming with pride and joy, joy of winning and having his Azandra back. "Let's go home," he said softly and Azandra smiled.

He glared at Zane then back at Tundra. "Not in this life time," she whispered and before he could decipher, a pooch had him down, its huge fangs biting his arms off from him.

He screamed in agony as Azandra stood and watched him beg for mercy. "This is for all you've put my family and I through," she said as she kneeled near him. She held his head into her tiny hands and slowly started to twist it.

She shut her eyes as soon as his head disconnected from his body and she sighed out loud, throwing the head near the body.

It wasn't long until the fighting stopped, Tundra's men surrendered and threw their weapons down. Azandra ran into Zane's arms, his warm embrace ever so comforting. "We did it!" she squealed, earning a chuckle from Zane.

"It was all you," she looked at Zane and like the first time, she felt shy, her cheeks heating up and turning rosy. "I love you," she looked down and bit her lower lip. "I love you too," she said softly.

He lifted her chin up and captured her lips into his, kissing her like his life depended on it. "You two should get a room!" Rosalie said passing them. She was badly hurt but she had

Saige, someone she never thought she'd ever like… Well not in this lifetime.

"Clean this yard up, not even a drop of blood should be left behind!"

EPILOGUE

"My King, my queen. Your people are awaiting your presence," the butler said to the newly weds who were still trying to suck up their reality.

Never had either of them thought they would be here, married. Zane had never seen himself as a husband and a father, never had he even thought he'd have to share his kingdom but here he was, sharing everything of his, even himself with the love of his life.

He smiled at his bride, "Are you ready?" he asked his Azandra who shyly shook her head and looked down. She was nervous, he could hear her heart thumping against her chest. "You'll be fine, okay?" she nodded and he pecked her forehead. "Lets go," They hooked arms and slowly but surely made their way down the staircase. Azandra took a deep breath before their butler pushed the giant wooden doors open, revealing numbers of happy and colorful villagers. Smiles plastered on their faces while other were cheering. Roses and other different flowers were thrown at the couple.

This was a beautiful sight, one that calmed Azandra down. Maybe she won't make such a bad queen after all. "You could never, my queen," Zane teased and pecked her cheek, causing her to giggle.

"These are your people, talk to them!" Zane said to Azandra who looked at him like he had grown two heads. "They are waiting for you to address them." she shook her head and took

a step back. "Do it for me then, I'll make love to you the whole night after this," he whispered into her ear, causing the lady between her thighs to pool.

She would do anything to have herself beneath her husband, she would even gather her strength

build her confidence and address "her" people.

"A year ago, I was brought to this place against my will. I had nothing to myself, knew nobody and nothing about myself but my name and age. Just like alot of you, I was separated from my family when I was still young, I can't even remember anything from my past.

I hated it here, but I valued my life. While I feared for my life, something shocking happened and I found myself loving this place, because of one person and that is Zane McKnight.

I think its safe to say that I know what all of you have been through and with that said, I promise to be a good queen to you, the best queen at that." She said then looked at Zane.

He held her hand at pecked it. "My wife and I will help each and everyone of you find your families and we will compensate you for all the torture you have endured." Azandra nodded.

"And for those of you who choose to stay, the name of this town will change. It will now be called Eleftheria, meaning freedom. It will symbolise the end of slavery and the freedom of slaves!"

The crowd started screaming in joy, almost all of them were excited to unite as well as reunite with their families, their loved ones.

Some were obviously going to remain behind, willingly and some were going to return with their families this side, so they could witness their agonizing tales as well as this beautiful kingdom.

"I think Diandra misses her parents now," Amara said making her way to the couple with Jamil following behind her. She was as happy as sue could ever be, with a smile on her face every single day.

Azandra took her baby into her arms and started pecking her chubby face. "Congratulations, brother!" Jamil and Zane shared a manly hug before he went back to his beloved and caressed her huge belly.

Amara slapped his hand away but Jamil held her tighter instead and pecked her cheek. "I love you,"

"I love you too,"

…………………………………………..The End……………………………………

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