

## Chapter 3

I didn't have time to ask because I was pulled out of the pack house with Zade. The car ride was long and I awoke with a start, realizing I had dozed off during the long drive. I turned to look at Alpha Zade, but his steel face was focused ahead.

"I'm sorry I slept off during—" I began, but his baritone voice interrupted me.

"No need for that," he cut in. "An enchantment is shrouding the pack, and it tends to make people sleepy excluding the members of the pack."

"Oh," I muttered, and I looked out of the window.

I was stricken struck by the breathtaking beauty of the pack. The lands were vast and lush, stretching out into the distance.

"You called me Emilia, who is that?" I asked hesitantly but he turned away from me.

"Welcome to the Black Moon pack, Megan."

In less than five minutes, the car drove through the gigantic golden gate and rode into the vast yard. We passed through the large fountain, and I could feel the energy of the city thrumming in my veins.





Finally, we arrived at the most tremendous building I had ever seen—a gleaming, majestic structure that seemed to reach toward the sky. I did not doubt that this was the pack mansion.

As Zade stepped out of the car, he barely glanced my way, leaving me feeling bewildered and slightly hurt. Just a moment ago, he had been comforting me, his touch reassuring and his words kind. But now, he seemed distant and cold, as if I were no more than an acquaintance.

I felt a small pang of hurt, wondering what I had done to make him withdraw from me so suddenly. Stepping out of the car, I followed him into the massive building, my steps light and quick as I tried to keep up with his long stride.

We entered the grand foyer, the high ceilings and marble floors making me feel small and insignificant. I saw Zade stand before a woman who must have been at least fifty years old, his height was dominating and his hand tucked into his pocket pants.

"She will show you around," he told me brusquely and I shuddered, his eerie aura overwhelmed me as he walked past me impassively.

I felt a tinge of heartbreak. Why was he ignoring me as if I never existed?

The older woman's gaze fell on me, and a warm smile spread





her face.

"Welcome, my dear," she said, her voice soothing and comforting. "I'm Mrs. Fairchild but you can call me Gladys."

"I'm Megan Armstrong," I replied gloomily, clearly not in the mood to talk.

Gladys guided me through the long hallway until we reached a large, ornate door. She opened it, revealing a spacious and luxurious room, decorated with rich fabrics and plush furniture. Yet, I wasn't intrigued. I felt lost and confused, my thoughts still on the strange way that Zade had been acting.

She placed a hand on my shoulder, my shoulders tensed. "Make yourself at home."

She left the room, and I sighed exhaustedly. Despite the lingering sadness I felt, I couldn't deny that I felt a sense of relief at being free from the clutches of Dark Fangs pack. The memories of my time there were still fresh in my mind, and I couldn't shake the feelings of fear and anxiety that they brought with them.

To clear my head, I decided to take a shower, but abruptly I noticed that the wardrobe was filled with clothes that were clearly not mine.

They were beautiful and expensive and a small smile grew on my face as I thought of the fact that Zade thought to bring



clothes for me considering I didn't have any. I pulled on a beautiful blue dress and waited for him.

As the evening wore on, I began to wonder where Zade was. I had been sitting in the room, the silence oppressive and lonely, for hours. Abruptly, a knock came at the door. It was one of the maids, informing me that dinner was ready.

My stomach grumbled, it was only then that I remembered I hadn't eaten since morning. I followed the maid to the dining room. My eyes now used the opportunity as I took in the terrific view of the pack mansion.

Upon my arrival at the dining hall, I surprisingly saw Zade, sitting at the head of a long table, his posture regal and imposing. He barely looked up as I entered, his attention focused on his phone.

I sat down, feeling awkward and out of place. The tension in the dining hall was rising, while I ate my meal, and it was becoming increasingly difficult for me to breathe.

Even the maids weren't an exception. Zade's aura was overwhelming, his presence seeming to fill the dining hall. I felt the need to break the silence, but my words came out stilted and nervous.

He finally looked up at me and his eyes widened. "Emilia,"

"Who is-" I began but I went silent when it hit me. Emilia was





probably his first mate and I must have been wearing her clothes. I frowned. "My name is Megan."

Zade's head cleared and instead of admiration, there was anger. "Who gave you the right to put on her clothes?"

To say I was shocked by his outburst would be an understatement.

"I thought they were mine, they were in my room."

"Her room," he cut me off. "That is her room and you will never forget that."

"Why am I here if you still want her?"

He ignored my question but when he spoke again, his voice sending a chill down my spine.

"You have two choices," he said. "You can stay here, and become my breeder, bearing my child. Or, you can return to your pack, knowing that you will never be welcome here again."

"Wha—" I was struck dumb, unable to speak, my mouth dry. I felt my pulse quicken, my heart raced as my mind reeled with fear.

This man was not the Zade I had known, the one who had been sweet and kind. Instead, he was cold and heartless, a far





cry from the man I had thought I knew. My hands fisted tightly, my chest burned, and I felt extremely foolish to think he'd accept me.

Suddenly, I saw Zade move, and I watched as he stood from his chair, his tall frame seeming to fill the room. He took a few strides towards me, his long legs eating up the distance between us. I looked up at him, my chin barely reaching his chest.

His deep-set blue eyes set on me, and I knew that he was studying me. I stood as still as I could, not wanting to make any sudden movements. I felt like a small, insignificant creature compared to him.

Zade's touch was unexpected, and I gasped as I felt myself tense under his calloused fingers. His face was close to mine, and I could feel his breath against my skin. My body was responding to his touch, and I felt a wave of shame wash over me. I knew I should resist, should fight back against his advances. But I felt powerless, my choices limited.

"What do you say, hm?" Zade's voice was low and dangerous to my ears.

If I didn't stay here, I would have to return to Blue Moon Pack —a place I never wanted to see again.

And then, I did the only thing I thought of.



Chapter 3



"I accept."



SEND GIFT



COMMENT

