



## Chapter 4

As the days turned into weeks, I began to feel like an object; more like a breeder for the Alpha.

Zade would come to my room, treat me like a whore, then leave without so much as a word. I felt used, discarded, and worthless. I would lie in my bed, tears staining my cheeks, as I wondered how I had ended up in this situation. I felt trapped, unable to escape my new reality.

Even though I knew what I got myself into, the reality was far different than I had imagined. Each night, I felt myself die a little more inside.

After what felt like an eternity in my room, I finally mustered the courage to step outside. The fresh air felt like a cool balm on my overheated skin, and I breathed deeply, trying to calm my racing heart.

But the peace was short-lived, as I was soon reminded of my situation. Zade, who was my second chance mate, was as bad as my first mate. I was alone, adrift in a world. I felt hopeless like there was no way out.

Suddenly, I bumped into a maid, Sally.

"Hi, Megan," she called and squeezed my hand soothingly.



I forced a smile, "Sally."

Sally was the only person I bonded with during my stay in the Black Moon pack, she's nice. She had explained to me that I looked exactly like the old Luna- Emilia. I attributed that fact to being the reason why Zade took me in the first place.

"Alpha Zade wants to see you," Sally then told me, her voice timid. I could see the concern in her eyes, and I knew that she was worried about me.

I took a deep breath and nodded. "Okay."

I followed her down the winding corridors until we reached a large door. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest as we approached.

The pack guards stationed at the ornate door swung the door open, and I took a step into the room, my palms sweating and my knees weak. I felt like I was about to face my doom.

When I stepped into the room, my eyes fell on Zade. He sat at a large desk, his papers spread out in front of him, his dark hair falling over his forehead.

He didn't look up as I entered, and his silence filled me with dread. I waited for him to say something, but the silence stretched on.





Finally, he spoke, his voice cold and distant. "It's been weeks," he said. "Why haven't you gotten pregnant yet?"

The words hit me like a slap in the face, and I felt the rage rise within me. How dare he ask me such a thing? That's absurd.

"How dare you!" I flared up, my voice shaking with anger. "How dare you ask me that? And what about your first mate, didn't she have children?"

I knew it was a low blow, but I couldn't help myself. I wanted to hurt him, to make him feel even a fraction of the pain I was in. Zade's face stiffened at my blatant words, his eyes filled with tremendous fury. He rose from his chair, and I watched in horror as he stormed towards me. Before I could even react, he had me pinned against the wall, his hand wrapped around my neck, squeezing the life out of me.

"Zade..." My vision began to darken, and I thought I was going to die.

I saw the turmoil in his dark eyes, and I knew I had crossed the line. His hand tightened around my throat, while I struggled to breathe, tears spilled down my cheeks but he was immune to them.

Just as Zade let go of me, I felt light-headed as my body went limp and I collapsed on the floor, my vision blurred, and then everything went black.





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When I opened my eyes slowly, I felt a dull ache in my neck. I tried to sit up, but the pain made me groan. I glanced around as I tried to get my bearings, I was still in the same room, on the same floor, but Zade was nowhere to be seen. I pushed myself up, used the wall for support, and slowly made my way to my room.

By the time I reached my room, I saw Sally standing in the center pacing, her face filled with concern.

"Oh, dear," she said, rushing over to me. "You're hurt. Come, let's get it treated."

I simply sat on the edge of the bed, while she scurried off to get the first aid box. When she came back, she knelt in front of me and started tending to my wounds.

"Ouch," I whined, and she blew air on it trying to soothe the pain.

Suddenly, I cleared my throat, and Sally got the cue and she paused in her work.

"Sally," I said, my voice hoarse. "Can you tell me what happened to Zade's mate?"





Sally's eyes widened, she seemed to hesitate.

"Please, I promise to keep it a secret between us," I reassured her, then her eyes lowered filled with sadness.

Finally, she took a deep breath, "the Alpha's mate, she died in childbirth," Sally said, her voice barely above a whisper. "And the baby didn't make it."

"What?" I was shocked, my heart ached.

The rejection pain might be one thing, but losing a mate in the cold hands of death was another. And to think the baby was lost; I felt the tears burn the back of my eyes, and I fought to keep them at bay. I couldn't imagine the pain that Zade must have gone through, losing the two people he treasured the most would be heart-wrenching for him.

"The Alpha loved the late Luna so much, but there is a curse..." she hurriedly shut her mouth and proceeded by tending to my bruises.

I was piqued by curiosity, and I looked intensely at her to continue.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said anything," Sally said, her hands trembling as she worked.

I knew that she was struggling to keep her composure. But I also wanted to know what she had been about to say. I put my





hand on her arm and gave her a gentle squeeze.

"Sally, please," I urged her. "I want to know. What do you mean... he's cursed?"

Sally paused, her eyes met mine again. She bit her bottom lip hard, and I saw the conflict within her.

"There have been rumors that the Alpha is cursed so that all his mates die during childbirth, although no one knew if it's true," she said, whispering. "But there have been rumors about it. I know it sounds terrible, and I'm so sorry I brought it up."

She turned away from me, and I felt my heart jump into my mouth at the divulgence, and a sense of dread crept over me. If the stories were true, it meant that I was in danger. I knew that, as Zade's mate, I could be in peril. The thought of dying while giving birth terrified me, and I felt a wave of panic sweep over me.

Sally didn't know Zade was my mate. And I wondered if she would have apprised me had it been she previously knew. I took a deep breath and tried to push the fear aside, but I knew what I had to do; I couldn't stay here. I couldn't put my life in danger, or allow myself to be a victim.

Sally had finished tending to my wounds, and she looked at me with concern.





"Are you okay?" She asked, her eyes filled with worry. I forced myself to nod, even though I felt like I was falling apart inside.

I certainly couldn't let Sally suffer for helping me. But I had to get out, and she was the only source. Just as Sally spun to leave, I sprang to my feet and yanked her back, her eyes widened with surprise.

"Sally, please," I said, my voice shaking. "You have to help me get out of here. I can't stay, it's too dangerous."

Sally was frozen with fear, unable to respond.

"No, I'm... I'm sorry I can't," She hesitated, but my eyes pleaded silently.

After a few moments, she eventually nodded. "I'll help you. But we have to be very careful. If anyone finds out, we'll be in terrible danger."

I took a deep breath, relief flooded through me. I knew that escaping wouldn't be easy, but at least I wasn't alone.

"Thank you," I said, grasping her hand tightly. "I'll do whatever it takes."

Sally cautiously led me out of my room, and through the hallway until we made it to the entrance. We made sure no one was in sight. With a glance back at the pack mansion, we





slipped out the front door.

The night was dark and the moon was high in the sky. We hurried through the shadows, not daring to speak. When we reached the edge of the pack's territory, we stopped and stared at each other.

I didn't want to leave without saying goodbye, but I knew I had to go. So I hugged her tightly, and whispered, "Thank you."

Then I turned and jumped into the woods, my heart pounded and my feet flew over the ground.

I ran without looking back.



SEND GIFT



COMMENT

