

## Prologue

Aiden's POV,

I sit in my oca, looking out the window to my Kingdom. This is but a small portion of my Kingdom. The Royal Wolf Pack lands. I am the King of Werewolves, and these werewolf territories belong to me in this region. I don't have a mate yet as I will not take a weak mate. My wolf is strong. His name is Nero, and he will not accept any wolf but his fated mate. I am still young as I inherit the crown from my grandfather, who saw my father as a weakling. My father is not as brave as my grandfather, and he does not like to go to war. My father has the soul of an artist, and he prefers living in the city with bright lights. My mother shares the love of the city and human life with my father, and they never really had time for me, so I grew up with my grandfather. I have no siblings as my parents wanted no more children, and I think they only had me to please my grandfather. I have not seen my mother or father in years.

I have to go to the Blood Moon Pack today, but I hate going there as they are a bunch of savages. I sigh. I have postponed it long enough. I have not been there since two years ago. The Alpha is a strong wolf with tribal tattoos all over his body. I look at myself in the mirror. I have a tribal tattoo on my neck and down my left arm, not too much and not too little. I like my tattoo. I got it from an old gipsy, and it is not just a tattoo. It is a blessing for my wolf and me. I sigh as I get up from my chair. I have done all the paperwork and taken care of my other duties. My grandfather will look after it while I am gone. He is still very active, although he is almost seventy. I walk to his oca and knocks.

"Come in, Aiden," My grandfather says, and I walk in.

"Hi, Grandfather, I am on my way now," I say, and he nods.

"Be careful around those savages. I do not trust them," My Grandfather says, and I nod. The legendary Walter Black is my grandfather. My grandmother Lana Black is busy in the kitchen as always. I greet my grandfather and walks out to greet my grandmother. She gives me a chocolate chip cookie. It is my favourite since I was a pup.

The SUV's are ready as I am taking my best warriors with me. Like my grandfather, I do not trust Tray Moore. He and his men live by way of the wolf. Tray Moore and his luna Maggie Moore has three daughters, but I only met two of them, Nancy and Angelica Moore. The third daughter is said to be beautiful, but she never appears in public. No one knows why, as she is supposed to be the oldest and the next Alpha. It is about an hour's drive from the palace, and we are there in no time. As we enter their territory, I see the warriors run next to the SUV's to escort us to the packhouse. As I step out, I get the most intoxicating smell I have ever smelled. Nero jumps up and down in my head.

"MATE!!" He shouts, and I follow the smell, but it faints away. My second in command walks to the Alpha of the pack, Tray Moore. I keep looking around to see where the smell came from but soon, the Alpha takes my attention. He invites me into his oca, and again, I get the faint scent that I smelled earlier.

"Goodday King Aiden. We did not expect you," Alpha Tray says, and I look him in the eye. Of all the wolves in the Kingdom, I think it is only my grandfather and me that has the respect of Alpha Tray of the Blood Moon Pack.

"Goodday, Alpha Moore. I have not been here for a long time, and I felt it my duty to visit you and your pack for a bit," I say.

"Well, let me offer you a drink, my King," Trey says, and he walks to his drinking cabinet and takes out an old bottle of cognac. He pours two glasses of the cognac, and I taste mine as I like cognac. I also know he will not poison me as he knows my men will kill him. They are well trained and not as savage as his men. I still can not get that scent out of my nose. I must nd her! She is my mate!

"Do you have any unmated wolves in your pack?" I ask. He does not throw as he knows I am looking for a mate, and he nods.

"One, my oldest daughter, but I do not know where she is right now," He says.

"Can I see her?" I ask, and again he nods.

"Find Alexandra and bring her here!" He shouts at his men.

His men come walking in with an unwilling Alexandria. I can see they had to drag her into the oca. I see her looking at me, and her eyes are begging me. Begging me for what? I don't know. All I can smell is the intoxicating smell of her.

"She is useless to us, and although she is my eldest daughter, she will never be Alpha as she has no wolf," Trey says, and I frown. Nero growls. He can not have a mate that has no wolf. He has already turned his back on her in my head.

"I Aiden King of the werewolves rejects you, Alexandria Moore, as my mate and Queen of the werewolves. We can not have a weak mate with no wolf," I say. She looks up as if I just gave her a death sentence and say with a smirk on her face like she does not care anymore.

"I, Alexandria Moore, accept your rejection, King!" Then she walks out with the guards as her father shouts after her and the guards.

"You know the rules of the wolf, do as you must," He says. My men and I leave a short while after. Nero, my wolf, is going crazy in my head. Something is bothering him as it is bothering me, but I can not put my nger on it. I feel the hurt of the rejection and her acceptance of the rejection in my heart.

Alexandria's POV

I know I am dead. The rule of the wolf is that everyone that gets rejected by her or his mate will be beaten half to death and left in the wilderness to die in peace. Those who have wolves will become rogues and eventually die. Wolves without a pack do not survive long in the wilderness. My heart and soul is already ripped out of me when he rejected me. I was never my parent's favourite child as I did not have a wolf. They will not mourn me. No one in the pack will, as I always kept to myself as I tried to hide the fact that I had no wolf from the rest of the pack. I stand up as they start hitting and kicking me until my legs give in, but I refuse to make a sound, and it angers the wolves more as they are used to their victims beg for mercy. I won't. Blood spilling out of my nose and mouth. I feel weak, but I promised myself I would not make a sound as I knew this day was coming as no real wolf wants a mate with no wolf. My father and mother look on as they hid and beat me.

"Enough! Let her die in peace!" My father says as he and my mother walks away, leaving me in the wilderness. Bleeding and crippled, I start crawling to the little stream nearby as I always wanted to die near water. It was always my dream. I crawl and see the little water stream. I put my hand in it and drink a bit of the clear water. I see the feet appear in my sight, and I think it must be a rogue. So I will not die in peace after all. My broken body will rst be raped and then torn apart. I tremble as I feel cold. An old hand helps me sit up, and I see an old ladies face.

"You were rejected by your mate?" She asks. It is clear to me she knows the customs of my pack. I nod as I can not speak. She picks me up and starts carrying me. She is strong for such an old lady, I think to myself. I am in deep pain, and it feels like I will pass out, then I hear his voice. My mate's voice.

"Alexandria Moore I Aiden Black, the king of the Werewolf, accept you as my mate and my Queen!" I pass out, and I think I have been dreaming it as when I wake up again, I am lying in a bed. I do not feel the hurt of the previous night and the beating I took.

"Welcome back from the dead. I see your wolf healed you yesterday," The old lady who helped me says.

"I don't have a wolf," I say as I sit up. How long was I out for, and where am I?

"You have now, the night before last when your mate accepted you, he awoke me. I am Blizzard, your wolf," I hear a voice in my head.

"He rejected me," I say.

"I know, but I think he regrets it, and now he thinks we are dead," Blizzard says.

"Good, I hope he never nds us. He deserves it! It is partly his fault I almost died," I say. My heart and soul is still hurting from the rejection, and although my body is healed, I will carry the scars of my heartless parents in my heart of ever.

"Maybe one day you can forgive him?" Blizzard asks. I do not answer her as I know I will not forgive him. The old lady looked at me, and I know she knows I was talking to my wolf.

"Thank you for saving me. What is your name?" I ask her.

"My name is Lana Black. Do not worry, I am not family of the king," The old lady says as I look at her with a question in my eyes. I sigh in relief. All I need now is an old lady that is family of my mate that rejected me.

"Chocolate chip cookie?" She asks as she holds one out to me.

"Thank you, I love chocolate chip cookies," I take it from her, and it is delicious.

"It is my grandson's favourite cookie as well," She says.

"Your grandson is one lucky pup," I say. I know she is a werewolf because only a werewolf would be able to carry me through the woods.

"Call me grandma. Everyone else does," Lana says.

"Thank you, Grandma. How long was I out for?" I say, and she smiles.

"Let me see about two days. Tomorrow, we will start your training. As the future Queen, you will have to be a strong wolf, one the King can respect and one his family will accept. I don't want to hear how he is not your mate because he is your mate. I need to go now. You are safe here. I will be back tomorrow. Do not go outside of this hut as it is not safe outside," She says as she turns around and leaves me alone in the little hut in the forest. It is late at night, and I am tired. I hear my wolf in my head. She is missing her mate, but she will have to suck it up as I am not going back to him!