

## Chapter 266

### The King's Favorite Position

If Zaya had to be honest, all the thing that she said was not completely true, well some of them were the truth, but most of them were her exaggerated the story between them.

They did not get along in the first time they met, if she could say, he annoyed her.

But now the queen asked her to call for Rowan to proof what she said, she didn't think he would embarrass her by declining the invitation, even though they had a little argument this morning.

Zaya was well aware that she shouldn't have acted that way, but what to do? He slept around with so many women! How she could not be annoyed by that?

However, it was an entirely different story when the queen told her that it had been years since the last time Rowan came to visit her.

Zaya knew that Rowan and his mother's relationship was not the best, because of what happened in the past when he killed the previous king and Rowan told her himself that he was not the most favored child for his mother.

But she didn't know the fact that he had not yet visited this place for years. How should she know everything when she just arrived only a few days ago?

The situation escalated so quickly.

Zaya twirled the tea cup in her hand, her smile didn't falter, even though her heart was beating so fast. She was going to lose face if Rowan didn't show up.

He wouldn't be very petty for not giving her face for their fight this morning, but if he had not yet visited this place for years, it was completely different.

"Yes. The king has not yet visited his mother for so long. It will be great if you could mend the relationship between the two of them." Lady Osborn looked very enthusiastic and all of them chimed in as well.

"Sure, why not?" Zaya giggled. She poured herself a cup of tea and put it down. She ordered Inez to deliver this message to the king that she wanted to see him in the queen palace.

All of them had this doubt in their eyes, so did Inez. She was well aware about the situation within the palace, but she went to ask for the king anyway.

"Now, we can only wait," queen Katerina said, there was this triumphant look on her face. She relied on the hatred that Rowan had for her, for him not to show up.

Yes, now they could only wait and the tension must be not too subtle, because all the ladies started to give a hint that the king wouldn't come.

"Oh, I need to get something for all of my guests and it will be nice to have my son in this palace again, so I will prepare something for him too. I will leave all of you for a while."

Queen Katerina stood up and all the ladies bowed their heads respectfully, as she walked away. Zaya did the same, but she could feel the atmosphere shifted once the queen left.

This must be something that they had planned before and the queen used these ladies to get what she wanted.

And Zaya was right, because the moment the queen was away, all of these sweet ladies turned into vicious wolves.

"I doubt what you told us, princess Zaya," lady Osborn stated, she picked her tea cup elegantly and took a sip. "I am not saying that the king is not capable of showing any affection, but your story is not believable."

Zaya's blue eyes scanned the expression of the other ladies and she sighed. This had been planned. The queen didn't want to ruin her image; thus, she used this method. What a cunning old hag.

"Why do you think so, lady Osborn?" Zaya asked, she looked calm and composed, just like the princess she was. She was not faltered at all, though she wondered whether Rowan would come or not and what she should do if he didn't turn up.

"When the king was with us..." she immediately covered her mouth and looked at Zaya apologetically.

What a good acting that she tried to display.

Zaya would be more pissed than this if she didn't already know about it. Should she thank Rowan for the warning? The thought pissed her off. She

really wanted to burn this ugly table before her. If she was allowed to burn down these ladies, it would be great too.

"I am sorry, princess Zaya, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable." Of course, that was exactly what she meant. "But I am not sure whether you already knew about it or not, but..."

Lady Osborn looked around her nervously and all of the ladies looked at Zaya sheepishly. They looked very fake with their concern for not hurting Zaya.

However, the princess instead did something that they didn't expect at all. Zaya started laughing when she saw their expression.

"Why are you staring at me like that? Don't worry, I know that the king had slept with all of you," Zaya said lightly. She almost looked like someone, who was talking about her favorite season.

There was no way she would give them the satisfaction to see the disappointment and anger in her heart for learning about that fact. She would deal with Rowan behind the close door and fight with him, but in public, they had to mind their images.

More so, to see their shocked expression was quite funny, it lightened Zaya's mood a little bit.

"I have told you, haven't I? The king and me are pretty open with each other, we can talk about anything, everything. He doesn't hide anything from me." Zaya sipped her tea and gave them her beautiful smile, as they gave her a wary one.

"Oh... in that case..." The other lady in grey dress cleared her throat and asked a question to Zaya. "Will you tell us how the king was with you in... bed? I asked this because I want to help."

Zaya tilted her head. "How will you help me?"

Well, what Zaya should tell them? She was not sleeping on the same bed with Rowan. They had not yet done anything, aside from messing around.

"Do you know what position that the king like?" One of them asked. She giggled and blushed, but she was not the only one. All of them had the same reaction, as if this conversation excited them.

Now, Zaya could see why the queen left, because she wanted to leave too and her mask must have slipped for a moment and they could see that before she could school her expression again.

"You don't need to worry princess, we will be here to help you of how to satisfy the king, since you have not been with him for long."

Zaya wondered if it would start a war if she turned them down along with this whole palace? What Rowan's reaction would be if she went through with her impulsive plan to shut them up?

Instead, she sipped her tea and put back the smile on her face. "Let's hear what it could be." She was seething, but trying her best to look excited.

All of them giggled again, they didn't give her the answer and spent the next two minutes to exchange meaningful glances with each other, as if telling one another to be the one, who told Zaya first.

In the end, it was lady Osborn, who spoke, her face blushed and Zaya was sure she could make her face even more red than this.

"The king like doing it from behind," she said and then they squealed.

Zaya raised her brows. She didn't understand what the exact meaning of that and to see her expression, lady Osborn generously explained to her about it.

"How do you know that?"

"Because the king did the same thing to all of us."

Zaya was speechless. She really needed to have more sex education to keep up with this topic. But she knew another way around to play this game.

She put confidence smile and then giggled like the way they did before, but this time none of them giggled with her. They looked at her, confused. They thought this information would bother her.

Well, it did, but Zaya would never admit that.

"Always like that?" Zaya tilted her head. "He always did the same thing to you?"

They didn't understand where this conversation was heading and why Zaya didn't bother at all. "Yes. That's his favorite."

Zaya laughed again, this time she exaggerated and threw her head back. "I am sorry for laughing." She hid her face in her hand and controlled her breath, while they looked at her as if she had gone insane. "I have to say that the king was way more creative when he was with me. I wonder, if he did it that way because he didn't want to see your face, because when he did it with me..." Zaya lowered her voice and leaned over, which they subconsciously mimicked her movement. Oh, this was funny. "...he always looked at me in the eyes and told me how beautiful I am."

All of them gasped, their face turned even redder.



But, before Zaya could bask in victory, queen Katerina returned and the situation became a little bit awkward now, yet Zaya was still laughing.

The queen confused, because she didn't expect Zaya would be the one, who was laughing when she returned, but she composed herself quickly and asked.

"Is the king here already?"

## Chapter 267

### Saving Myself

The question reminded them why they were still here and this also made Zaya become nervous again, since it had been a while when Inez left to get the king.

Her victory against these ladies had evaporated and now she went back to square one and her opponent regained their confidence again to put her down.

This situation was annoying to say the least.

"I don't think the king will be here," Lady Osborn said, she looked at Zaya, almost as if she was sorry for her, which was the feeling that she didn't need from her.

Zaya sipped her tea, thinking about what she should do if Rowan really didn't come. She couldn't blame him, if she had a mother like Katerina, she didn't want to meet with her too. Thankfully, her mother was so amazing.

"Let's wait for a while," Zaya said, she looked calm and this made Katerina upset, because she could ruffle her feathers. "He must be very busy at this moment for not coming here."

"I am sure if he cared so much about you like what you said to us, he will come here no matter how busy he is right now." Katerina kept her voice even, but her eyes filled with rage and it didn't go unnoticed by Zaya.

"Hm. You are right, queen Katerina," Zaya said, she put down her empty tea cup. "Or probably, his dislike toward you triumphed his feeling for me. I should have worked so hard to fix the relationship between you two, if that's the case."

Of course, Zaya didn't have any intention to fix anything. This was not her relationship and she was not fond of her future mother-in-law. It would be better if they didn't visit this palace anymore in the future.

"I don't need you to meddle in my relationship with my son," Katerina said, her voice was harsher than she intended it to be.

"I am sorry for crossing the line, queen Katerina. I am sure you know best." Zaya didn't say that with genuine intention, but to mock her, but the queen couldn't find fault in the way she said it.

Meanwhile, they wait for another hour, until lady Osborn stood up and said that she needed to leave and couldn't wait any longer. She apologized

to the queen and the rest of the ladies followed. They asked permission to leave.

"It seems, the king will not come, I am sorry princess, Zaya," Lady Osborn said, she gave her a pitiful look, which irked Zaya so much, but she kept her smile.

"You don't need to be sorry, lady Osborn." Zaya stood up as well, she wanted to leave this palace too. There was no point for her to be here, right?

"Don't leave, princess Zaya. Why don't you accompany me for dinner?" queen Katerina said, she smiled triumphantly.

Zaya wanted to reject the offer, because she didn't think he could swallow her food if she had to eat together with her, but then a guard announced the arrival of the king and all of them gasped.

Even queen Katerina widened her eyes in surprised, because in the past, no matter what the reason was; Rowan would refuse to come to the palace.

But this woman managed to do that?

Queen Katerina looked at Zaya and she noticed that she breathed in relief, it seemed, she was not a hundred percent sure that Rowan would come.

She gritted her teeth and balled her fists.

Not so long after the announcement Rowan stepped into the room, his tall figure and strong presence made all of them lowered their head and greeted the king solemnly.

However, the king only had his eyes on one person, one woman in yellow dress, she looked so beautiful under the light of the sunset. Her auburn hair looked like she was on fire. How lucky he was to have her in his life.

Rowan made a beeline toward Zaya and he smiled at her. He stretched out his hand and caressed her cheek. "I am sorry for coming so late. I was away and need more time to reach this place."

Rowan didn't lie when he said that he was away. It took Inez two hours to reach where he was, but the moment he heard that Zaya needed him, he made it within an hour.

He didn't know why Zaya asked for him, but he would come anyway, despite this place was the place that he didn't want to step into.

He wouldn't let these women devoured his beautiful woman.

Leaning over, Rowan kissed her cheek and whispered to hear. "Everything's alright?" he asked in low voice that only Zaya that could hear him.

His woman nodded. "Yes." She raised her voice, as if she wanted everyone there to hear her, which made Rowan wondered what she wanted to do.

Zaya smiled and then turned toward his mother and the other ladies.

"Queen Katerina, I don't think I can have dinner with you because the king wants me for himself," Zaya said cheekily, which made all the ladies turned red. How bold she was to say something like that.

Even queen Katerina looked dumbstruck by how vulgar this princess in front of the king.

After that, all of their eyes fell on Rowan, waiting for him to say something. The king would be pissed, right? This was not how the women in their continent acted.

However, to their surprised, the king laughed. Rowan laughed merrily, the sound of his voice echoed in the garden.

This must be the first time for them to watch the king laughed like this. Because whenever the king laughed, his laughter would fill with malice. There must be a head rolled on the ground.

But right now, it was a genuine laugh. There was nothing, but pure happiness in his eyes, even Zaya was mesmerized to see him like this.

"Right, you are right. I want you only for myself," Rowan said, he grabbed her hand and walked away from there.

If one noticed, they would realize that the king didn't even address his mother, either when he came, or when he left the palace. He only came and went as he pleased, without any cared of his surroundings, aside from this auburn hair.

As they walked away, all of the ladies and the queen rooted in their position, trying to comprehend what just happened here.

"Thank you for coming," Zaya said, she took his hand when he helped her to get inside the carriage, before he entered and sat down next to her.

Their conversation earlier this morning seemed to be forgotten.

"There is no need for thanking me, Zaya. You are my future queen, my woman. I will not allow anyone to treat you less than you deserved."

Knowing Zaya was in his mother's palace was already a headache for Rowan, but knowing what she was capable of doing, he believed she could handle it.

But it didn't mean he would leave her alone.

"So, what happened?" Rowan pulled Zaya closer toward him and let her rested her head on his shoulder, while he played with her hair.

"Nothing. I called you because they wanted to a proof that you cared about me," Zaya replied and briefly explained what had happened and what those ladies said. She also admitted that she exaggerated the way they met and how she romanticized their fight in the beginning. "I hope you don't mind," Zaya said in the end.

Rowan chuckled, he knew how cheeky Zaya could be. He guessed, his mother asked her to stay, but she saw the opportunity to get away from that by using him. Smart.

He used to hate it when someone used him, but with this woman, he would let her to use him as much as she wanted and however, she pleased.

"They said..." Zaya blushed, she didn't want to talk about this, but she was still upset and her curiosity got the better of her, thus she swallowed her



embarrassment and asked anyway. "They said you only did it from behind... why?"

Rowan raised his brows. "No reason. I only didn't like to see their faces and pretended that I care." Rowan then lifted her chin and asked her this time. She didn't tell him about this part when she explained briefly about what happened earlier. "What did you tell them?"

Zaya blushed again, but she shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly when she replied to his question. "Similar like you, I said that you don't like to see their faces and then..." Zaya bit her lip.

"And then?" Rowan prodded to see how bashful she was. He became even more intrigued to know how she would handle that situation. He should have been there to watch that.

Zaya bit her lip, she cleared her throat and pulled Rowan by his collar to whisper to his ear, even though there was no one there to hear their conversation.

Rowan bent down his body and listened to what she said and then laughed. He laughed so hard, which made Zaya angry.

"What?! Stop laughing!" Zaya gritted her teeth, but Rowan pulled her into a hug. He kissed her forehead, cheeks, nose and lips.

It took some time for Rowan to control himself. He had never laughed like that before.

"You are so smart!" Rowan kissed her lips again.

Pushing his face away, Zaya's expression turned serious when she spoke again. "So, why don't you want to do it with me?"

Rowan grinned. "I am saving myself for marriage."

Hearing that answer, Zaya was speechless.

## Chapter 268

### The Wedding

Zaya's wedding to king Rowan happened six months later after the king sort out the problem within his court.

Right now, Zander was on board with Dawn and little Zade. The little boy was so excited to see the vast sea and the beautiful sunset. He would cling onto Zander to take him to the higher place, so he could get to see everything.

The little one was not yet two years old, but he was already able to communicate just fine with his surroundings.

Zander must be bias, but he thought this baby was the smartest baby that he had ever encountered.

"You spoiled him too much," Dawn complained, she gave Zander a disapproving look when Zade, once again, wanted to go to see the sunset again.

"Why not?" Zander picked Zade up and the little boy wrapped his arms around his neck, as he pointed his finger toward the door, urged him to

go. "He is the love of my life!" Zander kissed his chubby cheek, but Zade pushed his face away.

On the other hand, Dawn could only shake her head and then followed them out to see the sunset. They watched the beautiful sight together.

The surface of the water turned red when the sun disappeared behind the horizon and this made Dawn a little bit sentimental. She glanced at Zander and was thinking of Zenith, she missed him so bad. She was afraid that Zade would forget about him, it was not like he remembered him, Zenith had gone when Zade was too young.

She tried her best to make him remembered his father, but there was nothing much that he could do, aside from showing him the painting of him, which was not many, but sometime, Zade would mistake his father with Zander, which she could understand why.

"How are you?" Zander suddenly asked her.

"I am fine."

Zander grinned at her. "You are strong, Dawn. Zenith would be proud of you."

Dawn turned her head to hide her tears; it was so hard to talk about him. She was still wearing her black dress, but she would wear something else for Zaya's wedding, only for that day.

"Uncle! Fish! Fish!" Zade patted Zander's cheek to get his attention, as he pointed at the fish on the surface of the water. He was mesmerized by it.

"Yes, do you want to eat fish?" Zander asked, but Zade shook his head and turned his head toward his mother.

"Momma, fish!"

Dawn wiped her tears swiftly and then looked at her son. "Yes, love," she said.

It took a few days to get to Marca El continent and when they arrived, it was early morning, but they could see a long entourage that would welcome them.

Pyro didn't come, because he had to stay to take care of the kingdom, thus Zander brought Sebastian with him. He was the new royal gamma now.

"Zade!" Zaya rushed toward them, but the first person that she mentioned was her niece, she took the baby from Dawn's arms and twirled. "I missed you!"

"Don't you miss us?" Dawn teased her and only then Zaya came to her and hug her.

"Of course, I miss you so much!" Zaya kissed her cheek. Zade frowned because he was being pressed between his mother and his aunt. After that, Zaya went to her brother while still carrying Zade. "Zander!"

"I miss you, my sister," Zander said, he hugged her tightly and at this point, Zade cried, he stretched out his arms toward his mother, because once again, he was being pinned by the two people.

Dawn laughed and saved her son from the two of them before they could pin him again. After that, they went to greet king Rowan.

The king had been watching his future mate interacted with baby Zade and this warmed his heart.

The welcoming party was held for them and it was scrumptious, while the preparation for the wedding was done. The royal wedding would happen within two days from now.

Music was blaring and, while drink and food was set on the table. There were so many people came to approached Zander and made a small talk with him.

But Zander found a way to walk out of the party room and get fresh air. It was too stuffy inside. Right now, he was no longer wearing his golden mask. He didn't think he would need that anymore, since he was no longer seeing those golden masked people.

The beautiful garden that had been fully decorated for the wedding was right in front of him, it looked so quiet and peaceful, thus Zander jumped over the railing, not something that a king should have done though, and then walked over there.

The blaring music from inside the small talk that those people made, gave him a headache.

Dawn had retrieved to her bedroom with the excuse that she had to accompany Zade, but Zander knew better that the little boy would stay all night if he was allowed to.

He had been very curious with his surroundings and observed everything.

Zander found a bench and sat there. He looked around to the decoration for the wedding and remembered that he had one like this too in the past.

He remembered his own wedding to his destined mate and how the marriage ended up in disaster and here he was, a king without a queen.

His council had been hinting for him to take a woman as the queen and produced an heir, but Zander knew that was not what he wanted and he had already an heir for the throne, he only needed to shape him.

"Oh, king Zander," a beautiful woman gasped when she saw him. She bent her body to greet him and Zander stood up to give her the same respect. "I don't know there is someone here," she said. "I will leave if you wished for a quiet evening."

Yes, please. Go.

"No. There is no need for that, lady."

"Osborn, my name is Rachel Osborn," she then added sheepishly. "You can call me Rachel, if you liked, king Zander."

"Lady Osborn." Zander chose the way he addressed her. His blue eyes flickered under the moonlight.

"I am sorry to hear what happened to your kingdom last year, it must be very devastating," she said in a small voice.

"Thank you for your concern, lady," Zander replied politely. He came out here to have a peaceful time and mellowed over the death of his destined mate and his failed marriage, but why this woman came to find him?



And then the rest of half hour, Zander was forced to hear her talking about everything. She was quite a talker. She didn't even notice that Zander didn't really pay attention to what she said and most of the time, his mind was blank.

"You have beautiful eyes, king Zander, the same like princess Zaya."

"Yes, I guessed because we got this from the same mother," Zander said and she laughed for the joke that he didn't intend to be that funny.

"Princess Zaya is a very wonderful woman, she is so beautiful and interesting, no wonder king Rowan likes her."

Zander glanced at her and didn't say anything, as she kept yapping about Zaya and her personality and how the two of them were match from heaven.

"I would love to be the princess close friend, but I think she is a very close off person, I have tried to get to know her." Lady Osborn stopped walking and then looked at Zander. "Do you have some advice of how to get closer to the princess, I saw her mingled with the people from Andel Kingdom only. I can help her to acclimate in this palace."

Zander reciprocated her smile and she looked bashful to be the receiving end of that warm smile, but what he was going to say next was not warm at all.

"Probably tried to be nice to her and not provoke her. I know my sister. She is a social butterfly, she could befriend anyone that she liked and if you couldn't be close with her, there is a high chance because she doesn't want to get close to you." Zander didn't need to hear the whole story. He knew what this woman was rambling about and her end goal. "My sister appreciated those people, who stood up for her and took her side, but she would also remember, those people who tried to put her down."

The answer left lady Osborn speechless, she opened her mouth, but there was no word that she could say or how to retort to that.

In the end, she could only watch the king walked away and joined the party again.

And two days later, the wedding was happening. Everything went smoothly without any hiccup and Zaya looked so beautiful. She was gifted with her mother's beauty, but Zander could say that she was 'cursed' by their father's stubbornness.

"Congratulation, my dear sister," Zander said. "I love you, Zaya. Zenith would be happy for you too."

Zaya hugged him tightly, she cried a little, but Zander shushed her because it could ruin her make up. After that, they danced together, but when it was done, he came up again and when Zaya reminded him that they had dance earlier, Zander chuckled.

"This is dance for Zenith," he said.

It was a beautiful day, where everyone was elated for the union between Ogregon kingdom and Marca El.

After that, Zaya danced with Zade and didn't want to let go of the little one.

## Chapter 269

### You Need To Rest

There were some things that changed and there were some things that remained the same, and as days bled into night and months into years, one didn't realize how time went away so fast.

It felt like yesterday when Zander attended Zaya's wedding, but today, she would be back for Zade's crowning ceremony.

That was right.

Once a little boy, now he was the crown prince of the kingdom. It took so much of Zander's effort to convince him to take the throne after him, since he was not interested in it at first.

However, after so many years, he accepted the role and today would be his crowning ceremony.

"You look so dazzling," Zander said, he walked toward Zade. He was a young man now, nineteen years old now, but a years ago, he had taken over the Northern pack from his mother and he proved himself that he was worth it of the title.

"I know."

Zander clicked his tongue. "I don't realize that you became so cocky now." He patted his shoulder and then stood next to him, while the other maids were dismissed, leaving the two men alone just an hour before the ceremony.

The reflection on the mirror in front of them showed the two generations of Nortern.

"Do you think I can be a good king?" Zade asked. He sighed deeply. The cloak that he was wearing felt so heavy, but probably it was because the responsibility that he had to shoulder.

Zade had a second thought about taking this responsibility. Being a king was so much different from being an alpha of the pack, he had a vast territory and so many people to think of.

More so, he didn't think he could compare himself to his uncle. He had handled this kingdom so well.

Especially when the shifters lost their beast. It was a tough time. From what Zade heard, the last battle against the dark magic users only lasted for a few days, but the damage of it was so massive.

Not only their kingdom had to be rebuilt again, but also the fact that the shifters were no longer able to shift into their human form. It was a tough time, where their kingdom was in the most vulnerable state and if there was an attack from outside, they would be doomed.

It was a pity that Zade was not able to experience the feeling of shifting into your beast for the first time. He heard a lot of stories about it, but probably the one that stuck to him was the experience when your father would guide you through the whole process.

People said it was a beautiful experience.

It was a pity that no one in his generation would experience that.

Despite everything, king Zander handled everything alone. Not to mention, at that time he had to lose his twin brother, his father, and princess Zaya left the continent, leaving him alone.

The throne was a lonely spot.

"I don't think I can be a good king like you, uncle." Zade narrowed at his own reflection on the mirror.

Zander chuckled when he said that. He remembered his younger self when he doubted himself. He used to compare what he had done to what his father had achieved, but then he realized there would be no end to that.

"Every king has their own time, Zade. You can't compare yourself to the previous king because what will come to you will be so different from what the other king had to face." He patted his back. "You will be fine. In the end of the day, you would know that you have done the best you could."

"Thank you."

"You will be fine, Zade."

Zander gave him a hug, but suddenly the door was opened and Zaya entered. She looked beautiful like usual. She and king Rowan just arrived three days ago for this ceremony along with their three children.

"Zade!" Zaya walked inside and opened her arms.

"Oh, not again," Zade grumbled. He narrowed his eyes at his aunt and tried to avoid her but he couldn't when she hugged and kissed him. "Oh, I miss you!"

"I am not a child anymore," Zade said. The only person that he couldn't stop from kissing him was his aunt.

"Oh, please. No one too old to get a kiss or two!"

With that the ceremony went smoothly, the weather was nice, as if the universe blessed him. Zade would be a fine king and Zander would look forward to that day.

But before that, there were a lot of things that he had to learn.

After the ceremony, days passed and then years...

A lot of things happened, trouble occurred and then resolved, as they went with their day, there was one magical night when Zander saw her again for the first time after so long.

Her beautiful green eyes stared back at him. She looked so young, while Zander was already so old. He ceased his involvement in the palace's affair and let Zade to take over. He was more than ready for the throne now.

"Am I going to die?" Zander asked in his hoarse voice. He stared at her beautiful face. Time had stopped for her, because she didn't age even a



year since the last time he saw her. She was frozen in his memories. "Or am I seeing thing? Are you even real?"

Nadia chuckled. "Too many questions like usual," she said. Her voice like a beautiful music in his ears.

Currently, Zander was laying on the bed, while Nadia laid down next to him, staring at him. She looked peaceful.

Zander raised his hand and caressed her cheek. "You look so beautiful."

"So, you don't hate me anymore?" she asked cheekily.

"I have never hated you, Nadia. I was willing for you to take my life and even if I could turn back time, I will do the same thing over and over again."

Nadia scrunched her nose. "How many times I have to tell you that I didn't mean to kill you."

"You killed my wolf spirit. Same thing."

"Now the shifters don't have wolf spirit anymore."

"Yes..."

Nadia grabbed his hand and kissed his palm. "You did not fail, Zan. You know that. You are a good king. You are a good mate, a good brother and everything that people could ask for."

"I couldn't do anything when you died."

Nadia shook her head, she moved closer toward him, she snuggled against his chest and Zander was surprised to feel the heat from her body and her scent. It hit him so hard. Only now he realized how much he missed her.

"There was nothing you could do, Zan. I saw it coming. You couldn't prevent it."

"I should do better. Our time is very short..." Zander breathed evenly, he relished her presence.

"Indeed." Nadia patted his hand and then pushed herself up into a sitting position. "Let's go to the garden," she said. "You have rebuilt the place. Let's go there."

After the battle decades ago, Zander rebuilt Nadia's favorite garden and he used to spend his time there, especially now when he was not really active in the court. You could find him most of the time there.

"I am tired," Zander said, but despite that, he pushed himself from the bed and followed her outside of the room.

He had been very weak in the last few days and spent his time in the bed, but right now, he actually managed to walk. He didn't want to lose sight of her.

"Come on, old man," Nadia laughed, taunting him and Zander simply smiled at her. She was his sunshine and he missed her brightness. "Come with me."

Zander refused when one of the warriors there wanted to help him, he dismissed them and tried to pick up his pace because Nadia had walked ahead of him.

"Slow down," Zander panted.

"No, come on! Quick!"

After a lot of effort and when Zander thought he wouldn't make it, they finally reached the garden. This was the most beautiful garden in the entire palace and not everyone was allowed to enter.

Zander saw Nadia was sitting next to the lake there and he approached her, resting his head on her lap.

"You feel very real for me," he said softly. He breathed heavily.

Above them, the moon was shining. Its reflection was on the surface of the calm lake. It was beautiful and quiet. Zander hoped thing would stay like this forever.

"I am real, Zan. I am always with you."

"Hm." Zander closed his eyes, he took her hand and kissed her knuckles. "Don't leave me again now."

"I will not." Nadia kissed his cheek and ran her fingers through his greyish hair. He looked old and tired. "I will not leave you anymore. I will be with you. Now sleep, Zan. You need some rest; you have done so well. I will be with you from now on."

"Hm. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Zan."

The next day, they found the king was sleeping in his favorite garden, but this time, he slept for a long time with a smile on his face.

He looked so peaceful.

He had been in pain for long and it was time for him to rest.

The funeral for the king was held the next day and there were so many people mourned him. He was a good king, who was loved by his people.

A great brother, a great mate and a great mentor for the next king.

The End