

## The King's Tainted Mate Chapter 88 - Tips

"Push, child!"

I was the chosen, endowed with the power of the gods, but for the love of God, birthing another life left me powerless and cursing myself for letting Elian go away from my side. God knew I needed him. If not to ease my pain, then to keep me from falling into the temptation of using my gift to get Liira to shut up. The matriarch, after narrating their escape from the palace had turned into a beast of a midwife. It was as if she'd decided that not even I would keep her from holding her great grand child today. And apparently I couldn't just command the little wolf who'd taken residence in my body to come out.

"Just a little more, my child." My mother's tone was softer, but for the love of God, I was beginning to think her version of a little more must have meant something else in her world. She'd been uttering those words all along, but instead of finding rest, my ordeal only seemed to take longer each time. And those wretched bouts of pain were now coming quicker than I could actually breathe. The sweat would not ease up either.

"One last push, child." I glared at Liira, but did as she asked. Hands gripping my mother's tighter, gaze holding Sarabeth's as her beautiful smile offered me unusual comfort, I pushed. Giving it my all and with the loudest of growls my world quietened. Except for the loudest of cheers from the noble women who'd journeyed with me on my path to motherhood and the most precious cry of an infant. I crashed back on the bed, taking in the longest breath of my life. I had done it!

"It's a girl!" I longed to shut my eyes and drift away in the comfort of the bed, but that declaration had me looking up and stretching my arms towards Liira.

"Let me see her."

"Of course, child." The matriarch wore the widest of smiles as she placed the little bundle in my arms and one look at what it contained made me understand why.

I'd already decided to join my mate in taking down Evarius. While I lay down with my eyes closed, that plan had formed clearly in my mind, but beholding those little innocent golden eyes, awakened the ruthless protector in me. Getting rid of Evarius would not be enough. For her sake, the realms needed

to be more than safe. For this little bundle of precious life, I would give mine and a thousand more.

“She’s beautiful...”

“Just like her mother.” I was a mother! The magnitude of that overwhelmed me and burst open the dam of tears.

“I hate to interrupt this joyous moment.” My father was tense as was Derian by his side. “But my daughter and grand daughter cannot stay here.”

“You are sending me away?” I had not been aware of anything of the sort and I got ready to protest all of it. I had no intentions of hiding.

“Just until Xatis is safe.”

“You are sending me away from Xatis?”

“With Carene already conquered, it is the last place Evarius and his allies will go looking for this kingdom’s heir.” I glared at Zastan, but I also had to agree with his sentiments. And I had to hand it to them, their plan was brilliant even without knowing how great the number of Evarius’ allies actually was.

“Okay.” I breathed out, eyes falling back on my child. This was going to be my hardest sacrifice yet.

“Okay?” My mother rushed to my side, relief painting her face.

“Yes, mother.” Placing a kiss on my child, I took one longing look before placing her in my mother’s arms. “You never got a chance to watch over me, now you do.”

“I do?”

“Child, what do you think you are doing?” Liira, quickly understanding my intent, glared.

“I am the chosen and I have no intentions of running. She will be safe in your hands. All of your hands.” And because I was not in the mood for any arguments, I did not give them a chance to put any across.

“We will defend her with our lives.”

"I know you will, father." I smiled at the Lord who now stood straighter, his promise all so clear..

Fighting a second glance at my daughter that I knew would certainly have me changing my mind, I turned to Liira. "I might need help getting ready." She nodded even when disapproval was written all over her face. Apparently she shared her views with her grandson.

"Everything is ready. If we leave now, we will be able to slip through unnoticed."

"You are coming too?" We'd just stepped out of the birthing partition after Liira tied the last note on my garments when Gol walked in. Tears prickled at the sight of him. I knew my family would definitely take care of the little princess, but the outlaw watching over my child settled something in me. "Was it your idea?" Because I couldn't keep myself from doing it, I flung myself at Gol.

"It was his highness' actually."

"Elian?" I pulled back, hands wiping at my tears that had decided to fall.

"He—" Gol paused, eyes searching mine and I knew he saw past what everyone hadn't. "I will give my life for her if I have to." He vowed, making me chuckle, albeit tearfully.

"I'd prefer it if you didn't, but you have our utmost gratitude." I melted into his embrace one last time, hoping, praying it wouldn't be the last.

Deciding not to do the same for everyone else, I mumbled my good byes while my hand rested on the doors to the nursery. Just because, chosen or not, duty or not, my heart was breaking at the reality of parting from everyone.

"My lady, his highness insists that you stay with everyone else." Rakon flew in my way the moment I stepped out of the nursery, forcing me to a stop. His eyes took in my less than lady like attire with a similar disapproval as Liira's.

"And are you here to stop me?" I arched a brow at the head of the king's guard whose gaze darted to the doors leading to the nursery before falling back on me. "Well?"

"The prince...or is it—"

“Princess, Lord Rakon.”

“By the gods!” The guard’s lips curved into a smile before sobering up.

“Uh...the princess needs you, my lady and—”

“...and she also needs her father.” I glared. “So if you have no intentions of aiding me in ensuring that he gets to lay his eyes on her once all this is done, then move out of my way. Or do you prefer to have me make you.” The guard chose the former, much to his protests.

“He’ll definitely have my head. Forget that I actually did save the palace from ruin or that my queen can practically make me do anything.” Rakon cursed from behind me, the loud stomping of his boots making me realize he’d chosen to accompany me.

On any other day his demeanour would have drawn a smile out of me, but the sound of battle had me hastening my steps, my wolf barely holding on to shift as we passed one empty hall after another. Whatever had transpired here had cleared all the burly figures I had passed before when I’d walked into the mansion. And the thought that they now fought my mate had me practically flying out of the main doors once they came into view.

I expected it, but the sight of blood staining the grounds I had not so long ago passed heading into my parent’s home, left me in awe. More so because of the figure that stood covered in it and surrounded by too many guards. The sight reminded me of the night he’d ripped his own men apart when they had dared to attack me.

“Surrender peacefully or suffer the consequences!” His growl carried over the open space. Heavy and threatening.

“We would rather die than be bound to a she wolf. A child!”

I glared at the clueless bunch. The fools were resisting him and adding insult for their own peril. It would have been better for them if they’d kept their mouths shut.

“Then so be it!”

“By the gods! Who or what the hell is that?” Beside me, Rakon marvelled and he was not the only one. I should have joined in, but I stayed rooted on my

spot, staring. Even when I knew the intensity of what we both now carried, I couldn't help but marvel at how perfectly my mate wielded that gift.

He was a beast. My beast. A part of me. A force meant to annihilate those who would dare to upset the balance of the realms. Switching form at an insane speed, his own enemies knowing not which to expect. Whether sword, canine or claw as he ploughed through their ranks, leaving nothing but entrails that would never again be tucked away safely in their owner's bodies.

And once he'd made sure none of those bodies would awaken to lay claim on the organs that had brutally been severed from them, he shifted in my direction in a calculated move.

I felt his gaze more than I saw it. It went from my face and to my belly, a possessive growl tearing from his lips almost instantly. Yet not out of loss, I realized.

"Why are you here?" He marched forward, and even with all the anger, the rage and the blood dripping all over his form, I drew closer too. The sword he'd picked up sometime during his reign of terror dropped to his side as his bloody arms opened up in invitation. I melted into them without reservation, relishing the familiar traces of his body.

"She's beautiful, Elian." I croaked out as waves of emotion overtook me.

"She?" I was pulled back, albeit forcefully and if it wasn't for the most tender look in his eyes, I would have thought my own mate regretted me birthing a daughter.

"She has your eyes." I smiled. "And they are the most beautiful things I have ever seen."

"Are they now?" A pleased growl rumbled from his chest as I got pulled in for a kiss, but relishing the taste of his lips would have to wait.

I felt the danger behind him way before the attacker leapt. Shoving my mate to the side, I shifted without a second thought and met the enemy mid air, canines making for the most beautiful aerial greeting.

The she wolf whimpered when our bodies found the ground again. My feet were steady as my wolf stood proudly on all fours, hovering over its prize.

“Hello, dear sister.” I linked.