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XADEN'S POV 1

Xaden had spent the entire day going through assessments of the men in the pack, especially because he had been away.

He pushed his head into the chair and frowned.

There were some rogue packs who were beginning to be more and more endearing. 1

He had to get rid of them.

His quest for power wasn't over yet.

His killing Bale one day was just passive. 1

It was going to happen one day, and he was going to be the most feared Alpha the world had ever seen.

That was his decision.

There was also the family of Dean, who was Jasmine's betrothed, who had beheaded him. 4

He had to handle them too.

He had killed their son in battle and not only beheaded him but cut off his dick too.

He knew that they held anger towards him.



They wanted revenge, but it was the way of things.

Dean had been unlucky to come in between them.

He knew that the alliance between Dean and Jasmine was to further strengthen their bond, as every other marriage amongst powerful packs was. 4

He knew they would attack one day, probably, and when they did, he would be ready.

He had an entire year to prepare for his attack on the moonlight pack again.

When it happened, he would be prepared, and then after that, he would get rid of Jasmine.

He hated her, as was expected.

But then, with the story that she had given him—that she had been kidnapped by another pack who had inflicted wounds on her—he felt differently.

This was now the second time she was being taken from her pack because of her father's sins.

He gritted his teeth when he remembered how he had heard Bale rape his mother while he had

He gritted his teeth when he remembered how he had heard Bale rape his mother while he had remained locked in the closet.

What it had done to him when he had been told his father was dead.

Everyone in his entire pack was gone.

Because the man they had trusted had betrayed them.

His little sister.

He flung the vase that was on his desk, and it shattered on the wall.

Then he heard the voices in his head.

The whispers.

He started to stagger and try to breathe.

What had happened to him?

The consequences of being alive still haunted him.

His wolf howled, and his head shook.

He could feel his insides breaking, and he could feel himself begin to turn.

His rage knew no bounds.

He fell to the floor and then crawled up to where



His body was already transforming, his teeth were baring out, and he could feel the foam coming out of his mouth. 1

He opened the box, pulled out the dagger, and stabbed where his heart was supposed to be. 1

Once it pierced right into his soul, he took in a sharp breath and gasped as its powers worked through him, and he reverted back to his normal form. 1

The reversion of him to his human body was an excruciating pain that had him screaming.

His office was barred and made of steel, so it was impossible for anyone to hear him scream.

Then he began to take in heavy breaths, as he was now a human being.

His conversion was becoming too frequent.

He had to visit her soon enough.

He returned the dagger back to the box and locked it.

Then he returned it to the safe he had hidden it in and drank a glass of whisky.

When he was sure he was okay, he stepped out of the office and walked down the stairs ahead of

When he was sure he was okay, he stepped out of the office and walked down the stairs ahead of a meeting he had with his men.

He decided to follow a different route and went towards the stairs that would lead him past the servants quarters.

He would get to the throne room faster.

Then a girl bumped right into him.

He frowned at her and saw how she shook in fear.

He knew how the members of his pack feared him, but he had sworn an oath to protect his people with his dying breath.

Never foresake them.

She started to shrink and quickly broke apart from him.

"Alpa Xaden." She bowed down quickly. "I'm sorry. Forgive me. My life is yours."

He hated it when they made that last statement.

"It's fine." He told her gently, and then he noticed how she shook in fear. "What's wrong?"

She seemed tensed, and her brows were matted with sweat.



She bit her bottom lip; she was obviously hesitant.

"Whoever you believe would harm you or you fear is no one above me." He promised.

She paused for a minute and said, "I was just going to call out for help. I couldn't leave her like that."

There were tears in her eyes. Now he was really worried.

"They are going to kill her." She shivered.

He frowned. "Kill who?"

"The new slave. The enemy's daughter." She said.

"The girls in our room attacked her and have been beating her. I know we are supposed to hate her. And she is the enemy. But I couldn't stand it. She isn't defending herself."

"Where is this happening?" He asked, trying to control his anger.

"Just down the corner." She said. "In the third female servant's room."

And then she burst into tears.

Xaden touched her shoulder. "You did the right thing. Maybe even I could learn a thing from you"



She looked at him.

"I'll handle it." He said.

She nodded.

Then he went off to the room and broke the door down.

The sight he saw was beyond him.

About twenty girls were over her, like she was a piece of meat about to be slaughtered. 1

He controlled himself to see how much he wanted to rip the girls from her.

They instantly froze once the door had landed on the floor, and he could see the fear clouding their eyes.

"What is going on here?" Was the only thing he could say.