

An octabrid

Vincent's pov

"But why did they want to kill me?" She asked. I couldn't answer her because I myself didn't know.

I had no idea why someone wanted to kill her. What would someone get from killing her? I quickly sent a text to Oliver to look into this. The killers were not human, and I was sure about that. Though I killed all of them and my people would take care of their bodies, I knew more people would come to accomplish what was left unfinished. But why did they want to murder an ordinary girl and I still couldn't get it? As far as I knew, Ariana hadn't harmed anyone until now. She seemed so innocent and fragile. She could never harm anyone.

Ariana was sitting beside me in my car, making it impossible to focus on the road. Her proximity made me highly strung. I never felt like this in years. Hell, I had never felt this nervous in my whole life. Her sweet smell, the rhythmic sound of her heartbeat, and her soft breathing distracted me. My ngers itched to touch her. I crazily looked for an excuse to hold her hand. Fück! If it kept going this way, I would lose my sanity.

I abstained myself from looking in her direction. One look at her and my eyes wanted to stare shamelessly at her pretty face. Hell! I intended to charm her, not to fall for her allure.

She was speaking nonstop, and her voice sounded like a melodious song to me, enchanting me to forget about this world. I shook my head. No. I had to remember that she was only a way to get my queen back. I couldn't lose my mind over a human girl. I was King Vincent, the most powerful and the most invincible. This tiny and fragile girl couldn't make my resolve weak. I wouldn't let her.

"Will you shut the hell up? I am not in the mood to listen to your blabbering," I bellowed intentionally. Her eyes snapped at mine as they widened with shock. She surely didn't expect that I would talk to her like that. But why would I feel bad?

I wanted her to know that she shouldn't forget her place and that's it. So, I shouldn't feel bad.

"But..." she began to speak.

Didn't she understand the meaning of keeping her mouth shut? I turned my face towards her and glared at her with a warning. Fück! That was the worst decision. Because just staring into those innocent golden orbs and I felt like drowning in them. I couldn't avert my gaze as I froze. Were her eyes an abysm? I heard the loud honking making me return my attention to the road.

From the corner of my eyes, I glanced at her. She swallowed before bowing her face down.

My gaze fell on her lap, where she was ddling with her ngers. My eyes didn't miss the trembling in her body. Was she scared? But it would be better if I kept my distance. For my own good. I pressed the accelerator hard to race the car.

Nathaniel's POV.

"My lord, our people failed to complete the task," Michael said as he came up with the bad news and bowed his head in front of me.

"How could it be possible? Everybody knows that when I, the King of the Crimson Moon pack, Nathaniel Dankworth, take any work in my hand, I make sure that it is completed on time. I never fail to complete assigned work," I growled angrily. I was fuming to hear about the failure. The failure word was not in my dictionary. But those foolish men were doing everything to spoil my reputation.

"I am sorry! I am very sorry, my lord. Our people were almost about to kill her. But they got interrupted by King Vincent. We have no idea where King Vincent appeared from and killed all our men. He took that girl with him," Michael mumbled with fear as his voice shook.

"What the hell?! How is it possible?! King Vincent?! How did he reach there?! Fücking shit! How the hell did he know about it?! I told you to be very careful. Now that he has the girl, killing that girl will be more dicult," I bawled in anger.

Four hundred years ago, when Vincent was achieving success at winning the world and half of the world was already under his feet, all the creatures of the paranormal world came to assign us the task of killing queen Ariana and, as we thought, after the death of his queen, king Vincent became weak. We were right about it. Mourning over the death of his queen, Vincent actually left the passion for winning the world. He became weak and neutral. He lost interest in power and conquering the world. But he didn't know one of his family members was also amongst the people who wanted his queen dead.

After centuries, the news spread as re in the supernatural community that a girl looking like Queen Ariana was seen. His queen was back, the paranormals were afraid that history was ready to repeat itself. Vincent would be more powerful if he mated with his queen again.

"This was not our mistake, my king," Michael pleaded, "We have the most trustable people for this work and our people were working according to the plan. But King Vincent appeared there suddenly out of nowhere, and in a blink, he killed our man and took that girl with him. And now that she is under the protection of the King, we cannot even think about touching the girl.," Michael said, bowing his eyes down, shivering terribly. He knew I was very angry about the work left unfinished. I was not used to losing.

"I don't give it a damn. I want to see that girl dead. I took the contract of killing her. Do anything. By hook or crook, kill her. I have intuition. King Vincent is up to something. Before he causes any more trouble, accomplish the work," I roared.

Now that he had found that girl, he couldn't wait to make her his queen as he did four hundred years ago. He would become more powerful than ever, and no one could stop him this time. What if he found out that we killed his queen? My inside trembled with fear, imagining his anger, how he had punished the traitors in the past, and what happened to the enemies who wanted to harm his kingdom. He was cruel and ruthless. He didn't have mercy toward enemies.

I took a deep breath before turning towards the wall-sized smart screen and clicking to remove the pause. Leaders of all realms who didn't want to see Vincent as a powerful king who rules over the paranormal world were waiting for my reply.

We had some leaders chosen by vote to create a board that would revise and decide the terms and conditions of the modern paranormal world and would work under the council. This board would hold all the authority to punish and evict any creature or a whole group if found involved in an unauthorized or outlawed activity. King Vincent was also a part of it. Rumors were the council was thinking of offering him the next position of president as the current president of the council was going to retire. We were all against the rules, and we didn't want this to happen.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, for making you wait. I got the news that this time we failed to kill that girl. But I assure you that next time that girl cannot be saved. We didn't know that King Vincent kept an eye on her. Now I will make such an infallible plan; no one can guess. This time King Vincent cannot save her," I promised them.

"You said that hundreds of years ago, but she was born again. I doubt you are as powerful as you claimed to be," Alison, leader of Werecat's pride, grumbled.

"Listen to this very carefully, King Nathaniel. If we get exposed, you will also be in great trouble. The real identity of your pack will be revealed in front of the whole world, and don't expect any help from us. We have paid whatever you demanded. We helped you to rise as one of the strongest packs of werewolves. If you can't help us, you are useless to us," the representative of the Fae world scorned.

I closed my eyes to subside my anger before I said something to those stupid leaders and representatives in front of me on the screen.

"Everyone knows that I never failed any of my tasks. Trust me when I say the soul of queen Ariana is still trapped in hell. I made sure about it myself and killed the queen before trapping her in the other world. The magic is so strong that she will remain trapped there until this world ends," I said between gritting my teeth. I had to give an explanation to those dumb people.

"So, who is that girl who looks exactly like queen Ariana?" The lord of the demon world growled.

"I have no idea, sir. But I will nd out very soon. As far as I could check her background, I could not nd any details about her birth and childhood, as if she had appeared on the air," I hated to admit it. But my people again failed to get all the information about the girl.

This time I lost to a human girl.

An ordinary human girl.

I wanted to burn this whole world in rage.

Before they threw more of their speech full of anger and lled with their hatred towards me, I make an excuse. "Gentlemen, I take your leave as I just got new information about that girl. I will soon update you all about the plan. Good day," and I clicked on the screen to end the conference. I swiped my hand to slide the screen to the right, and that human girl's bio appeared in front of me.

Name- Ariana Perez.

Appearance- pale, small frame, red hair, amber eyes.

Height- 5' 4".

Age- 17 years, ten months, 18 days.

Education- pursuing undergraduate.

Status- in a relationship.

Boyfriend - Jack Brown (disappeared)

Parents - Unidentified.

Origin - Unidentified

Present location- Seattle

Her bio was simple and suspicious at the same time. Her parents and origin were not mentioned. Maybe she was an orphan or a love child out of wedlock. So she was abandoned. But still I felt like something was missing. A very important part that we could not see.

What did King Vincent want to do with this ordinary girl? I knew that he had known till now that she was not his queen. So why was he interested in her? What was his motive? All those questions were bothering me. I had to nd out before he succeeded in his intentions.

In the Crimson Moon pack, we all were hybrids resulting from the mating of different species. Some of us were offspring of a Werewolf and a Vampire; some were produced by a dragon and a werewolf and so many different combinations. As a rule of our pack, we used to only mate with other hybrids to create more powerful offspring.

Many of us were hybrids having three or more traits, and I was the mightiest among all, having a mother who was a vampire-werewolf-fairy-werebear hybrid mated to my father, who was a lycan-witch-dragon- phoenix hybrid.

I had all eight traits, making me the most powerful hybrid, the rst and rare octabrid, alive on the earth. This power made me thirsty to get more. The only drawback of my power was that I was still mateless. No female hybrid was able to give me an heir. They could not bear my child in their weak womb. I was still searching for my Queen, who would give me a son to carry forward my legacy. Though I was immortal and could not age, I still wanted someone to take over my pack after me. As per a prophecy, only my fated mate could bear my children. I had been searching for my mate for hundreds of years, and I was still alone.

I had used every ounce of my power to look for that one woman. I traveled around the world and searched in every paranormal realm. But still no success. Being mateless made me more apoplectic.

I had been working out against the law of the paranormal world for years, and I enjoyed breaking the rules and making some new rules according to my own delight.

The paranormal world had formed a council to keep an eye on the rule breakers, but they never found out about me because I never exposed my real intentions in front of the world.

Our agents worked secretly, and whenever someone wanted to contact us about any assassination, we usually hid our identity unless the other person was the leader of a pack. At present, we were the most successful and prosperous pack with all the advanced facilities in our pack.

And because of this tiny human, I was going to lose my name. This was the rst time I felt like shit.

"Ahhhh!!!!"

I growled in desperation and rage as I slammed my hand on the desk in front of me, breaking it into pieces.

"Either way, bring that girl in front of me, and I don't want to hear any excuses this time," I ordered, glaring at Michael.

"Yes, my king!" he replied and quickly left the room.