175 CHAPTER 175

Flash Back 1

Two little girls jumped around, playing and chasing each other round a glassy room.

They chased themselves in circles, tossing each other around, both impossibly identical, same ice blue pupils, same jawline, cheekbones, only difference being that one inherited their father's fiery hair and the other was plated in silver.

Just as they played happily they suddenly stopped, body shaking as they watched a massive figure storm towards them.

"Zorya, I'm scared" the silver haired one muttered, sinking deeper into the background.

Her sister held her hand, hoping they could somehow turn invisible, getting noticed now especially when he was in a mood never ended well — not for them.

The closer he got the more their hearts roared with a fear, a fear of the unknown, a fear of something that had long been engraved into their tiny skulls, something he personally made sure of.

The figure got to them and stormed right past them, the fur he wore sweeping air across like they were not there, like they were inconsequential, not worthy of being noticed and honestly this was the best result for them.

Zorya clutched her sister's hand tighter, "hey, he's gone. You can open your eyes now" her right pupil opened, peeking around, followed by the second.

He was really gone, "Thank you." She mumbled.

Zorya laughed it off, "Come one Zarael, if you really want to thank me, come play with me by the other side of the palace."

"No." Zareal snorted, sticking out a tongue playfully,

"Hey, but I just saved you from the big bad wolf." She replied, "come here, I'm going to take you back to him" she said with a fake sternness.

"That's if you can catch me first" they began a fresh round of running around, chasing each other, both sisters finding joy and happiness in each other.

Just then something crashed, high pitched voices came from through the inner chambers, the one they were never allowed to go through.

They strained their ears to listen, their parents were at it again.

Their faces paled, Zareal began trembling, she didn't want to face another round of punishment, tears streaked down her little eyes.

"Don't cry" Zorya wiped her face with a linen, then clutching her hands in her tiny ones she pulled her, together their tiny feet moved, stealthily, just like they had practiced.

Not even a sound could be heard except from the grunts and yelling, Zorya led her to a hiding spot they had found while playing.

Between the pillars, covered by shadows, and just close enough that they could still hear what went on in the inner chambers, but also hid their tiny frames perfectly, a perfect hiding spot—no one could ever spot them, not while they were there.

Snot ran down Zareal's face, she could barely hold back her sobs, Zorya shut her a look, "stop crying" she hissed, her eyes darting between her big sister and the doors tightly shut by their parents, the doors that could open any time to spell their doom.

She hiccuped "I'm not crying"

Zorya rolled her eyes, her tiny hands on her hips, "if you keep crying I'll never talk to you again, and not only that I'll tell Nanny that you've been a bad girl, that way even nanny won't talk to you and you'll have all the time in the world to cry." She paused for the impact to sink in properly, "Alone" she delivered the final blow.

Zareal's little figure trembled, her face whitened, then ashened, the threat hit home and that did the trick, she bit her lips to stop the sobs only the tears rolled down her eyes.

Zorya wrapped her arms around her sister, both holding each other tightly, she leaned on closer to Zareal, resting her face on her neck, that was when she let her own tears stream down.

Nanny had warned them, they could never cry aloud, not while their parents were like this, not while they were prone to bearing the brunt of their parents— No, Lord Az brutality.

That was what they called him, not father, not daddy, he was "Lord Az" to them and to everyone who had to address him. A name drilled into them so hard that they could never forget, not even if they had amnesia.

The noises lessened, Zorya dried her eyes before her sister could see her, she had to stand strong and tall for Zareal, even if it meant sneaking around.

With the noises down, the heard feet shuffling and voices that were clearer now,

"I'm taking one of them and I'm never returning" Lord Az cold voice filled the room.

"No." Selene sneered, "they're mine, both of them."

"Do not try me Selene, I will be gone for two weeks and when I'm back I want Zareal ready to go. You can have your precious Zorya."

The door croaked open and then banged shut, the two sisters huddled closely, pressing themselves deeper into the wall. Invisibility seemed to be their only hope now.

An eye locked onto them, his lips curved upwards, not the kind type of smile a father gave to his daughters.

No, this was different, even for Lord Az, it was slow, creepy and scary, they were scared out of their wits, both began sobbing instantly.

He snorted and walked out, "snotty brats, I'll fix that attitude if you're going to be useful"

that was the last they heard and then he was gone.

Still huddled together they cried themselves to sleep, a graceful figure emerged from the room, seeing her tiny babies huddled so tightly together, the fear still emanating from their bodies even in their sleep.

Her heart ached from it, but this was her karma, her mistake, she would deal with it.

"Take them to sleep." Her voice drifted in the air, to their nanny, then she walked the opposite path.

Azrathul was up to something, something that had to do with her babies, or he wouldn't be bothered about them, and she was going to find out what.