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Flashback 1

Little Zorya's Pov

I watched with tears pooling at the corner of my eyes as Lord Az dragged me opposite the direction Zareal and mother went.

My only consolation being his expected reaction when he finds out that he took the wrong one.

My body shook the further we went, I could only imagine my fate in the nearest future.

"You're too slow" he grumbled and before I knew it my body was above the floor, and on his arms.

Instinctively I tried to get down, "No" my voice was a tiny squeal, like that of a kitten.

He ignored me, taking large strides as he walked, more so like my little resistance was barely anything.

After a while I stopped moving, my body relaxing into his, with my head on his neck I didn't realize when I dozed off.

My eyes blinked open, I was in a room, it looked nothing like my luxurious room back at the palace.

"What is this place?" I wondered aloud.

"Your new home." A cold voice replied.

I shot up to find Lord AZ staring at me unblinkingly, looking every bit the predator he was.

My body subconsciously shrank backwards, goosebumps rising through the back of my arms from the fixed gaze on me, what was he thinking? Did he know? But it was too soon.

I glanced around, trying to take in my surroundings, where did he bring me to? It looked like a cave, a run down cave, or should I say an underground cave? I couldn't tell.

The pillars look corroded, like they had been corrupted by rot and filth, I nearly retched.

"Don't look so grim, this is your new home." He said lazily, still staring at her.

"You couldn't find a better place?" The disgust was written all over my face, I wanted absolutely nothing to do with him or this place.

He leaned further into the chair, "you'll get used to it. Now a brief introduction" He paused, still watching me.

I rolled my eyes, "like I care about whatever introduction you'll be doing," I mumbled under my breath.

How was Zareal? I could feel her guilt and worry through our bond, I just hope she doesn't over blame herself for things.

"You're not Zareal."

My breath hitched, shit, I was supposed to act meek and quiet, "I don't know what you're talking about" I stuttered, lowering my eyes trying to mimic Zareal.

His brows creased, "Isn't it too late to start acting the character?"

"I'm not acting," I gritted out

"Sure, whatever makes you happy, I don't really care. Now, like I said, rules." He said lazily, looking at me like I was only a child throwing tantrums.

He'll see who follows his stupid rules, although I won't lie about feeling a bit pained at his reaction about the switch.

"Firstly, everyday make sure to go play with the kids at the village, befriend as many as you can, so you don't get bored and disturb me. I don't need you hovering around me."

I swallowed nothing, staring at him in surprise, was this a new kind of trick? What was going on? Did he change or something?

"Where are we?" I finally mustered courage to ask,

"Immortal Samara village." He said without blinking.

"Immortals live here?" My eyes shone brightly, I've never had the chance to interact with other kids my age.

"Yes." He nodded, "I grew up amongst them, this is my home." He shrugged.

He didn't seem so bad, but I watched him suspiciously, something was off about the way his eyes twinkled.

Nanny always said my brain was too sharp for my age, and that I had too sharp intuitions, and they were blaring alarms right now.

"I don't want friends," I mumbled.

He scoffed, "I don't care what you want or

do, just stay out of my way and do not disobey me." His voice suddenly turned chilly, the temperature in the room— no, cottage, this was barely a room, it went down several degrees.

"I won't stay out of your way, you can't tell me what to do." Amusement flickered in his eyes, he closed the gap between us before I could blink.

"Wha—" I shrank backwards, further into the bed, as if not seeing me, his hand ruffled my hair, "Having friends or not is your choice, but don't come crying back when you're bored. I won't be around most of the time."

"Who needs you around anyway." A frown etched at my face, "Was my instinct wrong this time? It never had been, so what changed now?" I couldn't help wondering.

"Maybe you're just being biased." A tiny voice whispered at the back of my mind."

Whatever, I'll keep my eyes on him. I won't let him do anything shady, not under my watch at least.

His smile turned warm, not the gentle kind, but a creepy kind of warm, then his lips moved, quietly but firmly so I heard every single word that sent chills up my spine.

"Don't worry child, I'll train you properly, your mother failed to do that, but you'll be my perfect creation. Now off you go, make sure you don't starve to death, I'm sure one of the old folks will be more than happy to feed a lost child."

My brows furrowed, "Lost child?"

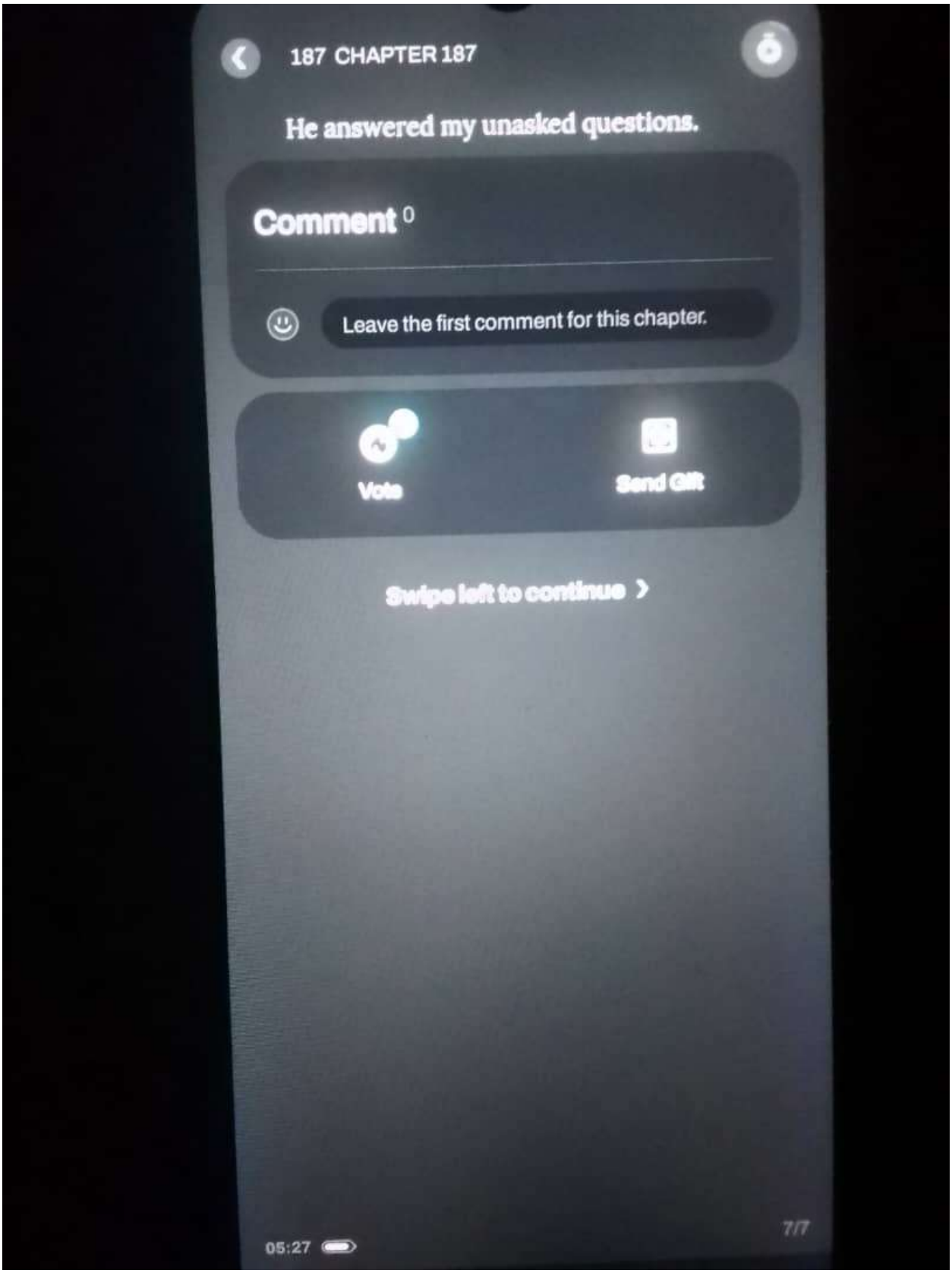
He didn't respond, with a wave of his hand I found myself outside a house, or what seemed like one at least, I didn't even have time to admire it or curse him out for expelling me in such way before a wave of dizziness hit and I found myself connecting to the dust, my lips nearly biting on it.

Soon, my eyelids blinked open, a tiny face was staring at me wide eyed, "Grandfather, she's awake." It yelled

I shrank backwards, my brain a bit foggy, what the hell happened? I wondered.

Soon a man holding a cane, his beard white and long walked in, followed by the wide eye I had seen earlier.

"You look disoriented, probably an effect of falling, you might have had a concussion. Anyway I'm Grandpa Keith, this is Kenny, you're in our home."


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He answered my unasked questions.
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