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Third Person's Pov. 1

She tried to murder him countless times after that incident, but for every attempt he'd force her to watch as he killed more and soon she stopped but he never did.

The circle continued, with Zorya unable to do anything about it, he massacred the entire village while she watched, then they moved to the next village.

She was shocked for a year, then when she finally came out of her shell for a bit, letting the warm hearted villagers reach out to her, he came again, repeating the same actions while she watched.

Then she swore never to speak to anyone again, but it never mattered he would still murder them and force her to watch.

It soon became a routine — their routine, the pain blurred her, turning her young heart wrong, her conception of good and evil gradually changed.

The pain faded with time, she still felt it but It was a dull distinct dud. By the time she

turned 15 he forced her first kill on her and just like that he'd absorb them after she was done.

She became exactly as he trained her, cold, numb and everywhere they stepped foot, death followed, like they were grim reapers.

Maybe it was mercy, maybe guilt but she always made sure the deaths were quick and painless, a swift death to send them on their way, she'd never have it any other way.

Somehow she could feel something poking at the back of her mind, like she was forgetting something important, but in a sea of blood, she found herself lost.

****** END OF FLASH BACK*******

Eros's feet thudded as he rushed to the room, something was wrong with Aella, he had felt it through the bond, the twins did too, it was obvious from how they had started bawling their eyes out.

On entering the room, he found her huddled by the corner, he slowed down, approaching her gently,

"Doll" his voice was cool, not meant to startle.

Silence. Instead her body trembled,

shaking where she was bent over.

He approached cautiously, his hand resting on hers, "Love, What's wrong?"

She finally raised her face and he felt a wave of anger, blood rushed straight to his brain, what the fuck happened?

She looked beyond disheveled, her eyes were blank, face swollen, she was staring at nothing, her lips moved like she was mumbling something over and over.

He took a deep breath forcing himself to calm, he picked her up gently into my arms, he cradled her against my chest, "It's alright, I'm here" his words were soft, voice gentle.

"I'm a monster, I'm a monster." She chanted over and over, her hands shook, body quaking over and over.

He held her hands, forcing her to look directly at him, their eyes meeting, "Doll, you're not a monster, you're my mate, and don't you think I'd know if you were one?"

But his words seemed to be like he was pouring on water stone, she couldn't hear, her eyes remained blank, staring into the distance.

Sigh.

He rocked her body gently, whispering, "You're not a monster doll, you're not." he kept muttering sweet words to her consoling her gently.

The trembling soon stopped, her body calmed, her eyes returning back to normal, she looked like she was back to her senses.

"Better now?" he asked.

She sniffed back the tears that were rolling down, "I'm a monster." She said once more.

"No you're not." He insisted.

Disgust and shame crept through her at the reminders of the things she had done, she remembers it all, how she separated families, killed kids younger than her Ragnar and Elysia, and ended pregnant mothers.

She didn't deserve to live, "you don't know what you're saying, you don't know what I've done."

"No" he shook his head, "but I know you." he said warmly, pressing his forehead on hers, their breaths mingled.

Slowly she mirrored his breath rhythm and calmed down shortly after.

"What happened?" He asked again, she hung her head shamefully, and in the quiet room her voice was soft and quiet but it echoed loudly.

His expression didn't change or twitch till she finished her story, when she was done her breath shuddered, the shame coiled in her guts, she was unable to believe that she did such things, how could she.

Eros nudged her lips gently, and pulled her into a gentle but warm kiss, when they finally separated she was breathless, looking at him shocked.

"Are you okay?" He asked.

She shook her head, "not really, how could I?" she mumbled, still in disbelief.

"None of that matters love, that was your past and from what I can tell you were a child back then. This is a new version of you, and this version is my mate. My mate is not a monster."

"You didn't see me, you should have. And now he's getting out, the seal, I feel it now."

"Come." He dropped her, then guided her to their balcony, from there they could see everyone.

Brandy, Xavier, Brianne, Ragnar, Elysia, Braz, the elders, Richard and some of the other Alpha's.

"Luna" They all waved at her excitedly, with arm smiles on their faces, even Sage and Lilith weren't left out.

"Whatever past you had doesn't matter doll, what matters is that you're here now and you are my mate, your past life doesn't matter, we love you, we're your family."

Tears pricked her eyes, her mind flashed back to all she's been through, from the mistake that led to her punishment, all the cycles and finally she had settled with Eros.

She felt warm. Contend even, like everything was where it needed to be now.

Eros wrapped his arm around her from the back, the sun set gradually as the watched their friends bicker and have fun

"We'll take whatever comes together, as one, whether Azrathul or any other enemies, but you're no longer alone, you have us now." His voice was firm,

She smiled back at him, swearing solemnly to protect this family with all she had.

Family doesn't always have to be related by blood, these people were hers, and the ones related by blood may not always be right.

The End.

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