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XADEN'S POV 1

"How would you like to deal with Bale?" Damian asked as Xaden picked up his quill and dipped it into the ink.

Xaden pressed his brows on his forehead. "I have chosen not to deal with it. I will simply let it go until the new moon. There is much on my plate." 1

"The Rogue packs are beginning to get heated," Olsen said.

He was the lead commander in the outside watch of their packs.

"We have lost over four more villages," Olsen said. "All burned down and destroyed. No one was left alive."

Xaden was being confronted with all the things that had been left behind during the halo festival.

They had been so consumed by the ongoing festival that pressing matters had had to be suppressed.

Now that it was done for, he has a full plate.

Xaden laced his fingers together. "Where is Erik?"

The men looked at themselves, and another wolf



said. "He still has refused to attend meetings. I believe he is back in his quarters".

Xaden leaned back in his chair and sighed exasperated. Since their argument, they had not had a one-on-one conversation.

"Tell him to report to me," Xaden said, faintly irritated. "He usually handles all these. Not me."

"That is the thing." Another wolf said. "Erik is not someone to be cajoled. We all know that. He still retains his status as Alpha, and he gets to do what he wants. Only you can confront him."

Xaden gritted his teeth, knowing damn right that Erik would not even listen to him.

Xaden sighed and turned to the other side of his chair.

"Fine." Xaden gave in. "Set about half of your men and use the second formation to push the rogue wolves back away from our territory. I will do nothing to Bale. We only have barely three months left now till the new moon. We will face him then. But in the meantime, ensure that Garrick tightens his control over them."

Damian bowed.

"If that will be all," Xaden said, returning to the workload before him. "I have other work to do."

"I forgot." Derrick said, clearing his throat. "Lady



Belinda said that there was an incident with three servants. A girl fight."

Xaden stopped using his quill and looked up at Derrick. "And is a certain slave named Jasmine among them?"

"Yes." Derrick nodded.

Xaden swore in irritation. "Why the bloody hell is that girl always in the middle of a fight? And had I not instructed that she is not to be touched by anyone." 1

Derrick shrugged. "Lady Belinda said she had supposedly tried to stop a fight."

Xaden was further annoyed. "Is she attached to fights? Or that is perhaps all she does? I inserted herself in fights even when I instructed her to stay away from fights."

"The instruction had been that no one fight with her, not that she stay away from fights." Roach, one of the wolves present, said.

Xaden glared at him, and Roach shut his mouth instantly.

"She has received her punishment." Derrick finished. "Lady Belinda said she had handled it perfectly and not to worry. She had just wanted to report the situation to you."

Why? Xaden wondered. Why did she always



have to remain a pest on his side?

She had her chains on, and she was restricted from many movements, yet she somehow got herself in the mix.

If not for the fact that he was tethered to her and the fact that if she died, he too would, he would have sent her head back to her lovely parents in a box. 3

He breathed heavily in annoyance.

"Make sure that the-

The door was slammed open, stopping him right in his tracks.

"My lord!" It was one of the high-ranking wolves who was stationed outside their pack territory.

"What are you doing here, Chen?" He asked.

"Forgive me, my lord, for interrupting you," Chen said.

Chen was breathless and seemed to have run over a mile on his feet.

"But there is something you MUST see," Chen said.

Then Chen told him, and Xaden rose to his feet in shock.

"You lie!" Xaden said. "This is maybe a trick from one of my enemies."



If he had a heart, it would be racing, sweat had overwhelmed his forehead, and his body trembled.

"I swear, my lord," Chen said. "This is no trick. I saw it with my very own eyes, my lord."

The chill was so powerful he almost stumbled down to the ground

"Take me there," Xaden said, trying to stay calm.

Chen bowed and then led him out.

Xaden and Chen hurried down the hallway with his men right behind him.

He was so tense he could barely even think for himself.

He stopped short when he was finally in the room where his surprise awaited him.

He stopped short when he saw one man backing him.

"Face the Alpha," Xaden demanded.

The man stopped and slowly turned around, and Xaden felt his entire being freeze.

"Xaden." The man with full hair and a full beard said.

The man who should not be alive.

"Uncle." Xaden managed to utter.



He stared at him, shocked, wondering how this was true.

He had been dead.

The first among the few to have been killed after the raid.

His uncle walked up to him, and then, as if to take a step back uncertain, he wavered.

Then, his uncle slowly engulfed him in a hug.

Xaden froze, unmoving, and hung in his scent.

And then he held unto him firmly.

"How is it that you live?" Xaden managed. "You were said to be dead."

His uncle let go of him. "I had no choice but to hide."

Before Xaden could ask any more questions, his uncle stretched out his hand to the side as if beckoning someone to come to him.

A small figure moved from the shadows and held his hand.

The young girl looked up at him with her big brown eyes.

She was around twenty-one and had her hair in a single braid.

And then it hit him.


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It felt like a pang in his chest.

"Xaden. It is I. Your first mate." She said 14

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