



166 WHERE DID THEY COME FROM

Xaden just stood as she slowly progressed towards him. 1

He knew those eyes, that face, he had seen them years back.

It had been imprinted into his brain when he discovered she was his first mate.

He instinctively took a step back.

She reached out to him.

"Xaden, it's me." She repeated. "Lily."

He could barely even swallow; his entire throat was dry, and he was void of words.

First his uncle, and then now this?

This was a dream.

They were all playing tricks on him.

Someone was playing with his mind.

"You are not real." He said. "You were dead. I saw you."

She shook her head. "You saw what you were meant to see."

He rose a brow in confusion.



He was baffled.

What was going on here?

He felt everything in his body shake with anxiety, with uncertainty

Xaden, who was always certain.

Xaden, who was never unsure of himself, was now at a crossroads.

He still seemed in disbelief and turned to his men for support.

As if to ask them if they were seeing what he, too, was seeing.

They slightly nodded in silent answer.

His uncle cleared his throat and said. "When Bale attacked, your father made quick instructions to get some people out. I was the one who chaired that battalion."

Xaden blinked, and he reluctantly pulled his eyes away from Lily.

He looked at his mother's brother and said. "Are you saying that there are people who escaped the attack that night?" 4

Then his uncle raised a brow and now looked confused. "Of course. There were about three battalions of people to be rescued. I headed mine; your father, Gamma Wilson, headed the



one that was supposed to take you and your mother along with your sister. He was supposed to take direct members of the royal family."

"You are so grown now." His uncle said as he touched his cheeks. "Little Xaden is now replaced with a man surpassing even myself."

Then his uncle said. "Speaking of your mother. I need to see my sister. Where is she? I know your father died fending Bale off, and for that, I am very sorry."

His uncle touched Xaden's shoulder and started walking towards the door. "Where is she? It has been goddamn too long."

"Uncle, there is no one left," Xaden said, stopping him in his tracks.

A stiff smile was stamped on his uncle's face.

"What do you mean there is no one left?" He asked, confused.

Xaden looked to his men.

It was Damien who spoke up for Xaden. "The attack was brutal. We had no idea anyone escaped. Xaden, too, was believed dead. It was by chance that he was saved." Damien said.

Uncle Uther turned to look at Xaden; his smile had fallen.



"What about the other battalion?" He asked.
"They were in good formation right after I had left."

Damien shook his head. "No one survived that attack. At least Xaden was the only one we were aware of. Few is known of what happened. Xaden was only a child when it happened and barely remembers the incident."

Uther's breathing stiffened. "My sister, your sister, Anna?"

"They were all dead," Xaden said. "All gone."

He had finally gotten the voice to speak up.

Uther bit his bottom lip and almost fell to the ground when someone held him and set him to sit on the chair.

Lily was beside him as she and a guard eased him down on a chair.

"Easy," Lily said. "Please."

Uther remained on the chair, his hands in his face as his emotions evolved.

Xaden, on his own, could hardly believe what was going on.

There was a silence, and then, when Uther finally spoke, his voice broke.

"I just can not believe this," Uther said.



Xaden went to him, knelt on his knees, and touched his uncle's shoulder.

"You are the only family I have seen since," Xaden said. "We do not weep over the dead, but we remember them."

Uther nodded fervently as his entire body shook.

Chen snapped, and a maid rushed in with a glass of water on a platter and put it before Uther.

Uther managed to drink it, and his hands were shaking so fervently.

"Why did you never show up," Erik's voice said. 7

Xaden turned and saw his Gamma.

He had not seen Erik in a while.

At least not since their fight the day he had thrown Jasmine in the dungeon. 1

"I beg your pardon," Uther said.

Erik folded his arms. "I asked why you did not return. It's been well over twenty years, and you are just returning."

"He has suffered enough," Xaden said without looking at Erik. "You do not need to ask him such questions."

"He just came from nowhere, declaring himself your king's lost uncle, and yet you welcome him with such open arms?"

Xaden rose to his feet and turned to Erik. "I said that you will not question him. He is my flesh and blood. I can smell it. We all can smell it."

"No, you do not need to argue over this."

Uther said, coming in between the conversation.

"The man is right. It is best that he asks such a question. You can not just accept someone."

Then he turned to Erik. "Xaden's father instructed us to remain where we had been told to stay until he sent information. We remained in one of the converted territories that were far away. We had to remain there."

"And what made you return?" Erik asked without returning. "Because no word was sent to you, I assure you."

"The Halo moon," Uther said. "We have astrologists, and they said it was here. We knew then we had to come."

"That is enough explanation," Xaden said to Uther and looked at Erik.

The tensions between both men heightened.

"You do not need to explain anything to him," Xaden said, glaring at Erik.

Erik folded his arms. "Forgive me if you have let your emotions get the best of you lately."



"You are my gamma, and you will not disrespect me." Xaden spat.

"You forget that I am also an Alpha," Erik said, walking up to Xaden until they were almost head-to-head.

Uther stood up. "Please, I come in peace. Not for war."

Erik said nothing, backing down from his already heightened wolf and walked out of the room. 2

Then Uther turned to Xaden. "If you say you survived, how did you manage to get back this pack? When we arrived and saw the pack walls still standing, we were certain that your mother, at least, and everyone would be here."

"I made my way," Xaden said. "Started from scratch and found my own pack. I grew, and then I built back the walls."

Uther looked at him with pride. "Your parents would have been so proud."

"We found them when we were far on the territory on patrol," Chen said. "He had insisted that he was related to you and wanted to see you."

"It is good that you brought them here," Xaden said.

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Then Uther turned to look at him. "Bale? What about Bale? Did you avenge us?"

Xaden tilted his head. "No."

And then Uther's face fell.

"But then I have him. I raided his pack, but he is under protection from the accord," Xaden said. "In a few months, I will have his head."

Before Uther could say another word, Xaden rose.

"We all have questions. You have had a tiresome journey, and you must rest," Xaden said. "We shall speak more at dinner."

Uther rose to his feet, and Xaden embraced him.

"It is good to see you, uncle."

"The same nephew," Uther said as he kissed Xaden's cheek.

Then Lily, whose beautiful eyes had been peering at them, looked up at him.

Xaden pecked her cheek and looked down at her.



"I shall see you too at dinner." He said.

**And then, hand in hand with Uther, they went
out of the room. 1**

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***Three months down to Bale's death and
sudden appearance of Xaden's uncle
and supposedly dead mate.
hmmmm.***

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Creator's Thoughts

