



221 ERIK'S PAST

Early the next morning, at the break of dawn,
Erik was woken up by his wolf. 1

He sat up and saw that it was already dawn.

He stretched and then got up to his feet.

He saw Xaden and the other men still sleeping
and decided against waking them immediately.

They still had till about an hour before they
began the journey.

He went down to where there had been a lake
and went to have a bath.

He thought of his daughter and wondered if she
was fine.

He was certain, above all, that she missed him.
He felt himself release all the weight of the
previous night as he undressed and went to
swim in the lake.

What Xaden had said about him having
something with Jasmine.

It had triggered something in him, awakened
memories of his wife.

He was not allowed to think of his wife. After all,
he saw her every day in his little daughter.



The greatest gift he had received from her.

As he soaked in the lake his mind went to a distant memory he had had locked up in his mind.

He had just returned from one of the routes with members of his pack and saw her cross her arms and frown at him.

She had been heavily pregnant, and she was unlike any other pregnant woman he had met.

She never threw tantrums, she never got upset, and she was delighted at everything.

She only looked more beautiful than he believed she could be.

As for her cravings, there was only one thing she desired: him.

And whenever she did not have him, she got a bit upset.

He did not mind that that was all the only cravings she had.

In fact, if he could delve into it every minute of the day, he would be a much happier man.

"My husband returns from his fights." She said.

Then he hugged her and tried to kiss her neck, but she pushed him away and frowned.



She turned around and folded her arms.

"Why is my angel upset?" he asked as he set his fingers against her arms, lazily tracing them in a way he knew she adored.

She moved away from him. "I will not be seduced. I am furious, and dare I say that my fury is quite reasonable."

The servants whispered and giggled as they were enjoying the scene between their lady and master.

"Of course, I will never say or believe that your reason to be upset is unnecessary," he told her.

She pouted her mouth, knowing that he was only teasing her.

She scowled and stomped her feet, but it only made her look more clownish.

Seeing her small and with her large stomach protruding her beautiful dress and go red in anger made him laugh so hard.

He laughed so hard that tears began to spill from his eyes.

She dropped her mouth open, and then she went red.

Only making it worse.

Now, he was trying his best not to die of



laughter.

"What is funny?! What did I say that was funny?"
She asked him.

He managed to stop laughing. "Nothing, my love."
And then he playfully touched her hair and rolled
it in his fingertips.

"Absolutely nothing, my love." He repeated as he
drew close to him.

"Oh you must take me for quite a joke." She cried
and started to run away. "I must look ugly fat and
large."

But he caught her and pulled her back to him.
"Why would ever think that?" 1

He was confused that she would say such a thing
about herself.

She sniffed over and over, and then he saw that
there were tears in her eyes.

What had so badly disturbed her to tears?

She was usually very lively regardless of the
situation.

"My love, you are not fat and ugly or too round.
You are perfect. In fact, you are more beautiful—
the most beautiful I have ever seen you," he
said, and then she looked up at him with
puppy-dog eyes.



Then a thought occurred to him. "Did someone perhaps tell you that you were large and round?" 1

He began to grow with anger, and she hurriedly shook her head.

"No." She said, then she wiped her tears away. "I just believe I am quite emotional."

He pulled her up to him.

He knew that this time would surely come.

It was bound to happen.

"You are beautiful." He whispered to her hair.

"And you are every shade of the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. You would NEVER be ugly to me."

He held her so firmly until she had stopped crying.

Then she let go and looked up at him, and then she touched her large stomach.

"Sometimes I fear for you." She said, and then she swallowed. "I have been having dreams."

He frowned. "Dreams?"

She nodded.

She had been gifted by the goddess with the gift of sight, although most times, they did not come to pass.



"What type of dreams?" He asked.

She shook her head and he saw how cold she had become. "We can not speak of it. If we do it might come to pass."

And then he frowned further more anxious.

"I have called for the priestess to come by." She said as she cleaned the last bit of tears in her eyes.

"We will make some prayer and sacrifice, but I desire you to promise me something." She said.

"What are you even-

"Tell me you promise no matter what I say." She snapped.

That took him aback.

He swallowed, and then he nodded and said. "I promise."

She sighed and touched his cheek. "No matter what happens, you will be happy. You will be you, and even if I am not here, you will protect our daughter. Then you will find love if it finds you."

Erik could not believe her words: "Nothing will happen to you! You are the love of my life, and that is all there is to it."

She smiled weakly. "And that is true. You are the only man that I will ever love. You are my soul



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mate, even though that we are not mates." 1

And it clenched him with the gnawing reminder
that they were not bound mates. 1

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