237 XADEN FINALLY DISCOVERS THE IMPOSTER 1

Present time. 1

All those moments came tumbling through his mind, reminding him of how he had treated the one woman who had loved him.

The one who had brought him back to life and raised him as a child.

The only one who knew from inside and out was gone. 1

And he had rejected her.

He had kicked her out of his home.

Discarded her Like a rag. 1

And now he would never see her again.

He would never apologize. 2

His pride had ruined his life! His stupid ego had cost him his own mother!

He howled, and then, when he had howled for over an hour, he reverted to his human form. His human form was, in fact, in tatters.

His hair was a mess, and he looked like he had

dropped from hell.

His clothes were in shreds, and he had self-inflicted scratches on his own body.

He rose up to his feet and climbed up the wall.

He used his claws to cement his stance on the wall until he reached the top.

He picked her head out of the spike and kept it in the cradle of his neck.

He came down and began walking in the snow back home.

He did not take a horse or run as a wolf he simply walked in his human form.

The men were all behind him, and they gave him a large space away from him in respect.

They walked for hours until they finally reached the castle.

The entire castle was dead quiet.

It was as if death had hovered around it.

The women began to cry, and the men had their wolves howling because they all knew Eleanor.

She had been like a protector to them.

Marie pushed away from the crowd confused as

to what was happening. 1

She stopped short when she saw Xaden holding her sister's head in his arms. 1

She stood still, as if something had hit her.

She screamed.

Screamed so loud and powerful that all the glasses began to break at once. 1

The people had to put their hands against their ears to ease the shrill cry.

Only Xaden remained undisturbed.

Marie finally stopped and hovered around Xaden.

She was now crying black blood.

"Who did this?" She demanded. "Who did this to my sister?!" 3

She was hysterical, screaming and holding him, demanding a response.

But he, just like her, was dazed.

And he kept on walking.

He walked all the way up the stairs and just kept on walking.

It was not until he saw Jasmine that he stopped.

Her eyes were filled with tears, and her face was puffy as if she had cried.

His lips slowly set apart, and then he managed.

"She is dead, Jasmine." He said, showing his mother's head.

"She is dead because of me." 3

Jasmine, at that moment, walked to him and very deeply hushed him.

"No do not say such words. You know that it is not true." She said cooing him. 1

Erik used the opportunity to take her head away from him.

He barely even noticed.

Jasmine quickly put her hands around his hands. 1

"But it is true." He said. "I sent her out. I told her I never wanted to see her again." 1

She gently touched his cheek, and she saw teardrop drop from his eyes.

She gently wiped it away.

And then she pulled him to her and engulfed him to a hug.

It was at that moment that Xaden broke.

He cried and let it out.

As a man, he wept in her arms and held onto her while he fell into pieces revealing his most vulnerable to her and only her.

She gently sang to his ears and rubbed his back in a bid to pacify him.

She sang so sweetly that all who were present fell in love with her."

She gently sat down on a reclining couch and set his head against her bosom.

She touched his hair repeatedly in a very calming manner.

Until he stopped crying and was reduced to sniffs.

At that moment, his mate Lily burst into the room.

She stopped short when she saw Jasmine singing to him.

After a while, Xaden became calm.

He reluctantly let go of her. 1

"It was not your fault." She said to him. "Your mother loved you. That I know and I know that until her last breath she still loved you." 1

He said nothing, and then he gently got up from the bed and walked out of the room.

No one said a word.

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Xaden was in his study, still in a state of shock, trying to understand what had truly happened.

And it hit him.

Someone had murdered her. Someone had brutally taken her like how his birth mother had been taken away too.

He tightened his fist in anger.

His teeth began to come, and he began to growl.

When he found out who did this!

He banged his fists on the table and he got up and started to break everything.

He flung bottles, pulled out centuries-old wine, and destroyed them. He broke down paintings, anything to quell his anger.

It was at that moment that the door was opened.

Damian came into the room.

He merely dodged A furniture Xaden had
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thrown at him. 1

"Get out." Xaden spat.

"I know that this is not the right time or place." Damian said, "especially with what had just happened. But if I hold this in me longer than I have, I would be disobeying you, my lord."

Xaden gritted his teeth. "What could be more important than losing my own mother!"

Damian said nothing and then pulled out a scroll and handed it to him.

Xaden looked at him. "What the fuck is that?"

Damian was about to explain when he snatched it and opened it.

As Xaden read it, his face went grim and turned to a mask of stone Damian had never ever seen.

"Where did you get this?" Xaden asked.

"Aurora had had it. She gave it to the servant Lisa to give you in case anything happened to her. There was also an owl that came and went after receiving information. A message owl. And there is more, my lord."

Damian handed him the loc of hair. 2

As Xaden touched it, everything he had lived for came crashing down.