



In

Alpha C.A. Wings

Hareem Awan

Safar-e-Adab

BEING THE STRING OF YOUR KITE

In Alpha Wings



Hareem Awan

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Safar-e-

Chapter Six & Seven

BEING THE STRING OF YOUR
KITE

Safar-e-
Chapter Six

BEING THE STRING OF YOUR
KITE

*Beneath silent halls, where power hides,
Two souls meet, trust denied.
Through pain, strength grows slow,
A bond unspoken, both still know.
Warriors fail, shadows fight,
She protects, guarding the light.*

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I find this difficult to believe," He uttered with a tone of disbelief as the two men entered the middle hall. Uncertainty crept into their demeanor as the two warriors took strong strides toward the chamber, their expressions betraying a sense of apprehension.

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Beside him stood a man, his face devoid of any emotion as he glared at the two warriors entering the chamber. They both bowed their heads in deference, acknowledging his presence with a sense of trepidation. "Sire, She was nowhere to be found and whenever we get some glimpse, strange things happen around. And then we will forget about everything."

The chamber was filled with darkness reigns supreme, casting deep shadows that obscure the man seated within. His figure is a silhouette against the dimly illuminated backdrop, half of his face veiled in obscurity, a testament to the enigmatic nature of his being.

With an air of authority that permeates the very air around him, he exudes a commanding presence that brooks no dissent. His form is a study in contrasts, with the faint glimmer of light catching on the sharp of his features. He sits behind his chair like a silent sentinel, his gaze fixed forward with unwavering intensity. Though devoid of emotion, there's a palpable aura of menace that radiates from him, enough to send a shiver down the spine of anyone who dares to even look up.

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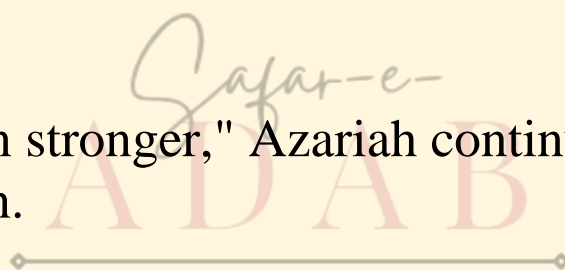
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"I won't be back for a while." She stopped her movement before hesitantly bending down and placing her lips over the person's forehead. She closed her eyes for a brief moment and pulled away.

"Take care, Zephaniah."

Two months later:

"Again?" Eradin's voice quivered, his entire frame trembling with the weight of exhaustion. He fought against the urge to collapse, every muscle in his body strained from the relentless demands placed upon it. For the past two months, rest had remained a distant dream. He panted and looked up and there she stood with her arms crossed and a blank expression on her face. She looked at his whole being with calculated eyes before a slight frown formed on her face. Eradin watched her eyes becoming a little distant, he had noticed it about her when she was thinking hard about something. But that's the only thing he got to know about her.

Despite Eradin being young, Azariah noticed his healing process was weak, indicating a lack of strength. At his age, he should have had enough stamina for long training sessions, but he often grew tired to the point of collapsing.

Recognizing this, Azariah knew she had to push him harder to toughen him up, ensuring he could withstand any threat.

For the past two months, they had been constantly on the move, never staying in one place for more than four days. Azariah was aware of the relentless pursuit by both Royal soldiers and compelled shifters. She gleaned vital information from a group of soldiers. Discovering their affiliation with the Lunar Heaven Pack, but she didn't bother with the reasons behind the Royals' chase. Her focus remained solely on protecting Eradin, so she trained him relentlessly to make him strong enough to fend off any danger.

Eradin felt a wave of apprehension wash over him as Azariah drew near. With each step she took, his heart pounded louder in his chest, and he couldn't help but shrink back, unable to meet her gaze. Despite the fear gnawing at him, Eradin found a strange sense of comfort in her presence. Deep down, it was as if he knew that she would never hurt him, no matter how imposing her aura might seem. He would eat her ears out with his nonstop talking mostly asking questions but she would only stare at him with a done face.

One thing Eradin found solace in was the gentle touch of Azariah's hand as it glided through his hair, a comforting rhythm that lulled him into a sense of security. Nestled against her, his head would be cradled in her lap, and he felt the weight of the worries lift off his small shoulders. He drifted off to sleep, cradled in her arms. He knew that no matter what challenges lay ahead, he would always be safe as long as she was by his side. Each stroke was a whispered promise of safety, a silent vow of protection that she offered without hesitation.

Yet, amidst the warmth of her embrace, Eradin couldn't help but take advantage of her little kindness. His words flowed freely, a torrent of thoughts and dreams that spilled forth without restraint. He knew no boundaries in her presence, finding solace in the knowledge that she would listen, unwavering in her patience.

Though she was distant from him, she never responded to anything. It was like that other than making him sleep close to her she would avoid him all day. A closed, cold look was always present on her face. Besides him talking she would never say something to him never ask something, never show curiosity, for some time Eradin would think that he was being a burden to her. She didn't want to keep him first and now he thought that she was forcing herself. At the time Eradin only wanted some

attention from her, a little care other than carassing his hair at night to make him sleep.

"I am tired," Eradin mumbled lowly, as he took a few deep breaths in. She watched, sighing a little. "With such demeanor, you will find yourself incapable of facing even a single opponent." He was taken aback, his mouth agape and eyes wide in astonishment. Azariah closed her eyes momentarily, bracing herself for the outburst she knew was coming. Eradin tended to talk excessively, which often tested Azariah's patience.

"I'm stunned by your remark," Eradin exclaimed, his frustration evident. "I've diligently practiced self-defense for two months straight, resulting in these visible bruises. Yet, you imply that I lack the capability to handle a single opponent?"

Azariah chose to remain silent, taking a moment to gather her thoughts. With a subtle sigh, she returned to her belongings, retrieving a series of small bottles, each containing a distinct colored liquid. After a brief search, she located the specific bottle she needed and approached Eradin once more, extending her hand toward him. However, He hastily withdrew his arm, prompting a disapproving glare from Azariah.

"You never answer any of my questions," He lamented, met with Azariah's persistent silence.

"That's precisely what I'm referring to," Eradin continued, his voice tinged with frustration. "I refuse to allow you to touch me if you persist in this silence."

"Cease this childish behavior," Azariah rebuked, her tone hard.

Tears brimmed in Eradin's eyes. "I'm not being childish, Zar," he retorted, his voice quavering with emotion. "I fail to comprehend. You remain distant, as though I've transgressed."

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KITE

Azariah's countenance softened marginally, though her response remained measured. "You seek closeness amidst the turmoil surrounding us?"

"I have no idea what is exactly happening around us," Eradin confessed, his frustration palpable. "All I know is that I've been in hiding. My aunt sheltered me from the relentless pursuit of shifters, providing solace even in the direst moments. And now, you've entered my life, only for us to flee from enigmatic soldiers hot on our heels."

"You refuse to disclose the reasons behind the pursuit by those soldiers since the day we fled the roaring cell and the constant switching of our locations. I am weary of this, and you persist in withholding information. You consistently ignore my questions!" She seized his arm firmly and lowered herself to meet his gaze sternly. "You are not in a position to interrogate me, young man."

Tears welled in Eradin's eyes at Azariah's stern tone; he attempted to suppress them, but they escaped nonetheless. Azariah was taken aback by his tears, her lips parting as she drew a deep breath and closed her eyes. Frustration slowly simmered within her; she had forgotten that he was merely fourteen years old, too young to comprehend the complexities.

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"I merely sought understanding..." Eradin recoiled, his heart aching as he struggled to regain composure. "I'm aware you bear a secret about me. I have a feeling that I know you from a past life or something. It feels as though I hold a familiarity of you." He looked up at her, tears shimmering in his eyes. "However, You push me away, as if I'm some kind of disease you're avoiding."

"You hold ties to someone dear to my heart." He heard Azariah's voice after a while making him stuck in his place. His mind processed her words, Azariah knew someone from his family.

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"And that is all the information you may require for now," Azariah's voice remained devoid of emotion as he stepped back, his disbelief visible, lips parting in astonishment. Who can be this person? He couldn't think of anything at that moment. Despite the passage of time, she hadn't seen fit to inform him. He stood there, gazing at her in disbelief, frowning to himself. His lips moved as if to speak, but no words came forth. He stood there, at a loss for words.

He turned away, his steps slow and burdened as he made his way toward the exit. Azariah's gaze followed him, she bit her lips., She fought the impulse to reach out, to ask where he was going, but she held herself. She went back to her bag to place the bottle inside.

Eradin paused, his back still turned to her, and his words hung heavy in the air. "I will return late." And Azariah didn't respond.

Time clicked and she looked down on the ground. She was running out of patience, her foot continuously tapping on the floor. The dim light of the street lamp had long shadow, mirroring her growing anger. Azariah looked up and stared at the sky, which had darkened, and then she left her place. The chill of the night air brushed against her skin as she walked away, her mind racing with something dread happening to him.

Eradin's head was low as he kept walking, not paying attention to where he was going. His mind was blank, only her voice echoing in his ears. "You hold ties to one dear to my heart." What was she saying? What did she even mean? Eradin held ties to someone dear to her heart. Did she know his father and mother? But how? His aunt told him that he was born in the Roaring Cell... Then how possibly could she know his parents? who was she to them? A sister, cousin, or a friend?

Leave all this how could she even not tell him about anything? She knew what he felt for his parents, she knew he wanted to know about them, about where they were yet she hid it. Did she not even trust him this much to even tell him about his own family? Eradin's eyes filled with tears and slowly they started to fall. How could Azariah do this to him, he thought his bond with her was growing

little by little but he now realized that they were standing on the same step since the day they met. More tears started to fall Eradin's chest tightened at the thought of Azariah not caring even a little about his feelings.

He was a child he wanted nothing more than to get some attention from the person he felt awfully attached to.

"I wish I could throttle you." Eradin stopped and slowly looked up. Azariah watched him, noting his red eyes and trembling lips with a blank expression. His heart sank at her statement, and he looked down. She stepped forward, her eyes never leaving his face. His eyes were swollen from crying, and his lips trembled.



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"I told you to remain within my sight." He stayed quiet, Azariah bit her lip hard as frustration slowly began to creep in, her patience wearing thin.

"I am asking you something." Her voice grew harsh, and Eradin flinched, stepping back. His heart thumped in his chest, and Azariah could clearly hear it. He looked up and watched with fear in his eyes and tears again gathered in his eyes. She sighed and softened her expression, trying to regain her composure.

"Do you have the slightest idea about how many dangers lurk at night?" She stands right in front of him and with hesitation sits on her knee and holds his hands, tracing her fingers on the bruises. Eradin blinked his eyes as a sob left him. "I'm sorry... I didn't think..." His voice barely above the whisper...

Azariah shook her head, cutting him off. "That's the problem, Eradin. You don't think. You act impulsively, and it puts both of us at risk." Her voice became sharp making her realize her tone and she relaxed a little.

"We can't afford to make mistakes. Not now. Not ever. Okay?" Eradin nodded his head making Azariah sigh a little, she looked around. "I-I apologize for earlier. I didn't mean to..." Eradin stopped himself from babbling and she stared at him and stood up. He was sorry as he was thinking too badly of her. She saved his life out of everything, and here he was thinking about his feelings.

She knew what he wanted to say, and she didn't want to hear it. It was already dreadful to her that he occupied even a small spot in her heart; she couldn't allow that to happen. Her goal was to protect him—nothing more. The oath she had taken many years ago was always at the

forefront of Azariah's mind. She lived by that oath every single day.

Eradin wiped his tears and looked at Azariah, only to see her deep in thought. He watched as her head snapped to the side, her expression shifting from a frown to anger. His lips parted as he saw Azariah stand in front of him in seconds, pushing him behind her. Her posture went from relaxed to stiff, he could feel the dark aura. Eradin was rooted to the spot, his heart thudding in his chest so loudly he could hear his own heartbeat. His mind refused to function, his legs trembling as he took a shaky breath and cautiously peeked around her to see what was happening.

Before they stood four or five men, their faces obscured by dark, hooded cloaks that added to their menacing aura. Despite the concealment of their features, the intensity of their gazes was undeniable, and Eradin could feel the weight of their scrutiny. These were not ordinary men; they exuded an aura of danger and authority that made his blood run cold.

They were royalty.

The realization struck Eradin with the force of a thunderbolt. The sheer power and presence they

commanded were unmistakable. Even with their faces hidden, the regal bearing and the subtle yet undeniable signs of their high status were evident. Their cloaks, though simple, were of the finest material, and their movements carried the effortless grace of those accustomed to command. The air around them seemed to hum with their latent power, and Eradin knew they were in big trouble.

"Z-zar..." And Azariah's gaze hardened at the small voice of Eradin. Her hold on him tightened as she stared hard at the people standing in front of her. One of the men took two steps forward when he was stopped by a threatening growl from Azariah.

"Who told you, you can come and give orders and I will obey?" She spoke before he could utter a word. He was staring at her like she was in danger. But nobody knew she was a danger. A threat to their souls as she thought bitterly.

"You are arrested for trespassing on royal grounds?" Laughing at him she looked around and then back at Eradin. Looking at her Eradin knew she was going to do something wicked.

"Chain her." Erdin was continuously shaking his head in denial. There was no way she was doing this, there must be something that was going on in his mind.

"Touch me and you will see what I will do." She knew damn well what she was doing. A bounce back.

"I am not here to play games."

"Then don't and leave. Or else tell me what business you have with me?" Tilting her head she asked again while walking behind Eradin. The warrior kept looking at her like waiting for something to happen. She knew well they would keep coming and she had enough of them by now.

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"Not with you, with the child. You made him escape the laboratory, he is in our possession just like everyone from that laboratory."

"I will go with him." If this was what they wanted, they would get it. They had been playing around her for two months, now it was her time to play along.

Erдин could only think of one thing, A fox can change its skin but never its character. And Azariah was far worse than a stupid fox.

"I find this difficult to believe," He uttered with a tone of disbelief as the two men entered the middle hall.

Uncertainty crept into their demeanor as the two warriors took strong strides toward the chamber, their expressions betraying a sense of apprehension.

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"You hold ties to someone dear to my heart." He heard Azariah's voice after a while making him stuck in his place. His mind processed her words, Azariah knew someone from his family.

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"And that is all the information you may require for now," Azariah's voice remained devoid of emotion as he stepped back, his disbelief visible, lips parting in astonishment. Who can be this person? He couldn't think of anything at that moment. Despite the passage of time, she hadn't seen fit to inform him. He stood there, gazing at her in disbelief, frowning to himself. His lips moved as if to speak, but no words came forth. He stood there, at a loss for words.

He turned away, his steps slow and burdened as he made his way toward the exit. Azariah's gaze followed him, she bit her lips., She fought the impulse to reach out, to ask where he was going, but she held herself. She went back to her bag to place the bottle inside.

Eradin paused, his back still turned to her, and his words hung heavy in the air. "I will return late." And Azariah didn't respond.

Time clicked and she looked down on the ground. She was running out of patience, her foot continuously tapping on the floor. The dim light of the streetlamp cast a

long shadow, mirroring her growing anger. Azariah looked up and stared at the sky, which had darkened, and then she left her place. The chill of the night air brushed against her skin as she walked away, her mind racing with something dread happening to him.

Eradin's head was low as he kept walking, not paying attention to where he was going. His mind was blank, only her voice echoing in his ears. "You hold ties to one dear to my heart." What was she saying? What did she even mean? Eradin held ties to someone dear to her heart. Did she know his father and mother? But how? His aunt told him that he was born in the Roaring Cell... Then how possibly could she know his parents? who was she to them? A sister, cousin, or a friend?

BEING THE STRING OF YOUR
KITE

Leave all this how could she even not tell him about anything? She knew what he felt for his parents, she knew he wanted to know about them, about where they were yet she hid it. Did she not even trust him this much to even tell him about his own family? Eradin's eyes filled with tears and slowly they started to fall. How could Azariah do this to him, he thought his bond with her was growing little by little but he now realized that they were standing on the same step since the day they met. More tears started to fall Eradin's chest tightened at the thought of Azariah not caring even a little about his feelings.

He was a child he wanted nothing more than to get some attention from the person he felt awfully attached to.

"I wish I could throttle you." Eradin stopped and slowly looked up. Azariah watched him, noting his red eyes and trembling lips with a blank expression. His heart sank at her statement, and he looked down. She stepped forward, her eyes never leaving his face. His eyes were swollen from crying, and his lips trembled.

"I told you to remain within my sight." He stayed quiet, Azariah bit her lip hard as frustration slowly began to creep in, her patience wearing thin.



BEING THE STRING OF YOUR
KITE

"I am asking you something." Her voice grew harsh, and Eradin flinched, stepping back. His heart thumped in his chest, and Azariah could clearly hear it. He looked up and watched with fear in his eyes and tears again gathered in his eyes. She sighed and softened her expression, trying to regain her composure.

"Do you have the slightest idea about how many dangers lurk at night?" She stands right in front of him and with hesitation sits on her knee and holds his hands, tracing her fingers on the bruises. Eradin blinked his eyes as a sob

left him. "I'm sorry... I didn't think..." His voice barely above the whisper...

Azariah shook her head, cutting him off. "That's the problem, Eradin. You don't think. You act impulsively, and it puts both of us at risk." Her voice became sharp making her realize her tone and she relaxed a little.

"We can't afford mistakes. Not now. Not ever. Okay?" Eradin nodded his head making Azariah sigh a little, she looked around. "I-I apologize for earlier. I d-didn't mean to..." Eradin stopped himself from babbling and she stared at him and stood up. He was sorry as he was thinking to badly of her. She saved his life out of everything, and here he was thinking about his feelings.

BEING THE STRING OF YOUR
KITE

She knew what he wanted to say, and she didn't want to hear it. It was already dreadful to her that he occupied even a small spot in her heart; she couldn't allow that to happen. Her goal was to protect him—nothing more. The oath she had taken many years ago was always at the forefront of Azariah's mind. She lived by that oath every single day.

Eradin wiped his tears and looked at Azariah, only to see her deep in thought. He watched as her head snapped to

the side, her expression shifting from a frown to anger. His lips parted as he saw Azariah stand in front of him in seconds, pushing him behind her. Her posture went from relaxed to stiff, he could feel the dark aura. Eradin was rooted to the spot, his heart thudding in his chest so loudly he could hear his own heartbeat. His mind refused to function, his legs trembling as he took a shaky breath and cautiously peeked around her to see what was happening.

Before they stood four or five men, their faces obscured by dark, hooded cloaks that added to their menacing aura. Despite the concealment of their features, the intensity of their gazes was undeniable, and Eradin could feel the weight of their scrutiny. These were not ordinary men; they exuded an aura of danger and authority that made his blood run cold.

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They were royalty.

The realization struck Eradin with the force of a thunderbolt. The sheer power and presence they commanded were unmistakable. Even with their faces hidden, the regal bearing and the subtle yet undeniable signs of their high status were evident. Their cloaks, though simple, were of the finest material, and their movements carried the effortless grace of those

accustomed to command. The air around them seemed to hum with their latent power, and Eradin knew they were in big trouble.

"Z-zar..." And Azariah's gaze hardened at the small voice of Eradin. Her hold on him tightened as she stared hard at the people standing in front of her. One of the men took two steps forward when he was stopped by a threatening growl from Azariah.

"Who told you, you can come and give orders and I will obey?" She spoke before he could uttered a word. He was staring at her like she was in danger. But nobody knew she was a danger. A threat to their souls as she thought bitterly.

BEING THE STRING OF YOUR
KITE

"You are arrested for trespassing on royal grounds?" Laughing at him she looked around and then back at Eradin. Looking at her Erdin knew she was going to do something wicked.

"Chain her." Erdin was continuously shaking his head in denial. There was no way she was doing this, there must be something that was going on in his mind.

"Touch me and you will see what I will do." She knew damn well what she was doing. A bounce back.

"I am not here to play games."

"Then don't and leave. Or else tell me what business you have with me?" Tilting her head she asked again while walking behind Eradin. The warrior kept looking at her like waiting for something to happen. She knew well they would keep coming and she had enough of them by now.

"Not with you, with the child. You made him escape the laboratory, he is in our possession just like everyone from that laboratory."

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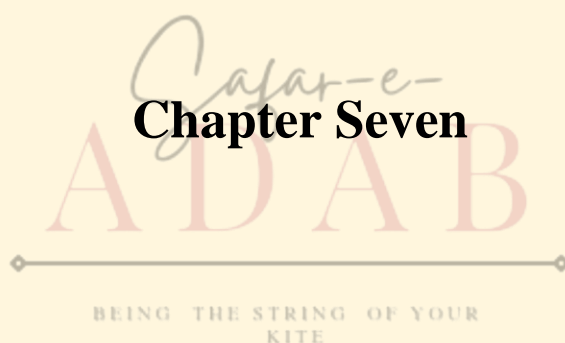
"I will go with him." If this was what they wanted, they would get it. They had been playing around her for two months, now it was her time to play along.

Eradin could only think of one thing, A fox can change its skin but never its character. And Azariah was far worse than a stupid fox.

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End of Chapter Six

Chapter Seven



In the stillness where dreams reside,
A heart awakens, emotions collide.
Whispers of hope in the moonlight's gleam,
A tale unfurling, where moments redeem.
With every heartbeat, a journey unfolds,
In silence, love's secret gently holds.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

"Could you tell me where they are taking us?" Eradin whispered to Azariah's ear, making her glance at him. "This conversation is audible to everyone..." And Eradin made an O shape with his lips. She knew where they were going, she knew way too well but she chose to stay quiet. Two guards came and stood behind them and wait for them to move. Eradin looked up at Azariah and quietly stepped up, walking behind the person who aura held the authority.

Azariah made a mental note to tell about everything, about werewolves, about the people they would meet. It was going to be long conversation and she was already tired at the thought of speaking too much.

The Lunar Heaven Pack's territory sprawled majestically, a vast expanse of land that exuded power and history. As Azariah and Eradin approached the pack's borders, the size and organization of the pack became immediately apparent. The perimeter was heavily guarded, with armed sentinels strategically positioned to ensure the security of the realm. These guards, vigilant and alert, symbolized the pack's unwavering dedication to protection.

The territory within was bustling with activity. Members of the pack were engaged in various tasks, their movements purposeful and efficient. The sound of training exercises resonated through the air, a testament to the pack's commitment to excellence and preparedness. Wolves of all ages practiced their combat skills, their actions were fluid and precise, demonstrating the high level of discipline that the Lunar Heaven Pack maintained.

"Will I be like that too." She looked at what Eradin was pointing at, there were a bunch of pack members shifting in their wolf form and running in the forest. Azariah said nothing she didn't tell him that his shift would be worse than anything

As Azariah and Eradin crossed into the territory, they drew immediate attention. Pack members paused their work, their gazes turning towards the newcomers. There was a palpable sense of curiosity, especially directed at Azariah. Her dark aura set her apart, casting a shadow that intrigued and unsettled those around her. Whispers spread like wildfire among the onlookers, their eyes tracking her every move.

The security within the pack's domain was impressive. Patrols roamed the area, ensuring that every corner was safe and secure. Training grounds were scattered throughout the territory, each one bustling with wolves honing their skills. The rigorous training regimen underscored the pack's emphasis on strength and readiness.

Despite the scrutiny, Azariah remained composed. She surveyed the security measures with a critical eye, her eyebrow raising slightly in acknowledgment of the extensive precautions. A scowl briefly crossed her face, reflecting her mixed feelings about the overwhelming presence of guards and the intense focus on security. As they moved deeper into the pack's heart, the atmosphere grew more intense. The Lunar Heaven Pack was not just a

community; it was a fortress of warriors, each member contributing to the collective strength and resilience. The pack's dedication to their heritage and their future was evident in every action, every glance, and every whispered word.

"Zar..." Eradin whispered, getting closer to her. She glanced at him while he moved nearer, almost hiding himself against her side. They walked until they reached the front of the door. Azariah glanced up; the building was imposing, a grand court where they were going to meet the Royals. Azariah almost snorted at the thought—a freaking Royal who was going to decide about Eradin? How ironic was that. She almost rolled her eyes at the thought.

BEING THE STRING OF YOUR
KITE

The atmosphere shifted as they approached a concealed enclave, nestled away from the prying eyes of the kingdom. Framed by ancient trees with twisted trunks and sprawling roots, the entrance felt alive, pulsating with energy. Flickering torches embedded in the stone walls dimly lit the passageway, guiding them into a cavernous space filled with the scent of rich earth and the faint aroma of wild herbs. Shadows danced across the rough-hewn walls, whispering secrets of countless gatherings that had taken place within.

As they stepped further inside, the imposing presence of guards became apparent, stationed at strategic points with vigilant eyes scanning their surroundings. Clad in dark leather armor, these protectors exuded an air of authority and readiness, prepared to respond to any potential threat. Their weapons glinted under the torchlight, serving as a stark reminder of the enclave's significance. The atmosphere buzzed with anticipation, blending the air of mystery with an undeniable sense of protection, echoing the resolve of those who gathered in this sacred space.

The air was filled with the scent of exotic incense, and the soft murmur of voices echoed through the hall as they walked inside. Eradin's mouth fell open the moment they stepped in. This place—clean, refined—was unlike anything he had seen in his existence. His expectations, shaped by the grim confines of Roaring Cell, shattered in the face of such opulence and grandeur. Every stare is fixed on them, watching their movements with wary attention.

While they were escorted deeper into the enclave, the atmosphere grew heavier, filled with an unspoken tension. They entered a dimly lit room, starkly different from the welcoming passageway. The walls were bare, painted in a cold gray that absorbed the flickering light from a single

overhead lamp. The air was thick with the scent of damp stone and something metallic, hinting at the intensity of previous encounters.

In the center stood a sturdy, unyielding table surrounded by mismatched chairs, each one bolted to the floor, a clear sign that escape was not an option to which Azariah's lips lifted a little in amusement. Heavy metal restraints hung from the arms of the chairs, casting a shadow of dread over the space. The only other feature was a one-way mirror on one side, allowing unseen observers to watch without revealing their presence. The guard let them in the room making Eradin uneasy. He stared at Azariah who pulled the chair and sat on it. He opened his mouth to say something but went against it and quietly looked around the room.

BEING THE STRING OF YOUR
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Meanwhile, on the other side, he stood there, watching her as she stared directly in his direction, as if she sensed his presence. Her white hair was pulled back into a tight high ponytail, with a few rebellious strands falling delicately across her face. A faint blush tinted her cheeks, but it was her eyes—those haunting, captivating eyes—that had haunted him day and night. Rylan glanced at him before looking ahead, noting that his friend had been acting strangely ever since she arrived. Rylan moved back and went out.

The door swung open, and Rylan stepped into the room where Azariah and Eradin were waiting. With striking features, high cheekbones, and a strong jawline, he embodied an effortless charisma that drew the eye. His dark hair was tousled just enough to seem intentional, exuding an aura of confidence. Eradin jumped to his feet, eyes wide, instinctively bowing his head slightly in the presence of Rylan's authority. Meanwhile, Azariah let out a soft sigh, discontent flickering across her features at the sight of Eradin lowering his gaze. She hated the way he submissively acknowledged Rylan.

"What do we have here?" he spoke, his voice hard and devoid of emotion, while Azariah stared ahead into the mirror, catching a glimpse of someone standing behind her. She knew there were people beyond the mirror, watching them, hearing them, but her attention was fixed on a specific spot. Azariah lips parted as she took a silent breath in. And Suddenly she felt *her* surfacing. Azariah bowed her head a little making her hair hide her face, she felt her eyes changing color, Azariah bit her lips her hands trembled a little making her jaw clenched. Control.

Rylan's eyes held confusion as he sensed the girl's aura growing darker. He tilted his head, studying her intently. His gaze then shifted to the boy standing beside her, who

was shifting uncomfortably in his seat. Rylan noticed the worry etched in the boy's eyes. Azariah took a few deep breaths, pinching her nose in annoyance as anger bubbled within her, though she was unaware of the reason for her sudden emotion rising. Rylan cleared his throat making Azariah clenched her jaw and looked up. "Pray tell, I desire all the particulars concerning the escape from one of the faculties." He broke the silence again.

She glared at him fiercely, but he remained unfazed, raising an eyebrow as he stated,

"This shall not conclude favorably if you choose not to cooperate with us." Eradin gripped her shirt at the side, prompting her to glance at him; he seemed uneasy, his eyes darting between her and Rylan, clearly uncomfortable with the tension in the room.

"I was there to rescue, and having done so, I took my leave," she replied, her voice steady despite the unease swirling within her. Rylan slowly nodded, his focus locked onto her every movement, as if he was trying to figure her out. But that's where he was damn wrong.

"Where did you find yourself after your escape?" he inquired, his tone probing, causing Azariah to lean back

in her chair, her eyebrow arching in mockery. It was as if she were ridiculing him for asking such a foolish question. Did he truly believe she would respond to his inquiries? Really? The silence stretched, thick with tension, before Rylan pressed on.

"What were your activities within that forest? How did you manage to elude our soldiers alone? And who else is involved with you?" Each question was deliberate, his gaze piercing as he sought to break through her facade. But she was all quiet.

Meanwhile, on the other side, his lips parted as he breathed out, Rex hurriedly came beside him, noticing his Sire moving, his footsteps echoing with authority. The air thickened with unspoken questions as Rex and Zeth exchanged worried glances, aware that something significant was about to unfold.

The door was opened and Azariah froze in place, her gaze instinctively lifting as footsteps resonated ominously behind her. Despite the overwhelming urge to turn, she remained motionless. Her heart quickened, each beat reverberating within her as an intoxicating scent enveloped her senses. The aroma was unlike anything she had ever encountered—rich and heady, a beguiling blend

of earthy musk intertwined with a hint of something wild and untamed. It wrapped around her like an insistent embrace, tendrils of the scent curling through the air, drawing her in with a magnetic pull. Her lips parted involuntarily as she inhaled deeply, feeling a warmth unfurl within her, a flush igniting her skin.

"Feel the primal pulse of destiny in the air—the scent that binds us, beckoning you."

Azariah blinked, shaking herself from the intoxicating daze, her jaw tightening.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Her heart skipped a beat as she momentarily forgot the significance of the being addressing her. Azariah unconsciously held her breath. This was far from the plan—this unforeseen reaction was utterly unacceptable. She could feel the primal urges stirring within, her inner beast clawing at the edges of her consciousness, desperate for acknowledgment. Her hands once again clenched.

Rylan stood up hurriedly and bowed his head while standing behind her, enveloped by her intoxicating scent. It was a delicate blend of wildflowers and fresh earth, with a hint of sweetness that lingered in the air. Eradin

watched the new person with his mouth slightly agape, feeling a wave of dizziness wash over him at the presence of such formidable authority. What in the world was happening today? The man before him exuded a commanding presence, his sharp features framed by tousled dark hair that caught the light. His piercing brown eyes seemed to penetrate through any façade.

"What is your name?" he inquired, his voice cutting through the stillness that enveloped the room. Silence reigned as Zeth and Rex exchanged bewildered glances, their mouths agape at the girl's unyielding authority. Rylan focused intently on his Sire's expression, searching for any hint of a reaction. When Azariah continued to ignore him, he felt the sting of unacknowledged words, as if they had vanished into thin air. He slowly nodded his head in resignation, a flicker of surprise crossing his features but only for a mere second. He moved to the chair directly across from Azariah, and sit on it.

"It would be wise to answer before your life is lost." Azariah finally raised her gaze, annoyance glinting in her eyes as they locked onto his. The air in the room felt charged, thick with tension, as if the very walls were holding their breath in anticipation. She remained unyielding, sitting resolutely with her fierce expression unflinching.

"Do you presume you can take me with such ease?" Azariah countered, her voice steady and assertive. "I am well aware of your rules and restrictions. With all due respect, do you not recognize that I have broke no law?" Eradin tightened his grip on her arm, acutely sensing the simmering anger radiating from the guards surrounding them. What was she doing? His mind raced with concern, grappling with the fear that her boldness might provoke a response they weren't prepared to face, or perhaps one his smaller self wasn't equipped to handle. The atmosphere crackled with unspoken danger.

"How dare you..." Before his right hand, Rylan could speak she cut him off and spoke out loud.

BEING THE STRING OF YOUR
KITE

"I am not here to provide answers," she declared, her voice steady and resolute. "I stand apart from your laws, and thus, none of your rules apply to me." Her gaze was unyielding, defiance radiating from her every word. The air around them thickened, as if the very walls bore witness to her audacity. Eradin lips parted as he bit his lips to stop himself from smiling, he suddenly felt very proud. While Azariah was already done with these royal guards and their interrogation. If it wasn't for Eradin she would have already been on her way to escape.

"And your soldiers were present the entire time. *glancing at Rex and Zeth before looking back* I trust they reported these minor details; if they did not, then I regret to inform you that their training has been sorely lacking. How unfortunate for you." A soft giggle escaped Eradin, surprising him as he quickly clamped his mouth shut, his wide eyes darting between the two tense figures.

"You are fully aware of the consequences that may arise from your refusal!" Rylan stepped forward. His wolf surfacing.

By that time, their Sire understood that she was not present due to the success of his guards in capturing her, but rather because she had grown weary of their childish antics. Observing both her and Eradin, he recognized that she had come of her own accord, a realization that only deepened his pleasure at the unfolding situation.

"Enough! Rylan, allow our guests to rest for a time; we shall resume the interrogation later." To everyone's astonishment, he dismissed the proceedings as though it were merely the prelude to a greater spectacle. His voice held a commanding authority, echoing off the stone walls, leaving no room for dissent.

He intended to make it abundantly clear to her that escape was not an option. The glimmer in his eyes spoke of determination, hinting at a methodical approach that would unravel her defenses. He would offer her the opportunity to surrender willingly, a chance to divulge everything on her own terms.

Getting up, he strode toward her with purpose, the weight of his authority making everyone around them instinctively take five steps back. This time, she met his gaze head-on, and to his surprise, there was no flicker of fear or defiance—just a cold, empty stare. It was the first time he had encountered someone so composed, so in control, and it intrigued him in ways he hadn't expected.

BEING THE STRING OF YOUR
KITE

"You know you are stuck," He bend down and whispered, his breath warm against her ear, the words laced with quiet menace.

"It's a game for you my dear and a joke to me. I don't play with children who play games while sitting in expensive leather chairs." She mocked, her voice filled with disdain. Her blank expression remained unwavering, utterly unfazed by his proximity as though his closeness meant nothing. "I do not engage with children who fancy

themselves rulers while seated in their luxurious leather chairs."

"Jokes aside, from this leather chair, I permit every single one of our kind to draw breath." He stepped back, hands casually tucked into his pockets, regarding her with an air of superiority. Azariah raised her brows, sensing the delight radiating off him, which made her want to shake her head at the arrogant noble. It was as if he reveled in this game, underestimating her totally.

"Ah! Yes, but I do not belong to that world. I follow no rules and bow to no one." She made it clear that she was not a mere game for anyone to manipulate.

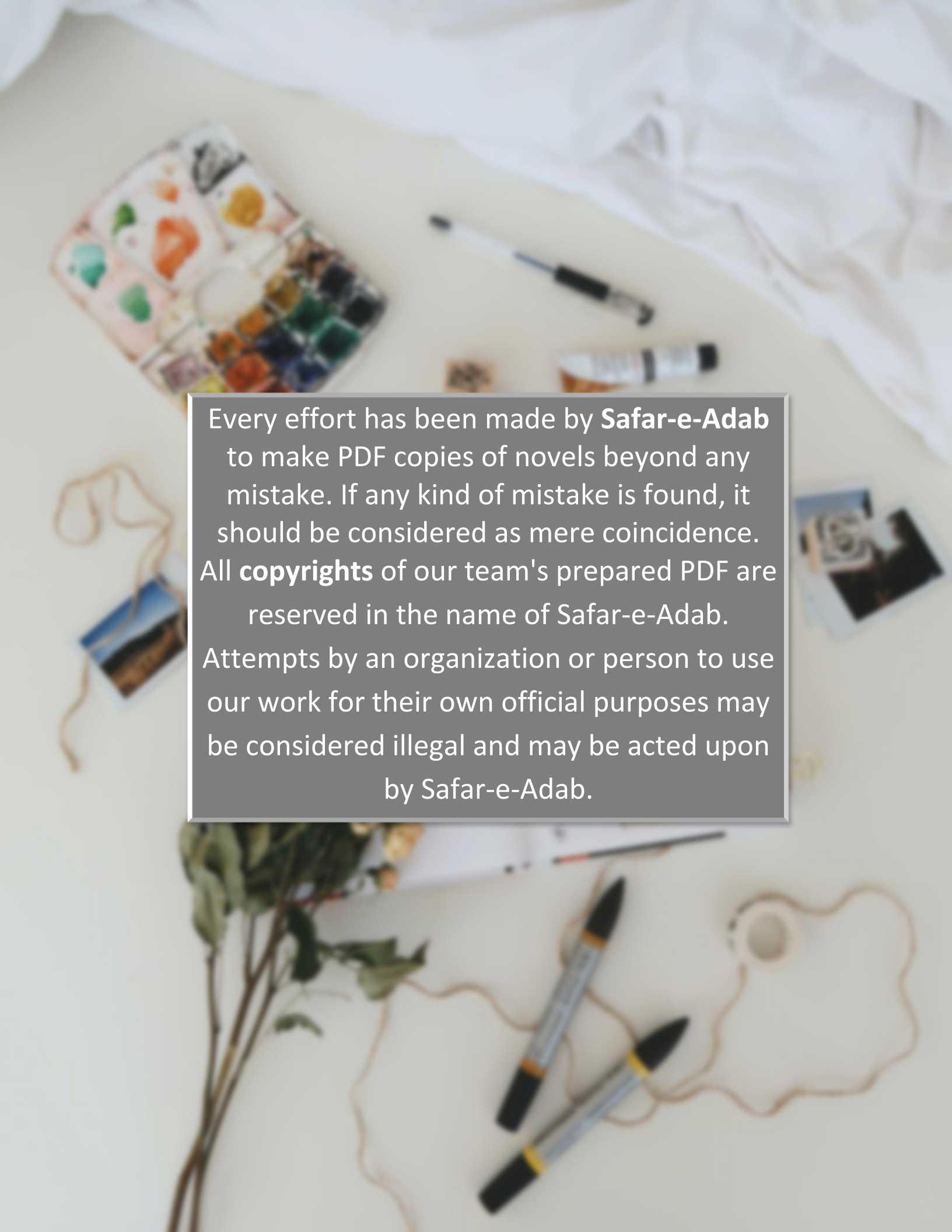


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She was a predator herself.



End of Chapter Seven



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