

## 1002 BONUS CHAPTER: ORDINARY DAY

"What song is that?" Zander frowned when he heard his sister was singing for their father. He had never heard this song before.

Currently, the five of them were sitting in a large carriage and having fun during their journey to the east city. Zaya was very happy, she looked like she would be able to talk and sing for the whole day and night until they actually arrived at their destination. [W\(w\).n\(velw6&mi.cOm](#)

"My friend told me this song when he went to Karam continent, this is the song that people there sang." Zaya was sitting between her father and mother, as she clapped her hands.

"Who is your friend?" Zander frowned. "I don't think Lucia has ever gone to Karam continent."

"I have a lot of friends," Zaya said, annoyed. Her friend was not only Lucia. "His name is Lance. He is one of the warrior's sons."

"A boy?" Zander narrowed his eyes.

"Cut it off, Zan." Zenith kicked his leg, he looked unbothered.

"Yes, cut it off!" Zaya parroted and then went to give a kiss to Zenith. "I love you, Zen!"

"What about me?"

"No, you are annoying," Zaya said.

Iris chuckled to see this interaction. There was nothing special about this, this was only an ordinary bickering between the children, but somehow, Iris felt fulfilled. She had everything that she wanted and the people that she loved were here.

It was ordinary day with ordinary activity, yet, ten years or even twenty years from now, she knew that she would look back to this moment with a fond memory.

The sound of her children bickering with one another, the clear sky, the calm afternoon, the gentle wind, the sound of the neighing horses and everything...

Even to the smallest thing such as; holding Cane's hand, it would be a precious memory that she would take to her last breath.

'You look so beautiful.' Cane mouthed when Iris looked at him, as they held hands secretly behind Zaya's back.

Iris chuckled. Cane used to do this before, when their children grew up and they would always be around, it would be a little bit awkward to be very affectionate verbally, but Cane came up with this method, knowing very well that Iris could read lips, as if she was reading a book.

It reminded Iris of the past, the days, where she thought life would never get better, when there was only pain and suffering, and also constant fear of the uncertainty, the power struggle and everything in between. [w\(w\).w.no#è\(1\)w©\(M.COm](#)

Iris thought, she would be willing to go through all of those sufferings again, if it meant she could have more time with Cane.

'You look so gorgeous too.' Iris mouthed back, blushing like she used to. There was nothing change about her when it came to Cane.

In a good day, Cane would remember this little detail about the two of them, he would remember her every habit, but in bad days, he wouldn't even recognize Iris.

Yet, Iris knew that his heart always recognized her. Cane wouldn't be rude or drawn back when he forgot about her. He would stare at her with this fascination in his eyes.

'I don't know you, but I like you.'

That was what Cane said in one of the bad days when he forgot about his mate.

'I am your mate.' And Iris would remind him in the same way, which made Cane look surprised, but then, he would smile widely. His eyes sparkled innocently.

'I must be very blessed to have you as my mate.' He would respond in the same way and Iris had never gotten tired to hear that.

'So do I.' Iris would kiss the tip of his nose afterward.

In his bad days, when Cane didn't remember Iris, he would follow her every move with his eyes and always love her company. His gaze would soften and he smiled more even when he forgot about her in his mind.

"Father, my ribbon fell," Zaya said, she pulled the ribbon from her hair. "Please, fix it."

Cane let go of Iris's hand and took the ribbon from his daughter to fix it on her hair.

"Do I look beautiful?" Zaya asked. "Lance said he liked my curls."

"He said what?!" Zander stood up from his seat, but his head hit the roof of the carriage, which made him groan in pain.

"Serve you right!" Zaya and Zenith said at the same time.

"Mother! They bullied me..." Zander whined to his mother, as Iris stretched out her hand to ruffle his hair.

"Stop being so childish." Zenith rolled his eyes.

Actually, it had been a long time since Zander acted so childish like this. He used to have this stern expression whenever he had to deal with his advisors, because they thought he was still not yet ready to take the throne. He was too young for such responsibility and it was a pain in the ass to prove himself.

Thankfully, Lou, Jace and Ethan were there, Zander had trustworthy people, who would shut them up mercilessly.

Later that day, when the sun almost set, they had to stop in the inn, because they couldn't have Cane to sleep inside the carriage, it would be too uncomfortable for him. [W\(w\).n\(velw6&mi.cOm](#)

Even though this journey became a little bit longer than usual, because they had to stop a few times to accommodate Cane, but they cherished every moment of it. [w\(w\).w.no#è\(1\)w©\(M.COm](#)

Their time together was all that mattered the most.

Late at night, Cane was woken up and found Iris was in deep sleep, while Zaya was hugging him. She slept with them and the way the two of them were sleeping was the same. Their lips would be slightly ajar and their long, curly hair splayed on the pillow.

Cane entangled himself from Zaya and kissed her. He got off the bed and walked to Iris's bedside and kissed her too before he walked out of the room.

He walked to the main balcony and stood there, staring at the dark sky studded with stars, his mind was very clear now. He remembered how around this time he would be in so much pain because he was forced to shift into his lycan form.

He still remembered how Iris's presence could alleviate the pain and he clung onto such relief. He remembered the lycan.

Lu.

The cursed creature brought so much trouble, but Cane wouldn't change anything about his decision to take Lu's soul and host it.

He would never admit it, but sometime, he missed the lycan. Whenever he saw black smoke from the remaining burned furnace, he would have this little smile on the corner of his lips.

"Father, what are you doing here?" Zenith approached his father, worried. He smelled his father's scent when he walked out of his bedroom because Zander's habit of sleeping was horrible, he was taking the blanket away and talked in his sleep, that's when he followed his father's scent. "Are you, okay?"

"I am great," Cane said with a smile.

Zenith walked over toward his father and stood next to him, staring at the distance, where you could see small taverns were still open and some people were still on the street, while above them the sky was so dark, but the stars looked brighter than any other night.

"What are you doing here, father? Can't sleep?" Zenith looked at Cane. His father aged finely, he looked a little bit different and his forgetfulness made him look tired most of the time, but he still remembered the man that he always admired.

"Yes, I think I slept too much this afternoon."

For a long time, they stayed like that in silence. But, it was very comfortable for both of them, as they had time to think about a certain thing deeply, while still in the presence of each other.

"Have you ever upset because you are not the future king?" Cane finally broke the silence with this question.

"No." Zenith tilted his head. He didn't even need to think twice to give him the answer. "Become a king is not my thing."

Cane ruffled his head. He knew that, he only wanted to make sure about it. He had watched firsthand how the bloody battle within the royal family for the throne had gone too far and brutal, and he didn't wish something like that happened between his children.

"Why do you think so?"

Zenith thought about it for a while. He chose his words. "I don't have the kindness and passion for people like Zander has, father. I am not as versatile as him. Dealing with people exhausted me."

Zenith was a straightforward person, he tended to be very strict and rigid. If he found fault, he would punish the other person accordingly, no excuse, but Zander would find the other way around to make the best of the situation, or at the very least, he would listen to the excuse, but for Zenith, he didn't have the patient for that.

He knew his role and what he was capable of. He was too stiff to become a king and if he ruled the continent, it wouldn't be able to reach its potential growth.

"I am fine by managing Zander, so he will not slack off and become a little bit firm with his decision, but to manage the whole kingdom? No. I don't have the patient." Zenith furrowed his brows. "Don't tell this to Zander, okay? He will be angry for my entire life if he learned I praised him."

Cane laughed to hear his request. "Okay, son."