

Angel - Alpha's Guardian Angel

Chapter 5: Angel

Trigger Warning: The chapter contains scenes of violence and sexual abuse.

The vampire leader carried me to a car and put me in the trunk. He duct taped my mouth before closing me in.

Once I am alone in the dark, I let the tears fall. I have no idea what I'm going to do, but I know no one is coming to help me. My parents, my heart aches as I think them, Alessia howling mournfully in my head. My parents are dead. The only person that knows about me is Jude, and if my previous pack finds my parents, they will assume that I am dead as well.

I have no idea why this lead vampire thinks the prince of vampires would want me. It's well known that vampires do not like the taste of werewolf blood, generally keeping us safe from them, unless we stumble into their territory. But when that vampire tasted my blood, he didn't seem repulsed. Just the opposite. And I don't know what it was that he said, but the way he said it gave me goose bumps. Whatever it is, it can't be good for me.

I don't know how long we drive before we stop. When the trunk opens, I'm ready to jump out, not that I'll get far with my arms and legs bound, but I have to try. However, the vampire anticipates me and snatches me out of mid-air.

"Not so fast, my tasty treat. I have big plans for you. And if you play your cards right, perhaps Prince Keenan will keep you alive as a blood bag." A blood bag? Death would be preferable.

He carries me over his shoulder again. We walk toward a building that you would expect to be owned by vampires. It's dark, gloomy, and gothic looking. Gargoyles at the corners of what looks like an old castle. The only lights that I can see from inside look red and cruel, like what I'd expect in a low-class brothel.

When we walk in, the screams that are coming from somewhere in front of me make my blood run cold. It's the sound of pain and fear and death. Along with that sound is the sickening sound of lustful grunting, slurping and flesh being ripped apart presumably by sharp teeth.

I don't know what to expect, but when I'm put on my feet, I'm in a room filled with vampires and humans. The smell of blood and death is nearly overwhelming to my sensitive nose. The fear is so palpable that it feels like you could cut it with a knife.

I'm turned to face a vampire on a throne. Again, it feels so cliché that if I wasn't disgusted by what is going on around me, I'd laugh. The throne is metal the color of pewter covered in a blood red cushioning across the back, seat and arm rests. I can't tell how tall the vampire is, I'm assuming he's the prince, but the chair back sits about six inches higher than his head.

It takes the vampire prince a moment to acknowledge us. His eyes are closed and he is sucking on the wrist of a young man who is going pale and having trouble standing while a female, I can't tell her age, is being forced to go down on him. He has a grip on her head and is shoving himself into her mouth at a brutal pace. I can see her fists punching against his legs as I watch his body tense up and he holds her there until she stops fighting. Once he's finished, he pulls her off and she drops to the floor, dead. I realize he just suffocated her while he orgasmed in her mouth.

His eyes track to mine as he continues to suck on the wrist of the man that is now on his knees, his eyes going dim as the vampire drains him of his blood. He pulls his lips off the man's wrist, his mouth making a sickening suction sound. The man also falls to the floor, dead.

The vampire prince takes a linen napkin and wipes his mouth as if he just finished dining in a fine restaurant. He looks at the leader behind me.

"Sebastian, what have you brought me?"

"Sire." He kneels, dragging me to the floor with him. He looks up at the prince. "I have found one."

The prince's eyes dart back to me, going wild with lust. "Are you sure?" he asks, his voice covetous.

Sebastian grabs my arm, holding it out to the prince. "Taste her for yourself. I only had enough to ensure I was right about her. She took out four of our coven before I was able to stop her. That's how I knew."

Without taking his eyes off me, the prince stalks over, grabbing my arm and running his nose across my wrist. His eyes close but not before I see the hunger in them. His fangs come out and almost gently, he slides them into my wrist.

The moment he tastes my blood, his eyes go red and his grip on my arm tightens painfully. He begins to groan lewdly while sucking my blood. He finally tears himself away.

"She is untouched, pure." His vulgar purr has bile rising in my throat. He raises his voice over the cacophony in the room. "No one touches her but me."

He looks back at Sebastian. "We have a new batch coming in tomorrow. You may have first choice of the feeders. For now," He runs a finger down my cheek. I attempt to pull away but Sebastian holds my head in place. "I will take you to your room. I want to keep you close."

He grabs my arm and pulls me to my feet. He looks at Sebastian. "You did well, go find something to eat and take your pleasure. Find me when you are done."

Sebastian nods and as I'm pulled away, I see him to go to a cage I hadn't noticed before. There are humans cowering and whimpering inside. He opens the door and finds a boy, he can't be older than 5, pulling him out. The boy screams as Sebastian sinks his fangs into his neck,

practically ripping his head off before throwing him aside and grabbing an adult woman this time.

The prince takes me to a room that is beautifully decorated. It's so different than the rest of the dark and gloomy castle. This room is white and airy. "This will be your room from now on. Do not try to leave. The walls are lined with silver." He walks up to me, sliding his hand down my hair, pulling the duct tape off my mouth. "You will be treated well here. I will not allow others to feed on you, I will not allow anyone to defile you. I want your delicious blood to remain untainted as it is today, just for me."

He gestures around the room. "While you are in this room, you may do as you like. If you want books, you need only to ask. You will be provided three meals a day, heavy on the iron as I will require your blood daily. You will have everything you want or need within reason."

"And if I refuse?" I ask him. Does he think that this is some great honor for me?

He turns to look at me. "I am putting you here in recognition of your status as a Guardian. The elite of the werewolf and in some ways, even more elite than other supernaturals. But do not think that I will not take all of this away and keep you in the cells with the other blood bags if you offend me. Your life can be much worse than it will be. Cross me and maybe I grow tired of you and give you to my coven to allow them to feed on you. I promise, they will not be as gentlemanly as I am."

With that, he tosses me a key to my restraints and walks out the door, locking me in my well decorated prison.

The trauma of the day and the mental echos of the screams from the feeding room have exhausted me and I fall onto the bed. The horrible sounds and things I have witnessed today will haunt me for the rest of my life.