



Chapter 35

I am so very sorry for the long wait. This semester is just packed with so many assignments and projects.

Every time you guys ask for an update I'm like, "No my babies!!! You'll have to wait a little longer!" (sn)

But here's another chapter. Enjoy it. The next update will take some time, hopefully not this long but still....

Anyways, enjoy this chapter and lemme know what you guys think.

God bless you all and have a wonderful day ahead.

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Prince Phoenix's POV

Once her hands were stretched out. The soldier had her fingers spread out too.

"You really did it this time. You really crossed the line. The moment you laid your filthy fingers on my girl, you should have known that you were a dead vampire," I growled lowly, my eyes never le hers.

"Your girl? You're doing this because of that thing!!!! It's a slave, a pathetic human!!!!" she screamed maniacally.

I snapped my fingers at one of the soldiers. She came forward and threw a hard punch across Esther's jaw. Blood came out of her mouth and nose. "I suggest you watch that mouth of yours unless you rather lose your bloody tongue."

She violently coughed out blood. "I should have killed that bitch," she muttered under her breath. That made my insides burn but I didn't show it, wanting to remain expressionless. I couldn't control the surrounding temperature though. The dungeons were slowly heating up.

I knew I had to control myself or we would be baked in an enormous oven.

I took a few moments to calm myself down. Once that was done, I signaled to the same lady soldier who had punched Esther. Another male guard came towards Esther and pressed her shoulders down, keeping her still. The woman proceeded to take out several phonograph needles and placed them on the table before Esther.

"What are those? What are you going to do to me? Cause me pain?" she asked not fully believing that this was actually happening to her. She was denying her reality. An idiot who was only going to make things worse for herself.

"Yes. A lot of pain. The best part is, you're a vampire so when you heal yourself I get to do it all over again." I stared blankly at her dumbfounded expression.

I looked at my soldiers and gave them a slight nod. The woman, picked up one of the needles and had it burned using a torch. Esther struggled and tried to break free but it was no use. I brought in my best soldiers with me.

Once the phonograph needle was red hot, she slowly inserted it between the flesh and the nail of Esther's right thumb. Esther's face scrunched up as she screamed in pain but I didn't blink once. This was nothing for me.

When the needle was deep enough, it was w ripped out upwards, tearing out the nail in the process. By this time, Esther was already screaming her lungs out and shaking uncontrollably. "E...enough!!"

I nodded at the soldiers again, signalling for them to continue and so they did. Her screams were piercing my ears but it was the same time I enjoyed listening to its deafening sound.

The soldier kept heating up the needles and inserting them between the flesh and nail of every one of Esther's fingers. Then pulling them upwards, separating the nail from its flesh.

Tears flowed out of her eyes while her fingers bled. All of them were missing it's nail. The dungeons was filled with her horrible screeching.

Good.

I wanted the rest of them to hear. So they would know what's coming for them.

The second I was done with her once perfectly manicured nails, I moved on to her toes as well.

Esther sat limp against the wall, chained. A er having her nails and toe nails removed, I ordered her to be severely whipped. I made sure the whips were covered with wolfsbane. It would have felt like acid to any ordinary vampire. The skin on her back were torn open each time the whip connected with her skin. The back of her legs and arms were badly wounded with deep slashes as well.

Wolfsbane on it's own, has no effect on Pure Blood vampires. Only her sharp screams and the writhing of her body gave me a clue as to how it must have felt on her.

"I'll wait until you heal. Then we'll proceed with whatever I have in mind."

I wasn't sitting very far from Esther while she was being whipped so I had blood splattered all over me.

I wasn't done though. Every time I blinked I saw my Little Flower's scared expression. They way she looked at me with those wide, intense, fearful eyes. It had me frozen every time I thought of that. Her horror filled screams still rang in my ears. I hated the way she tried to get away from me. She looked as if her world was going to end.

The very thought of it made me walk into the next cell.

A lined figure sat against the wall as I walked in. She was covering her ears with both her hands while looking at the ground.

I dragged the chair before her and took my seat. I was only a couple of feet away from her.

I haven't even done anything but she was already trembling before me. I only continued to stare at her. The girl my Little Flower loved with all her heart. The girl she would risk anything for.

How could I forget that my Little Flower had one night, stupidly taken her place and did her chores for Esther. She knew the rules and the consequences but she helped this piece of shit anyway.

"You might be the most disappointing human I've ever met," I said calmly. She didn't dare look up. I took pleasure in watching her quiver with fear. It only fueled the fire in me.

"You are quite brave. I'll give you that. I just have one question. What made you think you could've gotten away with all that?" She remained quiet and looked down. One of the soldiers stepped forward and gripped her hair, forcing her head up.

"I won't ask you again." I gritted out.

"...I was with Lady Esther...."

"And you thought both of you could get away with anything?" She just stared ahead. This earned her a punch in the guts by the soldier. She spat blood out.

"Refuse to answer again, and I'll break every single one of your teeth."

"We weren't going to k...kill them...". The soldier slapped her face. Hard. Then he stepped back.

"That's not what I heard. You do know all of them are alive right? So don't even think about lying to me." This moron was just begging me to kill her that moment.

"W...what d...do you want?"

"I want to know what was going on in that fucked up brain of yours when you took my girl. Your sister. The sister who would do anything for you."

"She was never my sister!!! Stop calling her that!!!!" she shrieked. It amused me how loud her screechy voice was. She didn't look anything like what she sounded like.

"I'm right in front of you. Plus, I'm a Pure Blood hybrid with heightened senses. Do not fucking scream to my face. Ever again." She shrank back at my deadly warning.

Her voice could literally kill a person.

I signaled for the soldiers to bring in the same table and chair which I used for Esther. Both furniture had fresh blood splattered on them. The same procedure was done with Henrietta. She was tied to the chair with her arms stretched out on the table.

"W...wait..." she received another hard slap on the face. The harsh blow caused her head to swi ly turn to the side.

I took a shiny dagger out of my coat and pulled my chair closer to her. The soldier standing on her le then came forward and placed a jar of salt on the table.

"This is one of my favorite weapons. I carry it wherever I go. This dagger is extremely light but as sharp as any sword. It was made by the Elves. This was given to me as a gi about two hundred and forty years ago, by the Alpha King." I casually spoke to her. The further I explained the more fear radiated o of her. She was filled with confusion and fear of the unknown.

"I've used this dagger to kill and hunt. I've used it for sport and now I'm going to use it on you." I smirked at her. She refused to look at me and kept looking at her hands.

"Now, answer the question." She took deep breaths to calm herself. She still couldn't stop shaking. She should already know what's in store for her.

A few moments passed before she opened her mouth.

"She stole the man I love." She muttered sadly under her breath. My grip on the dagger tightened. That was her excuse!!!

"And who the fuck is that?"

She remained quiet and turned her head the other way.

The soldier raised his hand but I gave him a look. I took my dagger and placed the sharp tip on her forearm. She flinched and struggled with the shackles connected to the table.

"This is for not answering my question immediately." I pushed the dagger deep into her skin and dragged it towards her wrist. She let out a sharp cry as I made the long cut on her arm. Her forearm was all bloody in no time.

"Go on," before she could answer I thrust the dagger into her forearm again, tearing her skin and drawing out a good amount of blood. I made another long gash along her arm. She didn't stop screaming and crying.

"S...top!!!"

Smiled and continued to decorate both her forearms with deep, long cuts and gashes. I enjoyed her screams more than Esther's.

Maybe it was because of her betrayal towards my Little Flower.

Once I was bored of doing the same thing over and over again, I stopped and stared at her.

"E...E...enough...." she sobbed. She was took deep breaths, trying to block away the unbearable pain.

"Hm... I still haven't received an answer. I believe I ask."

"Alex!!! She took him away from me!!!!"

I hoped she was kidding but she continued to sob like a stupid child.

Alex?! What did she mean by took him away?

"What do you mean she took away your Alex? Alexander Kheelan?!"

"...I... I loved him..."

My fury went the top.

"You fucking idiot!!!!" I bellowed. I took the dagger and stabbed her on the shoulder. She screeched and began to thrash in her seat.

"That's why you tormented her and almost killed her. You were jealous of their relationship. That's as far as this goes huh? You couldn't take that your sister loved your brotthead you couldn't take it to the point where you would have her beaten and tortured to death. You also couldn't accept the fact that he didn't return your feelings so you had them punished. Your own family.

And you had her raped!!"

"They not my siblings!!!!" she continued to bawl her eyes out.

I didn't feel the need to tell her about them. I'll let someone else do it. Instead of saying anything, I took a handful of salt from the jar and rubbed it on her open wounds. She screamed at the top of her voice while kicking and trashing due to the burn.

I took my time rubbing the salt. Every time I applied it, I waited for a few moments, allowing the excruciating pain to seep in. Then I took another handful of it. The soldier who was standing behind her took another step back.

"Both of you had her raped." I spat again. The words felt like thorns pricking at my throat.

She shook her head furiously and continued to cry out in pain. There were so many emotions swirling in her. One I didn't sense at all was remorse. She didn't regret what she did and I don't think she ever will.

That doesn't mean I won't make her.

She will regret whatever she did. When I'm done with her, she'll regret ever being born.

I had Henrietta whipped as well. Thirty blows to her back. Salt was rubbed on her wounds right after the whipping. Her screams filled the entire area and shook the guards in the opposite cells. Seeing them pale, looking like frightened children gave me a sense of thrill.

I was saving the guards who raped my girl for last. I was still planning their misery. I never stopped planning it from the second I heard what they did.

It was evening when I walked out of the dungeons. I didn't want her to see me covered in blood splatter so I took a shower in one of the many other rooms. I only went to my chambers once. I was all cleaned up with no traces of what happened earlier in the day.

The nurses were dressing the wounds on her arms. They were finishing up when I walked in they were applying some medicine.

I walked towards the bed and the sight before me made a hole in my heart. Sadly, that hole was only getting bigger. There was scarcely any untouched skin on both her arms. They were littered with ugly burnt marks.

Not just any random marks. As I walked closer to her, I noticed half of the burnt marks were actually words.

They fucking branded her.

The two words which popped out were slut and whore. The marks were a deadly black, a contrast to her milky skin. They covered both her entire arms. I couldn't imagine how that must have felt like. I couldn't imagine how she must have screamed.

I took slow steps towards her. I knew the dressing was causing her a lot of pain but she didn't make a single noise. She didn't even flinch. She let nothing out but I knew she was hurting on the inside. Her wet, red eyes showed it all.

The nurses were now wrapping her arms with a thin bandages. Right before they le, one other nurse walked in with a tray. She walked towards me. "Evening, Your Highness," she curtsied and looked to the floor. "Ms. Odelle suggested that you feed her. Your Highness," she whispered not wanting the little human to hear.

"Leave it on the table," I dismissed all of them. Soon a er, there were only the two of us.

I took the tray and went to her. Once I le it on the small table I took a seat on the bed right next to her. I didn't care about how she would react. I just wanted to be close to her. She averted her eyes and looked at her lap. I scooted a little closer.

Please don't freak out again.

I gently held her chin and turned her head towards me. I let out breath of relief.

She didn't push away or panic. She just stared ahead.

I sighed and brought the table before her. I opened the tray and took some porridge in the spoon.

"Come on, you haven't eaten all day. I don't want you to turn into a skeleton. Eat."

She remained unmoving for a few moments. I thought she wasn't going to move but then she slowly parted her lips.

This brought a huge smile to my face.

She ate about six to seven mouths. I also managed to feed her pieces of so chicken. This was a big improvement. I was happy she was actually eating.

"Did you see your family today?"

She remained quiet and looked down.

"I heard they visited you." She looked up and blinked.

Once.

Twice.

Thrice.

I stood up and walked towards the mirror on the other side of the room. I grabbed a comb and came back to her.

I gently adjusted the pillows behind her back so she was in a comfortable sitting position.

Gently. Apparently, many of my movements lately were described by that word. A very unbelievable thing. Yet, it was happening for some reason.

I began to undo her braids, freeing her hair. It cascaded down to her lower back, like a fiery waterfall. I then started to comb her hair, releasing some knots in the process. She was extremely sti at first and she would slightly flinch every time the comb made contact with her scalp but a er several strokes, her muscles relaxed.

I combed her hair for a few more minutes making her feel calm. A er that, I tucked her in and waited for her to go to sleep.

Breakfast went smoothly. She only ate four bites from the bread but at least, it was something.

I ordered Odelle to dress her into something more suitable because I wanted to take her outside.

"She's ready. You two can go now," my Little Flower was wearing a simple cream colored, long sleeve cotton dress that went right below her knees.

It wasn't anything special. It was plain but she looked so adorable in it.

I went towards her and took her small hand in mine. "Come."

Before I walked out the door, I noticed Odelle changing the white roses in the vase.

"They keep wilting you know."

I nodded and le with my girl limping behind me. She couldn't walk properly and before I could do anything, her legs gave out. I was quick to catch her before she hit the ground. I took her in my arms. She started to breathe heavily as I carried her. Beads of sweat started to form on her forehead.

"Sshh, sshh, it's okay. I'm just going to take you outside, that's all. Everything's going to be fine. No one's going to hurt you."

With that, I carried her out to the gardens. I came to a nice clearing in the middle of the gardens. The place had a sitting area and a beautiful marble made fountain. It had a sculpture of an angel in the middle of it. The area was surrounded by the many flowering plants planted in the gardens.

I slowly brought my Little Flower to sit on the ground. She looked around in awe but said nothing. She just stared at her surrounding with her big bluish green eyes. I was going to sit beside her when I was rudely interrupted.

"Your Highness, the Alpha King."

"...What about him?" I raised my voice.

"H...he wants to have a talk with you Y...Your Highness."

"Tell him I'll call him back." I gritted.

"Y...Your Highness, he said it was u...urgent."

I wanted to snap his neck right where he stood but I couldn't. I ordered Odelle to be with her and le for my office.

India's POV

I saw him carry her out to the gardens. About damn time. She needed the Sun. She needed to be out of that room. At least once in a while.

There was something about Eve. She always seemed happier when with nature. That got me thinking about the roses she would always ask. Those flowers not only brought her joy but they also somehow completed her. At first I thought she was just obsessed with flowers because of some weird reason.

However, as time passed, I noticed that she couldn't be without them. It was a need. She needed to be with them.

"India, Queen Charlotte has requested to see you," that broke my train of thoughts with a bang.

"T...the Queen?"

"Don't worry. She liked how you arranged her flowers the other day so she might tell you to do it again."

Flowers

The Queen.

"Are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Where is the Queen now?"

I gave Ms. Odelle a tight smile and headed towards the Queen's chambers.

When I got there, Queen Charlotte was looking out the window. Her chambers overlooked the main garden. It was where Prince Phoenix had brought Eve. This garden was the biggest and the most stunning one of all.

I walked in just in time to see a guard leading the Dark Prince out of the garden. Eve was sitting on the trimmed grass, simply looking around. Not long a er we saw Ms. Odelle walking over towards Eve.

"My son is very possessive of her," the Queen complained. "He hasn't even introduced her to my husband and I." She grimbled. When she turned around, I gave her a bow and looked down.

"The witch who saved my son.... and many others."

"My Queen."

"I wanted you to arrange the flowers in those two vases," she pointed at them on the shelves which was built against the wall.

"I never properly thanked you for what you did."

"It's nothing my Queen, I'm just happy they're all alive." I said quietly. The questions in me were fighting to get out.

"Do you think they'll make a good couple?" she asked suddenly.

I had no idea how to answer that question.

"Prince Phoenix really seems to care for her."

"But?"

Crap!!

"I'm afraid for her...." I said lamely. I hope it didn't come out as an insult to her son.

"Hmm," she continued to look at Eve from the window.

"I've never seen him like this."

"My Queen?"

"Yes"

"May I ask you a question?"

"Go ahead."

"You are a fae creature, yes? Would you be able to tell or just know if another...."

"Your friend does look familiar to me." She said sensing my thoughts. I almost choked and fell.

Was she thinking the same thing????

I wanted to shout and shoot her with questions. Questions that I've been burying for so long.

As I was going to ask, we saw Prince Phoenix walking towards Eve. He carried her in his arms and walked away from our line of vision. As we continued to look at where they once were, it happened again.

This time, no words came out of my mouth.

Even the Queen took a small step back.

The grass around where Eve sat on, slowly began to turn yellow and then brown.

There's no denying it now." Queen Charlotte whispered.

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That's all for now my beloved readers. Share your

Continue to next part