

Chapter 12 - The Lycan King's Long Lost Princess

TRIGGER WARNING: R*PE/GORE

Genevieves POV:

I run for the forest on all fours. I look behind me and he's about three feet behind me chasing me. After a few minutes of running and him nipping at my legs, I turn and don't see him behind me.

I look around when all of the sudden he jumps out from behind a tree and tackles me. He licks my face with his long tongue and I shove him away pouncing right back at him. He rolls away before I can reach him and then I go at him again. This time sticking the landing. I lick from his long snout to his ear and then I feel myself starting to shift back.

Shifting back, I'm still on top of him. With my nose in his neck, his fur tickling my lips. He follows along and shifts back, looking deep into my eyes. He pulls me in for a kiss sending shocks throughout my body. Not breaking away, he rolls on top of me. I feel his erection pressing against my thighs when I realize we're both still naked.

"Umm.. my king?" I said trying to move away.

"Call me Hunter. I am your mate. I don't want you calling me king."

"Okay. Hunter, I would like to put on some clothes." I said shyly, suppressing my laughter.

"Oh yes. We are naked aren't we?" He laughed. He has such an amazing laugh. He wiggles his eyebrows at me before I see his eyes glaze over and one of his men run up to us. The king keeping my bits covered with his body. I want to say it's his beta. I think I heard someone call him Mark.

Mark tosses the king some clothes and turns around.

“I brought an extra shirt for her, and a pair of shorts. I’ll let you two get dressed.” He said as he ran off.

“No! Let’s stay naked! Mate him!”

“Oh my goddess, Ophelia. No.”

The king pulls me up and puts a shirt over me. It smells just like him. I grab it into my hands bringing it to my nose. I take a deep breath, inhaling his mouth-watering scent. He laughs and hands me a pair of shorts.

We both dress and walk back to the festival.

“We will be heading to my castle in the morning. Until then, I would like it if you slept in my room.”

“I’m not allowed up there,” I replied. I started biting my lip when he places his thumb over it, stopping me.

“You’re my mate. My queen. You will not be sleeping anywhere besides my room.” He states.

“Grab your things and I’ll meet you there.” I nod and head for the back door.

When I get inside, people are talking and when I walk by them they bow their heads. “My queen,” a few of them say. Others look at me in disgust.

I ignore them and continue to my room. But not before I get a drink. That run made me thirsty. I hop into the kitchen and grab a glass of water, heading to my room.

I realize I have to pee so I quickly sit down my cup and run into the bathroom. When I finish, I head back out to finish my water. As I’m drinking the last drop I notice it tastes different. I ignore it and continue.

As I get close to my room, I see someone walking quickly toward me. They shove me up against the wall with their hands on my throat.

“You’re a little sl*t, you know?” Beta Justin growls. His eyes pierced my soul.

“Get off of me. The king, he’ll..”

“He’ll what? He’ll realize you’re nothing but a f*ckable sl*t. When he’s had his way with you he’ll toss you aside like everyone else.” He moves his face closer to me and sniffs up the side of my neck.

“I should take you right here. Get you ready for the king.” He says reaching under my shirt.

“Let me go. Get off of me!” I scream.

He puts his hand over my mouth. I try to bite him but he punches me.

“Now, now. You know better than to fight me.” He grabs me with his hand still over my mouth and drags me into a room. He pulls me over to a couch and pushes me down. I’m about to scream when he puts his hand back over my mouth and with his other hand he pulls his pants down. Tears are streaming down my face as he rips my shorts off. I tried to shift but it just wasn’t working.

“Ophelia! Help!”

“Ophelia? Are you there?” There was only silence.

He gets on top of me still covering my mouth and shoves himself inside me. I squeal into his hand as it hurts. I hear him moan. I try to go elsewhere but my mind refuses. I try to hit him, but with his free hand, he punches me in the face and grabs my arms. He thrusts a few times while I try to push away. But it’s no use.

All of the sudden the door bursts open and he’s ripped off of me. The king is standing there holding him off the ground by his throat. He glanced at me laying there crying, blood between my legs. He looks back at Justin with rage in his eyes. Justin goes to say something when the king shoves his hand inside his chest and pulls back. Blood splattering everywhere. He drops Justin and his heart on the floor and runs over to me.

“Oh, little one. Come here. Let me take you away.” He says trying to grab me. I flinch and push him away.

“I should’ve come with you. It’s my fault. I’m so sorry. Please let me take you.” I nod, tears still running down my face as he picks me up bridal style. He grabs a blanket and throws it over me, covering my bottom. With my head laying against his chest listening to his heart race he takes me away.

He carried me up the stairs to his room and lays me on his bed. He runs into the bathroom and I hear him turn on the bath. He comes back out and sits next to me, cradling my face with his hand.

“My love, I’m so sorry. Let’s get you cleaned up, okay? May I carry you to the bath?” He asks. I nod, not able to speak from the shock. He takes me to the bathroom and looks at me.

“Do you want my help getting in?” He asks. He looks so upset. I can feel regret as he asks.

I nod again. He lifts me and places me into the bath. The warm water swallowed my body. He removes my soaked shirt, shifting his eyes to the scars on my stomach and then looking back at my face. I sink deeper into the tub.

He grabs a rag and dips it in the water. Running it along my face wiping away the tears. I just stare blankly at the bottom. This is the first time I didn’t go blank. I wish I had.