

My Mate and Brother's Betrayal

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Drake POV

As I sit behind the large wooden desk, I wonder what happened to the mahogany desk with the intricate designs my father had when I was a child. It was a gift from my mother when he became king. I remember him having candy hidden in one of the drawers for when I visited him.

This desk is just another way David tried to erase my father's existence. The door swinging open brings me out of my thoughts. Jared barges in and my heart starts to race, but I manage to keep my breathing even. I narrow my eyes showing my irritation just as I know David would. When Lily first suggested using my power of illusion to appear to others as David, I was skeptical. Not because it wasn't a brilliant plan, but I wasn't sure I could pull it off. The more we discussed it I realized I knew exactly how the pr*ck would act after seeing it firsthand on many occasions. I rise from my seat and stare at Jared as he moves to stand in front of the desk.

"Since when do you barge into my f**king office? What if I was still busy? You are lucky I was finished with Lily," I snap at Jared. Even insinuating that David touched my beautiful beloved leaves a rancid taste in my mouth, but I know it's necessary for the plan to work. I cross my arms over my chest waiting for him to respond.

"I'm sorry my king, but we have a bit of a situation" he says. "You mean the situation where my queen again was near the f**king mute when you were nowhere to be found. I agree that is a situation. I thought my orders were fairly simple. Instead, I find out you were to busy with that f**king mutt."

"My king, I swear to you, I wasn't doing anything with the mutt. I simply wanted to make sure she understood the consequences of f**king up again. When I came out of the room, Jasmine and Lily's brother were standing near the mute's door. We had words and he landed a lucky punch to my jaw. When I came to, I was in one of the servants' rooms and everyone was gone, including the mutt," he says.

"So you're telling me my right-hand elf was knocked out by a teenager who hasn't even grown into his ears. Is that what I'm hearing Jared?" I can see anger and embarrassment swirl in his eyes. "It was unexpected, my king" he says. A knock on the door has us both turning toward the sound. When the door opens, Jasmine steps inside. Her movements are slower, giving the impression she has been punished. Anger rolls through me at the thought of the many times

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her walking like this wasn't an act.

"My king, everyone has been taken to their rooms. I'm going to get the children ready for bed." I open my arms, and she reluctantly steps toward me. I wrap my arms around her and move my mouth to her ear, but I don't drop my voice. "I warned you what would happen if you disobeyed me, my queen." Her body stiffens and I notice Jared smirk at her out of the corner of my eye.

"He is the one that will suffer for your disobedience. I press a kiss to her forehead before I finally release her. "Please, my king, it wasn't his fault. I was simply giving Grant a tour as you asked," she says, pleading with me. I cup her face with my hand. "What did I tell you would happen if you tried to ask for mercy for the pathetic mute?" "I wasn't. I was just explaining why we were in the servants' quarters. I wasn't there to see Drake. Please don't punish him."

give it my best to let a sinister smile spread across my face as I look toward Jared. "The mute is in the cells. I want you to redeem yourself for disappointing me earlier. Do your worst but remember he can't die. If he dies, you die." "Of course, my king. Before I go and deal with the slave" he says looking directly at Jasmine. It takes all my control not to let the vines flow from my hands and snap his pathetic neck. "May I ask a question, my king?" I nod keeping my eyes focused on him.

"What happened to the mutt?" I try my best not to ball my fist at my side. This pathetic elf has abused his fated beloved for years, and he's asking where she is. "I'm dealing with the mutt, but I'm intrigued to know why you are so interested in the filthy b**ch." Again the vile words feel so foreign and disgusting on my tongue, even though I don't mean it saying it doesn't sit right with me.

He looks between me and Jasmine before he finally speaks again. "I just wanted to make sure that she was dealt with, my king. No other reason." He is holding something back, but I don't have time to push right now. We need to prepare for the arrival of the Elders tomorrow. Jared turns and stalks toward the door. I have a feeling David is going to be experiencing a very

pissed off Jared which will not be pleasant for the mute king.

"Jared, the Elders will be joining us around lunchtime tomorrow for a meeting. Make sure the mute stays out of sight, especially if he needs medical attention again. Make sure that Vincent's mate doesn't care for him this time. She was far to caring and compassionate. I need him alive not cared for."

He smiles and nods before turning to leave. Once the door clicks shut behind him, I plop down into the chair and Jasmine smiles. "Goddess, if I didn't know it was you I would have believed it was David. Your voice even sounds like his," she says. "I'm glad it was believable, but I hated

saying such vile things."

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She puts her hand on my face. "Despite all you have endured, you are still such a soft-hearted boy." She chuckles and I raise my eyebrows in question. "It's just so strange to be staring at David's face and to not feel loathing for the ba**ard. What I wouldn't give to watch Jared beat the sh*t out of him, and for him not be able to say a word to make it stop," she says.

Jared POV

As I make my way through the castle, the anger that was bubbling right below the surface is threatening to boil over. I can't believe that little sh*t landed that punch. He and I will have our time, but for now I'm going to take out every bit of my anger on that mute ba**ard. My mind goes to Matilda. I don't care about the b**ch one bit, but the bond made f**king her better than any of the others I've been with.

Maybe I can find out where he is keeping her and take her away from the castle. I can chain her in a small cottage outside the royal tribe and visit her whenever I want to. That thought brings a smile to my face. I reach the door that leads to the cells and the guard quickly steps out of my way.

Once I'm down the stairs, I reach the cell in ten long strides. I smile when I see that he is tied to the chair. The minute he sees me, his eyes get big and something I can't decipher flashes in them. "What's the matter, slave? Aren't you happy to see me because I'm happy to see you?" He shakes his head so hard he practically tips the chair over.

I grab the keys opening the cell door and stepping inside. I drop the keys on the counter and move toward the little pr*ck. He's practically convulsing as he tries to free himself. I draw back my fist landing my first punch to his face. The satisfying crunch of his nose under my fist is made better when the chair he's tied to falls back with the force of the strike. He gasps as his back hitting the floor knocks the wind from him. He gasps trying to pull air in and I smile.

"You are so weak and pathetic. I don't understand why we have to keep you alive, but honestly part of me is happy to have you to beat on." I pull the chair back up and his head lulls to the side. I slap him hard on the cheek and his eyes fly open. He again starts to shake his head

and trying to mouth something to me. Usually he won't give anything away when we beat on him. I've actually been impressed occasionally when he didn't cry despite broken ribs, wrist, and various other bones.

"You can try to convince me to stop, but you know it won't work. Even if the king hadn't ordere it, I enjoy teaching you that you'll never be anything but a mute slave." This time the punch lands on his right side. I know the force of the blow broke at least a couple of ribs. I'm shocked to see a tear run down his cheek. "Don't tell me after all this time you've turned into a p**sy, I had a minuscule amount of respect for the way you took the beating, but now your

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crying like a b**ch." I land another punch to his face and his head snaps back.

I work him over for an hour before I finally call for one of the nurses to come attend to his injuries. He's got at least some broken ribs, a broken nose, a broken wrist, and multiple bleeding wounds on his chest and legs. Every time he fought against his restraints, I'd hit him. Again, he finally gives up, but I'm not sure if it's from the pain or the blood loss. When the nurse reaches the cell, she goes green as she looks over Drake's injuries.

"Move and attend to him. If he dies, you will die." "Yes sir" she says, and moves toward Drake. Once she has him stabilized, I make my way back out of the cells. Feeling much calmer, I decide now is the time to find the mutt. She should be glad that Drake took the brunt of my anger. Sinking into her tight little body will keep me from finding that pr*ck that is Lily's brother and doing what I just did to Drake to him. I don't need to piss the king off anymore than he already is, especially with the Elders coming.

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