

Chapter 19

His shoulders went rigid and everyone drew a breath and held it captive in their lungs.

He slowly turned around and I was begging that he didn't see the fear in my eyes.

His eyes were black as they locked on mine in a threatening glare.

"You growl at my men?" He asked ruggedly.

I tried to straighten myself, to stand tall and too look strong and unbothered.

"I am perfectly capable of walking by myself." I said, surprised at the strength I heard in my voice.

The strength was quickly shoved down when Darian took three steps and was standing in front of me, heaving as his cheeks flustered.

"That can easily change." He snarled. "You don't ever growl at my men, they pull rank."

Over me?

Just like that my question was answered and my future realized; I was prey, caught by the King and branded like an animal by a man who saw me as nothing more than an object he'd won.

How was this any different than being auctioned off?

"Whatever I tell them to do with you, you oblige. You step back with a simple 'yes sir', Is that clear?"

Fuck no.

"Hazel," Trixy snapped weakly. She needed food, we both did.

once we were alone behind closed doors in his pack?

"Yes," I said and started walking as I looked at Illiana and Emanuel.

They were watching me, both of them jumped when I was pulled back and slammed into the couch.

His fingers circled my arm painfully and I saw the blue patch starting to form, a bruise...already. It was because we were weakened from the lack of food and rest.

I stared into his eyes and found that they weren't showing anger, it was still a game to him.

"Yes what?" He asked.

He wanted me to say it. Will he always want me to say it?

I heard the emotion in his words but his face was masked with emotionless cold.

"Yes sir." I said more quietly than I had wished.

"Good girl." Darian's lips pulled up and I didn't know whether or not I should walk or wait - my mind was a jumbled mess right now and all I wanted was to leave. I saw the way everyone was eyeing me, as though I was a lamb headed for the slaughter.

Honestly, that was exactly what it felt like.

One his men grabbed my arm, his warm fingers pressed abasing my skin and I looked at him and then at Darian who was watching me.

"Problem?" He asked.

I felt the mans fingers digging into my flesh.

"No." I answered.

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"Good." His voice lowered an octave to a dark rustling sound. The sound alone sent shivers down my spine but the voice together with the darkness i saw in his eyes had my blood feel as though it turned to ice in my veins.

My body was stale as it was forced out of the house. I looked back and threw one last look at Iliana who was leaning against Emanuel as he supported her weight.

At least they have each other.

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