

Chapter 30

"Please! Please, I'm sorry! No!"

The faint sounds of beginning brought me out of my violent slumber and my eyes fluttered open but I saw nothing other than blurry lights and the sounds seemed further away when I was awake.

"I'm so sorry!" He cried. He wasn't close, his voice came from down a few halls. Where was he?

He was begging for his life, his voice sounded muffled and desperate and the sound of gurgling and coughing made me shake my head to get a grip.

I looked around but my vision wouldn't allow me to see much.

All I saw were blurry walls and something shiny in front of me.

I lifted my hand to rub my eyes but the restraints were stopping me.

I looked down and moved my wrist but it wouldn't budge and after staring for a good minute I saw the cable ties that kept my wrists locked to the chair.

"No," I breathed and tried to muster up enough strength to break loose.

A loud, gut-wrenching scream pulled my attention to the hallway. The sound came from down the hall but I couldn't see where it led. All I could do was listen to his tortuous screams and blame myself for getting him into that position.

The room started spinning, my hands relaxed on the wooden armrests and my head hung as my eyes rolled into the back of my head for another deep slumber. My mind and body were exhausted, each breath felt like I



was swallowing fire and I didn't have it in me to fight any longer. Trixy was gone and I was done.

"Wake up, princess," a bucket of ice-cold water came pouring over my head and I breathed it in, feeling the water in my nose and throat when I inhaled in panic. My heart raced in my chest and my fingers stretched out tensely.

I looked up and saw a man, dressed in the uniform of the royal guard and he grinned as he tossed the bucket into the corner of the room.

From the shadows in the hallway Darian emerged, dressed in black jeans and a black shirt, the sleeves rolled up exposing his lower arms.

From behind him, I could still hear the screams of the guy whose only wrong was trying to save me.

If I had taken his knife and killed myself in the woods he wouldn't be there. Nor would I.

I closed my eyes and hung my head.

But serenity rarely came to those who begged for it.

Darian twisted his hand in my hair and my scalp burned from his rough pull as he forced my head back.

"Oh no, puppet. I want you to listen. Listen to what you have done," he said and leaned in.

His lips hovered over mine, gently brushing over my swollen lip and his hand rested on my knee. Our eyes were locked with little power on my part and spine-twisting anger on his part; he didn't look away as he slowly dragged his hand up my thigh and under the dress. Another



scream filled the halls and felt like acid going into my ears.

I tried to turn my head when the screams continued to get louder but Darian forced me back and pulled me in.

"Listen." He ordered against my lips.

The screams filled the hallway and bounced on the walls. My heart sunk in my chest and I could barely breathe the louder they got.

"Please make it stop," I cried and looked into his eyes.

That nice guy had done nothing wrong. All he did was try to help me, it was my fault, not his.

Darian dragged his thumb down my lips and held my eyes captive with his.

"Okay," he said.

Darian could connect to the royal guard through mind-link, but he could only reach out to them, not the other way around.

His eyes shifted in that royal golden hue - a beautiful color had it been the eyes of a different man - and he connected with his warrior. Hope filled me that the guard would be okay, maybe he'd be sent away from the kingdom but he would be okay.

"Kill him"

I gasped and tears pooled in my eyes.

One word and the screaming stopped.

One word followed by the sound of a crack and I was now responsible for



the death of a good man.

He was dead, they broke his neck, and the sound echoed through the palace. The king had him killed for trying to help me.

His fingers dug into my thigh and he inhaled a deep breath. I wasn't breathing. If only I hadn't talked to him in the woods, if only he hadn't helped me then he would be alive.

I looked at Darian- a person shouldn't be able to be so cold.

The mind-link works like telepathy, he didn't have to say the words out loud. He wanted me to hear. He wanted me to hurt.

"Such a shame, he was a nice kid. Now I have to tell his parents that you had their son killed." He said. 1

A devil's glint shone in his eyes and he sized me up and down while slowly removing his hand.



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