



Chapter 31

It had been hours since Darian told the guard to kill the guy who helped me. His screams stopped, actually no, he begged for his life one last time they took it from him and the sound that followed was a metal door sliding shut with a loud lock clicking into place. They had left it open on purpose, wanting me to hear him being tortured before his eventual death.

Now when I looked at my captive hands they were stained with blood that would never be washed off.

I closed my eyes and saw his kind face, I had never seen kinder eyes, and the only one that even came close was Emanuel.

It pissed me off to no end how I could've been with him right now and live a somewhat good life. I would've had to share him with his other mates but it would've been worth it if it meant a calm and safe life. I'm not greedy, I could do without the love if it meant being safe. I just didn't want to hurt anymore.

Every time I blinked I wanted to keep my eyes closed. There was nothing left in me to fight with, I couldn't even be bothered to try and break free from the chair.

I heard that sound again, the door opening like it dragged against bricks and someone walked through the hallways leading to me. A large shadow was cast on the floor before he walked out into the light.

His shirt was stained with blood and he was wiping his hands with a towel.

The guard flicked his hair back, and his eyes found mine but they quickly lowered to my chest.

With each breath I took my breasts were pushed up in the tight dress and it had ridden up on my thighs and was just barely covering my underwear.



"They wanted you to hear him," the warrior said when he tossed the towel on the table and licked his lips. His eyes gazed down my legs and he took slow steps across the room. He ran a hand through his wavy hair and crossed his arms over his chest.

"It's a damn shame you're not a Bell," he said and bit down on his lip.

He cocked his head and shamelessly undressed me with his eyes whilst imagining what I would look like underneath the dress that barely covered me anymore.

What was a Bell and why was it a shame that I wasn't one?

He kept a distance that I was grateful for but he still stood too close for comfort. As though he could read my mind and wanted to make things worse, he stepped closer and his eyes darkened another shade.

"Maybe he'll make you into one," he said.

Nothing he said made any sense, what the hell was a Bell?

"Or maybe she just belongs to me." Darian's voice was dark and filled the room without being very loud.

"Are you saying we don't get a taste?" The guard grinned but something flashed in his eyes.

Darian stepped forward in silence and moved so he stood in front of me, blocking me from the guard's view.

"I'm saying that she's mine." He said calmly.

That calm was incredibly deceiving, I'd almost learned some of his tells by now and that calm was the first threat.

"Yes my king," the guard turned around and his eyes landed on Abby who stood in the doorway.



He walked over and grabbed her hand- he spun her around and his hand came down hard on her ass before he lifted her over his shoulder and walked off. I watched them disappear around the corner.

Abby was with the king so why was that guard treating her like she was his?

I wanted to ask but realized that Darian was the only one in the room and the fewer words we spoke to each other the better.

He saw where I was watching- the corner around which the guard disappeared with Abby.

"You don't want to know?" He asked with a deep amusement playing in his eyes.

I looked down, too tired to play his games but the second my head fell I had to fight to stay awake and my eyes started to flutter close.

"No, no," he said gently and pressed two fingers under my chin.

I wanted to let go of whatever self-respect I had left and beg him to stop, beg him to let me sleep, and to just leave me alone.

My eyelids weighed a ton but I tried to keep them open. I saw his face inching to the side, watching every crease and dot on my face.

"Do you know what your body wants?" He asked.

"Food," I said.

"No. It wants security, warmth, love, and pleasure. It wants everything, all at once, and even then it won't be content. The body is easy to read, all the tells it has, to show just what it wants at that moment," he drew lines over my leg with his fingers.

"And then when it gets it it wants something else. The mind is more complicated, it has more defenses and neural pathways where every little



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"And then when it gets it it wants something else. The mind is more complicated, it has more defenses and neural pathways where every little thought is formed; from something as simple as a flower to something as complex as lust. It is easy to own your body but it is the person who controls your mind that has all the power. And you don't need to own the mind you control, you just need to make them think that you do,"

I swallowed roughly when his hand slid up my inner thigh.

"Are you getting warm?" He inched closer.

His fingers went over the hem of my panties before moving to the side and up my front.

I licked my lips and felt the blood rush to my face from the way that he altered his touch from soft caresses to rougher squeezes.

"Do you know what your body truly wants?" He asked again and slowly moved closer with his face.

What was happening?

I couldn't help the hard breaths that left my open mouth and I saw him coming closer and his lips were hovering over mine. His hands were caressing my skin, moving around to my back and pulling at the zipper



on my dress. A dark chuckle left his lips and he pulled on the dress but it wasn't the zipper he broke, it was the cable tie holding me against the chair. He ripped the ones around my wrists and crushed them in his hand when he folded his fingers.

"Go get cleaned up and rest. Someone will call for you when it is time for dinner,"

Darian left the room and disappeared down the hallway but I sat like a stone in the chair for a good minute.

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