



Chapter 33

"After everything you have put me through," I said and tossed the card aside.

I finished eating but an awful feeling was gnawing at me.

Why this nice gesture now after he had an innocent man killed, sent his teacher to use me like a cane sharpener and then waterboarded me?

This was all within the first twenty-four hours. There's not a chance in hell that I'm staying here but I was stuck for now- in this palace and with him- so it wouldn't hurt to get to know my surroundings.

I looked at the table and noticed the steak knife. Since I ate with my hands like an animal, the knife was spotless and the teeth were sharp.

I put on the dress that Elise had laid out and ripped out a loop on the inside where I hung the knife so it wouldn't move around too much and especially so it wouldn't be seen.

When I walked out of the bedroom I realized that there were way too many places I could go, hallways leading down into different rooms and stairs leading to other levels and floors. I could go anywhere so I decided to head left and see where I ended up.

With every few steps I took, I touched the side of my chest to make sure the knife still hung safely.

I walked down stairs and hallways- up some stairs and then rounded some corners and everywhere I looked I could see that they had planned out every inch to be fit for royalty.

Darian's family and ancestors had ruled over werewolves for hundreds of years and before them, it was another Lycan bloodline that was in charge.

It all began because of the werewolves hunting down the Lycan wanting



to get rid of the lurking threat that another creature was stronger than us. They murdered many Lycans due to numbers, four strength was nothing compared to theirs, but in retaliation, the Lycans sought to it that their bloodline would rule over all others.

They made the werewolves submit to their leadership and that was where the Royals first cemented their name and the title.

It was all part of Lycan history. One day I hoped to shove that book down Mr. Bates's throat or maybe up the other way.

"Can I help you?" A loud voice boomed behind me and I jumped around to see him. The knife twisted to the side and I felt the teeth carving into my skin. My hand flew to my chest as I caught a breath and in that moment I could fix the knife without him noticing.

I watched the tall guy with moss-green eyes and a confounded expression.

His eyebrow rose high and he pressed his lips together.

"Well?" He asked.

"Oh -hi, I was looking around for... I was just looking around," I said.

I wasn't looking for anything in particular, I just wanted to get to know my new house and maybe map out a few escape routes.

"You're Hazel," he stated. His earlier frown turned into a smirk and he reached out his hand.

"I'm Gabe," he said and waited for me to grab his hand.

I looked at it and wondered if it was a trap. Would he offer to help me escape too?

God, I hope not.



I reached out my hand without saying my name - he already knew it. His fingers closed around my hand and it disappeared in his.

"So why are you roaming these halls all by your lonesome?" He asked and put his thumbs in the belt around his waist. I hadn't noticed the royal guards uniform until now but his was different. It was red with a golden triangle sewn in on the chest.

"I'm just taking a walk," I said.

My brows furrowed when the undeniable sound of moans filled the hallway for everyone to hear.

A door opened up and another warrior walked out with disheveled hair and pearls of sweat that had formed on his hairline.

He looked at us and smiled.

"This one's got spunk, who chose her?" He gestured proudly into the room.

Gabe smirked and wiggled his eyebrows.

"I did," he said.

The door remained open and I took a step to the side to catch a peak, forgetting that the guys stood there and inside the room were candles lit on the walls in holders and a chandelier that sent a warm light over the room. On the bed was Abby and behind her was another warrior but his uniform was hanging by his ankles.

His hand was twisted in her hair and the other one came down on her ass before he roughly grabbed her hip. Two more men stepped out from around the corner of the room and one of them got on the bed and grabbed her face, positioning himself on his knees.

The other one fixed his uniform and made himself presentable before he



left the room and another took his place.

Abby looked up, her tongue played on the guy in front of her and our eyes locked, she smiled from ear to ear before she looked up at him and opened her mouth.

"She's a Bell," Gabe said from beside me.

It wasn't until he spoke that I realized what I was doing. I was shamelessly staring at that girl and the warriors; my stomach was twisting in knots and I felt everything I had just eaten, move its way up. I flicked my eyes over Gabe's curious face and felt my cheeks heating up when he watched me right back.

"I have to go," I gasped and hurried down the hallway.

"Is that the new one?" I heard the warrior say behind me as I walked quickly.

"You touch her and I will take both your hands."

I halted when I heard Gabe's reply but then I ran until the only sound I could hear was my own heart beating erratically in my chest.



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