

Chapter 34

I didn't hear any footsteps behind me so I quickly threw myself into the first room I could find.

There was an entire wall that had been taken out and the room stretched out onto a balcony that overlooked the stables.

The room itself was nothing extraordinary, there was a table with a lamp on it and a futon with a wool mat hanging over the edge. The carpet that covered most of the floor was different, more colorful, and much softer than the others I'd seen. Those were the only things I noticed as I walked across the room and onto the balcony where everything suddenly turned quiet and the fresh air hit my face.

Even though I saw people on the ground talking and two men shouting at each other, no sound reached up to where I stood. The guards were walking in formation and the horses were being led to the stables for grooming yet the sounds didn't reach up to here. It shouldn't be possible, I wasn't that far up for no sounds to reach me, but honestly, I decided to forget about the possible and just relish in the silence. I closed my eyes and felt the cold metal under my hands when I leaned against the railing.

"It's a phenomenon,"

I looked over my shoulder and tensed when I saw Gabe walking across the room.

"The late queen wanted a space where she could be a part of her kingdom whilst still enjoying herself without the pressure of using her other senses." He moved towards the balcony with such a calm and grace, as though I'd asked him to meet me here and it was his given right to join me. All the while, his hand rested on the handle of his knife - ready to be used at a second notice. I wanted to hold mine as well, to be prepared, but it wouldn't do me any good - he'd see me as a threat and if it is something that the royal guard does well, it's eliminating threats.

used at a second notice. I wanted to hold mine as well, to be prepared, but it wouldn't do me any good- he'd see me as a threat and if it is something that the royal guard does well, it's eliminating threats.

"Why?" I asked. My curiosity was peaked and I wanted to seem as non-threatening as possible; maybe that would keep me safe. If it didn't, I had the knife and some of my strength.

"Being queen in a time when every werewolf hated her didn't leave much room for enjoyment. She was always prepared, looking over her shoulder and making sure to never be surprised. She had this installed so she could experience peace every once in a while," he looked out over the railing and over the massive land in front of us.

Gabe leaned his arms on the twisted metal railing and I watched his eyes close and his chest rise in a deep inhale.

"Everyone is in need of silence every once in a while, especially when our thoughts are so loud on their own," Those were some deep words for a man who less than ten minutes ago boasted about the girl he brought home.

We stood there in silence for a while but I couldn't relax, not with him here. I gently reached up to make sure the knife was still there and when I felt it I could let my shoulders fall and at the very least try and enjoy the peace while it lasted. The handle on his belt glittered under the sun and I gulped thinking about the last time I held a guard knife.

"She's a Bell," he said, repeating himself from earlier. Leaving me as confused as I was the first time.

"Abby?" I asked and he nodded. Gabe straightened himself and let his hand hang on the handle of his knife, which now that the sun shone

down on it, looked different from the one that I almost used on myself. The one that Darian threw into the back of the guy that helped me.

“Do you know what that is?” He inquired even though he knew that I didn’t. 3

He just wanted to be the one to tell me for some reason.

I tried to move away and create some distance between us but the knife had turned on its side and the blade was cutting into my skin. Every littlest movement made me wince and it felt like I was being sliced like a loaf of bread.

Gabe’s brows hunched together and he cocked his head. He must’ve been wondering what invisible entity was making me cower in pain every time I breathed but I couldn’t tell him about the knife. I ended up in the hospital for disobedience, what would they do to me if they caught me with a knife?

I tried to stand still but I felt the cold trails off the blood dropping down my side.

“What is going on with you?” He barked.

“Nothing,” I squirmed and ran a hand through my hair while I turned around.

My skin was slowly pulling together, I closed my eyes and prayed to the gods that it was healing. I reached my hand down the top of my dress and touched the wound. Yes, it had healed... but around the teeth of the blade. The knife had healed into my skin.

Fuck.

"Hazel," he said and placed a hand on my shoulder.

I turned around with my hand still lodged down my dress and moved the cups of my brah around.

"Be grateful you don't have to experience this discomfort," I said.

The plan was to make him uncomfortable enough to look away so I could pull the knife out but his eyes twinkled and his lips pulled up in a devious grin.

"Let me know if I can assist,"

I stared at him and quickly pulled my hand out and held it at my side. Who was he to talk to me like that- didn't he know who brought me here?



Comments



Support



Share