

# **The King's Mate- Lady Xquisite Chapter 9 - 8: Miserable**

## **C9 8: Miserable**

Miserable

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POV: Tamara Davis

“Don’t waste your time shouting, pup,” he conceitedly smirked at her.

Tamara creased her forehead as she looked at him like she was shooting daggers at him. She didn’t know him; besides, he was also in prison – he might be a ruinous loathsome pestilent person.

Unlike her, she knew she didn’t do anything bad – well, except for leaving the auburn-furred wolf in the woods and even Benson. Well, they weren’t dead yet – right? Tamara shook her head lightly – trying to erase the depraved thoughts in her mind.

“Why are you here, pup?” The man asked her with a hint of contemptuous in his voice.

She was kind of irritated with his haughtiness and for calling her a pup – she’s not a puppy, for goodness’ sake! She wanted to roll her eyes upwards, and she did!

Tamara pretended not to hear anything. She’d rather stay quiet than talk to this filthy man. Well, just being hypercritical – the man was wearing a huge torn murky dark blue shirt and ripped muddy black loose jeans – he looked more like a bum beggar.

His long jet-black hair falls messily that reach his nape. He had thick brows that matched his dark gray eyes and tan skin. He wasn’t muscular – just a toned one.

“Are you deaf, pup? Well, I heard from you a while ago, maybe cat got out your tongue, huh? Well, I don’t think you would have the chance to get out of here so perhaps we can just have a little chitchat. What do you think? Hey, pup-”

“Will you please stop calling me ‘pup’! I am not a puppy.” Tamara finally said infuriatingly – stressing every single word she had just said.

The man just raised his both hands, as if surrendering to her – well, sort of – because he was still wearing his smug look anyway.

Tamara was about to unleash another murderous litany when the main door creaked wide open. Her eyes broadened as she saw a pint of hope to be finally free from this place.

Two men wearing black shirt and black denim jeans entered the jail room. Their faces were stoic and blank while walking along the pathway holding an intimidating dark aura.

One of them was taller than the other. They almost looked the same, though – equally muscular and tanned. Their eyes were both dark amber and they had pitch black hair.

The guard watching the main door followed them behind – like they were one of the bosses there. Tamara swallowed hard – as she thought that maybe they could help her out. They stopped in front of the prison cell of the arrogant man who vainly called her ‘pup.’

The conceited man crossed his arms and just gave them a plain bored look – gone were his proud looks a while ago – making her blink in confusion.

“So, you’re here again.” The taller man commented as his lips curled upwards sardonically. His eyes were viciously looking at him.

“It depends, perhaps you want, to think I was just a pigment of your imagination, then – go on.” The man inside the cell plainly answered, making the tall man clenched his jaw in annoyance.

Tamara just watched them with her lips slightly ajar – her eyes gaze moved from one to the other – with her brows furrowed and completely confused.

“Just get him out of here, Dillion.” The other man said, crossing his arms in front of his broad chest.

The man named Dillion motioned the guard, who immediately obliged and unlocked the cell for the conceited man to get out.

The arrogant man just made a face and shrugged, then boringly stood up. He shook off his pants as if it wasn’t already filthy as it were, and proudly walked through the aisle while one of his brows raised then stopped in front of the two men and smirked.

The two men just clenched their jaws and turned around – didn’t want to get provoked by the crazy man as they started to walk away.

Before the man in prison followed the two, he gave her a side glance and winked at her before he languidly turned around and started walking.

She watched him walk with mouth ajar, swallowed hard before she finally found her voice.

“Wait-” she called them with a hint of panic in her tone.

She let out an inaudible gasp the moment her eyes found theirs. She slightly nibbled her bottom lip to contain herself from trembling under their intense gaze.

"I... I... Uhhh..." She couldn't find the right words to say – her mind was in haywire and the way they looked at her wasn't helping her either.

The two authoritative men just gave her a boring look while the arrogant man gave her an amused one. Tamara heaved a deep sigh before fighting their intense stares.

She clenched her hands, trying to stop her hammering heartbeat inside her chest.

"I shouldn't be here. I don't know why I'm here. Can you please get me out, too? I need to get out from here." She begged like her life depended on it – her eyes started to water again.

Their foreheads creased just by watching her with unshed tears – no amount of pity in their faces and as if she was just a lowly person who begged for her useless life.

Her heart was clenching achingly at their minuscule stares.

"I don't know what you are saying, pup, but tomorrow is judgement day. Besides, you would not be here if you didn't commit a grave sin. All of the prisoners will be executed tomorrow, so brace yourself." The taller man called Dillion answered plainly, as if it was a common thing for them to say, and not about her precious life being taken away.

The conceited man just shook his head – as if he was just disappointed at her.

Her mouth went agape as her ears suddenly became deaf from all those words she had heard. She absentmindedly looked at the men who were now walking away from her as if nothing had happened.

They simply left her there – alone and miserable, without a tiny hint of doubt that she might be innocent – as if they were all just right in accusing her nor enlightening her of her supposed to-be sin.

Whatever the heck that was!

She could even hear her own heartbeat speedily echoing in her ears as she slammed the metal bars with her bare hands.

"No," she shakingly whispered.

"No! No! No!" This time making it louder as it filled the entire room, ignoring the stinging pain in her both hands and arms as she smacked the jail bars hardy and continuously.

"No! Please! No!" She miserably cried.

She was undeniably desperate and scared.

She was losing hope as she felt weakened while slapping the metal bars in front of her. Her fresh tears streamed down her face endlessly.

Tamara embraced her frail body using her bare forearms – slowly losing her faith – as she collapsed gradually on the concrete cold floor.

Would she not see her parents again?

Would she not find justice for them?

Would she not fulfill her promise to them?

Would she be facing her miserable demise?

Her bloodshot eyes – which were visibly deprived of sleep and complete rest – were full of tears that raced down her cheeks. Her hard pants and heartbroken sobs filled the prison cell she was in – as she covered her mouth with her cold and sweaty palm.

She feebly curled her body into a small ball as she sat and leaned on the brick walls from behind. Tamara lost sight of every light in her eyes as she closed her lids.