

The Lycan's Obsession

Chapter 2

Celia

The two men were dragging me to a far corner, away from the center of the territory. While others were busy disposing of the dead, these two men wanted to rape me.

Fear and panic rose in my heart when I heard their words.

They were both strong and muscular while I was thin and weak. I could not stand against them in a fight.

My mother's last words echoed in my head. "You are strong, remember that."

'Think Celia, think'

At that same instance, my wolf, Rain, spoke to me in my head, "The moment they free your hands, give me full control. I will run away as fast as I can."

She tried to reassure me.

But the men maintained an iron fist on me. They took my hands and tied them to a tree as I shouted.

"If you are man enough, let me stay free and I will show you how it is done"

I snarled but they obviously did not pay any attention to my provocation and instead thought of it as an invitation.

"Ooh, you want to show us? This one can surely bite"

One of them grabbed my face by the chin and traced the outlines of my lips with the pad of his thumb.

I felt revolted at the way he touched me but my hands were tied, I could not do anything.

Pleading and begging them would not work so I decided to play smart.

“Look, I cannot fight both of you either way. My pack is gone either way and I do not want to be sold to the King. It is better for me to listen to you.”

Their chests swelled with pride as I said that. Horny dumbasses!!

“She is right. This frail looking girl is no match for us and obviously, we will give her much more wealth than the King who will just make her clean the toilets. Let me untie her.”

The men untied me and then one of them grabbed a fistful of my hair.

“Show us how obedient you are.”

The other man unzipped his pants before reaching for mine. I tried to not gag as his sleazy hands reached for my waist and pulled down my pant in one go.

“You stated that I would clean toilets right? I don’t think you would be able to pee anymore. Thank you for the idea,” I said and he only blinked at me in confusion.

“Now Rain”

I said in my head as I let my wolf take control of me. I transformed into a wolf and my claws sliced through the man’s pants, aiming straight for his groin.

He let out a pained groan as my claws came out streaked in blood, making sure that the man had no dick to pee or to father a child again.

I did not wait for the other man’s reaction as I tore through the woods. No human or werewolf was chasing me but the haunting memories of the past few hours were enough to ensure that I kept running.

I did not know when I slumped to the ground and passed out from exhaustion but when I did open my eyes, I found myself in a dark room.

I was thrown in a cellar of sorts with other women. I had also reverted to my human form.

The stench of urine and sweat intermingled with the heavy air and made me want to puke.

I slowly pulled myself up and opened my eyes to see that I was naked.

I immediately covered my chest with my hands and pressed my legs together.

Somebody tapped on the cellar's giant iron door with a metal rod and spoke in a gruff voice,

“Get up all of you and form a line”

The girls around me looked confused but two women rushed in carrying a water bucket, soap, brushes and towels.

They began wiping and cleaning us gruffly.

“What is going on?”

I asked as one of the women removed my hand from my chest to get rid of the stench of urine and dried blood.

The brush was as rough as sandpaper and it felt like she was on a mission to completely peel off my skin.

It looked like I had escaped one trouble and somehow walked into another.

Based on whatever I could make out from the whispered murmuring and the woman, the Lycan King and his three princes were a lot stronger and taller than the average werewolf.

They could even walk on two legs, had sharper reflexes, and ruled all over us, witches, fae, werewolves, and other magical creatures alike.

I had just never heard of them much because they never cast their gaze at the southernmost part of their territory, the place where my pack used to live.

“You are all going to be auctioned and were probably taken from packs that lost a battle. Every alpha tries to offer women to the King in exchange for the safety of his pack as a last resort when he does not see another way out.”

My mouth fell open and I replied vehemently, “My alpha would never do that. He is an honorable man.”

She stopped scrubbing and gave me a pointed look, “You belong to the Brightwood pack, right? Your alpha is at the King’s feet right now, begging for his newborn son’s safety. What do you think he will choose? His own blood or you?”

Her words were sharp but it was the bitter truth.

My parents had given their lives to save him and his family. My mother had died thwarting off the advances of alpha Kyle’s pack while my father had sacrificed himself while leading them to safety.

Both had died yet the alpha had been probably found along with his family.

My parents' death had been in vain.

Tears fell down my face as I digested this piece of news.

And, as if to console me, she offered me an unsolicited piece of advice.

Pray that the youngest prince never looks at you”

“Why? Is he a dick too?”

I asked spitefully. So far, I had only heard of his name but people, in general, avoided talking about him.

The woman turned me around and scrubbed my butt before moving on to the other girl beside me.

“Watch your mouth, girl. Nobody knows for sure. Some say he is cursed others say he kills all the women when he is done toying with them.”

I was somehow mentally preparing myself to be forced into bed with him...but to be killed when he would get bored of us? That was beyond cruel.

After the two women were done scrubbing us to death we were dried and then taken outside the cellar and through some passage that took us inside the palace.

I was shocked to see the riches all around us. I could not even start to describe the wealth that shone brightly all around us.

Huge chandeliers hung from the ceiling that was carved in an ornate pattern of flowers and leaves.

The pillars too were carved in delicate colors with the recurring motifs of the moon and wolf faces everywhere.

Guards flanked us on either side as we were taken inside a chamber of sorts where four chairs were placed.

The three princes were already seated on the chairs but only two paid attention to us. Their gaze was calculating as they all looked at us from head to toe.

All except one.

The third prince who was seated in the leftmost chair paid no attention to all the beautiful women standing in front of him. He did not even open his eyes.

Somehow, my eyes were glued to him.

He had a well-defined jawline, angular cheekbones, and sharp features. His dark brown hair seemed unruly and he had a bored look on his face as if he had seen tonnes of beautiful women before and the novelty had worn off.

For all I knew that could very well be the case. But then he was the only one not gawking at us so I tried to distract myself by observing him.

And somehow as if he knew I was staring at him, his eyes flew open before I could look away.

A pair of silver eyes, unlike anything I had seen before, held my gaze.

I felt my cheeks flame as his eyes bore into mine.

I had already lost my family and pack. And my life was already on the line. What more could I lose?

So, I stared back at him defiantly.

Like the other women, I did not hang my head low but held it high, refusing to be displayed as an object.

One by one the two princes got up from their seats and neared us. They were both extremely handsome and if not for my current situation, I might have fantasized about wanting them.

However, my gaze kept flitting back to the third one who had closed his eyes, his head resting on his hand, apparently bored with our staring match.

“Do you like anything sons?” The King’s voice reached me.

And my heart almost jumped in my throat when both the princes stopped by me.

