## Chapter 4

Celia

But then I recalled that I had yet to answer him.

And it would do me good to answer him than be called that wretched name again. Hence, I answered with as much courage as I could muster.

"Ce-Celia"

"Not so beautiful, are you? My brothers usually don't leave anything but they left you so you are clearly the worst possible choice." Jasper said in a neutral tone but it felt like a slap on my face.

His words made me boil in rage. I clenched my fists and was about to answer but my wolf,

Rain, cautioned me.

"Don't get into a fight with him. He would probably bury our body in the garden in broad

daylight and nobody would bat an eyelid" As much as I wanted to wipe that cocky grin off his face, she had a point.

I wanted my head on my shoulders and if possible, my virginity intact.

I did not want to be claimed by a prince...not a monster in the least.

His voice was deep and broody and he neared me to whisper something in my ear.

I tried not to show that I was afraid of him as I stayed my ground, holding my chin up again. His breath made my skin tickle as he towered over me and blew air on my face.

I fought to keep my eyes open as his intoxicating scent surrounded me.

Jasper neared my ear and I was not sure why but my mind began to think of something dirty...something that definitely did not involve cleaning toilets.

"Are you afraid of me?"

Jasper asked and he slowly stepped back to look at me in the eye. My body was shivering but it had nothing to do with fear.

I swallowed nervously as he whispered in my ear, his lips a millimeter away from my skin.

deployed in the army.

to overwhelm my brain.

good look at me.

It was due to the unexpected nearness of him.

I had never let a man come so close to me, never dreamt of a handsome man who would whisper something to me.

Except of course, if I would have imagined it, he would definitely not ask me if I was afraid. If I had to pick someone, I would have picked my best friend, Vasil, who was currently

I had had a crush on him since childhood and had always thought that he would be my mate. But that dream was just going to stay that...a dream.

In reality, I was standing stark naked in front of the cruelest prince of our kingdom and he had somehow not yet left the room.

"I am not"

If I had expected my answer to anger him, it had the opposite effect. Instead of growing

Jasper towered over me so he lowered himself a bit, placing his hands on his knees to get a

angry and starting to throw around things wildly, he only looked at me...amusingly?

Seconds turned to minutes as I fought back my fear...and the other traitorous thoughts trying

I imagined how it would look to the others. A lamb mewling in front of a lion, trying to boldly state that it was not scared of the mighty beast.

"Liar. Everybody is afraid of me" He said as a devious smile appeared on his lips.

Up close, I could see his eyes dancing with some kind of restless energy.

He was handsome but in an unnerving kind of way. His eyes were the brightest silver, unlike

anything I had seen until now.

Just a black dot in the center of the silver orbs that shone like diamonds. And amidst all the beauty, a single scar...a faint white line running down from the lower side of his eyebrow to

the bridge of his nose. His dark brown hair fell in waves, reaching his shoulders.

Wait, why was I admiring him? I shook my head and took in a deep breath as I regained control of my mind.

I said while gritting my teeth. I was not sure what had emboldened me to stand up to him but

I wanted to show that I was not afraid of him, that I did not care if the others feared him.

somehow those words had left my mouth.

I did not want to be his slave or his sex toy.

despite me giving him plenty of reasons to do so.

clutches so I knew I would have to fight for it.

moan just like the girls were doing.

in my head.

of him.

began to feel claustrophobic.

able to ever fuck a woman again."

IFthey built me a tombstone, that is.

As soon as I said that aloud, Rain groaned in my head.

girls who the princes had taken to their bed-chamber.

"Not me"

"What will you do if I let you have your freedom back?

And I had no idea if he was simply toying with me or was really going to offer me that

He asked me, and I looked up so fast that I think I broke my neck.

chance.

Part of me was still wondering how the most cruelest prince had not yet lashed out at me

But then, I had to take the chance and clutch the smallest ray of hope. "If you do let me, I will defeat any opponent and take back my freedom"

I had no doubt that he would make me go through hell if I really wanted to escape his

I answered in an unwavering voice and felt proud that I had still not made it to his bed. The palace was big enough yet I could hear the moans intermixed with pained cries of the

"And if you don't?" He asked me in the same amused tone.

I could imagine what would happen to me. Of him throwing me on his bed and making me

Were they really enjoying or were they just forcing themselves to feel so and satisfy the princes' ego?

I imagined Jasper's hands on me, his mouth roaming on my body, and his-

need to be punished" Jasper said but the way his voice caressed the words brought some other sort of punishment

My attention was snapped back to the present as he snapped his fingers in front of my eyes.

"You have a habit of not answering the first time you are asked a question, don't you? You

process. I was imagining wild things instead of devising a plan to ensure my safety.

My mind felt confused and the air suddenly felt suffocating. Despite the wide open hall, I

The palace air was definitely playing with my emotions and tricking my rational thought

the next words left my mouth. "Don't you dare to force yourself upon me. I will claw out your dick and you will not be

And, I did not know if I was being stupid or unnaturally brave but even I was surprised when

'We are definitely going to get buried in the backyard tonight" But I did not give a damn. I would fight him and die valiantly, just like my mother.

He would walk past my tombstone and remember that he had met a girl who was not afraid

Jasper looked at me as I flared my nostrils. The smile was replaced by a sharp look and I cursed my bloody mouth.

Part of me feared that he would hit me or drag me to his bed.

But if I was going to die, I was going to make it worthwhile.

His face, when not brooding or angry, could look quite handsome. He was not the regular prince charming but he did look quite...intimidating.

As I stood there, shivering in fear and anxiety, I saw him look at me intently.

I gulped nervously and only watched him like a curious bird as he tilted his head.

I had a habit of inviting trouble, something my mother would often scold me for.

Seconds turned to minutes as I waited and waited for him to attack me. But nothing would have prepared me for his reaction.

Instead of scowling or raising his hand to hit me, that beast of a Lycan started to laugh.

Comments (3)