

## Chapter 6

Celia

I saw darkness and stars in front of my eyes.

Soon, I would be meeting my parents. That thought made me feel happy.

But why was my breathing not slowing down?

And why was I still hearing my killer's soft breathing?

I had let out a scream, hadn't I? Maybe, I was hallucinating and it was an effect of my brain shutting down before the rest of the body followed suit.

I could still feel the way my veins were thrumming under his skin, the way Jasper's robes swished against my naked skin.

My eyes flew open as I saw the chandelier hanging down from the high ceiling.

Jasper noticed the flutter of my eyelashes and kept looking at me curiously.

It looked like the woman had been right. He loved toying with women and scaring the hell out of them.

But before I could speak anything, I heard him bark an order.

"Maids"

Soon after, a flurry of girls suddenly appeared out of nowhere, scurrying like rats.

A total of four women, each dressed in simple palace clothes arrived and stood by the door, bowing their heads obediently.

"Get her ready for today's feast"

Feast? Wasn't he going to kill me just a moment ago?

Maybe, he wanted to execute me publicly or offer me a last meal before he threw me into the gutters.

How generous of him! 2

There were a thousand questions in my mind but before I could ask anything, he let go of me and stepped away.

The way his eyes had danced when he had ordered the maids to get me ready made me feel both excited and nervous.

This cruel prince was nothing I could have imagined him to be.

The maids did not wait for another order and all of them rushed towards me though I could sense their hesitation to come near the prince.

They gently nudged me out of the room as I was whisked away from my...what do I call him? Owner? Executioner?



I had no idea.

Meanwhile, I tried to take a breath of relief and regain my composure. I also noticed the subtle difference in the air around me as I stepped out of the room.

Why did the air suddenly feel light?

But, I had more important things to think about. Such as finding a way to run away from the palace without letting anyone notice.

So, I let go of the traitorous thoughts of the devilishly handsome prince and instead focused on the surroundings.

The maids took me from the auction room through a broad passageway that opened up to several more rooms.

Goddess, this place was not a palace, it was a maze.

How did they even find themselves if somebody got lost here? To say that it was huge was a gross understatement.

But the palace was filled with rare antiques, plush furniture, and regal decor. It was also splashed with color and some pillars were also studded with beautiful jewels.

I would have fallen in love with the beauty of the palace if I did not know the coldness in the hearts of those who resided here.

They were no beautiful angels but vicious beasts. And, I had to make sure that I never forgot that.



I was dragged out of my thoughts as the maids took me to a huge room filled with large mirrors, a large bed draped in silken sheets of the finest quality and decorated with lots of flowers.

It looked quite feminine.

And they had a freaking bathtub the size of my room in it. No not a bathtub but a mini swimming pool.

"I did not know the princes did anything except kill and fuck"

I muttered as one of the maids made me sit down by a large bench beside the pool.

"This room hasn't been used in quite a while"

One of the maids said and the others began whispering amongst themselves.

"Well there are so many rooms here, it will take a year if I have to sleep in one room per night"

I muttered as I looked around.

"If you survive that long"

A sharp voice rang in my ears.

I looked in the direction of the voice to see a middle aged woman walking in. She was also wearing palace clothes but they were not a pale color but a bit more dark.

And the maids stopped whispering amongst each other and

straightened their backs.

Her curly hair spilled around her shoulders and there were fine lines around her eyes. She had a smug look on her face.

"I don't plan on becoming a sacrificial lamb yet"

I countered, making the woman give me a pointed look.

"Prince Jasper had always had a unique taste. I see why he would pick you"

She said that would have been a compliment but definitely did not sound like one with the scowl etched on her face. 1

"Enlighten me, please."

She walked forward and answered, " The prince does not discuss his strategies with me but I do know that he loves to hunt."

If she was trying to scare me, I was not going to be.

I knew better than to trust the palace people.

The woman then gave a set of instructions to the maids all of whom began cleaning, washing, and scrubbing me yet again.

Just why was I being scrubbed yet again?

These people had an obsession with girls smelling like flowers I guess.

My skin was already red but they wanted to make me bleed

maybe.

I tried not to wince as I was subjected to the torture again. All the while, the woman kept looking at me disapprovingly, giving instructions to braid my hair a particular way or use a specific herb to cleanse me.

I felt like a lamb being skinned and drenched in oil and herbs before being thrown into the oven.

But my wolf kept reminding me of being strong and slipping out of the feast when everybody will be busy eating or frolicking.

"The sooner you learn to keep your mouth shut, the longer you would survive here"

The woman suddenly added and I looked at me.

"Yes, I know I have to satisfy the prince in all ways possible. The walls of the palace aren't exactly soundproof"

I muttered, earning a smile from the woman.

I wondered if I would see the other women at the feast and if they were being scrubbed again. Or possibly they had already been bruised and battered so hard that they would not have the energy to get up.

"That is correct. Once a prince claims you, you are his property. All your past life, relationships become null and void"

My mouth fell open at that.

"What about my family? My pack?"

Dread began settling in my heart. Though my parents might not be there, the pack was my family, my home.

The palace with all its riches could not replace it.

After the woman was happy with my 'cleaning', I was dried and a variety of herbs, lotions, and whatnot was applied on my skin.

My hair was combed and braided and my nails painted.

"Am I ever going to get a dress? Or will I be displayed without a piece of clothing to the rest of the court as well?"

I asked.

I was still sitting naked and though it was not as if I had never shifted to my human form with people around, walking into a room full of leering and lusting men was not actually how I pictured my entry into the feast.

The other maid was about to say something when the woman snapped at me.

"Your dress is arriving shortly."

And then she clapped her hands twice. Another flurry and two maids came rushing in, holding a silk dress.

It was dark red, the color of blood.

I loved it.

The maids came in and put the dress on me. It fit me like a glove, enhancing every single curve.

It looked scandalous and sexy.

I had never imagined myself to look like that. But, I wasn't going to frown if I looked like a diva.

After another hour or so of putting on makeup and doing my hair, the woman deemed me ready for the feast.

"Leave"

She ordered in a stern voice and the maids all scurried outside in one go, not waiting to hear another word.

"What is your name?"

She asked me and I stared at her defiantly.

"Celia. Though I think I look like the embodiment of 'murder' right now"

"Prince Jasper's sense of observing things and his style is quite unique. Not many understand what he plans or why he does something"

The woman took a deliberate pause and added, "So I would advise that you don't go about thinking too highly of yourself."

"Yeah, I know he can kill me in the blink of an eye"






I answered dryly but the woman muttered,  
"Death would be an easy escape. But there is no escaping  
Prince Jasper" <sup>1</sup>

I blinked.

What the hell did she mean by that?

But before I could answer, the woman stormed out of the  
room, leaving me to my thoughts.

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