

Chapter 7

Celia

After everybody had left me to my thoughts, I got up from the chair and marveled at my reflection.

I had never known I could look so beautiful or elegant.

All my life, I had just trained hard, wearing soil stained and sweat soaked clothes to fight. But when my own mother had taken a hit, I had not been strong enough to fight the werewolf.

The memory made me curl my hands into fists. I was not going to be weak...ever again.

So, I painted my lips the color of murder and planned my next move.

A soft knock on the door made me turn around.

It was yet another maid.

"My lady, your presence has been requested at the feast."

My lady?

I raised an eyebrow in suspicion but she stood with her head bent low, waiting for me to walk toward her.

"I am not your lady. I...I don't know what you are supposed to address me with. Probably the prince's personal slave..."

I added carefully, waiting for her reaction.

But she only pursed her lips nervously.

"The prince had asked all of us to address you like that, my lady."

Interesting.

"Why would he do that?"

The question tumbled out of my mouth, knowing very well that she had no clue about it.

And predictably she shook her head.

"I do not know, my lady. I am just following the prince's orders."

Well, if she could not give me this answer, she could definitely answer the next.

"Why is the feast being held today? Any special occasion?"

At that, she relaxed.

"The King holds a feast almost every time they have a new haul. The new girls are all introduced to the court if the princes want. If they do not, then the girls are deported to the kitchen or some other department."

"Yet another display of their possessions, I see"

I smirked but she did not comment on it.

"So the youngest prince deemed me worthy of being shown off as an object to the other courtiers? I am flattered."

I said with disdain but again she chose to keep mum.

"My lady, the prince does not like to be kept waiting. Please hurry"

She added worriedly and I let out a huff.

I needed a confidante if I had to survive here and she was the closest match to being one.

So I tried to small talk.

"What is your name?"

"Grace, my lady."

"And who was the woman earlier who kept ordering everyone?"

A small smile appeared on Grace's lips.

"You probably mean Matron Arwen. She is in charge of housekeeping and the administrative division."

"And she is also the one who raised the three princes"

"I see"

Now, I understood why the woman was all grumpy and walked around like she was the queen. This was her territory and I had not made a good first impression.

I made a mental note to extend an olive branch to Arwen and not get on her bad side. While I planned my escape, I had to ensure that nobody would suspect me.

And after my escape was going to be revenge, on all those who had wronged me.

I was going to avenge my parents and just run away from this Xurian empire and its wretched princes, a silver eyed prince in particular.

The soft murmuring that reached my ears told me that we were nearing the feast. I had no idea how to talk to the courtiers nor the etiquettes of the royals.

All I knew was to fight and save my people.

"You might enter the grand hall, my lady"

Grace stopped by the large oak door that was closed and motioned for me to open it.

I gulped nervously.

After being picked from the dirt, I was suddenly being thrown into the riches.

So, I might as well make use of it,

Hence, putting on a brave smile, I opened the door and stepped in.

The massive hall was filled with elegantly dressed men in

their fine suits and crisp robes while the ladies looked beautiful in their shimmering gowns.

My eyes automatically darted to the exits. But to my dismay, they were all flanked by guards.

And not just ordinary guards, but werewolves.

Some of them were even alphas of a few packs I had known before. And they were all standing like servants in the royal palace.

It looked like getting used to being around Lycans would take me some time.

My gaze swept over the massive hall that had a large ornate table right in the center. Several noble ladies and gentlemen were seated around it including the King and the other two princes.

As I began walking towards the table, I saw that hardly a few people took notice of me. But then why would they?

I was not a member of the court in the truest sense.

I searched for familiar faces in the sea of unfamiliar ones and finally came across Violet. She was standing just behind Prince Draken. Even though she was dressed in an expensive dress but her neckline was so low that it would expose her breasts whenever she moved a bit.

And Prince Draken did make her move a lot, making him refill his chalice every other minute. Her gaze met mine and

she threw me a helpless look.

So, it looked like I had to stand behind Prince Jasper. Only, he was nowhere to be found.

Since I had no idea where he would like to be seated, I found an empty chair beside Draken and figured that would be his seat. 1

Also, I did not want to be standing alone, so that position would allow me to talk to Violet a little.

With that in mind, I headed towards my destination but before I could do so, I heard someone talk loudly.

"Oh, who is that red siren?"

A man with a beard asked those seated around him with a leering voice. I stopped in my tracks and turned to look at him.

He was looking at me with a sleazy grin and his eyes were fixated on my cleavage.

I would have slapped him but I had no idea who he was or what position he held in the court.

I could not afford to make enemies without knowing if I could take them on alone first.

Hence, despite my boiling temper, I tried to keep a straight face and answered,

"My name is Celia Klaus"

I could see saliva dropping from his mouth as he stated,

"Oh, your voice is sweet too. Are you new to the court?"

Recalling what I had read in fantasy novels, I curtsied and my neckline dipped even down.

Realizing my mistake, I quickly straightened and replied,

"Yes, in fact, today is my first day here"

The man got up from his seat and tipped his hat.

"I am Borivin Grant and I am a member of the court. If you would like some company at night, feel free to come by. I will be more than happy, Miss Celia"

Borivin gloated, his chest puffing out pridefully as he openly leered at me. He was wearing a black button down shirt and black pants that were hidden beneath his large black velvet robe.

The table had gone awkwardly silent and a few ladies pursed their lips.

But the rest pretended to not have heard his blatant attempts at openly mocking me.

My gaze swept to the King and the Princes. They were busy relishing in the feast and talking to the courtiers.

Maybe they had not even heard Borivin or maybe they did not care about what he said to me.

Of course, I was a nobody. Just another girl, one of the many women in their youngest prince's concubines.

So, I was left on my own. Not that I minded it.

Holding my chin up, I met his gaze and stared defiantly at him. Of course, his eyes dipped again to my breasts and he licked his dry lips suggestively.

Were women just an object of desire for these men? Surely, they must know I was....well what was I?

The youngest prince's slave? His breeder?

The thought annoyed me even further and as always my tongue forked like an angry serpent, lashing out at Borivin with its fangs.

"I would prefer the dark night over your heart that seems as black as your robes, Sir Borivin"

I finished and stressed the word 'Sir' as I gave him an all too sweet smile.

The eyes that had been hellbent to look anywhere but me were silently drawn to me. All of those pretending to not have heard me stopped whatever they were doing and looked at me.


I expected somebody to get up and throw me out of the room for disrespecting a courtier but nobody made a sound.

The silence was deafening.



And, I was so engrossed in my rage that I did not even notice someone finally make an entry.

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