

CHAPTER 87

CHAPTER 87 The Night Before the Trial

The sound of flesh slapping against each other could be heard throughout the quiet dungeon. Soft grunts and moans were muffled as Matthew thrust quickly into Brandy. He gripped her hips, yanking her backward toward him with each thrust.

"Oh, goddess, Matthew, I missed you so much," Brandy moaned. She had been surprised that Matthew snuck into the dungeon to come to see her. The last time they spoke, he told her that she wasn't good enough.

Matthew grabbed a fistful of Brandy's hair and yanked her backward so he could whisper in her ear, "Tell me you love me."

"I love you," Brandy gasped as she could feel her orgasm approaching.

"Say it again properly," Matthew growled, thrusting faster and harder.

"I, Brandy Bray, daughter of Kenneth Bray and Mandy Bray, accept you, Matthew Hunter, as my mate and owner of my mind, body, and soul!" Brandy screamed out. Matthew bit her hard on her back as he climaxed, and Brandy followed soon after.

Brandy attempted to mark Matthew back, but Matthew slung her away from him. She hit the wall hard and slid down to the ground. All the pleasure she felt vanishing and replaced with pain.

"But I reject you as my mate and accept you as my slave," Matthew said, his voice dripping with cruelty, his eyes gleaming with malevolence. Brandy gripped her chest as if she had been stabbed, her heart sinking as the abhorrent words formed a damning bond between the two.

Tears welled up in Brandy's eyes as the harsh reality set in. Her voice quivered with a mix of anguish and betrayal, "You bastard!"

Matthew snarled at her and descended upon, raining blows down on her. All Brandy could do was cover her head. When Matthew felt that enough of her blood had been spilt, he stopped. "Learn your place, you little slut."

"How could you do this to me after everything I did for you? You lied to me! You said you loved me!" Brandy screamed at him, earning another slap from him.

Matthew leaned in closer, his cold gaze never leaving her. "You were the fool, Brandy, to believe that I would ever accept you as my mate. You're nothing more than a little slut. A shame that you weren't like your mother."

Brandy paused before growling, "What did you do to my mother?"

"Don't worry. She didn't open her legs to me like you. She took her beating like the dignified lady that she was. You can be angry all you want, but this is all your fault. If you had kept your legs closed, I might have merely taught you a lesson. But I will say that this is far more satisfying. Tell me, how does it feel to be outsmarted and manipulated?" Matthew mocked her.

Brandy's lips quivered as she locked eyes with her tormentor. Matthew sighed as he began to put himself away and buckle his pants. He waited another moment for her to answer before his hand moved swiftly to deliver a stinging slap across her face. "I asked you a question, slave."

"It feels horrible," Brandy uttered weakly.

Matthew smirked. "Good. Consider it your punishment – a lifetime tethered to me, enduring the agony of watching me be with the sister you despise, and never achieving the life you believed you deserved." With those final, callous words, he turned and left her to wallow in her self pity and grief.

Present Time

"My King, I have the evidence you seek," one of Ethan's scouts urgently transmitted through their mental link right after the Elders called for a recess.

"Where are you?" Ethan inquired. His eyes focused on Kenneth walking away with his warriors with him.

"I'm in the lobby," his scout responded before ending the connection. "No one is here for the time being, but you need to hurry."

"I must go," Ethan informed Jack.

"Where? You must not allow your anger to consume you, my King. Killing Kenneth right now will not help the situation. Garrett needs your support right now. We must think of a plan to rescue Lily," Jack protested.

"That's precisely what I am about to do.. One of my scouts has the evidence that I requested months ago. If he has it, we will have everything we need to make sure Kenneth will never get his hands on Lily nor will he ever be hurt anyone again," Ethan explained.

"It won't matter if Elder Richard refuses to let you speak," Garrett grumbled. He was barely conscious as he was still recovering from the removal of the mate bond. "He's firmly up Kenneth's ass. Kenneth has him wrapped around his finger."

"Kenneth isn't the only one with allies among the Elders," Ethan replied with a sly grin. He casually distanced himself from Jack and established a mental connection with Luna Debra, sensing her emotional turmoil.

"Luna Debra, steady your nerves. All hope is not lost. Meet me in the lobby," Ethan instructed before severing the link. He navigated through the buzzing crowd, their discussions oblivious to what was truly going on. Luckily, no one

paid him any attention. His warriors staying close but not too close to cause attention.

Ethan entered the lobby to find his scout discreetly monitoring the entrance. Upon spotting Ethan, the scout respectfully bowed. "Where are the others?"

Ethan inquired.

"They didn't make it," the scout revealed. "They sacrificed themselves to ensure this reached you." The scout handed Ethan a large folder bursting at the seams with documents. Luna Debra approached from behind, causing the scout to draw his dagger. Ethan quickly intervened, reassuring him, "She's with me."

"My apologies," the scout said as he relaxed.

Ethan's brow furrowed as he perused the documents. "That conniving bastard." He allowed Luna Debra to examine the evidence before retrieving it from her and returning it to the scout.

"My King?"

"I want you to return home and instruct everyone to prepare for war. But before you do that, I have one last task. Hand-deliver this to Elder Dominic."