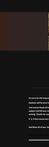

Prince Zenas
Everett

Chapter 37

So sorry for the long wait you guys 🙏🙏🙏🙏.

Updates will be once in two weeks from now on I guess.

Just wanna thank all my beloved readers for your constant support and all your comments. They help me improve my writing. Thanks for your patience as well. So yeah. XOXOXO

P. S. Prince Zenas has red hair.

God bless all of you. Have a wonderful, blessed day ahead.

💝💝💝💝💝💝💝💝💝💝💝💝

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Prince Phoenix's POV

Esther fell on the ground with a loud thud. Her body ached with all the whipping. She had scars all over her body but they were slowly healing.

My Little Flower's scar will never heal. With that thought in mind I continued.

"Make her lie flat on the table and have her wrists and ankles shackled," I commanded to one of the soldiers.

Once she was tied up and unable to move much I walked up to her and stood at the side of her head. She was still struggling to free herself.

I took a needle filled with white liquid.

"W... What is th...that?!" she panicked.

"Oh nothing much. Just a little wolvesbane and some liquid extract from The Core of Life," I drawled. Esther's eyes widened in horror and disbelief.

"N...no, no."

"So you do know what this is. Do you also know the effects of it? I always wondered what it does to ordinary vampires like yourself," she started to sweat profusely. Her breathing became heavy as she just stared up.

"So what does it do?" she kept quiet and focused on calming herself down.

"No answer? I guess we'll just have to find out." I signaled for the soldiers to bring forward the red hot irons. Before they could press it on her skin, I injected the liquid into her bloodstream.

I then nodded at one of the soldiers.

He took an iron and pressed it against the skin of her right arm. She screeched and writhed in pain. Once the soldier removed the iron, there was an ugly, bloody red blotch on her skin. Seconds ticked by and the blotch still remained there.

I waited longer wanting to know how long it would take before her skin healed completely.

We all waited. She cried but none of us gave a damn.

I leaned in once the blotch started to change color. The healing process was extremely slow. It started to heal five minutes after the injury was made and for the process to complete another ten to fifteen minutes.

"Ahhh, you don't heal that fast. This should be fun. For me. I'll have to thank your daddy for this."

I signaled for the soldiers to do their job, burning her skin with the red hot irons. She screamed and wailed and begged for them to stop but that wasn't going to happen.

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Burnt marks were scattered throughout her legs, arms and her abdomen. She stopped moving after some time. Exhausted from all the pain and torment inflicted upon her. I sat on the chair waiting for her to come out of it.

Once she was fully conscious, I walked towards her. "This is far from over."

I took out a pair of pliers I was keeping and forced her mouth open. Her fangs elongated as a reflex. I pushed the pliers into her mouth and gripped one of her fangs with it. Within seconds I roughly pulled out her fang. She let out a heart breaking scream as blood flowed out of her mouth. I didn't stop there. I moved on to the next one and ripped it out as well.

Fangs do not grow back. At least not for ordinary vampires.

I used the pliers to pull several more teeth from her gums. Enjoying her screams. By the time I stopped her entire mouth was covered in deep red blood. She was chocking on it too. Not wanting her to die before I was satisfied, I freed her wrists and made her to sit up. She then spat out the blood. The red metallic liquid still flowed out of her mouth, staining the sides of her face and jaw.

"I'll stop for now. Don't worry you'll see me again tomorrow."

I then walked out of the cell, leaving her shackled on the table.

Next.

~~~

Henrietta backed away the moment she saw me walk inside her cell.

"How are we today?" I sneered.

"No, leave me alone!"

"That's not happening. I thought you loved the attention." I tilted my head.

She backed away until her back connected to the wall. I clicked my fingers and my soldiers immediately got hold of her. She kicked and screamed until they strapped her to a wooden chair in the middle of her cell.

Another female soldier went up to Henrietta and took out a small knife. She then began to cut her hair. Not too gently at that.

"Don't touch me!!! Let me go you idiot!!" this earned her a punch in the guts. Again. I reckon she'll never learn. The soldier kept pulling and cutting off chunks of her hair, up until it was only about a centimeter long. The roughness of the way her hair was cut, caused certain parts of her scalp to bleed. Her hair was uneven and painful to look at. Since Henrietta still didn't stop struggling against the straps, she looked like a zoo animal.

A male soldier then came forward and fixed two electrodes to her feet and another two on either side of her head. They were connected to an electric box. Henrietta visibly paled and started to tremble. "This is going to be painful. I want you to feel it. I want you feel so much pain that you get lost in it. This is for your betrayal towards my girl."

I pulled the small lever on the electric box. Electric current flowed through her nerves. She writhed. Her whole body jerked up and she thrashed on her chair. I stopped the electrocution.

She immediately spat out blood, loosing her breath in the process. "Pl...please, n..no more."

"Did you stop when she begged you?! Did you stop when she cried out in pain?!! Did you stop when she screamed her lungs out, yearning for her torture to end?!!! No!! I told you I will make you regret it," with that I pulled the lever again.

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I electrocuted her enough to make her unconscious. By the third pull, she couldn't even scream. Smoke came out of her feet and the sides of her head. Those parts of her skin were blackened. Burnt.

Tomorrow will be the last time I torture them. Tomorrow will be their last day.

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I walked out of the cell and immediately took a long, nice, warm bath. After that, I quickly got changed and headed towards my chambers. I was surprised to see someone waiting at the door. Two people to be exact.

I almost groaned.

Why can't they just leave me the fuck alone?!! Would my Little Flower really despise me that much if I killed him? Maybe she would get over it. She should be able to get over it in time.

I thought about all the possible outcomes if I decided to kill the stupid blonde servant.

As I got closer to where they stood, Blondie and Angel stopped chatting.

"Hello big bro," I nodded at him.

"Your Highness!! You look rather dashing this evening! New hair cut?" he beamed not looking at me in the eye. At least he followed that rule.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I then looked at Angel. "Both of you."

"I wanted to ask if I can meet my little red head." He asked confidently. I only glared at him.

"No," his smug smile vanished.

"What?!! Why?!"

"Because I said so. Now leave before I snap your neck." I gritted. Angel started to pull him away by his shirt.

"Your Highness! I asked permission this time! Why can't I see her?!" he whined like a three year old girl. I let out a long exhausted breath.

"You cannot see her tonight because I said so. Do. Not. Make. Me. Kill. You." I growled savagely. I know my veins popped out. He visibly gulped and looked at Angel. "I will let my brother know when you can visit her."

"Pfftt, yeah....o..okay....Your Highness. I'll try again tomorrow then..." Before I could say anything he grabbed Angel's hand and they both ran off.

Imbeciles.

I walked into the room to find the bed empty. My eyes widened as I looked around frantically. I sped to the other side to look into the bathroom.

Empty again. I rushed back and went to the other side of the bed. I let out a sigh of relief.

There she was, sitting on the floor, staring out the windows.

I quickly strode towards her, she turned to face me, looking at my feet. Her body stilled, looking alarmed for a moment.

She still feared me.

After a short while, her eyes became blank again. "Don't ever do that again, Little Flower! What are you doing on the floor?" I said softer. She looked down at her lap.

I took her small body in my arms and placed her back on the bed. She was so stiff when I carried her.

"Why were you on the floor? Did you fall?" she didn't reply of course.

She just timidly looked up at my chest and fidgeted with her fingers. My eyes softened.

"Just tell me what I can do for you." I whispered to her. A few seconds went by before she slowly and hesitantly looked out the windows again. I did the same and I knew exactly what she wanted.

"You want to go out?" her eyes immediately dropped to her lap again. It was as if she was afraid that she implied something very wrong. I took her small hand in mine.

"We'll go tomorrow. It's almost night time now. It will be cold outside and you might get sick. I'll take you tomorrow morning."

She didn't react to that. I just assumed that was an okay.

I called in Odelle to help her get ready for dinner. The one I agreed with my mother. Percival had already ordered Alex to be in the dining hall at eight. He didn't argue back. Alexander Kheelan didn't say anything at all.

"What would you like her to wear, my Prince?" Odelle asked.

"A simple dress would do. Make sure she's comfortable in it. I don't want anything to irritate her bandaged wounds." I ordered.

"Yes, my Prince."

Fifteen minutes later, Odelle called me in. My Little Flower was wearing a peach colored cotton dress. It was plain and it fitted her petite body perfectly. It wasn't too fitting nor too loose. The dress was just nice.

The sleeves were three quarter and the dress came below her knees. Odelle also braided her long fiery hair to the side and stuck a small white rose in between her braids.

Eve's
Hairstyle

BY EMILY OF
FOR THEWON

I stared at her for a few moments before taking her hand in mine. I lightly tugged her forward. She wobbled towards me. Then she started limping.

I guess she still wasn't ready to walk.

I scooped her up in my arms and carried her down to the dinning hall. She trembled a bit at first but after promising her that she wouldn't get hurt and assuring her that everything would be fine, she calmed down a little.

When I arrived at the great hall, the Queen and Alexander were already seated. My mother was seated at the head of the table while Alexander sat on her left. The boy looked genuinely uncomfortable and anxious whereas my mother was calmly eating her cupcake.

She even offered him some when I came closer. He shook his head with a confused expression. I understood. This was a bizarre situation.

The Queen of all vampires dining with a servant. Ridiculous.

I carried my girl towards the table and sat her down opposite Alexander. Even while I walked closer he was already gaping at the sight of us.

As I sat her down, I took my seat on her right, also, to the Queen's right.

My Little Flower didn't look up for some time. Alexander was at a lost for words. He swallowed hard and only stared at the girl in front of him. He looked like a frightened child, and I could see that for some reason, he didn't know how to face her.

He also looked extremely tired, with dark circles under his eyes. I could only imagine what he was going through ever since they were all rescued.

After a few quiet moments, my girl slowly looked up. When she did, she stared at her brother for the longest time. Not blinking.

"E...Eve?" he whispered lowly. Afraid his words would hurt her.

Her eyes immediately teared up the second she heard her brother's voice.

"No......don't..." he was afraid that she would break down. He got up at once and rushed to her side, wrapping his arms around her. From where I sat, I could see the tears that fell out of her beautiful eyes.

She silently wept in her brothers arms. Her body was trembling as she did so. Alex on the other hand kept apologizing over and over again. He kept repeating that it was all his fault and that he didn't do a good job protecting her.

My mother and I only observed the pair in silence.

I could sense that the woman next to me was deeply disturbed by the unfortunate event that took place in the castle.

We waited for the two of them to recover which took a while. My Little Flower still did not utter a single word. Another thing that constantly worries me as the days go by.

About half an hour later we were all properly seated in out chairs. Alexander was now sitting beside his sister. My girl's face was now red and blotchy. She seemed more tired.

"Well, this is a weird sitting arrangement," the Queen suddenly spoke up. "Allow me change my seat," my mother moved to her left side so now she was facing all three of us.

"You are Alexander Kheelan, am I correct?"

"Y..Yes, my Queen," the boy answered.

"And this is your sister?" he hesitated before nodding his head lightly.

"I heard you recently found out that she was your biological sister."

"I didn't find out. I was told."

"By a trustworthy source."

"I still don't know..."

"Prince Phoenix would know, dear Alexander. Vampires would know," my mother spoke softly. As they were talking I took my girl's soft hand in mine and held on to it. I didn't know what was going on in her head. I didn't even know if she was listening to the conversation or not. She just stared blankly ahead.

"I just don't know how that's possible," the boy grumbled under his breath. The Queen's eyes softened at the very confused and now irritated Alexander. He just wouldn't accept the truth for some reason. There was something blocking him.

"I know this may come a rough blow but we'll take it slow. I want to ask you a few questions first." The boy only nodded after glancing at my Little Flower.

"How old were the two of you when you met each other?"

"I was around eleven. I found her in the woods close to our village. She laid unconscious, close to the stream. Her clothes were dirty. She was wearing a blue cloak. Definitely didn't belong too her as it was huge. It could cover her whole body."

No wonder it meant so much to her. It was the only thing she had when she had nothing. I used that against her. I only wanted to scare her anyway. I still kept her cloak, neatly folded in my wardrobe.

Thank heavens I didn't throw it away like I had initially intended to.

"Keep going, dear. Don't leave anything out. Even if you think it's not important." Alexander took a moment before he continued.

"She had a big gash on the side of her head. I knew I couldn't just leave her there. She wouldn't survive the night. I knew she needed a place to stay. She was small so I picked her up and carried her to my house." He then looked at my mother. She too stared back at him.

Seconds passed in silence and she raised her brow at him.

"I dropped her a couple of times, on the way," he mumbled. This made my mother chuckle but Alexander only received a glare from me.

"Go on, and don't be like this Phoenix. He was just a boy." I gave her another irritated look and she looked away from me muttering something about how I wouldn't change.

"Do continue," she waved at the boy.

"I took her back and cleaned her wound. She was mute for a couple of days after that. I guess she was wondering if she could trust me," he turned to my Little Flower and looked fondly at her.

"She started talking on the third day. She wanted to know where she was staying and who I was. As the days passed by, she gradually opened up to me. We became inseparable as we only had each other. That's basically the whole story and now here we are."

"How about your parents?"

"They were taken away.....by vampires," he gritted out. Understandable. He probably lost all his loved ones. Most of the humans lose their loved ones.

Me grandfather fucked up the entire ruling system in Red Kingdom. I do not understand why the King is still so accepting of it. Whenever I opened that up, my mother would step in to support my father.

"What were your parents like?" my mother continued.

"Ordinary people. Good people."

"Describe them to me dear."

"What do you mean my Queen?"

"The usual. Hair color. Height. What color were your mother's eyes?"

Alexander thought about my the Queen's question long and hard. Like he was trying to solve a puzzle. We could see that he was trying hard. Too hard.

There was something wrong.

"What's the matter?" my mother asked concerned. She then ordered the servants to bring some water.

Once he drank the water, he stared at my mother looking more dejected than ever. Even my girl's eyes traveled towards him.

"I....I can't remember much...."

"Much?"

"I....I..don't...."

"You don't remember much, or do you not remember anything about them?" he opened and closed his mouth but no words came out.

"I thought you were nine when your parents were taken away. Surely you should remember something about them. Nine is not a very young age Alexander." I said to him. How could he not remember anything? My mother however, was exceptionally undisturbed by this.

"Try to remember anything at all." I pushed him.

He started thinking hard again. After a few minutes, he winched and held on to his head. His breathing became heavier. My mother rushed to his side and held his head. "Just breathe in slowly then breathe out. Come on." He followed my mother's instructions and soon the pain left him.

"Alright, let's move on," the Queen took her seat. Next question. Do you remember anything else before the age of nine?"

"I think so."

"Go on. Tell me something dear."

"We lived in the village my whole life. We lived as ordinary humans."

"We already know that dear. Tell me something else. About you. What did you like to do? What were your hobbies before the age of nine?"

He gave her a blank look again. He then thought for a moment. That moment turned into minutes and that's when we knew he couldn't answer that question as well. This was just plain weird.

"This is getting nowhere mother. I'm going to feed her now."

"I have all the answers I need Phoenix. You know that too."

"Nothing is confirmed..."

"They are..."

"No! Stop! She doesn't need this now." I warned the Queen in a low tone.

"Then leave her with Odelle for a while. You stay if you want further proof."

She was getting more and more annoying.

I got up and carried my girl. She kept looking towards her Alex so I promised her that he would come visit tomorrow morning. Only then did she loosen up a little. Just a little. I carried her to my chambers and placed her on the bed. Before walking out I kissed her forehead and left her in the care of Odelle.

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When I reached the dinning hall, dinner was already served. I took a seat and looked at the Queen, waiting for her to continue where she left off.

"Please eat first, Phoenix."

"I will when you continue," I said coldly.

She gave me a nod and waited for Alexander to take a few mouths before starting.

"He has no memories of his parents. He has no memories before the age of nine. All he knows is that he lived in the village all his life and his parents were ordinary humans. Simple people. That's it Phoenix. Everything is unknown until he finds the girl. His story brings out too many doubts. Too many questions. Loopholes everywhere." Alexander just gaped at her as she spoke.

I admit his story was off.

"What about your sister? Where did she come from? How did she end up in the woods? After you found her, did you ask her anything?"

"I....I did. She...." he stopped himself.

"What is it?"

"She has no memories before that. She too doesn't remember anything before we met," he whispered. His face contorted in utter confusion and pain. He looked beaten.

"You want to know what I really think? These memories you have about yourself. Your simple parents, the village, how they were taken away, these were all put into your mind."

"W..what are you saying?...It can't be. I don't understand..."

"Just calm down dear. Your story was put into your mind. I think it's just a simple spell. Any light witch could do it and you were so young so it would have been much easier. You finding your sister in that state is just one of the many blurry memories you have of her. You tried to make sense of your situation and this story you told us is the outcome. Both of you were lost with no one to help you. You had no guidance."

"I already had a home!"

"How do you know that house belonged to you? You say it was your parents' but who are they?"

Alexander was breathing hard again.

"Maybe that's enough for tonight."

"He needs to know."

"But even you don't kno-"

"What else do I need?!" the Queen raised her voice.

"Suit yourself. Just don't let him pass out here."

"Alexander, well I'm not even sure if that's your real name," she muttered. "You and your sister are most probably the same age."

"No-"

"You have no proof that you're older. Both of you are most probably seventeen. I will call the doctors to give you a check up tomorrow. I know you'd want evidence before you believe me."

"And lastly," she sat up and took a deep breath. "If all my theories are right, which I know they are," she glanced at me before looking deep into Alexander's eyes.

"You and your sister are the missing twins from Golden Haven. The twins sent away by King Sindrion Celeste and Queen Aurora a long time ago. Your real parents."

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That's all for now. Lemme know what you guys think💭 💭 💭!!!!

Muahhhhhhh 💖💖💖💖💖

P. S. That's just the picture of Eve's hairstyle. Not Eve.

Okay that's it 😂.

Continue to next part
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