

THIRTEEN

I tried to beg him after that, but my pleas fell on deaf ears, my tears didn't move him. Even Vadirr that was more relaxed at the beginning started to get irritated. I was handcuffed to the door of the vehicle, my legs were tied together and my lips duct taped when I wouldn't stop begging. I was tied like some goods and no one dared stop the vehicle as Vadirr increased his speed.

Everyone knows how loyal Vadirr is to his best friend, and I didn't exactly expect him to like me considering I tried to end his friend's life, but he'd felt pity for me. He'd even told Prince Draven to let me go at the start, but now when he glanced at me through the rear view mirror occasionally, I saw irritation, and maybe hatred.

There wasn't any need to plan another escape, so I accepted my fate. I was a fool to think I could outrun a Lycan. The minute I started to run, he must have heard my footsteps. Even before I tried to, he must have known, because he's the most powerful Lycan on earth. He must have had a hunch or used one of his superpowers. He let me run to prove a point. And I get it. I can never escape from him. I can't even try, because it's useless. I told my wolf we'd take whatever punishment awaits us in good faith.

We stopped once to fill the gas, and then I dozed off for a while. No, not a while. Many hours. Because when I woke up, we were in a private airport, and I was hanging upside down on the shoulders of a very bulky man and being shoved roughly into a private jet.

I have never been in a private jet before. I have never even flown before, but this isn't the state I'd have liked to be in the first time I had the experience. I was too weak to

THIRTEEN

complain or even admire the interiors of the Lycan Prince's luxurious jet. I was tired, and hungry, and it wasn't long before my eyes drifted close again.

When I slept, I dreamt of Leander. I dreamt of the night he'd bled to death in my arms and I couldn't do anything to save him. Sometimes I blame myself for his death. It's ridiculous, I know, but I have been blamed for things that I didn't do and had no control of in the past eleven years that I now consider everything my fault. I blamed myself for everything.

A slap on my cheek woke me up. I sat up with a start, my mouth dry from lack of water and food. I realised I'd slept all through the journey and we have arrived the Lycaon palace. The Lycaon palace is where the royal Lycans live.

I perceived the power in the air and even if I wasn't already as weak as a kitten, I wouldn't have been able to stand on my two feet. The Palace was everything I read about and even more. Even in my weakened state, I couldn't help but admire the high buildings going several feet in the air, different statues and sculptures positioned on strategic locations, exotic vehicles that I'd only dreamt of, moving smoothly on the perfectly tarred road.

I wasn't given time to gape and mull over my new surroundings. The same bulky guy picked me up and straddled me across his shoulders only to drop me inside a truck with my arms and legs still cuffed and my mouth covered with duct tape which he peeled roughly from my lips as soon as I was safely in the car. I winced, but didn't let out the agonizing scream that was at the tip of my tongue. My eyes met with Prince Draven's one last time as the truck sped away, and just like that, I knew I'd experienced all the luxury I probably ever would in my lifetime. Now was time for punishment.

I pressed my back against the seats and sighed,

THIRTEEN

occasionally peeking out the windows to admire the Lycaon palace. An overwhelming sensation suddenly engulfed me and next thing I know, I'm at the brink of tears, struggling to keep them at bay.

My mind drifted to Silver Moon pack. I'm not sure where this hulk is taking me but one thing I'm sure of is that I'm far away from Silver Moon. Far away from Alpha Thane and Zayden Vaughn. There's no way they will find me here. I was safe from them, but now I had to face the wrath of the Royals. I consoled myself with the thought of how lucky I was to have even stepped foot in the Lycaon palace, to have met a real life Lycan and the Prince Draven. To have ridden in his vehicle and flown with him even though I'd slept for the most part of the journey. It's more than Zayden or Alpha Thane ever accomplished.

I'd not felt any pain from my mate being with another, and at some point, I'd thought Zayden didn't have his cock inside a vagina. Maybe now that I was gone, he misses me and he regrets his actions. Maybe he's curled up on his bed crying and wishing he'd done things differently. But I was lying to myself. Zayden was too much of a bastard to regret anything, the only thing he probably regrets is not properly rejecting me. It only occurred to me that since I'd traveled many miles and across several countries away from my mate, it was unlikely that I feel the mate bond especially since he didn't mark me yet.

I felt a pinch of happiness knowing I'd never feel that pain again, but my happiness lasted a little over a second. Whether I felt the pain or not, I was still bound to him. I was still his mate. And until he marked another, I'd never get a second chance. Who was I kidding? I didn't deserve a second chance with anyone. Second chances are very rare, and I have only seen it happen for one person in my life time. A traitor like me didn't deserve a second chance.

"I wonder why he didn't kill you," The bulky man's voice

THIRTEEN

pulled me out of my train of thoughts. My eyes darted to stare into his at the mirror.

"What?" I drawled. I'd heard what he said the first time but for some reason, my brain was taking a long time processing the information. I was getting slower. I had very little food in the last week and after that long trip, I was exhausted.

"Prince Draven will never spare anyone who tried to kill him," The man replied, his eyes still holding mine in the mirror. "Especially not a lowly omega like you. Why didn't he kill you?" he hissed.

I didn't have an answer to his question, and I wasn't sure why he was asking me. I was also not in a mood to make any conversation with Mr. scary, so I kept mute and continued to look out the windows. I wanted an answer to that question myself, and the only reason I could think of was because he wanted a more painful type of death for me.

I only realised my back pack had been taken away from me when he stopped the car and picked me up like a sack of potatoes across his shoulders and carried me into the dungeons, another guard following behind him. A Lycan too. Almost everyone here are Lycan's but there had to be a few werewolves at least. The Werewolves in the Lycaon Palace were either those who'd mated to a Lycan, or those that had found favor with the Royals and were offered jobs here. Others were helps or offenders, and I may be one of the top offenders after what I'd just tried to do.

I didn't complain or try to struggle when he dropped me roughly on the hard floor of the cell. I hated the dungeons. Especially the ones in Silver Moon. I hated being in small spaces, and I hated that screeching voice that always played with my mind whenever I was locked up, and there

THIRTEEN

was no getting used to the dark, cold cells in Silver Moon. But this cell I was in wasn't anything like the one's I'd been in at my pack. It was more spacious, it had good ventilation and light. It even had a small bed that was better than the one in my room at Silver Moon, and it had a convenience room. It means I wouldn't have to shit on myself like I did at the dungeons in Silver Moon.

This cell was also secluded from the other cells. It means I wouldn't get to hear the screams of offenders that were being tortured. When a middle aged woman came into view bearing a tray with food, My heart leapt with joy. As soon as she set it on the floor, I dived into the meal with my bear hands, not minding the three pairs of eyes fixed on me.

"She eats like an animal," The woman huffed with irritation "A pretty animal," She added as the sound of her heels gradually faded away.

It wasn't unusual that someone described me as an animal, but no one ever used the word pretty in a statement while addressing me, but I didn't look up as I continued to devour my food.