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"It's time," The deep voice pulled me out of my subconscious.

I opened my eyes and cringed them at the impact of the torchlight positioned directly in my line of vision. Judging from how dark it was, I guess it's midnight already. I'd taken a long shower after my meal before falling asleep.

"It's time for your punishment," Mr. Scary repeated again, annoyance in his voice "Prince Draven is waiting,"

My punishment. My heart missed a beat. I sat upright with so much speed that I felt the blood rush to my head. Of course they had to make sure I ate and rested well to be able to receive whatever punishment awaits me.

I heard the rattle of chains, keys shoved into a padlock, as the brawny man started to open my cell but I closed my eyes and tried to calm my nerves, to still my quivering hands. Nothing worked. I was too scared to stay still.

When he grabbed me roughly by my nape, pushing me out of the cell, I yelped, but didn't say anything or try to beg. He cuffed my hands in front of me and pushed me into his van like a random criminal.

The Lycoan place was still very much busy despite the late hours. The streets were not desolate like it usually is by this time at Silver Moon pack. People went about their businesses like it was normal day time and the palace was even more beautiful at night. I was left star-struck as I marvelled at how magnificent the Lycaon palace is, I'd never seen anything like it and I forgot about my punishment for a while. It looks like heaven here. But it wasn't long before scary man pulled the vehicle to a stop and picked me up across his shoulder, carrying me up a flight of stairs before stopping in front of a rather Large

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door. He tapped on the door twice, but didn't wait for a response before pushing the door open and lifting me off his shoulders.

The room was large, large enough to accommodate up to forty people, but there was only a single iron chair and table in it with different whips and objects lined on the table. I winced as my eyes did a sweep of the items on the table. Some of the whips had spikes on them. There were knives, a choke pear, collars, leg shackles and many other torture equipment's that I couldn't identify. I'd been tortured a lot in the last few years but many of the things lined up on this table were foreign to me.

"On your knees," The man who'd brought me in growled, but he already kicked me from behind before I could obey. Not like I'd not felt the presence of the other powerful men in the room, but I'd been too carried away with fear of what will become of me in the next few minutes to look in their direction.

There were three of them. One had his back to me, looking out the window, his hands shoved lazily in his pockets and his legs spread slightly apart in a rigid stance. Prince Draven. The other two were looking directly at me and I recognized Vadirr, Prince Draven's beloved friend. He was leaning against the wall, a deep frown on his face, eyes fixed intently on me and a half empty glass of scotch in one hand. I have never set my eyes on the third man before, but I knew without a doubt that he was the second Prince and Prince Draven's younger brother. Prince Duron. They looked so much alike and could almost pass as twins.

They have the same hair color, styled in the same fashion. They'd probably be the same height too and how can anyone miss the grace around the two Lycan prince's? From their expensive wears to the air of authority surrounding them. I couldn't afford to look either of them

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in the eye, so my eyes dropped to the floor.

"Your majesty," along with my hands, my voice shook. If looks could kill, I'd have died within seconds of entering this room with the hard stare Prince Duron and Vadirr were giving me.

"Leave us," Vadirr instructed the man who'd brought me in and he bowed at the command and left, shutting the door quietly behind him.

"She tried to kill you?" Prince Duron finally broke the silence. There was sarcasm, mockery and disbelief in his voice, but it still held that authority "Looks can be deceiving," he added.

"I wouldn't have believed it myself if I wasn't there," Vadirr confirmed "She got him on his thigh,"

I swallowed "It was an accident," I quickly chipped in with my face still downcast.

"What you did is punishable by death," Prince Draven finally spoke, turning to face me as he did. He was angry, his voice causing usual goose bumps on my skin. His eyes were on me, I could feel them boring into my flesh with unbridled anger and hatred for me.

"Draven, you can't kill her," Prince Duron surprisingly rose to my defense.

"I'll be the judge of that," he snapped.

"I know you don't want to. If you wanted to kill her, you'd have done that on the spot," Prince Duron says sarcastically. Tension. I felt the tension between the two brothers. Something tells me these two are always at loggerheads.

"I could have done this in public, made you an example to the others," Prince Draven turned back to me, deciding to

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ignore his brother.

But the almighty Prince Draven didn't need to make any examples. He was the first Lycan Prince after all. The strongest of our kind. His name would cause an uproar if mentioned anywhere. He could conquer an army of warriors all by himself, he was the blood thirsty conqueror, the only man who dared stand up to the King Cadeyrn. He'd earned himself a reputation of being a no nonsense man, a man who takes without asking and kills without remorse.

"But I agree with Duron on one thing, I don't want to kill you," He hissed. I released a breathe I didn't know I'd been holding, "Not yet," He added and I felt my heart dip again. "I'll be nice enough to allow you pick your punishment,"

My eyes darted to the table again and rested on a whip. I was used to Alpha Thane's whip, so I'd be able to survive that. I don't doubt that the Prince Draven's would be more painful because of how strong he is, but his whip looked better than the other instruments lined neatly on the table.

"This pretty little girl doesn't look like a killer if you ask me though. I'd say you spare her," Prince Duron muttered. I felt my cheeks flame up at his words. He really didn't think me pretty did he? I was a lowly, wretched omega girl. I was nothing compared to the women around here. I was never complimented either directly or indirectly at Silver moon pack, and now, hearing the second Lycan Prince refer to me as pretty, I couldn't help the blush that was gently creeping up my cheeks.

A loud knock on the door followed and I was glad when all three men shifted their gaze to the door. Hopefully, none of them noticed the redness on my cheeks. A man in a royal attire made his way inside, and I heard Prince Duron and Vadirr grumble as the man crossed the room

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to where Draven was standing.

"What do you want Lucas?" Prince Draven snapped at the man, making no efforts to hide his annoyance and his obvious irritation by the man's interruption.

"You already know what I want, Draven," the man didn't look deterred by Prince Draven's arrogance. "Your people have stayed too long without a leader."

"What did I tell you about this topic?" Prince Draven growled at the elderly man.

"I kn-ow b-ut-" The man started to stutter, finally losing his confidence, but Prince Draven held up a hand to silence him.

"No buts, Lucas," he hissed.

"The kinsmen insist that you must take Heather as your chosen mate in a fortnight -" The man started to say, but Prince Draven growled at him again, stalking towards him while the elderly man took many steps away from the prince. His anger was enough to make the hair at the nape of my neck stand up straight, and I suddenly felt pity for the man whose back was now pressed against the wall with Prince Draven hovering over him.

"Tell the kinsmen that I'll slit their throats one after the other, starting with you, if they do not back off my tail, and hell knows there are a thousand and one ways I could send them to their graves, and everyone in this room knows how much pleasure I'll derive from doing that," He paused "As for Heather, I won't need to pretend to be the gentleman around her anymore. You can let her know that I already found my mate," my ears perked up at Prince Draven's last words. I saw Vadirr and Prince Duron exchange awkward glances.

"You did?" The elderly man shrieked joyously "Who is she?"

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When are you introducing her? This is good news! Do you know how long we waited for this? How come –" he went off blabbering, but the Prince Draven grabbed him roughly by the arm, pulling him away and out of the room.



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