

Chapter 10

Elena POV

I stared at her dumbstruck, what in goddess' name was she talking about? How could she suddenly say such a thing like wanting to swear loyalty to me? I didn't even have any power here, what would she gain from being tied to someone like me?

I felt my heart go cold as an alarm rang in my head. Was this a prank? Or a test from Alpha Draven? If I failed, would he finally have the reason he needed, to reject me? How was I supposed to respond? What if I ended up picking the wrong answer?

A sharp gasp pulled me out of my thoughts and I glanced at the maid. Why did she look so shocked?

"Luna." She whispered breathlessly. "You're bleeding."

Bleeding? Where? I looked down at my arms, my legs, my stomach. Nothing. I couldn't find any injuries but when I looked questioningly back at her, she still had that horrified look on her face.

"Your lips, Luna." She helpfully supplied, still watching me. I raised my hand to touch them but she swatted it away, immediately apologizing.

"I'm sorry Luna but touching a wound with unclean hands can lead to it getting infected, that's why I did that. Please punish me for hitting you Luna."

"Why would I punish you?" I asked hoarsely. I looked down at my hands,

they were indeed dirty. I hadn't had the chance to bathe yet since I got here, especially with the situation that had occurred earlier. After she mentioned it, my lips started tingling. I knew I was going to regret it later when eating, if I got food.

I thought I had gotten over the habit of chewing my lips when worried but obviously not. I wondered how long it would take for it to heal this time.

"You were right." I told her. "Besides it didn't hurt."

She didn't look relieved at all, instead she looked more worried. I could even see the tears forming in her eyes now.

"I broke a palace rule by hitting you Luna." She said. "It's right for me to receive punishment."

How could such a small thing deserve punishment? Was Alpha Draven really so strict with his subjects?

"What's the punishment for hitting me?" I asked her curiously, it probably wouldn't be anything worse than docking her pay or suspending her for a period of time.

"Fifty strokes of the singing rod, Luna." She replied shakily.

I looked at her in disbelief. "Fifty strokes! And with a singing rod? What's a singing rod?" I hadn't ever heard of it before.

"It's a willow rod Luna." She said. "It has been passed down through generations and is usually kept in the armory. The only time it's changed is when it gets broken."

I still didn't know what the willow rod looked like, but from her reaction, it was no small matter. "Who would issue such a heavy punishment for something so small? I'm not even upset about it. Don't I have any say in the matter?"

"You do Luna." She said as she suddenly brightened up, looking at me hopefully.

I let out a sigh of relief. At least she wouldn't have to go through such a harsh punishment for no reason. "Okay, you're not getting punished." I said, satisfied that the matter would end there.

But she still didn't look relieved. Was my reassurance not good enough?

I asked uncertainly. "Do we have to inform someone first before I can waive off the punishment for you?"

"It doesn't work that way Luna." She explained. "Only the personal servants of the royals are exempt from such rules, leaving it to the royal to decide the punishment themselves.

So the only way I could escape the punishment is if you accepted me as your personal maid Luna."

By the time she finished speaking, her voice had practically vanished.

My heart thumped painfully in my chest. We were back to this topic again. I narrowed my eyes suspiciously at her, was all this just a plot to force a reaction out of me? Was it impossible for me to avoid this test?

She lowered her head pitifully. "It's fine if you can't accept me yet, Luna. I'

"I'll go receive my punishment now and once I'm healed, I'll show you I'm really trustworthy"

"How long does it take to heal from the flogging?" I asked hopefully. Maybe she had exaggerated the whole thing.

She tilted her head as she thought hard. "I'm not really sure Luna but the last time a warrior was flogged, it took a month before he could walk properly again.

"A month." I gasped, eyeing her frame. Despite the shapely body, it was very obvious that she was still quite young. Definitely no more than 18. Would such a heavy punishment not send her directly to her grave?

Finally, I braced myself and asked. "Why do you want to be my servant?" If she didn't give a good reason, I would immediately reject her. Singing rod be damned.



Comments



Error Collection



Share Chapter