

Chapter 41

I longingly gazed down the hallway and begged for that sweet escape. Darian was talking to his brother and kept me standing in the same spot for a good five minutes.

The only thing I was missing was a leash and collar around my neck that he could pull on whenever his power-hungry menace felt like it.

But then I turned my head and caught a glimpse of his profile, his jaw relaxed and his eyes stared intently as he listened to his brother explain the plan for tonight's event - one I had yet to be informed about.

Something about seeing only half his face in this light made him remarkably less dangerous.

But that wasn't the truth, the light needed to be fixed.

"Thank you, Gabriel," Darian turned, his hands rested on each other behind his back and his green eyes landed on me. Looking into his eyes was like staring down an open grave - cold and dark.

When he looked at me it wasn't with any affection, lust, or otherwise. It was like he was amused, having fun for the moment, enjoying each little sliver of torment he could cut me with.

"Darian," Gabe put his hand on his brother's shoulder and locked eyes with me.

Those eyes held emotion, though I didn't like the fear that I saw in them at that moment.

"You may leave now, little brother," Darian informed but it wasn't a request or a choice, it was a clear and concise order from a king to his



subordinate.

Gabe removed his hand and walked behind his brother. He cast a wary look over his shoulder but continued walking to a corner of the palace where he would go on with planning tonight's big event. And then there were two.

He stalked towards me and I lifted my falling head.

I can not have a lifetime of this, I won't.

"What am I going to do with you, puppet? It seems that no matter what I say or do, you never learn your place,"

I gulped and he probably saw it but no matter.

I took a breath, looked into his eyes, and stretched my back.

"Your brother was the one who brought me with him. Why didn't you lay into him about this?"

Darian's lips pulled up, I saw the hint of a dimple, and he gestured with his head for the hallway leading to the stairs.

"Let's walk,"

He went ahead and disappeared around corners before I caught up with him.

Let's walk he said.

We went up a staircase and down another hallway. I wouldn't be surprised if one day someone shows up and says they've been lost in this palace for the last year, I'd believe them. I needed a map to find my way



back to my room later.

Darian waited for me when I turned the last corner and he smiled.

It felt like a trap, luring me in with kindness to later on toss me to the wolves...literally.

"Where did my brother take you?" He asked.

I couldn't tell if he was trying for idle chitchat or if he was fishing for answers that he already had.

He must've known where I went, Gabe told him about MarryBell.

"He took me to the outskirts of the kingdom," maybe if I revealed as little detail as possible I wouldn't have to answer more questions.

"The Rogue-infested town on the south border you mean,"

I looked up at his soft smile and the tiny scar above his lip. Continuing to scan his face I found his features more relaxed than ever before right up until we locked eyes and I saw nothing looking back at me.

The shiver that ran down my arms and pulsed like electric currents in my fingertips reminded me of the monster he was, not the calm man he pretended to be.

Darian came to a sudden stop in front of a room and opened the door. He held it open and flicked his head. We were in a secluded part of the palace, I saw no other rooms in this hallway but this one.

"I doubt you took a stroll down the slum. Where did he take you?"

I wanted to step back and run down the hallway but I knew I wouldn't get



anywhere. At the same time, I refused to go into that room with him alone so my feet were glued to the maroon carpet that covered the floor.

"I went with him to MarryBell,"

Darian gave me a low nod, his lips twitched in a smile and he gestured with his head once again for me to step inside but I was cemented to the spot, my body was deciding right now, not me, and Trixy was getting anxious when she felt his aura radiating anger.

"Don't be shy," he said.

His eyes darkened to an obsidian blend in the green that his eyes normally were and a low growl rumbled from his chest.

"Get in." He ordered.

That certainly made my feet move from their glued spot and I swear, if I turned around and looked at where I'd stood, I'd see two prints in the shape of my feet from where they weighed into the floor.

Trixy forced herself to stay at the front with me even though she wanted to back up and kneel from the tone in his order.

She had trouble standing up against him, as did I for that matter but Trixy never had an issue pressing up against an Alpha for his bullshit or when we felt he was in the wrong- but the king was clearly a different story. His orders didn't give us an itch when we disobeyed them- that was the thing, we couldn't disobey them. His order was our law, Trixy and I felt not just obliged to follow but forced, as though doing anything else was insanity because every fiber in us pushed to follow the order.

We got in and I stood with my back towards the door. He closed it gently and I gulped when the lock was turned into place.



"I'm not angry at you for leaving with Gabriel. I am, however, curious," I heard him walking up behind me. He stopped close enough for me to feel him every time he breathed and his fingers caressed my neck when he moved my hair back.

"Did you see anything you liked?"

I turned around and faced him, our faces only an inch away from each other and his hand rested around my throat, his thumb gently sliding down to the dip between my collarbones.

I wasn't sure what he was asking of me and even if I was I couldn't find my voice with his hand around my neck.

"I want you to show me, puppet," he leaned down his head and his fingers tightened around me while his thumb drew patterns on my skin.

"Show me what you saw,"



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