

Chapter 42

The room was spinning around me and I couldn't get out of my head.

His eyes started glowing, a beautiful golden-brown hue with a deceiving calm luring behind them.

Trixy stepped back, she was scared and the pressure from the Lycan was driving her into submission without a single word uttered to make her kneel; it was all him, his energy and his wolf simply existing was enough to make us cower.

It was why the Lycans ruled for as long as they had, they were different from us, stronger and much more powerful.

Darian's lips hovered by my ear and his breath fanned my face when he whispered, "Look around,"

Without turning my head I tried to see what room I was in. The walls were dark, a near charcoal color matching with the red heavy drapes that covered the window. The canopy bed had thick black bed posts with upside-down teardrop-shaped finials decorating the heads of the posts.

Around the crown where a curtain would usually hang, instead hung black straps that fell down to the bed, one on each corner of the crown, and the pillows were dressed in silk covers as they stood elegantly on the black sheeted mattress.

There was a zebra print behind the bed on a canvas that someone had painted and the shapes twisted and turned resembling something that I couldn't put my finger on.

My eyes went straight to the shiny metal by the footboard...my breath hitched in my throat when I saw the chains and the cuffs attached to the



ends.

"Where are we?" His voice was playful with a deep darkness that went together so terrifyingly well.

When I gulped the pain in my stomach worsened and I held my breath.

"Don't make me ask again," Darian said. He moved my hair and pressed his lips against my ear.

"We're in your bedroom," my voice trembled but it was barely audible so maybe he didn't hear it.

Darian chuckled and the sound vibrated through my body and gave fear a new name.

"Not bedroom, puppet. This is my playroom and we're going to play,"

"What the hell is a playroom?" Trixy stressed. I hated it when she was scared.

She was my strength, my power, and most times my better judgment but he was making her knees shake and her neck twist in submission.

"I don't know and I'm afraid to find out," I said.

His hand trailed up my side, digging over the mesh fabric that I became much too aware of.

My lungs felt like they were about to erupt from holding my breath for as long as I had. I could control many things but my body's reaction to his touch was not one of them. His fingers graced the crest below my breast and followed the contour around my nipple.



"I've seen your tits through this dress since the second you stepped into the palace- which means that everyone you've passed has seen them too,"

They stiffened from his gentle caress and I didn't need to look at him to know how amusing this was to him. It was all a game and he was winning.

Darian pinched my nipple between his fingers and cupped my cheek.

"I want you to walk over to the bed and lie down on your back." He stopped, removed his hands, and took a step back while tucking his hands away in his pockets. The gold watch on his wrist stopped spinning, maybe it was all in my head, or maybe time stopped.

The veins in his lower arms pushed against his skin and his arms bulged under the shirt. Every time he moved I swore a button would come undone or the fabric would rip but it never did.

I looked at the bed, the black bedding, and the red satin pillows, and then I looked back at Darian and where I thought I would see growing impatience was instead an eerie calm that hugged his aura.

The door was right behind him, I know he locked it but if I could take him down long enough to run out then maybe I'd get away. Maybe I could find someone who'd help me.

"If you want to risk it you're more than welcome to. In fact, I'll give you a five-second head start," he stepped aside, leaving the path to the door completely open for me to run down.

My eyes shot to Darian's and his monotone expression looking back at me.

"I don't know what you mean," I said.



Darian took one step, and then another, he walked so slowly it felt like he was taunting me but when he came to a stop I wished he'd taken longer. He grabbed my face and forced my head back while he dragged his thumb over my lips. His eyes shifted in gold and his canines extended - sharper and longer than werewolves with a poison that ran in my veins. He growled and leaned his face over mine.

"Go lay down on the bed and don't move." He didn't tell me or ask me, he ordered me.

Not as a man or a king but as my mate. Was it the mate bond that made me follow his every order? I had no control when my feet moved on their own accord and I felt my eyes growing wider the closer I got to the bed. I tried to slow down, to force my body back but it went too slowly for his liking and I heard a growl echo from him before he grabbed me and tossed me across the room. I landed on the bed and quickly turned on my back to see him.

"Good girl," he scanned my body, leaving heat marks wherever he gazed, and by the time he had taken it in his eyes were black and my heart was thumping dangerously fast.

I searched around with my hands and the silk sheets cooled my skin as I remained glued to the bed.

"Why can't I move?" My voice hitched and I clutched the sheets in my fists and remembered the dress I was wearing - it was riding up and I felt every part of my body being on display for him.

It wasn't just my back that pushed down into the mattress as if attached to a magnet, my legs weren't moving even though I screamed for them to kick or shake or do anything except be still.



"Relax," he ordered.

My hands slowly relaxed and my fingers opened up, releasing the sheet and falling powerlessly to my sides while the devil smiled in contentment.

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