



Chapter 47

Darian slid his hand down Abby's front and between her legs. He started moving it back and forth while her moans were muffled by the ball in her mouth.

He pushed the button, I heard the tase and my eyes felt like were bulging out of my head when I couldn't look away. Abby's head fell forward when her screams were choked and she pulled her hands down when her body folded over but she couldn't free her wrists. Darian pulled on a hanging rope that propelled the chains back up and Abby was forced into a standing position.

He stepped around her, released the rope just enough for her arms to fall while he bent her over and then he locked the rope into place.

Darian positioned himself behind her and grabbed something from the hook in the drawer behind him.

Trixy stepped up beside me but she didn't just join me, she edged me back from the center of my own mind and pushed me to the side while she took the runt of the pain we felt from watching Darian go off on Abby.

I was still present and heard everything but I could hide in a sense, like covering my eyes and only seeing through the cracks.

I heard the muffled sounds and saw parts of when ripped the gag from her mouth.

She was thrust forward when he entered her and Trixy shoved me further back when the sound of his thrusts echoed in the room and Abby's moans were freed to bounce against the walls.

She yelped when something flashed in the air coming down on her and



her head was pulled back while he pulled on the rope. Darian's cheeks were flushed and his eyes glowed while he thrust into her with an inhuman speed.

"Stop looking," Trixy warned.

I closed my eyes to keep from seeing anything but there was nothing I could do about the sound of her screams.

The chains were pulled with a snapping sound and Trixy stepped back. She gave me back full control of my senses and my body- I could've taken it back myself if I needed to but I was glad having missed most of what Darian did to that poor girl.

When I saw them again, Abby was red all over and a guard walked in just in time. He grabbed her robe from the floor and helped it on her while she leaned against his shoulder and they walked out.

Abby's legs could barely hold her up, they were shaking under her and the guard's arm around her waist was what kept her standing as she leaned her weight onto him.

When the door closed I had no choice, there wasn't anything else for me to do. The guard hadn't even looked at me when he walked in.

I heard his heavy steps walk towards the foot of the bed and turned my head. Darian wrapped a towel around his waist and set his knee down on the bed before he moved up and leaned over me.

I drew a double breath when I felt his hand coming up my knee, up the inside of my thigh, and under my dress. He wrapped his fingers around my throat and moved my head to the side, exposing his mark.

"These marks on your body mean you're mine, puppet, mine to do with



whatever I please. But I am not a monster, nor am I a gentleman. I do not walk the line between good and evil and I will not wait to take what I want or to protect what I have. I share my wealth and I share my Bells but I do not share you and I never want to smell another man on you again. Is that clear?" his tongue grazed over my mark and he forced my head back so that I watched him.

"Is that why did that to Abby- to punish me?" I whispered.

"That wasn't punishment, that was a preview of the kind of games you and I will play in due time. You haven't seen punishment yet, puppet, but let that mark on your thigh be a taste of what it can feel like to be punished," he leaned down and breathed in my scent, "I don't smell him on you anymore, let it stay that way,"

I scoffed in disbelief and shook my head. He didn't even know what happened, and just like his brother, he blamed me for it.

"You smelling another man on me doesn't mean that he was touching me with my permission! Some men don't care, some men will take what they want with no regard to your screams or cries or begging them to stop," I spat without a single tremble of fear disrupting my voice. I pulled on the chains and stared straight into his eyes, "you should know," I continued.

He stopped moving. He stopped breathing even. Darian's eyes shot down for a split second before he rose to his knees and grabbed the wristband.

It was one quick pull and my arm fell to the side.

"Where is he now?" He asked and worked on the other wrist.

I pulled my hand to my chest and waited for the other one to be freed.



"He's dead," I explained and yelped when he pulled on the other band and my hand fell on the bed.

"Good," Darian said as he smoothly moved off the bed and stood at the foot of the bed.

"Your brother killed him," I added.

He grabbed the chains around my feet and I watched as his body visibly stiffened in place.

His eyes, obsidian and lifeless, left frostbite on my skin when he scanned my face.

"Gabriel knew?"

My tongue twisted in my mouth and left me to choke on my words.

He unlocked the chains and pulled them off, leaving them hanging over the bed while I pulled my knees up to my chest.

"You have a few hours before the ball, Elise will be over and help you get ready."

"What ball?"

"The Royal Ball is held after each Hunt. Alphas from all over gather at the palace and may bring one of their mates. Attendance is non-optional, yours especially," he warned.

I made sure not to give anything away and kept a monotone expression until he left the room in nothing but a towel covering his parts.

But as soon as he was out of sight I couldn't help the smile that stretched



on my lips.

If the Alphas were coming that meant I'd get to see Emanuel and maybe he'd bring Iliana. I doubted it though, I couldn't see her in a room with Darian after what happened on the night of the Hunt.

Even if I wanted to see her face and hug her, I'd be glad if she stayed away, at least then I knew she'd be safe.

I didn't put anything past Darian, he killed an innocent young man - who was a royal guard nonetheless - I didn't want Iliana anywhere near him.



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