

Chapter 49

Holy shit...

I was freaking out, I wanted to turn back and go hide in the room but I couldn't. It was too late, I was here now and my fate was sealed when Darian raised his head from talking to three members of the council, and his eyes locked on me as though he sensed me entering the room.

"This is where I leave you," Elise informed me.

I panicked, I didn't want her to leave.

"Please don't," I said, grabbing her arm before she could walk away.

"Whatever you do tonight, don't cause a scene, and do not disobey him." She warned. The wrinkles deepened around her eyes, I hadn't noticed them before but they were prominent now. She looked at me with a scolding glare, wanting her words to pierce my skull and land on repeat in my mind.

I watched her turn around and walk composed through the crowd, leaving me to fend for myself, again.

When I turned back he was there, standing in front of me, so close that I could smell his cologne and the hint of whiskey in his breath. He held out his hand and something was odd about his face. He was smiling.

"Let me introduce you," he said.

I glanced at his hand and instinctively wanted to slap it away but I knew better than to get myself killed.

I put my hand in his and watched the sea of people part for us as we

walked across the floor.

He let go of my hand and grabbed the small of my back.

Darian's fingers slid under the dress and I drew a sharp breath when he dug his fingers into my waist. Every nerve in my body was set on fire under his touch, a sensation I couldn't control, and one that worsened when he leaned down and his breath fanned my face as he whispered,

"The dress looks good on you, puppet, but tonight I want to see it on the floor,"

He released my waist and walked ahead, greeting some men who were all staring, eagerly awaiting to meet the king's chosen mate- me.

I tried to shut out the other sounds and smile at the people waving and wanting to stop me and talk but Darian got to me, his words were overshadowing all the others in my head, and no matter how many times I swallowed I couldn't get rid of the bad taste in my mouth. He wanted to mate tonight.

The room was starting to spin and the sounds all swirled together in a loud, screeching symphony that was burning a hole in my brain.

I saw their gleeful faces as I walked up to join Darian but one after the other the guests were intercepting my path and grabbed my hand.

"It's such a pleasure,"

"You're the king's chosen mate?"

"How is it being with such a legend?"

"You must feel so safe here in the palace under the protection of the

king,"

Protection?

Safe?

That 'legend' bit had to be a joke but he seemed in awe of the fact that I was with the Lycan King. Darian's reputation was no secret, his deeds, and his temper, the fact that he was as ruthless as they came - yet it seemed that half the people here would gladly take my place.

Someone grabbed my wrist and gently yanked me away from the crowd and up the few stairs leading to the round tables where people were standing around, drinking and talking.

He leaned down and pressed his lips to my ear.

"Be a good little mate tonight, don't make a scene, and don't defy me or I promise you there will be hell to pay," he warned.

Darian pulled away with a smile, his eyes somehow masked the emotion of his fellow men and he actually looked happy.

How strange, I had never seen him like that before.

The warning was loud in my head and I plastered on a smile and shook hands with every person around the table.

I even ignored the way that Council Chairman Mr. Light was gawking at my breasts. Darian ignored it too, how good of him.

"It's is an honor to meet the woman who could tie down the Lycan King, we all began to think he would live out his life alone in this great palace,"

I laughed. The kind of laugh you hear from women in movies when their bosses tell a bad joke but you need to stay on their good side.

Darian got busy talking to the members of the council, the high lord would come in a moment to make his presence known and shake hands with the king before crawling back behind his big walls protected by the dark guard. I looked around the room to see where I could go or perhaps who I could talk to but that all changed when I looked towards the massive double doors leading into the ballroom.

Emanuel's was the first face I saw and instantaneously a smile pulled on my lips but I tried to control it so Darian wouldn't see. The next face I saw made my heart warm and proud, seeing those two together, Iliana looked beautiful and happy on his arm as they entered the ballroom floor.

"Go, talk. You'll come when I call," Darian mused and I knew he'd spotted them.



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