7. A Punishment

AGNARR.

I hear her grunt, her thundering heart, and then the whizz of something travelling fast through the air.

I open my eyes and they burn as I yank the woman from my cock and yank her from the waters, using her as a shield. 9

Not because I had no other way to block her throw but because I want her to see the consequences of her actions...

The bowl slams into the woman's head and I smirk internally with victory when she screams out a distraught, "No!" 1

I don't flinch as blood splatters over me, and the slave girl's body becomes limp in my hold. Her pale hair is now covered in blood. 2

"What did you do!" she screams at me, as I drop the woman's body in the water, splashing us all.

"I did nothing. You did that." I say as she rushes into the water, glaring at me with more rage than I have ever seen on the face of a woman.

"Take her and get out," I command the slaves. She might still live if they make haste.

How intriguing. Wolves really are emotional beings.

"That was meant for you!" she screams as she reaches the slave woman just as the other two slave women do. There's worry and fear in her brilliant green eyes. 1

Why is she so bothered over a slave?

She helps lift her over the side, guilt written on her face and her hands tremble slightly.

"Isn't it better that she's dead? Weren't you mad that she was the one who had the pleasure of pleasing me?" I ask tauntingly as I remain relaxed against the side despite the rage I feel towards her for trying to disrespect me, especially in front of my slaves.

If she's smart, she'll back off...

She spins around to me, "You made her do that!" she snarls,

"She was enjoying it." I counter, smirking challengingly.

She stares at me with such hatred that I can't help but chuckle darkly. How foolish... does she expect me to care?

"I hate you." She says as she stands there.

"Many do," I reply, closing my eyes. "Allow me to at least bathe."

"Bastard..." she whispers. Her heart is beating violently, yet it's music to my ears and so I ignore her. She's a pretty thing. I wouldn't want to hurt her, yet she is trying my hand.

I hear her move away, and the splashes of the water as she climbs out of the tub. "I'll pray for the day the Silver Dragon rids me of you," she mutters under her breath.

My eyes snap open, my own heart thundering as blistering rage surges around me and fire spreads across the water and I find myself staring at her bare ass. But right now, I'm far too fucking angry to care.

She gasps from where she's standing when the flames flare into the sky and she steps back as she drops the towel that she was about to wrap around herself, and everything happens in slow motion...

She spins around, looking at the flames that are rising from the water. Her mouth parts as a gasp leaves her lips and I rise from the water and reach her in less time than it takes to blink.

"Take it back." I snarl as I grab her by the hair; the towel at her feet is engulfed in flames that are swirling around me, disintegrating it in seconds.

"I can tolerate a lot of things, but I will not tolerate the mention of his name in my halls!" I snarl, roughly spinning her around to face me.

She clenches her jaw, glaring back at me defiantly. "Do you understand, Wolf Princess!"

She simply raises her eyebrows but doesn't respond.

"Fine, you want to be a stubborn whore, then I will treat you like one!" I snarl, throwing her to the ground.

She hisses as she clutches her elbow. The flames spread from the water and rush across the stone floors.

She looks up at me from where she is crouching on the floor. Her breasts, which are partially covered with her curls, are heaving and I glare back at her.

"Go ahead, you can try, you do whatever you want anyway, but if you think I'm going to respect you the way you are, then think again!" she replies. "Respect is earned, not demanded, Agnarr!" 2

She doesn't fear me, even as I reach down and yank her up by the throat. She hisses at the heat from my fingers, but there's no fear.

And I know she can feel fear. There was fear in her eyes when she lifted the slave from the water. Then why is there only defiance in those eyes? 1

I don't remove my hand, knowing I'm burning her, and I don't care. She simply stares back at me with a fierceness that I have never seen in a woman's eyes before.

It enthrals me, even through the flames of my rage. Her determination

and fearlessness consume me- intrigue me.

Why is she not cowering in fear?

Why is she able to look into my eyes with such defiance?

Why is she so... strong?

"Arrogance and pride can be broken, Wolf Princess, and I will break you ..." I take a look over her body. It's beautiful... as much as I am coming to hate her, her body I do not...

The more I see it... the more I'm beginning to appreciate it...

Reaching down I brush my fingers down her stomach making her gasp as the heat from my fingers singes her stomach and she sucks her stomach in, but it only makes me lick my lips.

I wouldn't mind a taste...

Our eyes meet, hatred and rage clear in hers and I know mine are the same...

"You cherish this body of yours..." I murmur, smirking coldly up at her and smiling cruelly. "Don't make me destroy it."

There's a flicker of uncertainty in her eyes before I throw her to the ground once again. Like a ragdoll no longer wanted.

She grunts as she hits the ground, but I'm not done. I grab her by her hair and drag her towards the window.

She needs to be punished.

I shift, throwing her onto my back as I soar into the sky, sending a streak of flames into the sky before I dart to the southern grounds.

Miles are crossed in minutes and I'm finally where I want to be, in the

hottest part of my land. The source of fire itself... The craters in this place make the ground extremely hot and no one can handle the heat for long.

I throw her to the ground in the middle of one of the many rivers of molten lava.

'You can stay here until you are ready to obey and respect me.' I snarl.

She gets up on her feet, and I'm satisfied to see she's trying not to touch the ground with her full feet, instead teetering on her toes or shifting to her heels.

She still scoffs. "That will never happen." She snarls venomously, turning her back on me.

She's only making my anger worsen, and it flares through me like an inferno. I transform, landing on the ground behind her, and pull her around to face me.

She's already sweating, her heart beating violently.

She'll die if she's out here for long... I can see it's too much for her already.

"As entertaining as I find your fearlessness, Wolf Princess, it is also angering me," I whisper huskily as my gaze rakes over her naked body once more. "I would rather have you naked in my bedroom but alas this is where you want to be... You have one final chance... ask for forgiveness and I will take you from here."

She doesn't reply and instead spits in my face.

"Fuck. You." she seethes. 7

There has never been a clearer rejection.

My eyes darken and I backhand her across the face, throwing her to the ground. Satisfied when a whimper escapes her. 5

"Then have your wish." I snarl. "You will not last long!"

Turning, I transform and soar into the sky, trying to contain the rage that consumes me, and demands that I burn the entire world to the ground.

If she wasn't so disrespectful, I wouldn't have to punish her.

I return to the fortress and land on my bedroom balcony, irritated and pissed off.

I shift and step into the bedroom, to see Aslantha standing at the entrance of the door to my quarters.

No one enters my room unless I grant them permission.

"Agnarr, may I enter?" She bows her head as I grab some pants, walking over to her, but I do not welcome her inside.

"What do you want?" I ask, glaring coldly at her as I pull my pants on.

Her eyes go from my cock to my face, and she blushes.

"I saw you leave with the wolf girl. That was so soon... Is everything alright?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" I say coldly.

"Then is there anything that I can do?" she asks suggestively. "You can talk to me Agnarr, I know the wolf girl isn't-"

"She is not a girl but a woman and your co-queen, so refer to her accordingly," I warn her dangerously.

She swallows and nods, bowing her head.

"Of course, Queen... Xendaya..."

I twist my hair up, tie it, then pull on some boots and look over at her.

Do I really need her anymore? She is of no use to me in terms of power but ... she is a good queen and handles the people's matters well.

"What is it? My patience is low." I warn.

"I just wanted to say I hope your marriage thrives... you... you never married another woman since-" 1

Women... are annoying. 2

"Not now, Aslantha, leave." I snarl, my eyes blaze, and she instantly bows her head before stepping back into the hallway.

I send a blast of fire at the doors; the force slamming them shut.

I'll give the stubborn Wolf Princess by nightfall to scream for help, and three days before she ends up dead.

Deep down, I know it's a risk to leave her there. If the Alpha King knew, the treaty wouldn't stand... and if Nefzaan finds her...

It will be far worse.

I'll have my men keep an eye on her... 1

Moonlight Muse Author

Please don't forget to vote!

169