

Chapter 10

Celia

Borivin looked utterly lost and seemed to have developed a stutter all of a sudden. Jasper's chalice was empty but his fingers gently tapped on my waist, making me look away from Borivin.

I looked down and saw his chalice and promptly filled it with whatever thing he was drinking.

Poison wine was it?

I hoped it was not made of poison because I saw Borivin begin to foam around his mouth.

He brought the handkerchief to his mouth and wiped it away as he stuttered.

"Yo- your majesty, I am truly sorry. Wh-what should I do instead to appease you?"

Borivin asked and I smiled wickedly.

Only if I was the prince, I would make Borivin eat up his words. I would humiliate him in front of the others, in front of the entire court as he had done.

Sadly, I wasn't.

So, I just waited for the prince to deliver his judgment.

"Perhaps, continue whatever conversation you were having before I entered, I feel bored here."

Jasper said, much to the dismay of his brothers and the King.

They all probably just wanted a nice meal and drink a lot but Jasper seemed to want to play his usual game of cat and mouse.

And, he had found his mouse already.

Prince Edriel, the eldest was probably bored to death as he got up from his seat.

He did not say anything and just got up from his seat, momentarily making all of us look at him.

Downing his chalice in one go, he grabbed the girl standing beside him by her waist and strode towards his room.

When he left, some of the courtiers shifted restlessly in their seats again.

The King had not yet concluded the feast nor had the princes introduced their newest breeders to the court.

Not that it was necessary.

We were all strategically positioned to stand behind the prince's chair so obviously, everybody would know which girl belonged to whom, if not by name, at least by appearance.

And nobody in their right mind would dare lay a hand on something that belonged to the prince.

As nobody knew if they were supposed to continue sitting or leave, they just sat on the chair while Jasper waited for Borivin to begin talking.

"Looks like your memory is failing you. Perhaps you could tell me who you were talking to? The other person might remember"

My heart did a somersault.

I would have just kissed Jasper full on the lips if not for the fact that all of the gazes automatically went to me, making me blink nervously.

Borivin's face was drenched of all the remaining color as Jasper too noticed the way everybody's eyes inadvertently flitted to me.

"Oh, you were talking to Lady Celia?"

Jasper's hold on my waist tightened as he pulled me closer as if to say- Mine.

I shivered involuntarily not knowing if I should be afraid of him or stick close to him.

But he did not give me much room to move, so I stood beside him dutifully.

And since I had received the chance to repay the debt I

owed to Borivin, I might as well go ahead and use it.

So, I stated in an innocent voice,

"Sir Borivin wanted to show me the blackest and darkest part of his body"

I said and everybody went rigid as a board.

The chalice fell out of Borivin's hand as it fell to the ground, clamoring loudly against the floor, the sound of metal colliding against marble echoing through our ears. 1

And with that I could also hear the wildly thudding heart of the man who had mocked me, his heart had almost jumped in his mouth.

"Is that so?"

Jasper asked and Borivin clasped his hands together, pleading to the prince.

"I...I did not know Lady Celia belonged to you, Prince Jasper. Or I would never have even looked her way"

Jasper began drawing those lose circles on my waist again as he answered,

"But what is done is done. Would you want me to cut your tongue for it?"

He asked and Borivin dissolved in a fit of tears, bawling his eyes out like a 4 year old.

"Please have mercy, beloved prince"

Jasper's grip further tightened on my waist as he snarled,

"Now you have lied twice. So, as a punishment, let us all see whatever you wanted to show to Lady Celia"

"No-No prince Jasper, please have mercy"

Borivin went on his knees and begged Jasper who did not so much as look at him with pity.

Then Borivin's gaze went to me and he fell on my feet.

"I apologize my lady. If you convince his majesty to be lenient I swear I would never show you my face again."

I was taken aback by his gesture and took a step back as his head fell on my feet.

Before I could say anything, Jasper said in a seething voice,

"You will not address her, directly or indirectly, unless I give you the permission."

"Your majesty, please"

He begged but Jasper's temper was beginning to churn as the low simmer turned onto full blown heat.

"Do as asked or be prepared to have your tongue cut. You have exactly 30 seconds to choose"

Jasper bellowed, his rage rolling off of him like dark clouds.

The table rattled and so did the chandelier above when his voice thundered through the large hall.

Again, I felt an odd pressure weighing down on me as I felt Jasper's rage emanating from him like a thick cloud of dark smoke, blinding my vision and constricting my windpipe.

Though I should be proud of myself because I saw a few noble ladies and men pass out as Borivin slumped to the ground.

Or maybe it was Jasper's hand that was firmly placed on my waist, holding me in a place that did not let me trip.

Either way, Borivin stopped pleading and began undressing himself.

He kept begging and profusely apologizing but Jasper did not ask him to stop.

The nobleman was being not only stripped of his clothes but his dignity as he began removing the robes, his tunic, and his pants before a crowd full of nobles.

"Pl- please Prince Jasper"

Jasper waved off his hand while Borivin turned to look at the King and the other prince both of whom did not choose to interfere.

Jasper cast them a pointed look and the two men who were bigger than him, both in age and position, closed their mouths.

Borivin hung his head low as he removed his underwear as well and stood stark naked in front of everybody.

A few giggles and murmurs reached my ears but I did not feel the least bit of sorry for him.

"What are you staring at? Get your disgusting face away from my eyes"

Jasper snarled and Borivin did not need more convincing. He gathered his clothes and whatever was left of his dignity and ran away from the royal hall, bolting straight for the door.

And as he ran away, I realized that I was not the only one donning a satisfied smug.



Natalie Author

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