

The Lycan's Obsession

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Chapter 3

Celia

The two princes stopped just in front of me and I felt my heart constrict. It was beating so wildly that I thought I would die of shortness of breath.

They were both tall and their bodies obstructed my vision, blocking everything else in front of me.

“Hmm, why is this month’s haul so low?”

“Not sure, Edriel. Those rabid dogs need to be put on a leash.”

So he was the eldest of the three, Prince Edriel.

Prince Edriel, made a gruff noise as he touched a strand of my hair. I tried not to wince as he took a whiff and walked away from me, apparently done with me.

I let out a sigh of relief when the eldest walked away. The second one was still hovering in front of me, but he seemed to be confused between me and the girl standing beside me.

He had to be Jasper because he was staring at us with a devious glint.

It was time to help him make a quick decision.

He had to hate me.

So I began to cough violently, making the most unlady like sounds I could muster.

It wasn't my best performance—no doubt my heart was racing wildly at this point—but it would have to do.

A thin frown line appeared on his forehead and I knew after looking at the split-second shift in his gaze that I had won.

But I could not take risks. So, I coughed harder, bellowing like a horse that had trouble emptying its bowels and then stopping abruptly.

His eyes widened as he stepped back. "This one is probably sick and dying."

The girl moved aside too, her face tight with anger, but then she looked down and I saw tears begin to well up.

It broke my heart to sacrifice her but then I had to save myself first.

Relief flooded through me as I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand like a grizzly bear.

Everybody had fallen silent for a moment to look at me with disdain and contempt but I could feel a certain pair of eyes observing me with neither of the two emotions.

The sleeping beauty of a prince had opened his eyes to look at me...with an amused smile.

Meanwhile, the prince standing in front of me, slid his hand around the waist of the girl beside me and pulled her close, making her give a startled cry.

"What is your name, darling?"

The second prince asked, and the girl stuttered.

"I...My name is Violet"

"Hmm, Violet. Nice name"

He said as he pulled a strand of hair away from her and then turned around, "I'll take her"

"Good choice, Draken"

Violet screamed but the prince had already thrown her over his shoulder and began walking out of the room.

She was thrashing her hands on his back but nobody went to save her.

Draken. The King called him Draken not Jasper.

That meant the one who had been observing me like a hawk was Jasper.

Shit!

I was doomed.

I looked around and saw that I was the only one left left, Draken and Edriel had picked a few more girls while I had been busy coughing.

I was the only girl left along with the King and the youngest prince whose eyelids had fluttered shut again.

He was slouching on his chair, his robes swishing as he threw a leg on the other. His elbow was propped on the armrest and his chin was resting on it.

Was this how he toyed with women? By feigning ignorance and making them beg to free them?

Beg, my foot!

I was going to make him beg!

The King seemed to be done too and he got up from the seat.

“Jasper, will you pay attention?”

He asked in a disapproving tone as he looked at his son.

My eyes went to him involuntarily too.

Not that I had not worked out his identity earlier but it was both oddly reassuring that he was Jasper... the one prince I was not supposed to attract the attention of.

And, I had met his gaze...thrice!!

No, I had ensured through my cocky act that he would make me clean the toilets until they sparkled as brightly as the chandelier above.

Rain let out a small wail in my head but I was too busy fighting my own emotions to comfort her.

If the prince would not pick me, I would probably be spared the humiliation and torture of giving away my virginity to someone who was not even interested in me.

My hopes soared as he gave a bored look to his father.

“What is it?”

“Your brothers picked the best lot. You are just left with this.”

The King said, pointing to me.

I felt hurt to be treated like this. Was I just an object to give them pleasure and satisfy their needs? Did they treat even their mates like this?

Surely they would love and respect their mates.

I saw the prince’s face and involuntarily took a step back. He straightened his back and had a predatory gaze on his handsome face that made him look both enticing and feral.

There was also a faint white scar running down from his left eyebrow to the bridge of his nose.

Somebody had clawed at him, mercilessly at that. No wonder, his eye color looked different to me.

Was it silver or greyish black? Or both?

Or was it the palace lights playing tricks with me?

I blinked furiously to not wonder about the eye color of the prince who was going to slaughter me. It would do me good if I found out the nearest exit point.

Jasper was younger but somehow he had a sinister aura around him as if he harbored a special type of darkness.

The words of the lady who had scrubbed me within an inch of my life earlier rang in my ears again, making my heart beat wildly.

What if he would directly kill me and leave my body to rot in the jungle? Will he stab me in the back as soon as he throws me in his room?

I wondered and my body gave an involuntary shudder.

“Pray that the youngest prince doesn’t look at you”

The woman had said but I was in the exact same situation. And, she had not told me what to do if he were to look at me.

I tried hard to not shiver as a cool breeze of wind swept past me.

His eyes did not look at me with pure lust or desire but there was something else in the way he watched me.

As if he was a hunter and I was his prey.

The King got up from his seat and left the room after clicking his tongue reproachfully. His footsteps echoed through the large hall, his huge golden robes swishing in the air as he strode away.

The prince yawned and stretched his body as he too got up from the chair.

He looked at ease but the guards stepped back involuntarily when he finally got up from his chair.

“Leave”

Prince Jasper ordered and the guards were more than relieved to exit the room.

I should have left too but I was too busy gawking at the wall of muscle heading towards me.

His walk reminded me of a beast going out to hunt his prey, laid back but watchful.

He was taking his time to slowly walk towards me as I tried not to blink.

The staring match had just restarted it seemed.

“What do they call you?”

He asked after lazily roaming his eyes over my bare body. If he was disappointed or amused by my ‘not an hourglass figure’ body, he did not show.

Placing his hands in his pockets, he circled me with the same slow steps that made the back of my hair stand on its end.

His robe brushed past my leg and I felt him bend.

My heartbeat began to race as I thought he was going to haul me up just like his brother had thrown Violet over his shoulder.

My fists clenched and I nervously shifted my weight from one foot to another as I felt something brush past the small of my back.

This time I did shiver but before I could scream, he had reached the periphery of my vision as he circled back to face me again.

And, he was not even looking at me.

Rather he was observing something in his hand.

Curious, I peered at his hand intently and saw that he was examining one of the small flowers that the scrubbing woman must have braided in my hair.

If he did not really want me, why all this fuss?

“That is Pussytoes”

“Huh?”

I blinked and realized he was talking about the flower and had shared its name with me.

“The name might suit you too”

He said with a devious grin.

Damn, he was getting on my nerves.

