

## **The Lycan's Obsession - Chapter 5**

Celia

Jasper's laughter rumbled through the big and wide chamber that had just us both. I was standing naked in front of him but so far he had not even touched me.

His deep throaty laughter rumbled through the space, the sound amplified as it bounced off the walls.

Jasper was clutching his stomach tightly and his eyes had begun to water due to all the laughing.

I could do nothing but just blink as I folded my hands across my chest.

Had I just made the evil prince laugh? I was not even sure what great joke I had cracked.

My foot tapped on the floor and I tried to not let my annoyance show as he tried hard to contain his laughter.

It was not laced with mirth or annoyance...just pure delight...as if he had never heard anything funnier.

I rolled my eyes and waited for the prince to finish his laughter and let me know what he planned to do with me.

But then a woman came running in hurriedly, her body shivering uncontrollably. However, she stopped by the doorframe and hovered around it uncertainly.

“Pr...prince Jasper”

She said with her head bent low. I could see sweat beads appear on her temples and her knees quake.

Jasper finally stopped laughing and spoke to the woman. All the earlier delight had left his face and he reverted to his old, grumpy self again.

“What is it?” He barked, all of his earlier merriness wiped out of his voice.

His sharp voice made the poor woman tremble even more.

“There...there seems to be a mistake.”

She said and I felt that the way her voice cracked would make her faint.

Jasper swished his robe and turned to face her. I was relieved for a moment that his attention and ire were subjected to someone other than me for a change.

Yet I felt sorry for the poor woman. She was probably a palace servant based on the clothes she was wearing.

“What mistake?”

Jasper growled again and she was saved the grace of answering as I heard the familiar voice of someone as he walked in.

It was my alpha, or if I could even call him that. He was still wearing the soiled and crumpled clothes from the battle and entered the chamber with a deep brow.

My heart fluttered thinking that he had finally come to save me.

But he completely ignored me and bowed deeply to the prince.

“Apologies for entering the chamber without prior notice or permission, prince Jasper.”

Jasper’s face was now turned into a scowl that began to grow deeper, making his jawline appear even more prominent.

He turned around and sauntered towards the chair and sat over it, resting his elbow on the armrests.

“Your apology won’t make me want to laugh again,” Jasper said in a clipped tone and I felt the alpha swallow nervously.

“I...am sorry, your highness” He stated and Jasper raised an eyebrow at that.

It was weird for me to see the alpha of my pack shiver in front of a prince, the youngest one, at that.

“Celia is one of my pack members, the daughter of our beta, who proved to be a valuable asset of our pack. He saved my newborn son. He...he wants her daughter back.”

My heart fluttered in my chest. At last, my alpha was not a coward. He was still trying to fight for me.

Hope blossomed in my heart and I took a step in his direction but the prince raised his hand.

“I don’t remember asking you to move, girl”

His sharp voice felt like tiny shards of ice pricking my skin.

The little confidence alpha Jack had shown disappeared into thin air as Jasper’s eyes narrowed on him.

“Celia was brought here as an offering, just like all the other girls. Do you know what it means to take back a present? Do you know how poorly will it reflect on your pack and your standing in the King’s eyes?”

The prince thundered and the way the lights around us flickered made us take a step back involuntarily.

The air suddenly felt heavy and I felt a suffocating pressure around me, dragging me down.

Alpha Jack fell to his knees and clasped his hands together.

“The Lycan king wants me to offer something in exchange for leaving my newborn son unharmed while alpha Kyle, who attacked my pack, wants to barter my son in exchange for not having to give up on his own daughter.”

He said as tears began to flow down his cheeks.

“And how does that concern me?” Jasper asked as he drummed his fingers lazily. Though, I could see an undercurrent of irritation building inside him...like the water of a dam being held in by the weakest wall that was slowly crumbling to rubble.

“If...if you will be kind enough to let me take Celia away...I can let her enter a trial by combat with alpha Kyle’s daughter...the girl who wins goes back home and the one who loses comes back to you.”

I could not believe my ears. Alpha Jack had just come to take me back to save his own son, not to take me to my parents.

I saw my hopes getting shattered to pieces as alpha Jack did not even meet my eye. I did not mind fighting a girl to save my life and claim my freedom back.

But the way I was being bartered by my own alpha left me...numb.

My eyes flicked to Jasper. The decision of my fate, rested on the evil prince who was lazying on the chair, stifling a yawn.

“You lost all the claim on the girl the moment she stepped into the palace. Get out”

Jasper barked as alpha Kyle was left with no choice but to walk out of the chamber. Following him, the palace servant, who had been shivering, walked away too.

And with them, I saw my chances of freedom leave me as well. I was stuck in the palace, with the cruel prince who had yet to decide what he was going to do with me.

"Just kill me and be done with it"

I said as irritation building up inside me found its escape through my tongue. I was not even afraid of death anymore. I could even picture meeting my parents again in the afterlife.

“Things have gotten too interesting for that”

He replied, dragging me out of my thoughts. He gave me a malicious look and a smile that did not reach his eyes.

“What...what do you mean?”

If he was not going to give me a quick death...was he going to take pleasure in torturing me as I screamed my lungs out?

Fear began to snake its ugly way through my veins and crawl along my skin, making sure that I could feel every fiber of the dread and sadness inside me return with a ferocious intensity.

A ghost of a smile appeared on his face as he spoke,

"I know what you are. Go to your room. We will talk tomorrow."

"My room?"

I blinked in confusion. I was a slave, brought here to auction off. Perhaps, he meant his room or his bed. This was definitely another trick of his to intimidate me.

"Your room."

He nodded and pretended to walk away from me, but he didn't go far.

Instead, he took a single step toward me, reaching down and grabbing hold of my arm, pulling me off the ground. He turned to face me and he yanked me up so hard that I stumbled and hit him.

He twisted my wrist behind my back until I screamed, forcing the screams into a cry that was half terror, half agony.

The touch of his hands around my neck felt like rough, calloused hands had been crushing my windpipe. His face blurred in front of mine, shadow, and light trying to overcome each other.

There was only one thing I could think of. I pictured death, and how peaceful it would be.

