

The Princess's Revenge Chapter 10 Read Online

Chapter 10 Forest Secrets

Valencia's POV

The way he said my name made something flutter in my chest—something dangerous that I immediately tried to crush. Don't be foolish.

He was still watching me with those penetrating gray eyes. "Where are you from?"

My first instinct was to tell him the truth—that I was from Moonfall Ridge Pack in Aldermer. But Aldermer and Valdoria were still at war. If Alpha Logan knew I was from the enemy kingdom, he might kill me immediately. Or worse, torture me for information.

"I'm a rogue, sir." The lie came out steady. "My parents were rogues too. They died during a raid."

His eyes locked onto mine, and I felt like he was looking straight through my skull into my thoughts.

He knows. He knows you're lying.

Panic clawed at my throat, but I forced myself to hold his gaze. Breaking eye contact now would confirm his suspicions.

"Where did you wander?" The question came quickly, giving me no time to prepare.

My mind scrambled for an answer. Any answer. Luna Kestrel used to complain about territorial disputes—what were the names she'd mentioned?

"Thornwick Vale," I said, praying I'd chosen correctly.

Alpha Logan's eyebrows rose slightly. "That's Elton's territory."

Shit.

Of course it was. Of course I'd named the territory of the Alpha who'd just sent men to interrogate me.

But I couldn't take it back now. I nodded, keeping my expression as neutral as possible while my heart tried to pound its way out of my chest.

"How did you become Marcus's slave?"

He was closer. I had to tilt my head back to maintain eye contact, and the movement made my neck ache where Elijah had grabbed me.

I was acutely aware of how easily he could hurt me if he wanted to. The memory of his sword slicing through Elijah's throat flashed through my mind.

I remembered my father telling me about the kingdom's layout before everything fell apart—Alpha King Winston ruled from the center, with his three sons and brother(Marcus) controlling the outer territories. Alpha Marcus had held the west, Alpha Elton the east, Alpha Logan the north, and Alpha Soren the south.

"Alpha," I began carefully, "I was wandering along the river, heading west. I collapsed near the marshlands from hunger and exhaustion. When I woke up, Alpha Marcus had captured me. I became Luna Kestrel's slave to survive."

Alpha Logan leaned forward. Now he was only inches away from me. I could feel the warmth radiating from his body—something wild and masculine that made my pulse quicken in a way I didn't understand.

He was too close. Too powerful. The scent of him—leather, steel, and something distinctly Alpha—filled my nostrils and made my head spin.

"How long ago was that?" His voice had dropped lower.

"Fifteen years," I whispered.

Something flickered across his face—surprise, maybe, or calculation. "You were a child."

"I was three when my parents died." The lie came easier now, built on the foundation of the first one. "I survived on my own for a while before Marcus found me."

He studied me for a long moment. He simply turned back to the basin and rinsed the bloody cloth.

"Rest now," he said. "We'll talk more in the morning."

He moved to the chair by the window, settling into it with his sword across his lap. The message was clear—he would stay here, watching over me through the night.

I should have felt afraid. Should have worried about what he might do while I slept. But exhaustion pulled at me like a tide, and somehow, with him sitting guard, I felt safer than I had in years.

My eyes drifted closed, and I fell into an uneasy sleep.

I woke to darkness.

The fire had burned down to embers, casting barely enough light to see by. My entire body ached. For a moment, I couldn't remember where I was.

Then it all came rushing back. The interrogation. The beating. Alpha Logan's cold fury as he killed my attackers.

I turned my head slowly, expecting to see him still sitting in the chair by the window. But the chair was empty.

A strange sound drifted through the partially open window—something between a growl and a whimper. Pain? Anger? I couldn't tell.

My heart began to pound. Something was wrong. I could feel it in my bones.

I pushed myself up on my elbows, ignoring the protests from my bruised ribs. Where had Alpha Logan gone? And what was making that sound?

I forced myself to stand, gripping the bedpost as the room tilted. My breath came in shallow gasps. Every instinct screamed at me to stay where I was, to climb back into bed and pretend I'd heard nothing.

But I couldn't.

The hallway outside was eerily quiet. The sound came again—louder now, more desperate. With each step closer to the tree line, the tension coiled tighter in my chest. My breathing grew ragged.

I stepped into the forest. I moved silently over the forest floor, following the path of destruction. Broken branches littered the ground. Deep claw marks scored the bark of nearby trees. Whatever was making that sound had been here, tearing through the woods with violent purpose.

Then I saw him.

Alpha Logan knelt in a small clearing, his body hunched forward, hands pressed against the earth. His shirt was torn, hanging in shreds from his shoulders. Even in the moonlight, I could see his muscles rippling beneath his skin.

"No..." His voice was raw, desperate. "I won't... I can't let you out... she's here..."

My breath caught. He was talking about me?