

The Princess's Revenge Chapter 3 Read Online

Chapter 3 Chaos and Salvation

Valencia's POV

The explosion shattered the night like thunder, sending shockwaves through my chest. The ground beneath me trembled, and the torches flickered wildly in the sudden rush of air.

Then came the howls.

Through the swirling smoke and chaos, rogues erupted from the mist like demons from hell—dozens of snarling, savage voices.

My body tensed instinctively—some primal survival mechanism I couldn't control even though my mind had already surrendered. Strange, how the body fights to live even when the soul has given up.

Glass bottles filled with some kind of explosive powder flew through the air, shattering against the stone pillars and sending up clouds of acrid smoke. The crowd erupted into screams of terror and confusion.

"ATTACK!" someone screamed. "ROGUES!"

My heart hammered against my ribs. The smoke burned my eyes and throat, making it hard to see or breathe. All around me, the other slaves were crying out in terror, pulling frantically at their bonds.

I watched in shock as one of the massive rogues leaped onto Marcus's funeral pyre. His claws tore through the coffin like paper, and Marcus's corpse tumbled out onto the muddy ground.

"NO!" Wiley roared. His body began to shift. Within seconds, a large gray wolf stood. He launched himself at the rogue who had desecrated his father's body.

Luna Kestrel's grief-stricken wail pierced the air as she too began to shift. A white wolf emerged and she joined her son in battle.

The sounds of combat filled the air - snarling, snapping, the wet tear of flesh. I tried to focus on untying my bonds, but my hands were shaking too badly.

A shadow fell across me, and I looked up to see one of the rogues approaching. Blood dripped from his claws as he stepped over the red-robed priest's torn body.

"Well, well," he growled. "What do we have here?"

I stared at him with hollow eyes. Another death, another monster. At least this one would be quick—quicker than bleeding out slowly.

The irony wasn't lost on me. I'd made peace with a death, and now I'd get torn apart instead. The Moon Goddess had a twisted sense of humor.

I couldn't even muster the energy to close my eyes.

But then a blur of black fur crashed into the rogue, sending him flying. A massive black wolf - larger than any I'd ever seen - stood protectively in front of me. He bared his fangs at the fallen rogue.

The rogue scrambled to his feet, but the black wolf was already moving. He lunged forward and tore out the rogue's throat in one bite. Blood sprayed across the stone altar as the body collapsed.

I stared at the black wolf in shock, expecting him to turn on me next. My eyes shut, waiting for the killing blow. Instead, I felt sharp claws cutting through the ropes around my wrists.

WHAT...?

The question died in my throat as three more rogues emerged from the smoke, surrounding us. The black wolf positioned himself between them and me. But even as large as he was, I could see this was a fight he might not win.

Adrenaline surged through my veins, sharpening my focus and dulling the pain in my injuries. I scrambled behind the stone pillar, pressing myself against the cold surface as I watched the battle unfold.

The black wolf's movements lethal and precise. But the rogues were desperate, attacking from all sides. I saw claws rake across his shoulder, drawing blood. Another rogue managed to sink his teeth into the black wolf's hind leg before being thrown off.

Then two more rogues joined the fray, and I knew the black wolf was in real trouble. He was backing up now, blood matting his fur.

My eyes fell on the dagger that had fallen from the dead priest's hand. Without thinking, I lunged for it, my fingers closing around the handle.

One of the rogues had his back to me, focused entirely on the black wolf. I didn't hesitate. I drove the dagger deep into his neck, feeling the blade pierce through fur and flesh until it hit bone. Hot blood sprayed across my hands as he collapsed with a gurgled cry.

His companion whirled toward me with a snarl, his claws raking across my arm. Pain blazed through me, but the black wolf was already there, his jaws clamping down on the rogue's spine with a crack.

A heart-wrenching scream tore through the air - Luna Kestrel's voice, raw with grief and terror. Every head turned toward the sound.

Wiley was down. Four rogues had him pinned, their teeth sunk deep into his neck, waist, and hind legs. Blood pooled beneath his gray fur as his eyes began to lose focus. He was dying.

The black wolf and several others immediately rushed to help, but I could see it was too late. By the time they reached him and tore the rogues apart, Wiley's body had gone still.

The remaining rogues, seeing their pack decimated, began to retreat into the mist. But the damage was done.

As the smoke began to clear, the surviving wolves shifted back to human form. I watched in stunned silence as Luna Kestrel's white wolf became a naked, grief-stricken woman who threw herself over her son's lifeless body. Her wails of anguish echoed across the marshlands.

Some of Wiley's warriors quickly brought cloaks to cover her, their own faces etched with sorrow and rage.

But my attention was drawn to the massive black wolf as he too began to shift.

My breath caught in my throat. He was magnificent - easily six feet three inches of pure muscle and masculine power. His naked body was a work of art, all broad shoulders and defined abs. My gaze involuntarily traveled downward, and heat flooded my cheeks when I saw his big cock. I quickly looked away, my face burning with embarrassment, but I couldn't help stealing another glance.

He seemed completely unbothered by his nudity as he walked over to the dead priest and tore off the black robe, draping it around himself with casual efficiency. Then he retrieved his sword from beside the altar.

When he turned toward me, I finally got a clear look at his face. Those gray eyes were penetrating. His golden hair was short and tousled, his jaw strong and defined. A neatly

trimmed beard framed lips that looked sensual. He was devastatingly handsome that made my heart race.

His eyes held mine, and I found I couldn't look away. There was something magnetic about his gaze. He approached me with deliberate steps, and I had to crane my neck back to look up at him. Without a word, he bent down and scooped me up, throwing me over his shoulder like I weighed nothing at all.

Panic flared—sharp and sudden. "What are you—" I started to protest, my body instinctively tensing even though I had no strength to fight.

His arm was like iron around my legs, holding me in place. My heart hammered against my ribs. Where was he taking me? What did he want?

"LOGAN, LEAVE that BITCH behind." A sharp voice cut through the air, dripping with disdain and authority.