

The Princess's Revenge Chapter 4 Read Online

Chapter 4 Claiming What's Mine

Logan's POV

Luna Kestrel's cries moved me, but no one knew whether accidents or tomorrow will come first. I hoped this poor woman can pull through.

The slave on my shoulder felt fragile against me, too light. Her body pressed against mine in a way that made me uncomfortably aware of every point of contact—her body against my shoulder, the brush of her breath against my back. Heat pooled low in my belly, an unwelcome but undeniable response.

Fuck.

I gritted my teeth, willing my body to behave. This was neither the time nor the place. The primal part of me was responding to her scent, her warmth.

What surprised me beyond this inconvenient physical reaction was that this girl was quite clever—she knew how to help me in battle. I was becoming more interested in her. The combination of her unexpected courage and the mate bond thrumming between us created a pull I'd never experienced before.

I prepared to leave, adjusting my grip on her slightly. But that idiot Elton stopped me, and his bossy tone really ticked me off.

I turned around to see Elton and his Luna Quinn, along with his Beta Zephyr, slowly emerging from the stone hall. Soren and his Beta Yves followed behind them. These fucking cowards had obviously hidden inside the stone hall during the attack. Kestrel's broken sobs still echoed intermittently through the air.

I stared at them coldly, my jaw clenched tight. The sight of their unscathed faces while brave warriors lay dead around us made my blood boil.

"Speak quickly if you have something to say," I said, my voice flat.

Elton's face darkened at my curt response. His lips curled into a sneer as his eyes traveled to the slave draped over my shoulder. "You know, Logan," he said with deliberate mockery, "you spend so much time with your soldiers, I thought you were into men. Didn't think your cock could still get hard for a woman, bro."

My free hand instinctively moved toward my sword hilt. Knox growled low in my mind, wanting to tear his throats out.

Zephyr and Quinn burst into laughter, their voices grating against my nerves like nails on stone.

Kestrel's voice cracked through the air like a whip. "YOU SHAMELESS COWARD!" Her voice broke with raw fury and grief. "You're nothing but a gutless worm who can only hide in dark holes like the rat you are! While my son died fighting for his pack, you cowered like the pathetic excuse for an Alpha you've always been!"

Her icy gaze swept over each of them, including Soren. Even Soren's usually diplomatic expression shifted to one of clear displeasure. I felt a flicker of respect for Kestrel - she was a brave woman speaking truth when it mattered. But her emotional outburst would only make things worse for her. Grief had stripped away her political caution.

Elton glared at me viciously before his expression transformed into a mask of false concern. He walked over to Kestrel with Quinn at his side, his voice dripping with manufactured sympathy.

"Luna Kestrel, please understand - I wasn't trying to abandon anyone. My Luna is carrying our first child," he gestured to Quinn, who nodded and pressed her hand to her still-flat stomach. "I had to protect her and our unborn pup. Surely you can understand a mate's protective instincts?"

Quinn's eyes welled with tears. "I'm so sorry for your loss, Luna Kestrel. If I wasn't pregnant, we would have fought beside you."

The warriors standing behind Kestrel exchanged looks of disgust. Their faces showed exactly what they thought of this performance. None of them believed a word.

Kestrel's composure finally shattered completely. "Don't you dare!" she screamed. "You want to talk about loyalty? About alliance? You've been playing both sides from the beginning! Remember when you promised Marcus exclusive hunting rights to the eastern territories, then secretly negotiated the same deal with the Redstone Canyon Pack? Or when you assured us of military support against the border rogues but conveniently had 'training exercises' when we actually needed you?"

The crowd fell silent, shocked by her accusations. Elton's face went pale, then flushed red with anger. He shook his head frantically, his hands raised in a placating gesture.

"Luna Kestrel, you're overcome with grief. These are just misunderstandings that we can discuss later when you've had time to—"

"NO!" Kestrel's voice rose to a near-shriek. "I, as Luna of Mistmarsh Pack, hereby formally dissolve all alliances and cooperation agreements with Emerald Grove Pack! We want nothing more to do with you or your treacherous—"

Elton and Quinn's faces went white with shock. Even I felt surprised by her boldness. Elton's carefully constructed mask finally slipped, revealing the cold fury beneath.

"Perhaps," he said in a voice like winter wind, "you should reconsider this decision when you're thinking more clearly. Grief can make us say things we don't truly mean."

Kestrel opened her mouth to respond, but her Beta Grover stepped forward and placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Alpha Elton," he said diplomatically, "we appreciate your... understanding during this difficult time. We will certainly give your words proper consideration."

"LOGAN!"

Elton's voice stopped me again as I prepared to leave. His tone was commanding. "That bitch on your shoulder belongs to Marcus. She was consecrated as a funeral offering. The ceremony isn't complete - you cannot take what belongs to the dead."

Something snapped inside me. I'd had enough of this fucking idiot, enough of his assumptions that he could order me around like one of his fucking pack members.

"I will," I said, my voice deadly quiet.

With deliberate slowness, I drove my scabbard deep into the muddy ground with my left hand. The sound echoed through the sudden silence. Then I wrapped my fingers around the hilt of my sword and began to draw the blade, the steel singing as it emerged.

Elton, Quinn, and Zephyr stared at me in complete shock. They clearly hadn't expected me to draw a weapon over a slave. Even Kestrel lifted her head, confusion replacing grief in her eyes for a moment.

The silence stretched taut as a bowstring. Only the distant chirping of insects and the whisper of wind through the marshland broke the deadly quiet. My sword gleamed in the moonlight.

"My, my, Elton," Soren's amused voice shattered the tension, he walked casually to my side with a grin playing at his lips. "How bold of you to assume you can give orders to the strongest man in Valdoria."

Elton's face flushed crimson with humiliation. His hands clenched into fists at his sides. He looked toward Kestrel for support, but she just stared at him with undisguised contempt.

Soren leaned close to my ear, his voice dropping to an amused whisper. "Bro, she is quite beautiful - just needs some meat on her bones."

I glanced at him from the corner of my eye but said nothing. With controlled movements, I slid my sword back into its scabbard.

Soren laughed heartily and clapped me on the shoulder. "Keep her, Logan. Your pack could use more slaves anyway. Tomorrow I'll send Luna Kestrel ten—"

I raised my left hand, cutting him off mid-sentence. I turned toward Kestrel, softening my voice as much as I was capable of.

"Tomorrow, I will have my warriors deliver ten slaves to you."

Kestrel nodded once, her eyes still wet with tears but showing a flicker of gratitude.

I pulled my scabbard from the mud and turned away from the group.

Valencia's POV

Alpha Logan finally set me down on the muddy ground. My legs nearly buckled beneath me, weak from a month of starvation and the shock of everything that had just happened.

I'd made peace with death. Accepted it. Almost welcomed it.

But now I stood in the fading twilight, alive and utterly uncertain. The unknown terrified me in ways that my scheduled execution hadn't. At least with death, I knew what was coming. This dangerous man with his gray eyes and commanding presence—I had no idea what he wanted from me or where he was taking me.

"Follow me," he commanded, his voice as cold and sharp as the winter wind.

He didn't wait to see if I would obey. He simply started walking, his long strides eating up the ground.