

The Princess's Revenge Chapter 7 Read Online

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Logan's POV

I completely ignored her embarrassment and called for the servant to enter. He shuffled in with his head bowed, an iron collar heavy around his neck—a crude, barbaric tradition that Marcus's twisted sense of superiority had maintained in his pack.

"Luna Kestrel requests your presence at the council meeting," he announced, his voice barely above a whisper.

I gave a curt nod. He backed out respectfully, never once lifting his gaze from the floor or allowing his eyes to wander around the room.

I rose from the tub, water streaming down my body as I reached for a towel. She visibly startled, but she quickly composed herself and moved to help me dress. She picked up my clothes with trembling hands, her movements careful. The silence between us was thick with unspoken tension.

When I was fully clothed, I paused at the door and looked back at her. "Stay here," I commanded, my voice low. "And clean yourself up."

I shut the door behind me, but my mind remained fixed on what had just happened. The memory of her moans, the flush spreading across her pale skin, the way her body had responded so eagerly to my touch despite her protests—it was intoxicating. She'd been soaked, trembling, clearly enjoying every moment, yet she'd tried so desperately to hide it. Why deny something her body embraced so completely?

I descended the stone staircase to the first floor. I thought of the sweat glistening on her skin, the way her breath had caught, the small sounds she'd made that she couldn't quite suppress. How had she remained untouched all these years? She was young, beautiful, and undeniably alluring. Did she even understand how tempting she was?

"Logan!"

A voice calling my name shattered my thoughts. At the far end of the hallway, Soren stood waiting, that perpetual diplomatic smile playing at his lips. His posture was relaxed, hands clasped behind his back.

"Brother," he greeted as I approached. "You seem... distracted. How is your new acquisition? The slave girl you claimed?"

I didn't answer his question. Instead, I met his gaze coolly and asked, "What's this meeting about?"

Soren's smile widened slightly, as if he found my deflection amusing. "The aftermath of today's chaos, naturally. Luna Kestrel has called for a formal council to discuss how we proceed—both in terms of handling the funeral rites that were interrupted, and more importantly, how we respond to the rogue attack." He gestured down the corridor. "Everyone is gathering in the great hall. Elton and his entourage are already there, making themselves comfortable."

I could hear the subtle disdain in his tone when he mentioned Elton. Whatever political games my brother was playing, they clearly didn't include an alliance with that fool.

"And what does Kestrel want from us?" I asked as we began walking toward the hall.

"Vengeance, I imagine," Soren replied smoothly. "Her son is dead. Her mate's funeral was desecrated. The rogues made a mockery of everything she holds dear. She'll want blood, and she'll want to know which of us will stand beside her when she goes hunting for it."

"Or which of us she can bind into an alliance through shared enemies," I added coldly.

"Precisely." Soren glanced at me sideways. "Elton will offer everything she wants to hear. Promises of military support, of shared resources, of eternal friendship and loyalty. All empty words, of course, but he'll deliver them with such conviction that she might actually believe him."

We reached the entrance to the great hall. Through the open doors, I could see Elton already positioned near the head of the massive table, his posture deliberately casual. His Luna and Beta stood beside him.

Luna Kestrel sat at the head of the table, her face a mask of exhausted grief. Her hair hung loose around her shoulders. Her eyes were red-rimmed from crying.

"Shall we?" Soren gestured for me to enter first.

I stepped through the doorway into the great hall. The space was designed to intimidate—high vaulted ceilings supported by thick stone pillars, pack banners hanging from iron rods, and a floor made of slate that had been worn smooth.

Luna Kestrel looked up as we entered. She gestured weakly toward the empty chairs. "Alpha Logan. Alpha Soren. Please, sit."

Her voice was hoarse. I took a seat across from Elton, deliberately positioning myself where I could watch all the exits. Soren settled beside me, folding his hands on the table.

"Thank you for gathering on such short notice," Kestrel began, her voice gaining strength as she spoke. "I know this has been... a difficult day for everyone. But we

cannot afford to wait. The rogues who attacked us today were organized, well-armed, and bold enough to strike at a sacred ceremony. This was not random violence."

"Indeed," Soren murmured. "The timing was too precise. They knew exactly when and where to strike for maximum impact."

Zephyr pushed off from the wall and moved to stand behind Elton's chair. "The question is, what do we do about it?"

Elton wasted no time in making his move. He leaned forward, his expression carefully arranged into something resembling genuine concern. "Luna Kestrel," he began, "I want to assure you that today's tragedy has only strengthened my resolve. The alliance between our packs must not only continue—it must grow stronger."

Luna Kestrel's red-rimmed eyes studied him with barely concealed suspicion, but she said nothing.

"Your late mate, Alpha Marcus, was a true hero," Elton continued, laying it on thick. "His courage during the Battle of Moonfall Ridge saved countless lives. His legacy will never be forgotten. And your son, Wiley—such a brave young Alpha, cut down in his prime." He placed his hand over his heart in a gesture of mourning. "I swear to you, on my honor as an Alpha, that I will help you hunt down every last one of those rogues. We will have vengeance for Wiley."

I kept my expression neutral, but internally I scoffed. Marcus wasn't a war hero. He was a butcher. I remembered the aftermath of what they called the "Battle of Moonfall Ridge"—though battle suggested both sides had a chance to fight. What Marcus did was systematic slaughter. Every member of that pack, from warriors to children, wiped out in a single night.

The political maneuvering was transparent. Elton's pack bordered my territory on the right, Mistmarsh on the left. This alliance was clearly designed to box me in, to create a unified front that could threaten my position.

If he want war, I'll gladly oblige.

Soren leaned back in his chair with a thoughtful expression. "Of course, Luna Kestrel, you should carefully consider all your options before committing to any particular alliance," he said smoothly. "After all, Alpha Elton has made promises before that have proven... difficult to fulfill."

Elton's jaw tightened, but he maintained his composure. "I don't know what you're implying, Soren."

"Oh, nothing specific," Soren replied with a casual wave of his hand. "Just that grief can cloud judgment, and hasty decisions made in the wake of tragedy often lead to regret."

Isn't that right, Elton? I seem to recall you made similar promises to the Redstone Canyon Pack regarding territorial disputes. How did that work out?"

The barb hit its mark. Elton's face flushed with barely suppressed anger, but he couldn't afford an outburst.

My older brother had always been perceptive, skilled at reading people and navigating political waters. He was Father's favorite—the eldest, most suitable heir. I felt no particular hostility toward him, but no warmth either. He was simply another player in the endless game of pack politics. And right now, he clearly didn't want Elton and Kestrel to solidify their alliance.

The discussion dragged on, circling the same points without resolution. I grew increasingly restless. My mind kept drifting back to her. An inexplicable urgency built in my chest.

Knox stirred in my mind. Something's wrong. We need to go back.

Don't be ridiculous, I told him, but I felt it too.

The unease grew stronger. It started as a low hum of anxiety in my chest. Elton was still talking. The words blurred together into meaningless noise. The anxiety had transformed into something sharper now. It was irrational.

I stood abruptly, cutting off Elton mid-sentence. "I'm retiring for the evening," I announced. "We can continue this discussion tomorrow."

Soren looked up at me with mild surprise. "Logan, we haven't finished—"

But I was already moving toward the door. I didn't wait for his response. The urgency grew stronger with each step I took through the castle's corridors. My boots echoed on the stone floors as I climbed the stairs.

The guest room door loomed ahead. I grabbed the handle and pushed it open.

The room was empty.

My heart sank like a stone dropped into dark water. The bathwater still steamed slightly behind the screen, but there was no sign of her.

She was gone.

My eyes swept the room, searching for any clue to where she might have gone. Nothing appeared out of place.

Find her, Knox snarled. NOW.

A cold fury began to build in my chest, mixing with the anxiety and creating something dangerous. I'd told her to stay. She'd heard my command clearly. So where the hell was she?

Had she run? Had someone taken her? The thought of some other male putting his hands on what was mine sent a surge of possessive rage through my veins.

I strode back to the door and yanked it open, scanning the empty hallway. No sign of anyone who might have seen which direction she'd gone.

Knox, I commanded internally. Find her. Use her scent.

He began sorting through the layered scents that filled the castle corridor. Got it, Knox growled. She went down. Toward the lower levels.

I moved immediately. My boots hit the stone steps hard as I took them two at a time.