

The Princess's Revenge Chapter 8 Read Online

Home / The Princess's Revenge / Chapter 8 Brutal Interrogation

Valencia's POV

Listening to the fading footsteps, I let out a long breath, only then realizing I'd been holding it the entire time.

What had just happened? I knew some men took liberties with their slaves, but... this wasn't quite the same, was it? What Logan had done felt almost impulsive, like he'd acted on pure whim.

I pushed my hair back from my face, trying to gather my scattered thoughts. What did this mean? A vague unease about the future settled over me.

I looked around the room. Why didn't Logan have any attendants? He seemed to be the only one without servants waiting on him. Had he come alone?

Though the room wasn't cluttered, it showed signs that the castle's servants still maintained it. What was I supposed to do now? I had no idea when Logan would return. I remembered his command to clean myself up.

My eyes fell on the bathtub. Steam still rose from the water. Could I really use it? I walked closer, staring at the herbs still floating on the surface.

I quickly stripped off my torn dress and slipped into the tub before I could change my mind. The thought of washing in the same water he'd used made my cheeks flush a vivid crimson. I could still feel the lingering sensation of his fingers inside me. No one had ever touched me like that before. I remembered being whipped by Luna Kestrel multiple times, simply for cleaning Alpha Marcus's room. I'd learned to stay away from men—it was the only way to protect myself.

Afraid someone might come, I scrubbed myself quickly with a cloth, trying to wash away years of dirt and blood. The water turned murky brown. When was the last time I'd had a proper bath? I couldn't remember.

After climbing out, I wrung out my dress in the leftover bathwater. The fabric was so worn it barely held together, stained with years of abuse. Some of the bloodstains - both mine and others' - would never come out no matter how hard I scrubbed. Even clean, it looked like a rag. I sighed helplessly.

It was soaked, but it was all I had. I pulled it on anyway, the wet fabric clinging uncomfortably to my skin. At least my body heat would dry it eventually.

I was still adjusting the dress when I heard it—the unmistakable sound of heavy footsteps in the corridor outside. Then the door burst open.

My heart stopped.

Elijah stood in the doorway, his scarred face twisted into an ugly sneer. Behind him was another man I didn't recognize—shorter but broader, with cold eyes that swept over me with undisguised interest.

"Well, well," Elijah said, his voice dripping with venom. "I knew it. I fucking knew you'd still be here."

Fear shot through me. I took an instinctive step backward. "Get out. Alpha Logan will—"

"Alpha Logan?" Elijah laughed harshly. "That's exactly what we need to talk about, Valencia."

The stranger moved into the room, blocking my path to the door. His clothing marked him as someone from outside Mistmarsh.

"What do you want?" I managed, my voice barely steady.

"Answers," the stranger said simply. His eyes never left my face, studying me with an intensity that made my skin crawl.

Elijah lunged forward before I could react. His hand clamped over my mouth, cutting off my scream. I struggled, trying to bite his palm, trying to kick, but he was too strong. The stranger grabbed my arms, and together they dragged me toward the door.

My feet scrambled for purchase on the stone floor as panic consumed me. I tried to scream again, but Elijah's hand pressed harder, making it impossible to breathe properly.

They hauled me down the corridor, moving quickly through the castle's darker passages. Servants who saw us quickly looked away—nobody wanted to get involved. Down one flight of stairs, then another, then a third.

Finally, they shoved me through a wooden door into a small stone chamber. The impact sent me sprawling onto the filthy floor. Pain exploded through my knees and palms as I hit the ground.

Before I could scramble away, rough hands grabbed me and hauled me up, slamming me against the wall.

The stranger's face was inches from mine now, his breath hot and foul. "Now then," he said softly. "Let's have a proper conversation."

I tried to speak, but Elijah struck me across the face before I could form words. My head snapped to the side, and I tasted copper.

"We need to confirm something," the stranger continued. He reached up and grabbed my chin, forcing my head back. "Look at me."

"What do you want?" I gasped. "I don't know anything!"

"Don't move!" Elijah growled, pressing my head painfully against the stone wall.

The stranger pulled out a small torch from his belt, bringing the flame close to my face. Too close. The heat made me flinch, but Elijah's grip kept me still.

The stranger's eyes widened as the firelight illuminated my face. "Purple," he breathed. "They really are purple..."

Terror flooded through me. "Please, just let me go!"

The stranger stepped back, a strange excitement flickering across his features. He turned to Elijah and nodded slowly. "It's her. The purple eyes from the legend."

"I told you this bitch was special!" Elijah crowed. "Alpha Logan wouldn't save a worthless wolfless for no reason!"

My mind reeled. Legend? What legend? What did my eyes have to do with anything?

The stranger turned back to me, his expression shifting to something calculating and cold. "Now. Answer my questions carefully. Who are your parents? Where do you come from?"

"I—I'm a rogue," I stammered. "My parents died. I don't know what you're talking about!"

Elijah's fist slammed into my stomach. Air exploded from my lungs, and I doubled over, gasping. Only his grip on my arm kept me upright.

"Don't lie," the stranger said, his voice still maddeningly calm. "Purple eyes are extremely rare. You carry a special bloodline. Tell us—are you from Aldermer? What family do you belong to?"

My vision swam with pain and lack of oxygen. "I don't know! I swear I don't know! I'm just a slave!"

Elijah yanked my head back by my hair. "How did Logan figure out your secret? What did you tell him?"

"Nothing!" Tears streamed down my face. "There's no secret! He just... he just saved me..."

The stranger's fist connected with my face. White-hot pain exploded across my cheekbone, and I felt something crack. Blood filled my mouth again.

"Perhaps she truly doesn't know her own value," the stranger mused, studying me like I was an interesting specimen. He turned to Elijah. "But Logan knows. He must have recognized the significance of her eyes."

Elijah's laugh was cruel. "So she's the one from that legend? The prophecy child or whatever?"

The stranger nodded slowly. "Most likely. Our Alpha needs to know about this." His cold eyes returned to me. "You should pray that Logan truly cares about you. Because you're far more valuable to us than you realize."

He leaned close to Elijah, dropping his voice to a whisper. But in the small chamber, I could still hear fragments. "...bring her back... our pack... Elton will want..."

My heart seized with terror. They were going to take me.

"No," I gasped. "Please, you can't—"

Elijah's backhand sent my head crashing into the wall. Stars exploded across my vision. Agony blazed through my chest, stealing what little breath I'd managed to recover.

I couldn't breathe. Couldn't think. Could only feel the overwhelming pain radiating from my side with each desperate attempt to fill my lungs.

The stranger grabbed my face, forcing me to look at him through my swelling eyes. "One more time. What pack are you really from? What is your bloodline?"

"I don't know," I sobbed. "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know..."

His fist slammed into my stomach again. My vision went grey at the edges.

Through the haze of pain and fear, one thought crystallized with terrible clarity: This is how I die. Beaten to death in the dark.

The stranger raised his fist again.

Then the world exploded.

The door didn't just open—it disintegrated. Wood splintered and flew through the air. Through the cloud of dust and debris, a figure stood in the doorway.

Alpha Logan.

His face was completely blank. But the air around him seemed to vibrate with barely contained rage.