

The Beast And The Blessed by Ashley Breanne Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Six: Natalie

Natalie's P.O.V.

A shiver of satisfaction rushed through me, but the feeling quickly passed as a drop of my pack mate's blood trickled from his grip on the top of my bag and landed on my

neck. I tore my eyes away from his, not wanting to offend him further, only to have them land on the mutilated body of my Alpha.

His throat had been torn clean from his body, and he lay limp on the ground with his

sobbing mate over him. My first instinct was to find Jake to make sure that he was okay. His father had just been murdered in front of him, and he was now the Alpha.

But it wasn't my responsibility anymore. He had Haylee. His Luna.

The king let out another growl that made me want to curl up in a ball and hide away.

Perhaps if I had done that instead of running, I wouldn't have been forced into this position.

I had heard horror stories of women who had been chosen as breeders. None of which I wanted to be a part of. To be chosen as one's soulmate was a different story. It

was one of love and compassion. But as the beast stared down at me, I felt sick.

This was not going to be a storybook romance. Not with someone who murdered so

freely and tore women from their homes and their potential to find their true mates.

I watched with horror as he lifted his other claw, and flicked his fingers toward his men. In an instant, they swarmed the women on their knees, searching for their mate

or trying to find one they wanted to breed with.

From what I had heard as a child, the Lycans rarely found their soulmate as they could be of any species. But they had to continue their bloodline, and so, they would

select chosen mates, otherwise referred to as breeders once they had given up hopes

of finding their fated. The sole purpose of those women mating a Lycan was to produce male heirs to continue the line.

It appeared it would be mine now too.

I could feel his eyes burning into me as he held me up. My legs and arms hung limp
as I swung slightly from the hold he had on my bag.
“Oh, good! You already have your things.” The female from before said, seeming unafraid of the monster holding me in his grip as she moved next to him. “Best we get
on our way then. This pathetic pack doesn’t have much to offer.”
Instinctively, I glanced from her to the man in front of me. His glowing red eyes were
narrowed as he stared at me, and I could almost feel the regret coming from him. He
had chosen wrong, and he knew it. No one wanted the human, even to breed. His offspring would be weak. I watched as his eyes traveled from my split lip to my bruised and swollen arm.
Once we got back to his pack, I would be demoted to be nothing more than an Omega
like I was here. I would have to cook, clean, and would more than likely be beaten until they felt that I knew my place. It would be like it was here, only worse. At least here, I had the chance to escape. Running from the Lycans would do nothing
except assure that I would have a quick death upon my capture.
“You can still change your mind,” I whispered as I dropped my gaze down to his chest.
The thick fur of his beast did nothing to hide how muscular he was, and I was terrified
as he let out a growl louder than any before.
I wasn’t sure if he was angered by me second-guessing his decision or if it was because he felt stuck with me. Either way, I knew I was not in his good favor. The animalistic sounds of his pack talking amongst each other told me that it was time
to go, and my feet twitched beneath me as I expected to be placed back down. Instead, I was thrown over the beast’s shoulder.
My body shook in his hold as he wrapped an arm around my legs to hold me to him. I
gaped in shock as he took off at a run, leading his men. The sight before me as I looked up was terrifying. At least three dozen Lycans ran behind us on their two legs.
Their half-shifted state was the thing of nightmares, but I couldn’t help but notice one
that stood out among the others.

While the rest appeared frustrated or angry, he was happy with his head held high and a girl from my pack in his arms, Mira. He didn't have her thrown over his shoulder. He cradled her against his chest as he ran, and she held on tightly around his neck with her cheek pressed against him. They were fated mates. Even without knowing each other, there was an obvious love between them. It was something that I would not get to experience as a chosen mate. I let my head drop back down, bobbing as the king continued to run quickly. The ground moving beneath us was a blur, and I closed my eyes as it began to make my head and stomach spin. The blood rushing to my arm made it throb, but I pushed back any vocalizations of my discomfort. It would do no good to emphasize just how weak I truly was compared to them. It felt like hours later when howling startled me. The loud echoing noise came from all around me, and I felt the giant's arm tighten in response to my movement. I placed my hands on his lower back, pushing myself up to be able to see what was around me. The city was magnificent with large modern buildings that were decorated with all colors of plants and vines. The bright vibrancy of the kingdom made it look magical, and for a brief moment, I forgot I was here against my will. The Goddess surely had blessed their people, and I was in awe of the beautiful sight around me as the king slowed, leading his people down the cobblestone streets. I had expected to see more of these beasts, of the giant Lycans to be roaming the grounds. Instead, I was surprised to see everyone in their skin. Each person seemed fascinated to see their king returning home, but it was the little girl pointing at me with a smile as she talked adamantly to the woman next to her that made me feel selfconscious. I could feel how red my face was from hanging over the king's shoulder for so long, and I dropped my head again, letting my hair and the bag hanging over the back of

my head hide my face. Breeder or Queen, I didn't want anyone to see me like this, thrown over their king's shoulder like a sack of flour while the Lycan several rows back, still held his mate lovingly in his arms, nuzzling his head against hers every so often.

They did not stop as they were greeted by their people lining the road and cheering for their returned men. It was as if they were returning from war, but from what I had

heard, finding mates and breeders were just as important to them.

I felt the beast beneath me puff his chest in pride, and he stood up a bit straighter at his welcome.

King Killian Amery.

Love by his people, feared by the world.

The crowd only grew louder as he began his ascent up the front steps of the castle.

I

wanted to turn around so I could get a look, but when I began to move his hold only

tightened until the discomfort of the position I was in was outweighed by the pain of

his tight grip.

When I relaxed, so did his arm around me. I could only hope that I would have the freedom to explore later. Perhaps once I was assigned my chores and had completed

them.

The sudden fear that I would be locked in a bedroom to serve the king, only able to leave to tend to our future children made me tense, and I knew he could feel it as his

jaw brushed against my butt when he turned to look over his shoulder.

He could have chosen any of his women, and from the stories that had even reached

my little pack, there were many. The fact that he had chosen to take me made my blood boil.

The cold air of the interior of the castle was welcoming, and I tried to take in a deep

breath to calm my rapidly beating heart but failed to do so. It was the shaky exhale that seemed to gather my captives attention. He stopped and let me down, keeping one hand on my arm to hold me steady as the blood rushed back down from my head.

He waited only a moment longer before grunting and dragging me up the stairs impatiently and toward a large set of double doors at the end of the hall. I gasped at

the intricate gold patterns etched into the wood.

He didn't bother to wait for me to pick my jaw up before he shoved the doors open roughly. The massive suite was larger than what should have been necessary. But as

the king stepped inside, the area seemed to shrink in comparison to his monstrous size.

I glance to my right to the sitting room and then to the large bedroom through the double doors to my left but they appeared empty.

"Where are they?" I wondered to myself, whispering the words. The king turned to me

in a silent demand of clarification, one eyebrow raised in curiosity. "I assumed I would

be staying with your other women."

My voice carried as I moved into the bedroom, my eyes trailing over the ginormous

mattress to the open door of the bathroom, confirming that there wasn't a single person there either. I knew from the small personal effects around the room that this

wasn't to be my room alone.

I looked back to the bed as the realization of my situation kicked in. Was he expecting

to mate now, with him in that state?

My body began to shake, and my breathing picked up as the terror sank in. The murderer behind me had brought me here to his bedroom for a reason.

"No." He said, sounding rather annoyed. I turned to face him, wanting to be prepared

for what was to come. But he stood with his hand pinching what appeared to be the bridge of his snout as he let out a huff of frustration. "This is our room."

My eyes widened in surprise as he turned on his heels and walked out of the room, leaving me to collapse in a ball against the side of the bed as I let out a shaky breath.

I had been spared this time, but I had no idea what to expect of him when he returned

