

## **The Beast And The Blessed by Ashley Breanne Chapter 7**

### **Chapter 7**

#### **Seven: Natalie**

#### **Natalie's P.O.V.**

Several hours had passed before I had mustered up the courage to help myself to a shower. I was glad that I had my get-a-way bag with me when I was taken from my

pack. Clean clothes and a warm shower did wonders for me and my injured arm, and I

was ready to test the limits of my new captivity and learn my place.

If I wasn't allowed to leave 'our' bedroom, then I would find out very quickly. I paused

at the door briefly, wondering what would happen if he came back and I wasn't there.

What kind of punishments did human breeders get? Were there other human breeders here?

I shook my head, glancing back to the room, admiring the glow of the mid-afternoon

sun on the gold detailing that decorated the bedposts. It made me wonder what other

beautiful designs were waiting for me to discover in the rest of the castle.

The bronze handle was cold beneath my touch, like a warning that I should just back

away and stay where I had been left. Instead, I pulled the door open, jumping at the sight of the large back blocking my exit. The man was easily two heads taller than me

and could pass for a giant had I not known he was a Lycan when he wasn't in his skin.

He moved to the side, turning to face me as he cleared the way for me to exit. He bent

at the waist, taking me by surprise as he bowed in his crisp back suit. I didn't know what to do or how to handle it. But as he straightened back up to his full height and returned his gaze down the hallway, I assumed I was free to roam.

"Hello," I said softly as I tried to assess the man before me. "Am I allowed to leave the room?"

He glanced down at me with his eyebrows pulled together as if he were confused before looking away again with a quick nod of his head in confirmation. I stared at him

for a moment longer, waiting for him to change his mind or report me to the king. When he didn't move, I turned and made my way down the hallway, very aware of the

giant man shadowing me.

The winding staircase of white marble steps made me pause as I wasn't sure in which

direction to go, up or down. I glanced over the railing toward the foyer before looking

back up.

"Your highness," A young woman gasped, and I turned in time to see her curtsy with

her head down. "May I help you find something?"

I scanned her over. The young girl was wearing black slacks and a tucked-in black button-up shirt. She held a caddy of cleaning supplies in her left hand. It was the way

she addressed me, similar to the man hovering a few feet away who had bowed, that

took me by surprise.

Your Highness.

Were they misinformed, or was I under the wrong impression? I had been chosen as

a mate. I was not a fated mate. Could a breeder really be placed as queen, or would I

only fill the position until he crossed his true mate?

"No, thank you. I'm not sure where I am going." My voice trailed off as I glanced around.

"Dinner shall be soon. Would you like me to show you to the king's study, so you may

dine together?" She smiled widely, and I placed her at no more than sixteen. She would have shifted by now, which meant that she could also hear my heart hammering in my chest at the mention of the man who had unofficially claimed me as

his mate. "If you go down this hallway and make a right into the east wing, his study

will be on the left side. Tobias here can show you too, if you'd like."

I nodded, taking in the information but not quite set on seeking out and spending time

with the man that I was to mate with before I had to.

Yet, there was a small push in my mind telling me that while I truly didn't know or trust

him, I should go to him for answers. Leaving me in our bedroom with no more than a single sentence was infuriating.

“Thank you,” I said, fighting the urge to dip my head in submission as I had been trained and expected to do in my pack as an omega. If they thought I was to be their

queen, I didn’t want to embarrass myself. I would wait until they were correctly informed of my position here before I would start acting of a lower rank.

The young woman curtsied again before continuing down the hall.

I turned to the man behind me, Tobias, and he raised one eyebrow before gesturing with his hand for me to head down the hallway. It seemed I would be going to officially

meet this King Killian after all.

As we grew near the entrance of the east wing, the hallway was illuminated by a bright glass mural of all colors. I gaped at the intricate details of the story it displayed

of the goddess blessing the wolves and them transforming into the Lycan form.

The

way the artist depicted the beast was beautiful and nowhere near as terrifying as they

were in real life.

It was hard to pull my eyes away, but it was time to get my answers. I let out a deep

breath before turning with my back straight and head held high as I made my way down the corridor. The double doors on my left stuck out like a sore thumb. I didn’t

need Tobias to tell me this was the place. There was a slight pull inside me, drawing me in.

I knocked softly on the door, flinching when it was ripped open quickly by the pale witch that had participated in my capture.

“Good. Maybe you can get him to start acting reasonably.” She said as she brushed past me and rubbed her hand on Tobias’s chest suggestively. He remained void of expressions, but the slight twitch to his jaw told me that he was either enjoying the witch’s affections, or he was annoyed by it.

I turned back to the open doorway, feeling my heart stammer out of rhythm at the sight of the God-like man staring back at me with breathtaking hazel eyes.

His brown hair was so dark that it was almost black, and his defined and tense jaw ticked as he glared at me. His hands were pressed palm down on the table, and it wasn’t until he looked back at the paper beneath him that I was able to let out the

breath I had been holding.

King Killian.

Even in his skin, he was every bit as terrifying as his Lycan form.

“From the tension, I take it you two haven’t actually met yet.” The female said behind

me as she pushed me into the room gently. “Allow me to introduce you.”

“Joselin,” The king growled in warning, sending a shiver down my spine. The deep sound of his voice was almost exactly how I had been expecting it to sound in his skin, but I was still surprised by how it seemed to affect me.

Joselin waved her hand in his direction, ignoring the king. “Your name, dear?”

It was a term of endearment, but as I stood in the room with two Lycans and a witch, it

was exactly how I felt. A deer. Prey.

“Natalie Matthews,” I whispered as I stared at the king. He held no reaction. He didn’t

even look up at me from what I could now see was a map.

“Natalie, meet Killian Amery, your mate.” She purred with laughter as if it were a joke,

and the king let out a low growl of annoyance.

