His Wrath

By : Zahraaaaa

A romantic delight and a tale waiting to be told! Especially for fantasy, and romantic story lovers out there ;)

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Chapter 1: Alone

Chapter 1:Alone

She stared out the window watching the rain pelt down, and the sound of the storm resounded throughout the house. Her face was drawn with a sadness that always seemed to be there. Sophie Adam's long wavy black hair framed her face as she sat on the stool with her elbow propped on the window and her chin resting on her hand.

The big three-story house was empty; Sophie's family had decided to vacation in Hawaii for a week, and this was the first night she was alone. Her parents begged her to come along and enjoy herself, but she stubbornly refused, for reasons her parents couldn't understand. Suddenly a loud ringing noise made her jump. Oh just the phone, she thought and warily made her way out of her room.

Sophie went to her parent's bedroom which was at the end of the hallway and picked up the phone.

"Hello," answered Sophie.

"Hi! Is Patrick Adams home?" said a deep voice that attempted to be jolly.

"No my father isn't home right now," replied Sophie in a take-charge kind of voice.

"I see, how about your mother?" he asked in a nuetral tone.

"She's sleeping," lied Sophie. She started thinking of all the horror movies and the news where women get kidnapped and murdered. She was desperate to hang up on this man, whom she didn't recognize the voice at all.

"Well tell your parents I'll be coming over tomorrow to pick up my tool supply kit that your father borrowed," he said.

"Sure thing," said Sophie in relief. It was probably just a friend of her dad's. Time to stop being so jumpy, she thought.

She was twenty years-old and it was time for her to grow up. She had a job as a teacher's assistant, and planned to move out of her parent's house soon. Sophie went back to her room, changed into pajamas and climbed into bed. She turned on her cell phone and saw a few text messages from her friends asking if they could party in her house.

Her close friend Lily also texted her about her current new boyfriend, who sounded like he was a hot load of fun. Sophie smiled, and thought about how she remained single even though she was considered stunning by most. She dated a few but they just didn't hold her interest for long. Sophie texted back agreeing on a little party sometime during the week, and finally tried to sleep.

Sophie was walking down a street with weird orange signs around. She felt someone following her. The streets were empty and it was cold. She couldn't see the man, but she knew it was a man following her. Sophie turned a corner to lose him, but then he showed up right in front of her. All she saw was a massive tall figure covered with a dark cloak. She shook, and tried to run, but was frozen in place. He put his hand to his mouth and made a shushing gesture. She silently shook her head and couldn't seem to be able to talk. Suddenly she saw a car full of young people drive by and the car careened right into a ditch. It all seemed like it was slow

motion, and Sophie felt sick.

Sophie suddenly sat up in bed, with tears flowing down her cheeks. She saw this same dream many times and she believed dreams had meanings. She hugged herself and looked at the clock which said 2:17 am, its green numbers glowing eerily in the dark.Pushing her hair back from her forehead, she got up from her bed and decided to get some water. She walked down the stairs, and froze when she saw the back of a person standing in front of the kitchen sink.

Chapter 2: The Assault

Chapter 2:**The Assualt**

Sophie stopped midway down the stairs and thought about running upstairs to call the police, but she was too frightened to make a sound. Heart pounding she started to turn around really slow, as to not attract the attention of the tall frame of a person who was still at the sink, but was looking out the tiny kitchen window.

"Don't even try..." he said, his deep voice emanating through the kitchen. Sophie's heart was practically on her throat and she tried not to show her fear.

"What are you doing in my house?" she demanded, her voice shaking slightly. The man turned around and she saw a man she had never seen before. His face was full of scars and on his right arm was a tattoo of an eagle. He had a hard-angled face which suggested he had been handsome once, but he looked hard worn and had an evil looking gleam in his eyes. "You know you want me here," he leered.

"Who are you?" said Sophie, backing away slowly and realizing she was still in her sheer silk blue pajamas, which stopped just above her thighs.

"Not important," he took a step towards her, gazing at her body. A darker gleam went through his eyes. "Where's the tool kit?"

She stared at him, horrified. The man who she was talking to on the phone! "Get out," she said, and dashed up the stairs.

"Hey!" he yelled, and she heard his big frame running up the squeaky stairs after her. Before she could close her room door, intending to lock it, he burst through the door breathing hard.

"You little slut," he said smirking. "Think you can escape?" He grabbed her by the shoulders roughly, Sophie struggling get escape his strong grip.

She tried to scream, but he immediately covered her mouth with his own and pushed his tongue into her mouth.Yuck! She thought wildly. He tasted of booze and oranges. She tried kicking him, but ended her leg being trapped in his huge hand and he ran his hand up her thigh. He was breathing heavily, not breaking his forced kiss.

He pushed her down on the floor and he got on top Sophie. Breaking the kiss, he covered her mouth with his hand and hitched up her nightgown. She bit hard on his hand, intending to hurt him, but he laughed instead of moaning in agony like she imagined. Alarmed, she felt his hand slide up her dress and started feeling her breasts.

"You like it," said the man. Sophie now believed it was hopeless and tears started to fall down her face. She would just end up being raped and murdered. Oh why couldn't she have gone with her family to Hawaii? She thought. She felt him continue groping her breasts with his hairy hands. Suddenly she felt his weight off her and she opened her eyes, not realizing they were closed.

"Fred you son o bitch, why the fuck you doing this?" said a man who was holding the guy who nearly raped her in a chokehold.She hadn't even heard this second man come in the house. She pulled her nightgown back down and sat up to watch the strange confrontation.

"Was just 'aving a little fun," spluttered the would-be rapist of Sophie's.

"I would kill you right now if I didn't need your miserable self for the mission. Young lady, I aplogize for his disgusting actions," said the man who saved her. She finally saw his face after he turned his head to the side to look at her and she stared in shock. It was the man in her dreams who was always covered in the dark cloak!

Chapter 3: Fire

Chapter 3:**Fire**

Sophie stared dumbfounded at the man who continued to glare at Fred (the almost would-be rapist). The man who she mostly saw in her dreams was definetely goodlooking in her opinion. His bright green eyes seemed to burn with fury. She noticed lots of features about him, which she'd never actually saw in her dream but she knew it was him, or a guy who seemed like him. He had shoulder length black hair which was wavy, but was always covered in the hood and cloak in her dreams.

"Let's go," he demanded.

He let go of Fred and finally looked at Sophie full in the face.

"Who are you?" Sophie blurted, her small face features bright with curiousity.

His face was like a carved statue and impossible to read. He simply gave her a small smile. "That's not important."

Fred wiped his bloody nose, glared at Sophie with such intense hate, that shook Sophie to the core. The tall but extremely handsome man who had saved her shoved Fred out the room door, and Sophie could hear Fred had fallen down the stairs with loud thumps and groans. Sophie stifled a smile.

"I think I know you," said Sophie. "What is your name at least? Can you tell me that?"

"Hmm you could call me Dave. That's what I would be called here I guess," he said, his forehead scrunched in thought. "And how would you know me?"

"I see you in my dreams," Sophie said, and was immediately embarassed because it sounded so silly when said outloud.

"Sooo you dream about me?" he asked and gave her a wicked grin, and Sophie blushed feeling warm everywhere. "What happens in those dreams?"

Now Sophie wished she didn't say anything about dreams, but looking at his face she knew he knew what she was talking about. She was about to say some kind of smart retort to his question,but she smelled something burning.

"Do you smell that?" she asked Dave.

"That fucker didn't seem to learn his lesson enough. Come now," he said, walking fast towards the window. "Let's get you out of here before this place burns down, then I'll deal with Fred."

"Wait," said Sophie rushing to her closet.

"No time for valuables or whatever", demanded Dave. Sohpie ignored him, she needed her money she saved up. The smell of smoke became stronger. Dave lost his patience with her and stomped over to Sophie. He lifted her by her tiny waist, and slung her overhis shoulder.

"Hey!" she shouted. "Put me down!"

"Shut it," Dave growled, and he pulled out the netting of the window and grabbed the window sill. They were pretty high off the ground.

"Let's just go back inside and go through downstairs," said Sophie, clinging onto Dave's neck for dear life as he proceeded to climb out the window and slowly make his way down. "Wait, how are you climbing down if there's nothing to hold on to?" Sophie demanded.

He ignored her, and she twisted her head around to look. She regretted that decision immediately as soon as she saw how he was holding onto the wall. He seemed to have sprouted claws, really sharp lion claws. Sophie screamed.

He seemed to act as if he didn't hear her, especially since there were a ruckus of neighbors and fire engines all over the place. Dave and Sophie finally reached the ground, but technically not Sophie until he put her down on her feet.

"You're not human," said Sophie quietly, her brown eyes wide with fear.

"I am," said Dave, who towered over her.

"No I know what I saw," said Sophie. "Then how do you explain how you climbed down?"

Dave was watching the people and they walked towards them, away from the blazing ruined house of Sophie's. Firefighters struggled to contain the blaze, shoots of water erupting from the hoses. Dave ignored Sophie's question, and Sophie felt suddenly weary and very scared. She knew her parents would absolutely flip when they hear about this, but the thought of this man being an animal was even more worrying to her.

"I'm going to find Fred. Stay here," ordered Dave, watching her.

"Ok", said Sophie braiding up her long black hair, her breasts jutting out from the silky nightgown she was still wearing. Dave's eyes turned darker, with animal desire. Sophie realized where he was looking and crossed her arms over her chest nonchalantly. He turned his eyes upward to her face and winked. Then he was gone with lightening speed.

Sophie was still pink in the face, wondering why this man made her feel this way. It was such a good feeling, and butterflies in her stomach, well the good kind. At the same time, she was scared and knew he was not of this world in some way and she didn't takr to his ordering around lindly. As soon as she double checked through the throngs of people that he wasn't still around, she ran through the street and past people's driveways. She could still hear fire engines and sirens in the distance, and she ran even faster. Her friend Lilly lived down two more streets. She could ask her for help.

Suddenly she crashed into something that felt like a boulder. Hands grabbed her upper arms.

"Where did you think you were going?"

Sophie looked up and saw the leering face of Fred's.

Chapter 4: Kidnapped

Chapter 4: Kidnapped

"Let go of me!" yelled Sophie.

Fred grabbed her tighter. "We need to take you someplace where no one would hear you. Woulda loved it if you burnt in the fire."

"Dave is going to get mad though," Sophie tried reasoning with him.

Fred's eyes looked uncertain for a second and hardened. "He can't do anything to me, and plus why the hell would he care what happens to you?"

Fred pulled her to him and Sophie started screaming for help. People in thier houses were sleeping. Fred pulled out a dirty looking washcloth and stuffed it in her mouth, effectively silencing her. He once again started pullung her towards a small car that was just around the corner. Sophie dug her feet to the ground, but he was a man and her efforts were fruitless. He threw her in the back seat of the car, and before she could think of escaping, he had already locked the door.

It was a long drive, a drive that Sophie dreaded and felt nauseous. Fred hacked, coughed, and mainly scratched his tatooed arms while he drove. Once or twice every ten minutes, he'd look back and smile evilly. When he smiled, his tiny beady eyes became smaller and narrowed. Sophie turned her face every time. She had already taken off the gag, but yelling in the car was sort of useless she found out.

They were passing fields of farmland and pasture. Now Sophie had no idea where they were at. During the drive, all she could think about was her mother and family. Would they ever see me again? She thought to herself. She even thought about tackling Fred, but that would kill them both if the car went out of control. She slept, still feeling sick to her stomach especially after staring at the green seats on the car covered in filth.

"Get up!" a voice was yelling in her ear. Sophie groaned, it was the nasty screechy voice of Fred's. She opened her eyes to see his snaky eyes under his bushy eyebrows glaring at her.

She stepped out of the car and shivered. It was still raining and in seconds her nightgown, that she was still wearing became soaked. It was early in the morning and Fred looked extremely grumpy, like he wouldn't care and would just kill her. He grabbed her left arm and walked her over to a little cabin place that was deep inside a thicket of trees. It was like a forest, and Sophie shook again from fear this time and not the cold. She didn't put up a struggle in case he killed her immediately if she did. Her feet hurt, she didn't have any shoes. Fred wiped his bald head with another rag that looked suspiciously like the one from Sophie's kitchen. He opened the door to the little cabin, and Sophie saw spiderwebs lining the walls and cracks on the walls. Fred pushed her all the way into the house and locked the cabin door.

"If you ever think of escaping, the next time I see you, you're a dead woman," threatened Fred, his eyes narrowing once again.

Sophie nodded wearily, biting her tongue from saying something that would get her killed. Fred stomped towards wherr the kitchen would be and pulled out a glass for himself. Sophie looked around at the tiny living room and saw with a start, that there was man sleeping on the yellow coach, that was in the corner. He had a mustache greasy looling blond jair. He was deep asleep, his mouth open wide and snoring. The TV was on mute, and it was only the yellow couch and a little table that was the only furniture in the living room.

Sophie sat in a corner trying to warm her hands and shivering from her wet clothes. Her stomach growled with hunger.

"Fred," Sophie called out.

"What?" He said, coming over to sit on the table with a packet of cookies and a drink in his hands.

"Have any spare clothes?"

"No, just take those off," Fred chuckled darkly.

"Please," said Sophie, and her stomach growled once again.

"Shut the fuck up, or I'll strip you naked myself," said Fred. "Go get something to eat, I want a woman with some meat."

Sophie went to the kitchen in order to get away from his filthy self. The cabinets and the fridge were literally bare or had molding food. I'll probably just die of hunger, thought Sophie. She saw a bag of peanuts forgotten on top of the refrigerator. Ad she reached up for it, she noticed there were no windows in which to escape to. She leaned on the counter and cracked a peanut. Damn not even salty, she thought. While she munched she thought about how she would escape when Fred slept. If he would ever sleep that is.

Fred lumbered into the kitchen and Sophie felt his eyes on her. Uh uh, Sophie thought. She continued munching the peanuts, avoiding eye contact. He stalked nearer and now she felt his breath on her shoulder. It stank, as if something just died.

"Yo Freddy," called the man who was sleeping in the yellow couch.

"What?" Fred replied gruffly.

"Come here, got somethin'to show ya."

"We always seem to be disturbed, but I'll come for you later bitch," whispered Fred, his dark eyes dilated with lust.

Sophie didn't reply to him, she just sighed and looked away acting like royalty. No wonder he called her a bitch, she thought smiling to herself. She needed to get out of here now. Before he intends to rape her, she must be prepared with a weapon. She rummaged through the cabinets, and found a rusty jagged edged knife. Yes! Now how would she overpower both men... They're conversation was getting louder and it seemed Fred was excited about something.

"So she is important?" demanded Fred, in a loud hushed voice.

"Yeah the girl needs to be captured somehow, then we can get the other side to react," said the man who was sleeping on the yellow couch.

"I got her dude," said Fred gleefully.

"Dayum how?"

Sophie stopped listening at that point. She didn't want to hear what would happen to her. She wondered why she was important. Not long after, she heard footsteps coming towards her way in the kitchen. Thunder boomed through the forest and the cabin as if timing the arrival of the villians.

"She fine," whistled the man from the yellow couch.

"Told ya," said Fred, his rotting yellow teeth showing. His tattoos seemed to turn darker.

Sophie looked at the man and Fred, both of them looked mental she thought.

"When are you ever going to let me leave?"Sophie demanded.

"Ooh a fiesty one," said the man from the yellow couch, his skinny frame looking like it would collapse any second.

"Who said we were gonna let you leave?"Fred shouted. He seemed to lose control and rage towards women, Sophie observed.

"Ok chill," said Sophie in an attempt to pacify him.

He lunged towards her in rage, and Sophie pulled out the knife from behind her just at the last second and stabbed him right in the middle of the chest. His weight made the knife go right through him, and he gazed at her in shock. He fell and with her underneath him. He was heavy, and Sophie heaved him off her.

"Fred!" yelled the man who was in the yellow couch. He ran to Fred's body and kneeled. "Wake up, get up man!

Sophie took that moment to run to the.living and yanked the door leading outside open. She didn't even glance back to see if Fred was really dead. She hoped the other man would be just busy with trying to revive Fred. Gulping for air, she ran like never. before. Her gym instructor would be proud she thought. Sticks, brambles, and rocks poked her feet causing her mortal pain, but she kept running blindly in the dark. She couldn't believe it turned dark so fast, it was just daytime! Her nightgown ripped in many places, but she didn't care. She suddenly heard footsteps running behind her. Her chest heaving, she sobbed for breath, and panicked wildly. All of a sudden she felt herself fly for a second and fell flat on her back. Fuck! She slipped on a big rock. As soon as she tried to scramble up, she felt a furry body on top of her, keeping her down.

She screamed bloody murder when she saw a yellow mane and orange eyes. It was a huge lion, king of the beasts.

Chapter 5: Lions and Lust

Chapter 5: Lions and Lust

Green eyes locked with Sophie's brown eyes. The lion's paws rested on either side of Sophie's head. It's chest was heaving, breathing hard, as if it had run a long way. Sophie's eyes were wide with terror. She had never come this close to a lion, let alone having one right in front of her! She decided to play dead. The lion looked like it was taking it's time staring. She closed her eyes and didn't move. Weren't you suppose to do that when bears were around? Sophie wasn't sure if the rule applied to lions as well. She laid still with bated breath, felt the paws of the lion touch her arm and then she screamed. She opened her eyes and saw a barechested guy lying on top of her but not on her.

"Dave!" yelled Sophie. "How?" She was lost for words.

Dave stood up and rubbed his hands on his dark denim jeans. Sophie was relieved, but also a little scared of what he wanted of her. She stood up and immediately felt dizzy. She felt strong hands on her arms instantly.

"You must be starved. Are you hurt?" Dave asked in a deep gruff voice.

Sophie saw that he was indeed concerned judging by the crease in his forehead.

"I'm okay," she tried to assure him. "Just a little tired that's all."

"So I'm wondering...Why did you leave the place that I specifically told you to stay at?" He sounded mad.

"Why should I listen to you?" Sophie retorted. "I know you're concerned and all that, but I can take care of myself. And I killed Fred just so you know."

Dave's eyes widened in shock, "you what?"

"Well I think he's dead," Sophue shrugged. Would-be rapists get what they deserve. He had probably raped dozens of other girls before her. Who knows?

"Damn. Fred knew I'd look for him around the back, and I had to rescue a kid, who I'm sure was put there by Fred to stall me," said Dave rubbing his face. His chest glowed tan in the moonlight, his muscles rippling with anger. Well he's a sight to behold, thought Sophie.

"Oh well. Can you please explain to me, why he was after me? And why you were in my house as well?" Sophie asked.

"You need sleep and food right now," said Dave, inspecting her face.

Sophie's hair came loose from the braid she fixed it, as she shook her head violently. "I need answers now! I've practically been through hell!" Tears started coming, the stress of two days coming to a boil. "I'm cold, tired and hungry, tell me now."

"Shh," said Dave. He suddenly pulled her close to him and wrapped his arms tight around her tiny frame. She shuddered and tried to break his comforting embrace, but he didn't let go. She surrendered and just let the tears come. She cried and cried on his chest. She had never felt so alone in her life, her whole life she was always alone. This hug felt comforting, as if he cared. Her parents had always been distant from her. No hugs

or anything of physical contact was present in her home. Dave stroked her hair, and Sophie's tears subsided. This was the second time he'd seen her cry. Sophie blushed and pulled away. He released his hold on her.

Sophie sniffled and wiped her nose on her nightgown that she was still wearing.

"Come on", said Dave quietly. "I have a place where you can rest and eat." He gazed at her face, trying to read her emotions. He looked a little frightened as if she might start bawling all over the place again.

Sophie followed Dave through a path of trees, her feet still hurting. The rain had stopped, but there was still wind in the air. Leaves flew past them, and everything looked dark and spooky to Sophie. The smell of damp leaves filled the air.

"Owch!" exclaimed Sophie. She had stepped on a sharp rock. She looked down and saw the sole of her feet starting to bleed. Dave looked back and walked towards her.

"What happened?" He asked as he kneeled down to inspect her feet, which were all cut up and really dirty.

"Stepped on a sharp rock I think," said Sophie embarassed. She always did a pedicure, but out of all times some hot guy decide to see her feet. Life is so unfair, Sophie thought amusedly. She leaned against a tree as he held her foot, applying something that felt cool on it.

"What small feet you have," said Dave. "Like a little bird."

"Oh shutup," said Sophie. He wrapped some big leaves around the wound.

"Now I'm going to carry you the rest of the way. Understand?" said Dave.

She started to protest, but he swiftly lifted her up by the waist and put her once again over his shoulder. Sophie sighed, might as well enjoy the ride. In just a few minutes of walking, Dave put her down and put both hands on a random tree. It was a big tree, then out of nowhere a tiny door appeared on it.

"Oh wow," said Sophie.

He twisted the gnarly woody doorknob and when it opened, Sophie saw a huge space with a bed and some cozy chairs.

"Sorry just thought up this one in just two minutes. You were freezing," said Dave apologetically.

"This is perfect," said Sophie immediately getting inside the shelter. "You have some nice magical powers sir."

Dave looked pleased and shut the door, blocking out the wind. Sophie flopped onto the bed at once and lied down. It was white with designs of a dove all over it. It felt like she was lying on air, especially felt like that after the last time she slept, it was in Fred's car.

"Food Sophie," said Dave bringing her a sandwich and drink.

"I'm tired," sighed Sophie, her arm slung over her face.

"Now or I'll kick you out," threatened Dave darkly.

Sophie knew he wouldn't, but she barely knew him either. After she ate, she needed to use the bathroom and wanted to take a bath badly.

"Dave," she called to him. He was sitting on a chair, contemplating about something. "Can you make a shower magically appear?"

"Sure can," said Dave. "My powers are good around trees, especially if we're in one."

He swiped his hands across the air, his wavy black hair falling over his forehead. Another door appeared on the wall.

"Wow thanks Dave," said Sophie.

He grunted in response. Sophie opened the door and went inside a simple looking bathroom, but all she cared about was trying to get clean. She hurriedly stripped out of her filthy clothes and turned the water on full blast. Soon she had a steamy hot bath going. She saw soap on a rack and squirted it all over her body and in the water. She sighed and relaxed in the tub. She popped some bubbles on the edge. She closed her eyes and her mind wandered.

She felt water going down her throat, and Sophie immediately woke up coughing hard and spluttering. She hears the bathroom door slamming open, and struggled to clear her nose and throat.

"You foolish woman," said Dave. "How could you have fallen asleep in the tub?"

Sophie coughed some more. As soon as her throat was clear and she told Dave to stop pounding her back, she covered her chest with her arms, even if Dave already had a view.

"I'm okay now,"said Sophie. "You can go."

Dave laughed. He had already seen her breasts, and my were they beautiful he thought. Not too big or too small, and the soft swell of her breasts and pink nippples looked too enticing to bear.

"Are you sure? You're always trying to kill yourself," said Dave.

"Yes," said Sophie. She looked up and saw that he was gazing at her with desire, the same look he gave her when her house caught fire. Oh my.

Dave touched her arm, and she shivered. She looked like a goddess lying there in the water, he thought. He needed to calm his animal instincts now. Just because you haven't been with a woman for almost three years, he berated himself. He suddenly didn't care. It's been a long time since he'd ever been attracted to a woman.

Dave leaned over and put his mouth on hers. Sophie was shocked, but seconds after, she let her eyes close and leaned into his kiss. It was heavenly, she thought. She let her mouth open a little, and he suddenly took advantage and touched his tongue to hers. Wow she thought, she'd never been kissed like this before. He deepened the kiss and Sophie ran her hands through his silky soft black hair. So what if he's a lion thought Sophie, lost in his kiss. He suddenly pulled away, lust burning in his eyes. He wanted to take her out of the water and take her voraciously, but that was dangerous. He didn't want to go back to his dark past and repeat history.

Sophie looked hurt but relieved he broke the kiss, before things got out of hand. He quietly walked over to the door and let himself out. Sophie tried to calm her breathing and finished up bathing, thinking about the kiss all

the while. She slept that night on the cozy bed smiling to herself, while Dave sat in his chair and reading a little notebook.

Chapter 6: Doom

Chapter 6: Doom

"Sophie time to get up," said Dave briskly. Sophie groaned, she buried her face in the pillow. "Your parents are frantic with worry and I'm going to take you to them."

"What? They came back from Hawaii?" asked Sophie, sitting up.

"Yes,"said Dave. He was standing there, wearing a black shirt which clung to his muscles and also wearing jeans. "Naturally they would."

Sophie jumped out of bed, wearing cotton pants and a shirt that Dave had placed for her after her bath last night. She thought about that kiss again and blushed. It was a great kiss indeed, but this morning he is acting as if nothing happened, Sophie thought.

"Where are we by the way?" asked Sophie.

"We're in the King's Forest," replied Dave. "Let's go." With that, he stepped out of the little shelter he set up.

"I'm not dressed!"said Sophie. She also needed to use the bathroom. Dave mumbled something and turned back around to hand her a pair of light blue cotton jeans and a red sweater. "Thanks."

Sophie never believed in magic, and she still couldn't believe he was able to turn into a lion. She must have been hallucinating. She hurriedly used the bathroom, washed her face and twisted her hair up. Her long hair kept getting in the way. After she changed into the clothes he gave her, she looked in the mirror on the wall. Oh wow, she thought. The sweater clung to her curved in the right places, and the jeans fit perfectly. She unconciously fixed her hair a little more neatly. The thought of traveling with him again gave her some tingles in her stomach. She also found a pair of black sneakers and socks. Her feet felt better, especially whatever he put on her feet to make it heal faster. Her heart beat faster at the memory. She became angry at herself. She did not want to fall in love with someone who was practically not human. Plus he didn't like her, judging from his indifferent attitude towards her.

Dave was pacing outside near a short tree. Sophie stepped out. There was a light wind, but a slight chill in the air.

"Okay I'm ready," said Sophie in a singsong lighthearted voice. She felt happy for some reason and the worry about her parents dwindled. Dave seemed to think hard about something.

"Alright, I am going to transform and you are riding," he stated determidly.

"No way," said Sophie.

"You are," said Dave looking intensely at her face. When he looked at her like that, her body seemed to melt and turn to jello. "Dont be scared, okay?"

"Okay," said Sophie, he held her gaze a second longer. He had to have some magic at play to make her say yes, thought Sophie.

"One more request," said Dave, watching her.

"Yes?" Said Sophie, she would agree to anything this man said at the moment.

"Try not to tell anyone about me," he said. "I have some enemies. They hate animal shifters such as me."

"Why?" asked Sophie.

"Just say you won't tell anyone. There's not much time to explain, we must set off."

"Wait," said Sophie.

"What?"

"Do you lose your mind and go into lion mode?" she asked quickly.

Dave chuckled, "my mind's not going anywhere."

"Positive?" Sophie insisted.

"Yes it's not like I'd eat you," he said, his eyes becoming dark and looking like he indeed wanted to devour her.

He suddenly whipped off his shirt without further ado, and Sophie tried to look away from his tanned muscly self and his black hair flying in the light breeze. She watched as his body transformed into a lion. He seemed to shrink, his hands turning into claws, and fur everywhere. His mane was daunting but looked like he was definetely the king.

"Oh wow," said Sophie. This time she saw it with her own eyes, and all doubts that she was imagining it went away. Dave the lion growled impatient, and Sophie took a tentative step towards him. His dark orange eyes looked menacing.

Dave suddenly pawed towards her, and Sophie held back a scream. The lion's mouth opened wide as if he was grinning, his razor sharp teeth showing.

"Stop trying to scare me!" Sophie yelled at him. Her hands were practically shaking. Then she felt his teeth graze her leg and through the cloth.

"Oh stop," said Sophie, more feeble this time. This actually felt good, and perhaps if he went a little higher... Sophie's face burned and her insides became warm with her guilty dark desires. Dave the lion stopped, sensing his intent of trying to scare her was having the opposite effect. Sophie was a little disapointed if she wanted to be honest with herself and draped her leg over his back.

The lion took off, and Sophie leaned forward and hugged the lion's neck. He growled again, but she didn' t care. She was too young to die. The wind blew all around her and in her face. She closed her eyes from sheer pleasure. Riding a lion wasn't so bad after all, she thought. It was pretty smooth, and from time to time she felt his muscles bunch in between her legs, wasn't so bad. She heard voices and shouting from up ahead, and Dave slowed to a stop. He kneeled, waiting for Sophie to step off. She got down, a little sore and wobbly from almost an hour of riding. They were in an open area, but still in the King's Forest. Dave went behind a tree and emerged back in his human form. He put his hand to his mouth, and Sophie stayed quiet. He walked quickly towards her and put both his hands around her waist.the sounds of the shouting loud voices were getting closer.

"Just play along," said Dave, whispering quickly. "There's no place to hide, and these men want me dead."

Sophie nodded. She was scared and had no idea what Dave planned to do. He quickly pressed his mouth on hers, pulling her waist closer to him until thier bodies were touching. Sophie was shocked, and tried to pull away. He didn't let her and molded his lips more firmly over hers, his big hands caressing her back. The sounds of racous laughter and voices were suddenly near.

"Ooh lala!" shouted one man.

"Lovers," said a gruff voice.

Dave deepened the kiss, and Sophie closed her eyes, pretending to be deep in passion. She didn't need to pretend much, as she was already into the kiss regardless if they had an audience.

"It would seem so," said a more sinister and deep voice. "I sense magic here."

Two pairs of hands suddenly yanked Sophie by the shoulders.

"Hey!" Sophie cried. "I'm making out here!"

"Leave her alone," said Dave hoarsely. The kiss seemed to affect him too, thought Sophie cheered by the thought. He was held by two muscle armed men.

"You are a wizard?" said a short man, the evil voice belonging to him.

"No. I don' t have a clue what you're talking about," said Dave, sounding believable and without a tremor in his voice. "Let us go."

"What are these claw marks on the girl's leg?" said the short man. He had a goatee and orange hair.Sophie wouldn't be surprised if he could turn into a goat. "Oh wait a minute." The short man looked into Sophie's face.

"She is the one the king wants," said the gruff voice, belinging to one of the men holding Dave.

"Yes," said the short man and smiled a little smile of pure evilness.

"No!" Dave shouted. He immediately broke free from the men holding him and Sophie could see a blur of fur and mane. Dave the lion let out a ferocious roar. The men had fear written all over thier faces.

"Just tie him up," said the short man.

Dave came after the short man, and the short man lifted an arm and the lion stopped and fell to the ground, wrapped in ropes. Sophie screamed, and someone hit her face, then she saw no more.

Author's note : yes i know. Lack of imagination for the chapter title :P

Chapter 7: The Sleezy Prince

Chapter 7: **The Sleezy Prince**

"Ow!" Sophie yelled. She opened her eyes feeling a pain on her wrists. She couldn't move her hands! Then she tried moving her legs but couldn't move them either. She looked down and saw that she was chained to a wall. A wall in a dark steel cemented room, with critters and spiders all over the little dingy room. It was too dark for Sophie to look out the little window that was high above and across from her.

Sophie wiggled her wrists a little, the sound of metal clanking sounded through the room. Where was Dave? Where was she? She remembered something about a king, but it all seemed toofarfetched to believe.

"Help!" Sophie shouted. She jiggled the tightly wound chains on her wrists. There was no way she could slip her hands out.

"Well well well," said a man's nasal sounding voice. Sophie whipped her head up. A tall willowy looking man stood at the door carrying a whip in his head. "Finally awake are we?"

"What do you want from me? Where's Dave?"

The tall man entered the room and Sophie saw that he had really sharp features and lots of curly red hair. His whip hung loosely in his hand. He looked grim, his lips set in a straight line.

"That's not important. Do you like my little torture room?" He asked.

" What do you want?" Sophie asked again.

"You," he replied.

"Why?"

"The lion shifter obviously thinks your important. I take away anything that would be important. You also might have something of value," he said.

"Well I don't," said Sophie.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Should I?" said Sophie, seeing nothing significant in his features.

"I am Prince Adam, the king's son," he said sounding smug.

"Whoa," said Sophie. "Aren't we in the twientieth century? Am I still in Tennessee?"

He sighed and combed his hair back with his free hand. The other hand still holding the whip. Hope he doesn't hit me with that, thought Sophie.

"What's Tennessee? We had our men bring you here," said Adam. "Tell me. What sort of powers do you hold?"

"Nothing," said Sophie. Her wrists were aching and her body felt tired. "Please unchain me at least."

"If you don't tell me, I'll certainly tell my father to kill your lion boyfriend," said Adam menacingly. He raised the whip and proceeded to take the chains off Sophie. "I'll also have the delight of whipping your tasteful self if you don't cooperate."

Sophie was flabbergasted. There was no way she had any powers. "I dont know what in the world you're talking about! I swear I don't have any amazing powers."

"Adam!" said a booming voice. A short chubby man with a mustache and bald head came in. He wore red robes rimmed with gold. His little gold crown covered most of his bald head. "What are you up to now son?"

"Just having fun," muttered Prince Adam, letting go of Sophie's arm.

The king gave Adam a hard look. The king then turned to his left to look at Sophie. "Well my dear, how are you feeling?"

"What have you done with Dave?" asked Sophie. "I'm feeling tired of this place by the way."

"Yes, soon you will be moved from here," said the king with a sickly smile.Sophie wondered what he meant by that. Prince Adam looked delighted.

"Stupid Fred had to die, but at least she's here," said Adam. "Our men did a good job tracking them down."

"Indeed," said the king. While they were talking, Sophie looked at the door, wishing she could run out; but the king's giant frame blocked half the exit.What did they plan to do with her? "The wedding next week will finally put a stop to what Lucien wishes to do."

Sophie caught Adam staring at her and he winked. "The wedding will be quite exciting."

The king turned back to Sophie. "You are going to marry Adam next week. For now, build up your energy and you need to eat."

"You'll need tons of energy," Prince Adam laughed evilly.

"Alright,I don't need to hear your thoughts on the situation son," said the king disgustedly and he left the room, his robes swishing around him. No way was she going to let them marry her to Adam, thought Sophie in a rage.

"Let's just talk rationally," said Sophie. "You don't really want to get married so young. Do you?"

Prince Adam looked at Sophie and let out a gaffaw. "Trying to talk me out of this? I'll be real powerful after our union. Isn't that awesome?"

Suddenly Sophie bent down holding her stomach. "I don't feel very well."

"Come, you can sleep in my bed tonight," said Prince Adam suggestively.

"Hell no," said Sophie, shaking her head. "Just go." Her face twisted in pain. This was not good.

"Oh no, we can't have you dying here!" shouted Adam. His eyes were wide and his red hair looked wild. "How are we going to get married then?!"

Sophie felt sharp shooting pains in her stomach. She sat down, clutching her stomach. Her hair fell in black waves all over her face as she bent her head.

"Just go," said Sophie again. Adam was getting on her nerves. He was now yelling for guards to come. A man of medium height, wearing light blue robes came in the room.

"Oh good! The healer is here!" said Adam, heaving a giant sigh.

"What's the problem?" the healer asked. His voice was calm and soothing.

Sophie still felt pain that was lessening now. The healer dug in his pockets and pulled out a little vial with yellow liquid inside. He unscrewed the cap.

"Drink one sip of this. I believe it's the change of worlds that made you ill," said the healer. Sophie looked up and saw a kindly looking face that belonged to the healer. He had a blond bushy unibrow and a long prominent nose.

Sophie took the vial from him, trusting the healer. She brought the vial to her lips and the smell of the yellow liquid nearly made her vomit, but she forced a tentative sip down. It tasted like grass, not that she had ever tasted grass before.

"Bitter," Sophie made a face.

"Its the nature from our world, so that your body can adapt to live here," said the healer, taking the vial back from Sophie.

Sophie felt much better after the instant effects of the vial. "Thanks, but I won't be staying here much longer," she said.

"She likes to joke," said Adam, as if he had known her since forever.

Sophie rolled her eyes. "I'm getting out of here sooner or later."

"Just try," Adam challenged, a glint in his eyes.

"Well!" the healer coughed. "I have others to attend to." He then walked out conspicuously, his face beet red. After the healer had left, Sophie stood up, feeling quite allright except for the dull aching on her wrists.

Her shirt had rips all over and her jeans were covered in dust. Adam eyed her suspiciously.

" I should chain you up again," he said. "But thanks to my father, you'll have to sleep in a normal room. Follow me."

Sophie walked out of the room, following him up a few flights of stairs that were polished and waxed. Huge chandeliers lighted the massive hallway they started walking through. The smell of citrus hung in the air. Doors after doors with gold embedded doorknobs lined the hallway. Adam opened one of the doors and ushered Sophie in. She saw a huge bed and wooden furniture of a dresser and chair that looked really charming. The white curtains puffed out with the light breeze comung from the open window.

"You'll sleep here, until we're married. I will make the marriage take place sooner. You will be quite lonely in here," he said. "Don't be expecting your lion friend to come save you."

"He will," said Sophie with a certainty in her voice. She honestly believed Dave would try and find her. She knew it in her heart, but something she'd never acknowledge with Dave outright. She barely even knew the man! Or lion that is.

"Oh really? We left him in the King's Forest. He wouldn't dare enter this palace, unless he wants to start a war with us and Lucien."

"Who's Lucien?" asked Sophie.

"An idiot," said Adam dismissively. "Don't try and escape, or else I'll really whip you."

His tall skinny frame left the room, locking the door behind him. There were a fresh pile of light pink fluffy robes and a silky hot pink nightdress. Ugh, Sophie thought. She despised pink, but it wasn't time to be choosy now. She peeled off the messed up jeans and t-shirt. There was a bucket of water in the bathroom, which she used to wash her face and body. Everything in the bathroom were old fashioned but had quality.

After getting dressed and combing her hair into a shine, she lay down under the covers of the bed. She wondered when would Dave come for her, and what had happened to her house. Her parents must be really frantic by now. She wished she could call then, but she hadn't seen a single telephone around here. She sat up and pulled back the curtain from the window, looking out. Wow. It was a completely different world here. There were lots of little houses and cottages everywhere. People carried torches of fire for light. The trees here were gigantic. Most were so tall, you could barely see the tops of the trees.

Sophie missed her old life even if it would be boring at times. She would prefer boring anytime than being kidnapped, almost raped, chained in palaces and waiting for her lion friend to rescue her. She sighed and laid back down, the night breeze rustling the curtains. She fell into a deep sleep, exhausted by the day's events and thought once again about the kiss between her and Dave. She dreamed that night. It was a dream with the tall muscly Dave in it. They were both standing on a hill, sunrise falling on them and daisies dotted the ground. He was touching her cheek lightly.

"I'll come for you querida," he was saying quietly. His voice a deep baritone that sounded full of promise.

"When?" said Sophie.

"Soon. Very soon," he replied. "Don't be scared, no one will hurt you."

His hand left her cheek and he started to disappear.

"Don't go please!" Sophie exclaimed, but now she was alone on the hill with daisies.

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