

Atticus had known that Gerald would try to flee the country before he even thought about it.

He had originally planned to not cause any harm and simply just capture them and bring them to the castle but ultimately decided against it. He knew that if he did that he would just try to escape with them again.

His mem had been lurking in the shadows waiting on the go to release the arrows. When he saw them come into view he signalled them to do it.

The girl lagging behind that he had come to be infatuated with began falling with her horse as it Dell due to the arrows in its legs.

Wrapping his arms around her waist from behind he brought her into the dark wooden behind him. He watched as she opened her mouth but cut her o by saying "If you make a sound I'll slit your throat." As he held his silver sword against her neck.

She closed her mouth immediately, that was sign that she was afraid if him. This wasn't something he particularly wanted, he didn't mean to do it, he just didn't want her to scream.

Removing his sword from her neck he threw it on the floor, turned her to face him and pulled her against his chest. He wasn't sure what happened but, out of no where he felt her sti en then begin pushing against his chest trying to get away but he wouldn't let her.

"Where's my daughter?" He heard Gerald ask. "Not here" Orion responded. He was happy with the response given to that awfully dumb question. If he had just cooperated it would be guaranteed that he would see his daughter again. But now, the only thing they'll ever heard about eachother is what he wants them to know.

She must've felt worn out from all the travelling because her eyes slowly began to droop as her breathing calmed down and she felt limp in his arms. She was asleep.

Would it be too much if he le Orion and the rest to deal with the other three surely they would understand his situation. Pulling her up into his arms bridal style he walked over to Orion.

"She's sleeping, it wouldn't trouble you too much to clean this up would it?" He asked. Orion let it a small sigh and looked at Gerald, his unconscious wife and his other daughter. He didn't seem too happy with the request but in the end he still answered yes.

Walking away he heard Gerald speak "You can't take my daughter"."

I can,I will and I am" he responded turning his face to look at him. "
Take her instead She's older and more gentle, she'd make a better wife.

Flora looked at her father in shock. She couldn't believe the words

he'd just said. All these years he said he didn't have a favourite but he lied. It's always been Fauna. It was always her. Why her?

starting point ,every villan has an origin story.

Looking away tye king continued his short walk creating a small

She'd never really felt hatred for her sister but maybe this was the

portal infront of him. Stepping inside he found himself inside his room. The bed was already made so he pulled the sheets down and placed her down gently and pulled the sheets over her.

He hoped it would provide her with enough warmth for her night.

The later it got and the more tired he became, it tempted him to lay down beside her. But she was unmarried and it would be highly inappropriate her sleeping in his room was inappropriate. But he could always make up an excuse for that.

Them sleeping together now would ruin her reputation if someone

found out. So he opted for a guest bedroom instead.

The brightness of the sun shone through the glass window slowly,

awaking Flora from her restful sleep. From the looks if it she could tell it was close to midday.

She wasn't a fan of waking late for she thought there was much more

to see in early morning. Slowly pushing the so silky sheets o her body she stretched her arms upwards while yawning.

That was the best she's slept for a long time ,there's no was she can deny that. Slowly looking around the room she recognised it wasn't

hers. It frightened her for a while but then she remembered what happened the night before. "It must've been that man" She thought. It was, and it was a matter of time before she found out that man was indeed the king.

The room looked nice, just like a rich aristocrats house. She'd never been to one before but they were described to her. This just had way

less colour. Beautiful pastel browns, she'd always liked them but seeing them like this made her fall in love with them.

Slipping out of bed she walked around looking at every little detail if the bedroom. "No,this is dierent. This place looks like something for royalty". She said running her hands along the wall trimmings. The

design was just so exquisite.

To her this bedroom was everything but maybe to the person that owned it, it was simple plain and boring.

Eventually making her way towards the bathroom she saw luxury in person. There infront if her lies the most beautiful bathroom she's ever seen. The bath was huge, everything she'd every dreamt of but for some reason she felt as if this much space would make you feel

Walking back into the bedroom she walked up to the door. Could she leave was the door even open? Placingbher hand on the sleek golden handle she felt the door be oulled away from her revealing the man that had stollen her the night before.

Rivers had nothing on how fast her heart rate was, it felt as if it was beating out if her chest. Just the sight of him did that to her. She wasn't sure if she was afraid of him yet she's reacting this way.

His so yet fierce grey eyes pierced into hers. He was perfection, his

so wavy black hair fell beautifully on his broad shoulders. Was this why meeting others was forbidden? This man was the epitome of temptation.

Suddenly she didn't feel as if her heart was beating fast because of

fear,it was something else. Some other emotion she couldn't point a finger on. Simply because she's never felt it before.

His eyes raked her body as hers did his. That's when she realised he was probably doing that because she looked a mess. Feeling insecure

about the way she looked infront of other was never a problem before but ut is now.

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