

The show? The question had no time to be voiced before two large, and naked, leopards walked into view. Victor struggled harder. No, no – this wasn't going to happen, he couldn't let it happen!

“Oh, this is live, by the way.” Kayin seemed to be mocking him. “We figured you wouldn't want to miss this. She performed admirably earlier, so we decided to put on a show just for you, Death Bringer.”

Victor paled farther, almost sinking in his chair. He watched in horror as the leopards touched her, drawing pitiful whimpers from her throat. Her body responded to their touch, pulling harsher sounds as they fondled sensitive parts, kissing and biting anything they weren't caressing.

He closed his eyes, feeling sick to his stomach. He was supposed to protect her from this, yet he had failed – failed her, failed himself. And yet, he had done nothing to get himself chained to this chair, beaten and bloodied.

Wet sounds pulled his gaze back to the monitor and he glanced at the screen. They had taken her from both sides, sandwiching her in the middle as they moved in and out. Moans echoed through the room, punctuated by mournful whining. A flash of white on her shoulder caught his attention and he narrowed his eyes.

Crowns, done artfully in white with red and green 'jewels', flashed on her right shoulder. They were almost mirror images of each other, drawn with the bases almost touching. Hers was delicate and hung upside down, while his was sturdy and sat right side up. Yet, his crown bore a large cut in it from corner to corner, blood trailing down her shoulder blade. If they escaped this, she would bear a scar over that crown.

“We heard that your little friend here is barren,” Kayin spoke again. It was almost a welcome distraction from the monitor before him. “So, if you do manage to miracle your way out of here, there won't be any little beasties to worry about. Though, I highly doubt you'll escape, which mean there won't be any little beasties for us to worry about.”

Victor snarled as he closed his eyes as his ears went back. No children from the rape – that would be the only good outcome of this. He could merely hope that she would not run from him or attempt other things. He could not erase this pain, but he wouldn't let her destroy herself because of it either. It wasn't her fault...

A twin grunt and a final whimpered groan signaled what he hoped was the end of the “show”. Feeble mewling was the only sound after several moments, followed by sobbing. Victor winced, clenching his jaw at the horrid noise. They were worse than the cries in her sleep when she dreamt of darker things and he could envision that there would be new nightmares that surpassed the death of those who the lilies represented.

“She's marvelous, Death Bringer,” Kayin laughed. “She was so strong at first, resisting every touch. It only took us a single day to break her. This was not the first, or even the second time, she has made such sounds for my men and I. And I know it won't be the last. I shall give you some time alone with your thoughts before I come for your answer.”

The monitor clicked off and the lights went out completely. They weren't going to blindfold him and take him back to his “room” this time. No, Kayin would find it crueler to leave him in the darkened room with the images from the screen fresh in his mind, sounds still haunting him as he struggled against his restraints.

Victor snarled and yelled for a while, calling the lion every name he could think of and more. He swore promises of violent things, of torturous things, once he was free from this chair. He cursed the gods and he cursed fates. And when his voice gave out and he sat motionless in the

dark, he whispered harsher things to himself for not protecting the woman he loved and had sworn to protect.