

Traven paced back and forth. He had been basically under house arrest since he had triumphantly returned the Reya to her rightful place.

A week ago, he had been paraded as a hero, and savior of the whole country. He had been congratulated and slapped on the back and toasted for his great service to the crown and promised riches and glory. And now one week later he was stuck in these rooms, unable to leave, or see to Reya.

Nothing. He was expected to do nothing. He was just supposed to wait and twiddle his thumbs while his fate was determined by others. While that royal counsel decided who his soulmate should marry. Traven gnashed his teeth in frustration. He couldn't even talk to her. They had her so drowned in silver, that he could only feel her presence now.

His arms ached to hold her. He had never felt so alone, and there was not a thing he could do about it.

This was her decision. Her choice, not his. He felt like a caged animal.

The wedding was planned for this morning. The wedding date had been arranged since their return, but the groom had been up for debate until last night, when the Counsel had finally reached a decision.

Traven frowned and paced. She was his. Didn't she understand that? How did she think to ignore their closeness and take another to her bed. Traven growled, that was why she was wearing so much silver, to block him out, to weaken their connection. Well, it won't work. He won't let it.

He thought about taking out the four guards and escaping. More likely, he grimaced ruefully at himself, he would knock them out and then immediately try to find Reya, and have to knock out all of her guards, just so he could talk to her. Try to change her mind about this sacrifice. He was sure if he had a little more time, he could locate her brother.

But she felt they were out of time, and this was the only answer. To marry another.

He frowned, and the most frustrating part, Traven realized, was that Reya seemed relieved, almost happy this morning. He could feel that she was calmly accepting whoever the counsel had chosen. Traven growled. He didn't care who it was. If that approved groom so much as laid a finger on Reya he was going to kill the fool. Reya was his.

The door opened and Traven spun to face his visitor. Sir Talone moved into the room. "You are requested to wear these garments to attend the wedding this morning, Captain Traven," The older man stated in a formal tone. Reya's tutor placed an arm full of clothes across the bed trunk.

Traven's mind reeled. Reya wanted him to witness her wedding to another. That just added insult to injury. Rage filled him. He refused. He just wouldn't go and that was final.