

The Forced 120

Chapter 120 Chapter 120wWw.110vèLworm.Com

Xander's PON

"You can't be serious about this? You're sending me out?"wWw.noVe(1)Wδr-m.èOm

I'm positive I have a headache. I rutéed my temples, feeling the tension deep in my head. Acheron's voice is grating on my nerves, and it's taking everything I have not to lash at him like I did the last time. "Acheron, leave. I have made myself clear on this matter?"

Ashe's gone! And I'm right here with you. And yet you still punish me because of her?"

"Yet I looked up at met his blazing eyes. "Yes I am doing this because of her. And if you understood that, you would quietly leave right now

"You can't,"

"Acheron! Get the fuck out."

I understand his protectiveness. I always have. His deep sense of duty riddled with guilt. I have always understood that. And I never argued with him over that,w@W7.noveLw@rm.c@m

But this...this was crossing the line. He had crossed the line. Protection? What protecting was this right now?wW@.ne(v)eLwóRm.(c)om

I can't even bear to look at him without seeing that look of pure betrayal. I turned Away from him. "Get out

"If I leave this place, I will never return here again. You can mark my words on it"

Honestly, that would be the best. Because I can't stand him any longer. Sabrina is gone. She could be dead, or she could be alive. I have no idea right now. She all this would have been prevented if I hadn't been so quick to cast her out for nothing. And Acheron. My trusted friend, my lifelong friend. He was behind her disappearance. Where did she go? I have no idea. "I can't believe this," He scoffed. "You're changing, because of a fucking slave! She's a slave asn she has you all hung up and- My body moved on its own. I grabbed him by his collar. "Don't you ever speak bad about her ever again" I seethed in anger. She's not just a fucking slave, do not cross that long again."

He let out a crude laugh. "What, are you in love? Have you fallen for her? Is that what is happening right now? I never expected this from you. You were supposed to be smarter."

"You know fucking nothing"

"Oh I know what I'm seeing right now. And this is exactly why I took matters into my own hands. This right here. You were making a big mistake. And I'm glad I corrected it."

I shoved him off and turned away, "Get out of here, else I'll have guards throw you out."

"I'm disappointed. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't." He said and left, and I was convinced that would be the last I would see of him every again.

A sudden wave of tiredness washed over me. I rubbed my aching head, suddenly overwhelmed with everything that was going on.

I don't think I'll ever forget Acheron's betrayal. Ever.

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I tried to distract myself with work. Immersing myself in it, completely.

A few hours went by, and soon it was night. And I had barely gotten anything done due to the unruly state of my head. My headache was worse, and I couldn't stop thinking about Sabrina. "Your majesty?" A knock sounded on the door, followed by Morana's voice. "Are you in?"

"Come in."

The door opened and she walked in. She had a tray with her, a teapot and two tea cups on the tray. She gently set to down

the desk and smiled.

"I know what you're going to say. Go ahead judge all you want."

She chuckled to herself. "Actually what I was going to say was I brought some tea for you. It's supposed to help with pains or stuff."

"I don't need it."

"Please, one cup? You'll like it."

I stared at her, and then at the tea pot. "Fine. One cup."

"Thank you. And also, I wasn't going to judge you. I do understand." She poured the tea and served me one cup. "I understand your reasons,"

"Do you think I was too much on him? Too hard perhaps?"

She sipped her tea. "No, I don't think you were too hard on him. He can be....intense. we all know that."

I drank some of the tea. It was bitter and hot. I don't understand the fascination behind tea. First with Nifra and then Morana. I set the tea cup down and sighed.

"He can be," I said quietly. "I understand why he's being this way but....at the same time I can't believe he would do this to me."

"He left, and I'm guessing you told him to?"

I picked up the tea cup and drank some of it. "I can't have him around me anymore. And this has nothing to do with you, or Maverick."

"We know that."

We sat in silence for a few minutes. Oddly enough, by the time I was on the second cup of tea, my head felt much better. The nasty headache was gone, and I no longer felt murderous.

"Maverick and I are leaving in a few days." Morana spoke up after the silence has prevailed for a while. "It's been a wonderful trip, but it sadly has to come to an end."

I sighed. This wasn't the plan I had I mind when invited them over. I had hoped for a week or more of time spent with my closets friends. It's decades before we meet each other and we were supposed to make it count. For a week or so, we get to be friends. Regardless of whatever was going on.

That has completely failed.

"I hope we find Sabrina before we leave." Morana said, a hint of sadness in her tone. "Who knows, we may be lucky about it.

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And everything will be back to normal again, don't you think?

"I don't know," I replied.

I don't know, I doubt I'll ever see Sabrina again. The chances of finding her in what, three days, is near impossible.

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