

The Forced 147

Chapter 147

Xander's POV:

"Please. Tell me. Did you think about me? Even once. Just once?"

"No." I said, the lie so fluid I couldn't believe myself. her hand fell from my sleeve and she blinked. Something dark crossed her eyes, and perhaps I should have taken that as a sign to stop talking.

"No?" She asked. Her tone was deeper, her face shifted to a mask of nothing.

"How can I spend my days thinking about a slave who was not only a liar but also a witch? You must think I have nothing else

in my wildest dreams." to do, huh? Not once did you cross my mind. Not even

Her face became cold. The tears in her eyes dried up in an instant. "Is that so?"
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"Did I stutter?"
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A draft blew by. It blew her hair into her face. She slowly brushed it back and laughed. "Thank the goddess. I was scared for a moment there."

My brow creased with a frown. "What do you mean by that?"

"I wanted to be sure we were on the same page." She gathered her hair and tied it behind her head. Her eyes cut through mine like icicles. "I was curious if you thought about me, because that would be so uncomfortable. And I ended to make sure you didn't think of me just as I didn't think of you."

I narrowed my eyes at her. "Well. You have your answer."

"Oh yes.

And in case you wanted to know too, no. I didn't think about you, not for one second. Not while I was out of here; and not while I was back." She paused and chuckled to herself. "After all, I was too busy in bed with my boyfriend to even think of another man." Anger rose in my blood. "stop that." I snapped.

She burst out laughing. "Oh but... did I lie? You've been asking these snide questions, always wanting to know what Caldan and I are doing. Well I'll tell you. For one, he actually knows to how pleasure my body. And his kisses light my skin ablaze with heat. You should hear the sounds he's capable of drawing out of me."

My hands curled into fists at my sides. Each word of hers paints a very vivid picture in my head. Her and Caldan tangled in the sheets, her soft moans this time for his ears.

"And outside of the bedroom, he treats me like I hung the fucking moon in the sky. He doesn't play push and pull with his feelings. He doesn't bend me over and humiliate me at the dinner table. No. He's kind and gentle. And absolutely feral when I need him to be." "Sabrina!"

"What?!" She shouted, her tone higher than mine. She took a bold step closer to me and glared at me. "What does this mean to you? Are you jealous? Is that it? Or are you sad your pretty little possession slipped out of your hands and is now fucking your baby brother?" It took a lot not to storm right over to Caldan's room and punch him till he passed out.

Need to get out of here. Sabrina has succeeded

tipping me near the damn edge. The looking her eyes right now is making me feel all sorts of things. From anger, to disappointment, to the urge to grab her and kiss her till she's gasping for breath.

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Chapter 147

It aches my heart how badly I want to tell her the truth right now

"I'm leaving for a few days." I said. "I can't stand you any longer. That's what I wanted to say to you." I turned to leave.

"I sure hope you don't return." She said, loud enough for me to car.

Her words felt like a blunt knife to my heart. I didn't say anything to get and continued on my way.

After I had left the palace gates, I compelled the guards to forget about me and return to their duty posts.

As I wandered down the street, it quickly hit me that I had no where to go. Sure I wanted to leave the palace, but where would I go?

A slideshow of places flitted through my mind. It suddenly struck me what exactly the date was.
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Katherine's death anniversary was in a few weeks.

The realization hit me hard. That would explain why I was so angry and moody lately. It's nearing the time of the year that I lost her.

Katherine's memory reminded me of something I had given up for years. And so I set out down the path, my destination clear in my head. There was an old mage who I'd known for hundreds of years now, ever since I was a kid. She was the one I had gone to first to find a cure for my lethal bite. That was before I gave up on ever finding a cure.

But now, I must pick up that mission again. To this very day it still haunts me that I lost the woman I loved, my wife, my mate, to my own bite.

The night was deathly cold, as if the gates of a frozen hell had been opened. I was aware of how fast I needed to go, in order to arrive at the mage's residence before the first hours of sunlight cane through.
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The journey caused my mind to wander.

I tried to imagine the sort of things Sabrina had gone through when she was gone. She hadn't said anything about it and I doubt Caldan even knew about it. Every fibre of my being wanted to apologize for how I acted to her. Ask her to tell me exactly what had happened, what had happened to make her this way.

And yet my pride won't let me. Somehow I know I should do better. But something snaps inside me each time I see her with Caldan, or if she so much as speaks about him.

And not to forget the simmering hatred she has for me. And her relationship with Caldan. I doubt she'll ever anything.

I suddenly paused in my tracks, appalled by the route my thoughts had taken.

The last thing I should be doing right now is thinking of Sabrina.

tell me

SEND GIFT