

The Forced 152

Chapter 152

THIRD PERSON POV:

Nifra paced the floors of her room. Ever so often she would parse and glance at Acheron, who was seated as calm as ever. It irked her beyond words just he calm and unfazed he was about ferally anything. He had always been that way. His eyes followed her every move, the tapping motion of his foot on the floor was driving her half mad with rage.

"What exactly is your problem?" She snapped at him, unable to keep her anger buried for much longer. She faced him, her arms folded tightly. "What was that you tried to pull off today? Huh?"

In reply, he scoffed. "I don't have to explain myself to you, Nifra You know that." He said, unhurried and unbothered by her anger.

Bastard. He's always been that way.

"Is that so?" Nifra spat, her anger rising. "You think because the king is gone you can come in here and do whatever you want?! Maybe you forget that I'm in charge now. And I will not have you acting however you like! Not while I'm here?" He turned to her and smirked. That gesture irked Nifra even more and scratched the wrong part of her brain.

"Acheron!"

"What's wrong?" Acheron said and rose to his feet. He walked over to her, his eyes narrowed. "Do you want me to kneel before you? Pledge my loyalty in more ways than one?"

Nifra's cheeks heated up as his words reminded her of a time long ago when he used to kneel before her. And all the lustful things he did to her while on his knees.

"You're being ridiculous." She snapped. Anger quickly replaced her shyness. She reminded herself that she was over this "this is serious. Leave Sabrina alone. And don't even think of kidnapping her again."

"That won't happen." Acheron said firmly. "I'm doing this for the king's sake! He's a love sick fool for this girl, and it's my duty to make sure nothing happens to him."

"You are the fool." Nifra shot back at him. "You think he won't kill you if you hurt Sabrina? Is that it?"

"He won't. If he was going to kill me, he would have done it long ago. When the girl vanished."

"It's different now. He will certainly kill you if you continue to interfere."

Anger sparked in Acheron's eyes. "I can't just sit back and do nothing, Nifra! That girl is dangerous! She's going to harm him!"

"And you think he can't protect himself?! Who do you even think you're talking about right now?"

"I will do anything I want to do. And I don't have to listen to you

Nifra scoffed. She took a step back, her head nodded slowly. "I see. After all these years, you've still remained the same self obsessed man I know you as." His brow shot up. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm not surprised. In the past my words meant jackshit to you. And that's exactly how we lost our baby! Because you wouldn't listen! We lost our girl!" Acheron wend oddly silent.

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Nifra stared at him, waiting for an expression change or anything at all. The air became tense. Guilt twinged in her heart for her cold words. Acheron took slow and deliberate steps up to her. "Do you really blame me for the loss of our lotus? It was my fault she's gone?"

"..." Nifra gasped, her eyes filling with tears. She kicked herself for saying such a thing. She bit her lip and tried to push the tears back. Their lotus. That was the nickname of their baby.

The memories came rushing back to her. The tears came too, like a dam had been open. She turned sharply and wiped her eyes, the last thing she wanted was for him to see her tears.

"Was it my fault, Nifra. I need to hear you say it."

"Just stop." She whispered. "That's enough out of you."

"I'm sorry."

His apologies did nothing to her. If he has done the right thing all those years ago, there won't be any need for half assed apologies.

"Nifra, I'm sorry," He said again, moving closer to her. Very gently, he grabbed her shoulders and turned her to face him. She glared up at him through her tears. He wiped the tears off with his thumbs, his palm warm on the sides of her face. I'm so sorry. I didn't want anything to happen to her." He said, his tone soft.

Nifra felt weak at his touch. In that moment all she wanted was to melt into his arms and never let him go. And she hated herself for feeling this way.

She knew she could slap him. Or kick him. Do something to push him away from her. He ruined her life. He came in, a hurricane in the rose garden of her life and destroyed everything good about it.

She hated him. Down to ever fibre of her being.

And yet...as he held her face, his dark eyes full of remorse and pain, she can't push him away. She wants to lean in to him. To feel his warmth. And have him hold her till the tears passed.

He leaned down to her, his eyes pleading. Nifra felt her heart skip a beat. It had been so long since they had any sort of physical contact. She felt her stomach twisted in knots. And yet...she couldn't pull away.

just as his lips were about to meet hers, an awkward cough from the door broke them apart.

Nifra turned, horrified to see Sabrina standing in the doorway. "Sabrina!" She gasped, her eyes wide with horror. She tried to move away from Acheron but he didn't budge One bit. Embarrassment bloomed on Sabrina's face and she avoided both their gazes. "I um...I see you're busy. I'll just come back later." She said with a quick bow.

Before Nifra could say anything, the girl turned and ran away.

It was then that Acheron took a step back.

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