

The Forced 154

Chapter 158

COMMENT

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3rd person POV

Caldan paced the floors of his chambers, his mind in deep disarray.[www.novelworld.com](#)

Anger simmered under his skin and threatened to burst out. Acheron. He hadn't expected to see that bitchy wizard today of all days. And the insult that came with his visitation.

Caldan felt so angry with how Acheron looked down on him. Like he was a pest. That was literally how everyone regarded him.

Oh it's Caldán, the King's mouthpiece. And that was all.

He was a crown prince. He was the next in line to the throne should anything happen to the king. And yet it all meant nothing to Acheron. That bastard.

This wasn't their first encounter but rather one out of many. And each time, Acheron never failed to rub it in Caldán's face just who he was.

Caldán was all too aware of his childhood, and the circumstances of his birth.

His mother was nothing but a low life whore who got pregnant after so many affairs with the King's father. That forced the man to claim the child as his, and bring the whore into his palace as his concubine. They never married. And Caldán was the product of their nights of passion.

As a result, Caldán received a lot of ridicule growing up. Son of a whore, they called him every name they could come up with. He would stomach all these with growing rage.

[hiswww.novelworld.com](#)

That brought the queen. It didn't help that the King's father loved Caldán's mother more than he loved his own mate queen a lot of pain. Caldán felt deeply sorry for her, as a young boy growing up. But the woman was cold to him and never warmed up. To this day, Caldán was forever surprised that the King, when he was crowned, took him in. Their father disappeared mysteriously, and his mother died.

The king could have easily kicked Caldán out, as the son of a whore that he was. Instead the king took him under his wing and trained him. Taught him all he needed to know about running a kingdom, about commanding respect without much words, and all about diplomatic meetings and politics.

Caldán was so happy, pleased to learn. He absorbed everything he was taught. In his mind, his brother was the kindest.

"Bullshit." Caldán hissed to himself. The downward spiral of his memories to his younger years had anger rushing to his fingertips again.

He was so foolish. His humble upbringing had made him naive.

He came to learn years later that the king only did such for him, all those trainings, because he needed a representative. He couldn't go into the sun, and as such needed someone to attend to his meetings for him. Hatred began to bloom in Caldán's heart.

What would then happen if he could finally walk in the sun? Then there would be no need for a representative.

And just like everyone else, they would discard Caldán once he no longer served a purpose to him.

He refused to let himself be thrown to the side.

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He had all the knowledge and years of experience needed to run the kingdom flawlessly. He was sick and tired of being the king's representative when he could be the king himself.

A knock on the door drew him from his thoughts. "Come in." He said.

The door opened and a guard walked in and bowed. "Your highness. A man by the name of Slater is here for you.

Caldán's eyes lit up. Slater was his oldest and closest friend. They've been friends since childhood. "I'll meet with him in the gardens." "Yes sir."

In the gardens, Caldán and Slater lounged together in the cool shade. They conversed easily about their long travels while drinking wine.

"I was beginning to think you'd died or something." Slater said as he sipped on his wine. "Next time, send a letter or something."[www.novelworld.com](#)

Caldán laughed softly. "My apologies. It was all a hasty trip, which I'm glad is-" His words caught in his throat.

Sabrina walked by, talking and laughing with her maid. She looked absolutely gorgeous, her hair flowing down her back like spun gold. She was dressed in a deep red silky gown that showed off her curves. She didn't see either of them, too engrossed in whatever she was talking about with her maid. Caldán felt his mouth go dry. He straightened up and adjusted his pants.

Slater whistled. "Damn. Who is that goddess? She's absolutely divine. I think I'll go talk to her."

Caldán grabbed his arm and forced him back into his seat. "Don't even think about it." He snapped. "That's the girl I've been telling you about.

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Slater's eyes went wide. "What?! That's her?"

"Keep your voice down!"

"It that's her, then you are truly heartless."

Caldán rolled his eyes. He took a sip of his wine and turned back to Sabrina.

"She's too pretty to just die."

Caldán nodded. Indeed, she was too beautiful. "She is. It's a shame she'll meet such an end."

"Are you sure about this?"

Caldán turned to him. "Really?"

"Sorry, forget I asked. I'll just-"

"Caldán! You're back!"

Caldán looked up. Sabrina has spotted them, and waved. He beckoned her closer. She whispered something to her maid and walked over to Caldán.

"Rina," He said, "this is my closest friend, Slater. Slater, this is Sabrina. My girlfriend."

Sabrina smiled politely. "Good evening, Slater it's a pleasure to meet you. It's not often I meet friends of Caldán."

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Slater laughed uneasily. "Yes. I'm sure."

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Caldán held his hand out for her. She tentatively placed her hand in his. He took the opportunity and tugged her closer to him. She fell in his lap with a yelp of surprise and quickly adjusted herself. "Are you scared?" He asked, his arm snaked around her waist. She looked at him and

smiled.[www.novelworld.com](#)

"No. I'm not. It was just so sudden."

He nodded and kissed the back of her neck. She smelled so good in a way that scratched the back of his brain. He inhaled large lungfuls of her scent and was hit with a sudden wave of lust He's been patient enough, he thought as his fingertips brushed her hips through her clothes. He wants her. And he's going to

have her.

As soon as possible.

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SEND GIFT

COMMENT