

The Forced 155

Chapter 155

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Xander's POV:

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Taryn's throne room was a wonder of nature. Vines slithered over the walls, growing flowers from them.

Taryn spoke excitedly about all the changes that had been made to the castle in the time I was gone. She would try to involve me in the conversation, asking about stuff I wasn't even sure I remembered at all. I wasn't in the mood for the small talk, although I appreciated her energy.[W@w.N6V@/w@M.Com](#)

"Taryn, please," I grabbed a hold of her arm and turned her to me. "Can we just get this over with?"

She smacked my hand. "Why are you in such a hurry? I even have something very special planned for you."[w@w.m\(s\)v@Worm.Com](#)

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"I can't "I started to protest but she cut me off. She spun around to the door and called out.

"Nonsense! Faye! Right this way please!"

A tall, slender elf hurried into the throne room. She bowed quickly to Taryn and then to me.

"Your grace," She said, a smile on her lips.

"It's your majesty, Faye. This is the king."[w@w.noVellworm.Com](#)

She nodded. "Oh, I'm sorry. Your Majesty." She bowed again. She looked at me with those inky eyes that were oddly like Taryn's. The next thing I knew she thrust a basket of fruit in my face. "Some fruit? I grew these. They're very good."

"Faye is my daughter," Taryn said and she gently lowered Faye's hand. "I'm sure you two will get along nicely." She added a suggestive wink at the end of her statement.

I instantly understood what she was trying to do.

I turned to Faye. She had a dreamy look on her face, spinning slowly from side to side. Elves were known for blinding beauty, and she was nothing short of beautiful. But there's still a nagging thought at the back of my mind. I turned to Taryn. "Taryn I understand but...this isn't going to work." I said softly. She's doing this because she thinks I'm still lonely.

"Why not?" Faye asked.

"Because you're a child." I said simply. Perhaps it's was just her build, but I was more than two heads taller than her. And bigger too. Plus she's Taryn's daughter, it all feels so weird.

"I see." Taryn said. "Well then Faye darling, you can-

"I'll see you at the dinner, your grace. I mean your majesty," She said with a hasty bow, then she turned and skipped out of the throne room.

Like I said, a child. She was probably a couple of years old, but in elf age she was still very young.

I turned to Taryn and met her emphatic eyes. "She's lovely. But lets talk about something else."

You mean the cure to your curse,"

Yes.

She sighed and rubbed her temples. I'm working on it. But I'll tell you the truth."

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I had a feeling I knew what she was about to say. "Okay?"

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"I doubt you'll ever be cured. Or ever be normal. I have searched Time and time again. But there is nothing to be done."

My spirits dampened. "Nothing?"

She shook her head. "I'm sorry."

A tidal wave of helplessness washed over me. "Thryn, am I supposed to live the rest of my life, the rest of my painfully long life with this curse? Can you imagine how it feels?" "I know..."

"No, you don't. I cannot mate with any woman. My bite would kill her. Instantly. Even if I did find a woman, it would be pointless."

In that moment, Sabrina flashed through my mind. I remembered the time she was in my bed, the times my fangs grazed dangerously close to her skin.

Was I thinking of marking her as my mate? That's ridiculous. I would never think such a thing.

As far as I know, right now she's been pumped full of Caldan's curm. Day and night. She's moved on, completely.

And it was time for me to accept that reality. Mate with her? I just be finally going mad.

And suddenly, I'm thinking of her and Caldan together. And the strong urge to snap my brothers neck takes a hold of me.[W@w.noVellworm.Com](#)

It's a good thing I left the castle. I fear that by now I would have killed him already. And then she would hate me for as long as I live.

"I'm sure you can find a solution." I faced Taryn and said. "You've been around a long time. There must be something else you haven't tried."

"I do my best, you know this. But I can't understand why you want to get rid of this. Do you know how many people would kill to have the gifts you have right now? This curse...so many see it as a blessing."

"It's a lonely life. lonely and depressing. I cannot kill myself to escape it. I step out in the sun, it hurts like a fucking bitch, I get burned to a crisp and then I'm back to normal once in in the shadows."

She shook her head slowly, her eyes filled with endless sadness. You poor thing." She whispered.

Her tone made me laugh. Because for a brief moment I was reminded of my mother.

"I just want this all to end. I've lived enough lifetimes. And I'm honestly tired. So please, I need a cure."

She nodded. "Yes. I'll keep finding one."

I favored her a smile. "Thank you. How can I ever repay you?"

"Give Faye a chance?"

"Isn't there another method?"

She burst out laughing. Her laugh was contagious and I soon joined her.

"I'll come

up

with something. Don't worry." She said after we had both calmed down.

"Your good with magic, right?"

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She rolled her eyes. "Please, who are you talking to?"

I cleared my throat. "There's this person...I think she has magic but I'm not sure."

She perked up. "Tell me more."

"So this girl, she's under suspicion of being a witch. Not much to be said in the magic department but...my compulsion doesn't work on her."

Taryn froze. "What?"

"Yes. None of my compulsions work on her. Being around her feels like a charm...or a spell is been spun all the time. But I don't feel such, I'd know if I was being manipulated with a spell "Did someone see her use magic?"

I thought of Acheron. "Yes."

Taryn clamped her hand over her mouth. "If what you're saying is true...then this girl is truly something else."

"How so?"

"First off, how did you even meet this girl?"

"A tribute." I said simply. "What do you think she is?"

She paused and faced me. "Witches aren't immune to everything. If anything they're very susceptible to the very magic they spin. A witch that is immune to magic is invincible. Untouchable My blood ran cold.

"You may even say this girl is a creature that hasn't been seen in a very long time. That kind of gift is powerful. Very powerful. And with that power comes danger."

Shit. Acheron was right.