

The Forced Maiden For The Cursed Alpha King

The Forced Maiden For The Cursed Alpha King

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Chapter 202

Chapter 202

Sabrina's POV:

50)

The king stepped over the man's unconscious form and scooped me into his arms. He held me for a few seconds, his hands running up and down my back, his chin rested on my crown. I hugged him back, trembling as my mind conjured up situations of what would have happened if he didn't find me in time.

My skin crawled and I tried not to think of the terrible fate I would have suffered in Caldan's hands. Thank the goddess that will never happen. I don't think my mind can handle it at all.

The king pulled back and held my face, searching for any injuries. "Is everything okay? Did he hurt you anywhere?" His thumb stroked my cheek and I leaned into him.

I shook my head. "Thank you...you saved me."

He sighed softly, his shoulders relaxing. "I will always save you. A hundred times over."

I don't know why that made tears rush to my eyes. For the first time in my life, someone stood up for me. Someone fought for me.

He did it.

"Back there," I said, referring to the ballroom. "Thank you for that too. But...you didn't have to do that. No one had ever stood up for me before."

"Then I'm glad to be the first. And from now on, I will continue to do that. Double what you saw tonight. Triple, even."

I laughed to myself and wiped my eyes. "That's a big promise."

He took my hands and gently lowered them from my face. "Have I ever failed a promise?" He asked, his eyes soft and kind.

"Never,"

"Good. Are you ready, we still have a party to attend to."

"Of course, let's head back. They must be missing us."

O

We headed back to the ballroom and rejoined the sea of bodies as if nothing had happened, and there wasn't an unconscious man in the bathroom. The party was still in full swing, and once we were out of that situation, I wanted to get right back into it.

"Darling," The king whispered in my ear. "Would you excuse me for moment, I need to talk to someone."

I nodded and rose on my tip toes to kiss his cheek. "You're excused,"

He flashed me a cocky smile. "What a **tease** you are." He said. Then he walked up to an alpha and said something to him.

I recognized him, he was the host of the ball. Alpha Trevor, if I remember correctly.

After a while of their conversation, the king walked to the elevated platform where the musicians played their music.

"May I have your attention," He said, his voice carrying raw power and authority. The conversations came to a hush and all eyes turned to him. "Thank you. I am here on behalf of our generous King, the alpha of alphas."

I covered my smile with my fingers. Oh this **is** delicious. The fact that he and I are the only ones in this room that know that he **is** actually the alpha of alphas.

1/4

Tue, Apr

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77%

"Unfortunately, he was unable to make it today for reasons I am not worthy of knowing. However, he has sent his message through me."

A message? Hold on, I didn't know about this.

"There will be a ball at his residence in a few **weeks**. Preparations are underway and invitations will soon be sent out individually."

A ball?! At the castle?! Oh my...this promises to be so much fun!

A round of applause rose from the crowd, followed by excited whispers.

+50

The king turned and his eyes met mine. "I would also love to use this opportunity to tell you about how much my woman means to me"

I gasped my eyes going wide with shock. All eyes turned to me, and I suddenly felt very shy and embarrassed.

"She may not know it, but having her in my life has been the best thing to happen to me. The moon goddess truly smiled upon her. And in turn, she graces my life with her smile."

My cheeks began to hurt from how much I **was** smiling. Choruses of "awww, how **sweet** ." Filled the **air**, and I ignored them all and focused my attention on the king.

"She is a woman that I would give my life a thousand times over if it meant she would be happy. And as you all saw tonight, I do not joke when it comes to her."

I couldn't stop myself from swooning. Oh my gosh! I thought this kind of things only happened in romance books and never in real life.

Our

eyes met, and in that moment, it was just the two of us in this massive ballroom.

I blew him a kiss and he winked at me. I was sure my cheeks were redder than a fully ripe tomato.

"That would be all. I look forward to seeing some of you at the ball soon. Have a wonderful evening."

The crowd erupted in cheers and thunderous claps. He graciously bowed and stepped off the stage. The moment he stepped down, he was approached by a group of five alphas. I sighed softly. I had wanted to walk up to him and kiss him right here right now.

"I didn't know you were capable of such facial expressions." A smooth voice said behind me.

My spine went rigid and I froze. That voice...I knew it.

“Hello, Sue.”

A man walked out from behind me. I recognized him instantly. The smile, the golden eyes like the hat of a mountain cat.

“Alpha Devon,” I said. “Good evening.”

“Turns out your name is Sabrina,” He said, his eyes sweeping over my form. “I knew you were lying when you said you no relationship with the alpha of alphas. Would you look at that. He just made a speech for you. How utterly romantic.”

My stomach flipped and I chewed on my inner cheek. I turned to leave and he grabbed my arm.

had

“It’s alright.” He said. “I’m not here to cause trouble. And I’m also not here for you.”

I drew my arm back and glared at him. “Well now you know the truth. Big deal.”

“Sabrina, I’m not your enemy. I never intended for one day to harm you. You are not who my fight is with.”

2/4

16:31 Tue, 1 Apr AA.

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“Is that so? And yet you imprisoned me and forced me to—”

77%

450

“The only reason that happened was because you reeked of him. And honestly, if you weren’t associated with him, despite you lying to my face countless times, I would have let you go.”

“So you’re saying it’s my fault?”

“No. I’m saying it’s your boyfriend’s fault. He’s the one I have business with. And it’s sad you had to get caught between it. You didn’t deserve that.”

I scoffed at his ill mannered attempt at an apology. "What do you mean you have business with him?"

Devon sighed. He looked ahead of me at the king and his eyes hardened. "He betrayed me. And he will pay for it."

My heart sank. "What did he do? What betrayal?"

Devon met my eyes and smirked deviously. "Why don't you ask him yourself? I'm sure he'll love to tell you the story."

"But-

He waved, walking backwards. "Have a lovely evening, Sue," with that, he vanished into the crowd.

I inhaled sharply, trying to understand what just happened.

The king betrayed him? How? And how long ago was that? A few years at most, no. It can't be. Devon doesn't look that old...

I sighed.

The king doesn't look that old either.

What could have possibly happened between them? And how I ask the king? Do I walk up to him and go "did you know a Devon, your majesty? Did you have a fight with him?"

That's silly. I bet he has met countless of Devon's in his lifetime. What's going to make this his one special.

"Sabrina." A voice hissed. I rolled my eyes and groaned, mentally dreading the conversation I was about to have.

I turned to Iris. "Yes?" I snapped.

She glared at me, her eyes shining with hatred and jealousy. "Don't kid yourself, Sabrina. You must think you're something special huh?"

I raised a brow. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"So because your stand in manwhore made some cringy little speech about you, you're blushing and thinning you're what now? A princess?"

"Manwhore?" I burst out laughing. "My goodness Iris, look how far you've fallen."

“He must have been paid to say those things.” She hissed. “Oh that’s right, you don’t even have any money. What did you give him huh? Sex? You’re not even good in bed.”

I nodded. “Mmhm”

“He don’t lying. He doesn’t mean any of this weird. There’s no way anyone will feel that way about you. So don’t let your head swell up. You’re not all that.”

“You’re jealous,” I said with a sweet smile. “Jealous of me, jealous of him. Aww, so cute.”

3/4

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“Jealous of you?!” She scoffed bitterly. “Like you have anything I could ever want! Take a look in a mirror, Sabrina, Even a blind slut won’t be jealous of you.”

“Baby?” I heard Zayn call out. Iris latched onto him and pulled him close.

Right before my eyes, she kissed him, her eyes focused on me.

Disgust rose in my belly and I felt the urge to throw up all the drinks I had downed.

She pulled back with a triumphant smirk. “That hurt, didn’t it? No matter what, you’ll always be hung on Zayn. But sadly, he doesn’t want you anymore.”

“And you better warn that fucking stand in to watch his back.” Zayn spat at me, forcing bravado even though I knew that he was nothing but a spineless coward. “I will make sure I deal with him.”

I stared at the both of them. Iris clinging to his arm, smiling like secured the catch of the century. And him, holding her waist and feeling proud.

I recalled those images that passed through my mind when I touched her arm.

It made me laugh.

And I decided that I was done playing nice and sweet Sabrina.

They can burn in hell for all I fucking care.

“You should worry about something else, Zayn dear. Worry about the fact that **your** pretty little girlfriend has been lying to you and is only using you for your position in the pack.”

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Sabrina's POV

Iris froze. Zayn pulled his arm back and turned to her. “What does she mean by that?” He asked her.

94%

+58)

“Oh come on now sis” I said to iris. “Why don't you tell him who the real father of your baby is. Him? Or his trusted beta?”

“That's a lie!” Iris exploded. “She's sprouting nonsense! Don't believe a word that comes out of her mouth.”

Zayn frowned and took a step back from iris. “What is this about?”

Iris frantically grabbed his arm. “You have to believe me and not her! She's lying, she's saying anything right now because she's angry and jealous of us!”

Zayn would have believed her. Maybe.

“Think about it.” I said to Zayn. “Think of all the times, all the **ways** she **acts** around him. You must be really blind if you think all those puppy dog eyes he gives her are just **so** so.”

Iris gasped, her eyes horrified and her jaw slack. “Baby, please don't-”

“Oh, why don't we ask the man of the hour?” I asked, a smile lighting my face up **as** I sighted the beta. “Cade!” I called out and waved at him.

“Come here,” Zayn said.

Cade walked over to us, oblivious to the tense atmosphere he just walked in on. “Good evening my alpha, my Luna,” He looked at me and turned sharply back to Zayn.

“Did you fuck my luna?” Zayn asked, going right of the point.

A look of horror crossed Cade's face. He glanced sharply at Iris. And that was all it took.

"I didn't-" He began to say.

"You liar." Zayn hissed. He stood frozen in shock, and beside him Iris was jumping up and down.

"It's not true!" She cried out. "I'm the one you believe!"

Zayn stepped back from her, a deep look of betrayal etched on his face. "You did." He said. He laughed bitterly. "You fucked my beta. For how long?"

Iris started to cry. Big fat fake tears streaming down her face. Cade stood here, shaking.

I smirked to myself.

Oh well, sad things happen. And there's nothing we can do about them.

I turned and walked away, leaving them to settle their cute couple fight, a feeling of pride blooming in my chest that I had finally, finally stood up to them and confronted their bullshit.

I met the king halfway, he had finally been released by those alphas. He noticed my smile.

"Is everything okay?" He asked.

I inhaled and exhaled softly. "I've never been better. Do you want to party?"

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He raised a dark brow. "Yes. I'm feeling the festivities now."

I took his arm and pressed my chest to his bicep. "Let's have fun, Mr Kyle."

94%

On the carriage ride home, I revealed to him that my power hadn't worked on Caldan's assassin.

"I tried to use it, the same way I did that night. It failed." I said to him. I couldn't shake off how I felt like I had failed or something. Plus the fact that if he wasn't there, I would have definitely been kidnapped.

He took my hand and kissed each of my fingers. “He used a spell to shield his mind. And don’t worry about it too much. It will get to a point in the mastery of your gifts that you’ll be able to break down those kind of shields.”

“That would be wonderful. I didn’t know he had a shield up.”

We arrived at the castle. He carried me bridal style down to the front doors. It was **still** late, and majority of the staff were fast asleep.

“I can walk now,” I said shyly.

“Let me carry you, it’s been a long night.”

has.

I toyed with the silver embroidery on his shirt. “It sure has.”

“Did you enjoy the party? Besides the whole drama.”

I laughed softly. He carried me through the halls, and I recognized that we were heading to his room.

“I enjoyed myself, very much. And your speech, I hadn’t expected that at all.”

“I want everyone to know that you belong with me, that you mean much more than my life to me.”

“I loved it. Thank you, I felt seen and claimed. I never thought I’d say those words, but alas here I am.”

He gently set me down on my feet and held my **face**. “Sabrina,”

“Yes?” I touched his wrist, caressing his skin softly.

“Would you give yourself over to me? Fully, be mine. In every sense of the word. I want you to be mine. Do you?”

I nodded shyly. “I would love that.”

He closed the space between us and claimed my lips. I kissed him back, a moan building in my throat. All evening I’d wanted to kiss him but never found the right opportunity to do so. He kissed me hard, his lips soft and yet firm at the same time.

I pulled back, a question gnawing on my mind. “Your majesty,”

He ran his thumb over my lower lip. “What’s wrong?”

“What you said...during the altercation with Zayn. Did you mean it? When you said you loved me?”

My heart raced frantically as I waited for his response. I dreaded him saying it was a fluke. A joke..something he said in the spur of the moment.

Something the king from a few months ago would have said.

“I meant every word.”

10:45 Wed, 2 Apr

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My chest relaxed and I heaved a sigh of relief.

“Is that okay? Was it too hasty to say that?”

“Say it again. Say you love me again.”

Please.

Let it not be a joke to you.

His eyes held mine firmly, his touch, his scent, his warmth, enveloping all around me.

“I love you, Sabrina. More than I could ever get into words. I would give everything to be with you, to ensure your happiness. I’m yours. I belong to you. There will only ever be you.”

My eyes turned misty and I choked back a sob.

Fuck.

94%

58

Is this what love feels like? This warm fuzzy feeling, brewing in my chest and making me feel like I was walking on clouds?

I realized I have loved him. I always have. He kept me going during the dark time I was kidnapped.

I have always loved him. Yet I fought. I lied to myself. I lied to him.

I cupped his face, smiling fondly through my tears. "I love you, your majesty. Gosh I fucking love you."

He froze, His eyes widened and his breath hitched. His thumb froze over my lip. "You mean it?"

I nodded.

"You absolutely mean this? I'm not...I'm not forcing you say it or coercing you or...you don't feel obligated to say it just because I did, tight?"

I chuckled softly. It was endearing to see the king, always articulate and direct stumbling over his words for me.

"I mean it. I love you, and I have been a fool not to realize it much sooner."

He smiled, and it may have just been me, but his eyes watered. "Fuck," he whispered.

His lips crashed into mine, hot, passionate. Stealing every breath from my lungs.

Mine. My king. My love. All mine.

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Sabrina's POV:

We crashed into his room, a mess of clashing lips, teeth and hands roaming each other's bodies. The clothes I had on, I wanted them off!

I grabbed the collar of his shirt, frantically trying to undo the buttons. A whine built in my throat as my fingers slipped, and the darned shirt stayed on.

A deep chuckle rumbled in his chest and he pulled away from my lips to stare into my eyes. "Patience, sweetheart." He whispered. "it will come off"

"Now." I demanded, my voice breathless.

He grabbed the back of my thighs and hoisted me up. I wrapped my legs around his waist my back arching as I grabbed both sides of his face.

"Do you want this?" He asked, his deep red eyes searching my face. His **gaze** was so intense I was sure he was reading my mind.

“Do I want what?” I asked, leaning in ever so slightly so the tip of our noses brushed each other. “Words, your majesty. Use your words.”

He chuckled. “Using my own words against me huh?”

I tried to kiss him and he pulled back. “Come on,”

He walked me to the bed and gently lowered me on the soft mattress. He planted his palms on both sides of my head, his hair draping over his shoulders in a curtain of black ink. I touched his chest, but he grabbed my hands and pinned them over my head.

“Sabrina,” He called, his voice heavy and dark.

“Yes, my king?” I replied, teasingly, flashing him a coy smile. My eyes tracked down his body, pausing at the hard bulge in his pants. My mouth watered and I felt my cunt ache painfully.

“I’m going to fuck you now.” He said. “I don’t know if I can be gentle with you, but I will try. I need to be inside you. Fuck...I’ve missed you so fucking much.”

I groaned, my eyes fluttering shut as his words painted the most sinful images in my head .images that were soon to be reality.

“So if you don’t want that to happen, then I suggest you—”

“Just fuck me already!” I whined. I glared at him. “I want this..I want you. Yes. I want you to fuck me till I can’t form a single thought in my head! I want my insides to mold into the shape of your dick. I want-”

His lips claimed mine, silencing my ramble. “Such hefty words.” He said, smirking against my lips. “Seems you won’t be easily satisfied tonight.”

“You started it though. Will you easily be satisfied?”

“No.”

His lips moved down my face and he let go of my hands to take my gown off.

More like rip it off.

1/4

64%

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In that moment, I didn't care. It was just a gown. I'll have many more in the future.

His lips met mine again, he took my bottom lip between his teeth and bit on it. I felt the tip of his fangs graze my skin lightly, and I recalled that his bite would kill me.

I made my panties stuck to my cunt even more.

He wasted no time getting the remains of my gown off my body till I was clad only in my panties. His hands grabbed my breasts, his thumbs flicking my hardened nipples, rolling them and tugging on them. My back lifted off the bed in a sharp arch, my hands finding themselves on his shoulders.

"Fuck" He groaned. "These tits are fucking mine,

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"Yours" I mewded, gasping for air as his mouth lowered and covered one of my breasts. He sucked hard, like he was trying to get fucking milk out of me.

The sharp tinge of pain coupled with the pleasure of his hand rolling my other nipple had me gushing.

"You tasted good, even here too," He said, alternating between my breasts, sucking and biting, leaving a dark red mark behind. "Heavens....I wish you had fucking milk..."

I didn't catch the last thing he said, my moans overshadowing his voice. Sweat dotted my skin, my body trembling. I gasped as he chomped down on the soft flesh of my breast, my hand tangling up in his hair.

"Your majesty..." I whined. I loved this, so fucking much. But I needed him. I felt like if he didn't fuck me right now, I would die. I shoved at his shoulders till he paused and looked at me.

"What's the matter, did I hurt you?" His brows furrowed, and his hands dropped to my waist. "Does it hurt? Was I too rough?"

"No" I said and shook my head. "I want your cock... I want it now."

He smiled, and I could see him relieved. Then a deep hunger flashed in his eyes. "I believe the word you're looking for is 'please!'"

I puffed my cheeks out. "You want me too."

"Yes. I do. Be a good little slut and beg for it. Beg for my cock."

I chewed my lower lip hard. "I...well I..." Shit! Why is it so hard?!

He's watching me, his eyes shining cruelly. He's totally enjoying this. Goodness, I bet he's **so** hard it physically hurts. He still has his clothes on, and I don't like that one bit.

"Take your clothes off." I said.

"You can do it yourself, since you're too proud to beg."

I glared at him without any real bite. He's using my own words against me, paying me back.

He leaned back in the bed, his hands folded behind his head, watching me with that maddening smirk on his face. "Go on, help yourself."

I rolled my eyes and huffed. "Fine."

I straddled him, biting my tongue as I did. I stared with his shirt, undoing all the buttons. My hands trembled, and with each button that came off, my chest rose and fell quicker. He raised his body up, and I slipped the shirt off his shoulders.

My mouth watered at the sight of his bare chest.

2/4

14:31 Fri, 4 Apr

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N

<364%8

Instantly, my eyes were drawn to his nipples. Such a soft pink color, heck even prettier than mine. I want to taste **them**, run my tongue over them and pull them with my teeth. His skin is so fair and smooth too, without a single scar or blemish. It makes me wonder briefly how he got the scar on his eye, but my lust-filled daze prevents me from thinking about it further. My eyes panned down his chest, to his abs chiselled finely as if cut from marble. Down to his v line, and the light dusting of hair that vanished into his pants.

I swallowed.

"You're not done yet, little slut." He said.

“I know.”

I took his pants and briefs off. His cock sprung out in such an obscene manner that I was sure I'd be turned away from heaven permanently for witnessing such an erotic sight.

“Fuck,” the word stumbled out of my mouth.

“You wanted my cock, didn't you?” He mused, his voice smooth and thick, like honey.

My cunt clenched around nothing, and I had half the mind to slam myself down on him.

“Don't even think about it.” He warned.

I looked up at him. “Think about what, your majesty?”

“I haven't prepped you yet, you'll hurt yourself. Don't think about it.”

I groaned in frustration. I grabbed the base of his cock and he hissed, tensing up in my touch. He's so handsome, every part of him is so fucking fine. Down to his cock.

I want to taste him.

And so I did. I lowered my head and took the head of his cock into my mouth.

“What are you doing?” He asked, alarmed. He grabbed my chin and forced my head up to look at him.

“Let me taste you,” I said, hanging my tongue out to lick him but he pulled me up.

“That's not-”

“Please,” I whispered. I stroked his length, taking note of what I did to make him hiss and bite his lip. “please your majesty, let me suck your cock. I want to taste your cum on my tongue. Please, let me feel you at the back of my throat.”

“Fuck.” He grunted. His grip on my chin tightened and I responded by tightening my fingers around his cock. He stared at me, his chest rising and falling rapidly, a soft pink dusted across his cheeks and the tips of his ears.

Damn. I made him blush! I made the king blush! This moment is forever burned into my mind.

His thumb swiped across my lower lip. “If it ever gets too much, you stop immediately.”

I nodded. "Yes, I understand." I cocked my head to the side, darted my tongue out and licked his thumb. "Can I suck your cock now?"

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Sabrina's POV:

46%—

+50

"Later." The king said. He grabbed my shoulders and slammed me into the bed, hovering over me.

I gasped, my eyes going wide with shock at the sudden action. "Please, your majesty please,"

"Later, my love." He said with a soft kiss on my lips. "Right now, I need to be inside you."

I didn't hide my displeased pout. "That's not fair—"

"We have time. Later, alright? I'll let you suck my cock as much as you want."

"But I—"

He kissed me, his lips slamming into mine hard. I kissed him back, my eyes fluttering shut and a moan building up in my throat.

"You're gonna choke on my cock. Just relax." He whispered into my mouth. His teeth nipped my bottom lip and he shoved his tongue into my mouth. I raised my hands to touch him and he grabbed both my hands with one hand and pinned them over my head.

His free hand moved down my body, skimming over my breasts and going lower and lower till he got to my cunt. He peeled my panties off and chucked them somewhere in the room, I didn't care where.

I moaned when his fingers touched my wet pussy lips, my back arched off the bed and my mouth pressing into his. "Your majesty..." My voice was a broken plea.

His middle finger ran over my clit in a light and fleeting touch that had my hips bucking into his hand.

He chuckled and pulled back. "You're so soaked, little slut. Need me this bad huh?"

In response, I spread my legs for him. “Your majesty, you should have been able to smell my arousal from the fucking party.”

His eyes flashed and he inhaled sharply. “Fuck, you’re messing with my head.”

I bit my lip and grinned at him. He kissed my lips and moved down to my breasts.

His eyes never blinked away from mine as he sucked on my nipples. His teeth grazed the flesh of my breast. I saw his fangs elongate before they vanished into his gums. His hands and between my legs moved to my middle thigh and caressed my skin.

I whined softly, urging him to hurry up.

“So impatient”

He kissed down my body till he got between my legs. Once he let go of my hands to grab my thighs, I placed my hands on his shoulders. I had no real plan to push him away, I just needed to prop myself up.

His eyes flashed red as he lowered his head, ever so slowly. I felt his breath ghost over my pussy, hot and making me

tremble.

“Your majesty...”

His mouth met my flesh. He gave a few licks to my clit. And then he began to suck on it.

The switch on intensity had me screaming and throwing my head back. I tried to clench my thighs but his hands on them prevented me from moving.

“Oh heavens...” I gasped, my body writhing and trembling as his tongue mercilessly attacked my clit. My stomach clenched

1/4

Sat, Apr

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and I whimpered, the coil of my climax building and building. And oh boy did it build fast!

46%

All the while his eyes watched me. Every reaction. He drank it all in. Sweat slicked over my skin. The sounds of his tongue on my cunt filled the air, wet and messy and so fucking erotic.

50

He slipped two fingers into me, curling them at that spot inside me. He made a scissoring motion, working his fingers in and out of me slowly. Stretching me out, preparing me to take his cock.

Fuck. It was too much. And too little at the same time.

His tongue was relentless. And it didn't take long for that cord to snap.

My eyes rolled to the back of my head and I let out a strangled sob. He didn't stop. He didn't slow not, forcing me to ride out my orgasm till I could take it no more and begged for him to stop.

He came up, his jaw and chin shiny, a cocky smile on his lips. "Are you tired?" He asked.

I heaved, my hands clasped over my chest. "I- that was **so...**"

He kissed me, his tongue forcing my juices into my mouth. "Are you ready?"

I nodded. "Fuck me, your majesty,"

He held himself up with one hand, his head dipped in the crook of my neck..I felt his hot breath, and goosebumps covered my skin.

My body tensed as he guided his cock to my entrance. He rubbed the head against my clit. I shuddered, my arms coming up to his neck as I spread my legs even more for him.

"Relax, my love," He whispered, kissing my shoulder. "I will never hurt you. If it hurts, you tell me and I will stop immediately."

"It's not my first time" I grumbled. "I can handle it. Every inch of you."

He chuckled, and my stomach fluttered. The head of his cock pressed into me. I whined, shivering at the feeling. He groaned, a low "fuck" Slipping out of him. Slowly, he pushed into me. He would pause when I so much as tensed up.

"Darling?"

"I'm okay," I whispered. I felt stretched out. Goodness. It's been so long I almost forgot what it felt like to have him inside me.

I peered down and my eyes widened when I saw that he wasn't even halfway inside me.

He pulled out slowly and thrust back in. I grabbed onto him tighter, gasping and shaking

"Are you okay, does it hurt?"

"No," I hummed. "Feels...so good. I missed your cock."

He nibbled on my earlobe, his hair tickling my jaw. "My cock missed you too darling."

"Stop saying such-

"I wrapped my legs around his waist, moaning loudly as he began thrusting into me.

I was so wet it was embarrassing. A mixture of my arousal and his saliva, making the stretch deliciously smooth.

"My king..." I begged. "More...please more..."

"More?" He rasped, his breathing hot and heavy in my ear. He kissed my neck, the side of my face, my neck. His hips moved at a steady pace, with each thrust I took more of him.

2/4

14:05 Sat, 5 Apr

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Till his pelvis met mine.

46%

"Ah, I moaned. I could feel him inside me, the dull ache of his cock head nudged against my cervix nestled deep in my abdomen. There was an uncomfortable feeling of being stuffed full, but it wasn't too bad.

(+50)

He felt incredible inside me. I could feel every ridge, every vein, every throb of his cock. And I could feel my walls fluttering against him.

“You okay?” He pulled his head back and gazed into my eyes. He planted both hands over my head, his hair shielding us from the world.

I looked down at where we were connected. And the sight had me tightening around him.

I could see it. The outline of his dick in my lower stomach.

“My heavens...”

He pulled out and slammed into me, his eyes gauging my face. I whimpered softly, and he slowed down.

He kissed me, his lips so soft it made my head spin. “You’re so beautiful, my love. stuffed on my cock like the good little slut you are.” He said, thrusting in and out of me. “You’re taking me so well. You were made for me. All for me.”

“For you, my king,”

His hips picked up speed. I grabbed his arm and he responded by pinning my wrists together.

“Say it,” he pulled out till the tip of his cock was inside me. My mouth fell open as he slammed back into me in one clean

thrust.

Fuck! Fuck!

“Say it, my little slut. Say you were made for me”

“I..I was made for you...” The head of his cock bashed my g spot and I screamed. “Oh your majesty... faster please...”

He groaned, “you want more?”

I nodded frantically. “You feel so good inside me...”

He bit my collarbone. A light graze of his teeth. My core clenched around him and he grunted. The sounds of flesh slapping into flesh filled the room as he pounded into me. My moans rose higher. My entire skin felt flushed, too hot, too wet.

“You’re squeezing me so tightly my love.”

I stared up at him with hazy eyes and a dazed smile. “Does my pussy feel good to you, my king?”

“You have no fucking idea how good you feel.”

“I-

My words were cut off. His hand moved between our bodies and pressed down on my stomach. That particular spot had the head of his cock hitting my g spot with each snap of his hips. My eyes rolled back.

“My king!” I screamed on top of my lungs. “Too much...it’s too much please...”

He leaned down into my ear. “Alexander,” He said. His hips never slowed down. He pressed down that spot firm, his cock getting impossibly harder inside me.

“W-what?”

3/4

Chapter 206

Chapter 206

Sabrina’s POV:

I felt the smile on my face before I fully woke from sleep.

I became aware of a gentle touch on my bare shoulder, a large and warm body pressed against my back. “Good morning,” The king said, pressing a soft kiss to my shoulder blade. “How are you, my angel?”

My stomach fluttered. “I’m good. have you been awake for long?”

He kissed my shoulder more, and up the nape of my neck. “You looked so beautiful, I couldn’t help but watch you sleep.”

I turned around to face him. He leaned his head up on his hand, his hair pushed over his shoulder. His eyes held softness and warmth. The room was still dark, but my internal body clock could tell it was day.

+58)

I realized I was naked, we both were, with just the sheets thrown across his waist. I pulled it up to my chest, he didn’t protest. Last night came rushing to my mind and I blushed. My body tingled and deep in my core, I felt a flutter. And a soft ache.

“How are you feeling?” He asked, his eyes searching my **face**. “Are you in pain? Tired?”

“No,” I shook my head. I did feel a little sore, but that was to be expected. Last night was.....explosive. “how about you? Are you okay?”

He gave a nod. “I am. More than okay.”

“We should get up,” I said, doing my best to push the memories off my mind. “I’m sure you have things to do, your majesty and-”

“Alexander.”

That’s right. He told me his name. I remember saying it, crying it as he made me come over and over again.

“What?” I asked and gulped.

“Call me by my name.”

“But I like calling you my king.”

“Call me that when we’re outside. But here,” He took my hand and kissed it. “Call me Alexander.”

“Or Xander?” I asked, tilting my head to the side. “Or Ander? Or Alex. Lexy. My Lexy.”

“If you call me Lexy, I will throw hands.” He said with a straight expression.

I laughed to myself. Then I moved forward and straddled him. He leaned up on the headrest, his eyes darkening as I moved into his lap. The sheets slid off my body and pooled at my hips. His eyes moved to my breasts and he inhaled sharply.

“I like Lexy. Lexy darling,”

“Stop it,”

“Lexy boo. Lexy bear. Lexy sweetie,”

He grabbed my hips and pulled me up, sitting me firmly over his dick. “Call me Lexy one more time,”

I pursed my lips, a cocky smirk on my lips. “Fineeee. I won’t call you Lexy. Although I like it.” I rolled my hips in a slow

circle. The sheets unfortunately separated us. And I wasn't willing to get it out anytime soon. It added an extra layer of friction that had me whining softly.

"Do you really like it that much?"

"Like what?"

"Lexy."

I grinned. "Yes. Very much. Can I call you that, please?"

He sighed heavily. "If it pleases you."

I threw my arms around his neck and hugged him, pressing my breasts into his chest intentionally. He stiffened, his finger tips digging into my waist harder.

"My goodness Lexy," I whispered, grinding my hips into his hardening length. "Ready for round number.....thirteen?"

He suddenly swung his feet off the bed, carrying me with him. "Remember, you're all talk."

I laughed softly and held onto him. He carried me to the bathroom, the sheets forgotten somewhere on the floor. "That's not true at all. Is it round number twenty?"

"You want twenty rounds?"

My cheeks turned red. "I'm sore."

He chuckled, his chest rumbling with his deep laughs. "I told you."

"I should shower first," I said as we got into the bathroom and he walked me to the shower. I pulled my head back and looked at him. "Or do you want to go

first?"

"First? We are showering together."

"But-"

"You shy?"

I bit my lower lip. “Ha! Shy for what? **As** if you haven’t seen every part of me.” He lowered me to my feet.

I won’t lie, I did feel very shy. Being naked in bed and in the shower were two different things.

I did however feel good. The way he lathered my body with soap, his hands gentle and reverent. It amazed me how his touch could be completely sexual when he wanted and then soft. Even though he wasn’t touching me sexually, my *body* still reacted to him.

And in return, I did the same to him. I did my best to keep my eyes focused on his upper half, so I wouldn’t see how hard he was. But that in itself was a difficulty.

The water was hot, and it felt delicious on my skin. The king held me close, his chin rested on my shoulder and my back pressed to him. His cock lined up against my ass, hot and throbbing.

“Lexy,”

“I swear to the heavens. That fucking nickname.”

I burst out laughing. I grabbed the wall, careful not to slip and hurt my head. “You’re awfully hard.”

“And you’re sore. Don’t tempt me, just let me feel you this way.”

2/4

Chapter 206

Was the water getting hotter or was it just me?

I pushed my **ass** into him, wiggling as I did so.

“Fuck. What are you doing?”

“Nothing.” I said innocently. “What do you think I’m doing?”

+58)

My pussy ached for him. I could feel how wet I was, hidden under the stream of water. I took his hand and he let me, I led him down to touch my clit.

“I’ve always wanted to try this,” I said in a soft whisper, arching my back and tilting my head to the side. He took the hint and kissed my neck, his tongue hotter than the water between us. I moaned softly as he rubbed my clit in a slow and experimental circle.

“Are you gonna let me suck your cock now, Lexy.”

“No.” He growled. “Not now.”

I reached out behind me and touched his cock. He hissed and jerked in my hand, his shaft hard and his skin soft. I stroked him, loving the way his breath hitched and he groaned. He touched me more, his fingers rubbing my clit faster. He slid a finger into me and I cried out softly, the pain shooting up my spine.

“I’m sorry,” He whispered and took his finger out. He kissed my skin in an apology.

“I—it’s okay, just...keep going.”

He grabbed my breast and squeezed. My nipples felt extra sensitive, and my body trembled when he ran his thumb over it.

I continued stroking him, while he rubbed my clit firmly. Even after last night, I still wanted more. I arched into him, moaning, my hand moving faster up his cock.

I came first. I shuddered, crying out softly as my thighs trembled and my knee buckled. He followed soon after, hot ropes of his come coating my back and ass cheeks. He leaned into me, breathing heavily as we both rode out the waves of our

orgasm.

“Finally ready for a shower?” He said in my ear.

“S—sure”

After the shower, we both got dressed. He wore a dark blue robe held together by a belt around his waist. I opted for a soft silk nightdress.

“Aren’t we going out today?” I asked as we got dressed.

“No.” He replied. He turned to me, his eyes roving up and down my body appreciatively. “You look stunning in everything.”

“But I look my best naked, don’t I?” I asked with a coy smile.

He laughed. He took my arm and led me to bed. "You look your best in anything, Sabrina."

"What's the plan for today, Lexy."

He groaned. Goodness I was having so much fun with this. "You're staying with me all day. I need you close. As close as you can allow."

I leaned into him and rested my head on his shoulder. "I like the sound of that. "I'd rather he just slammed me into this bed

Chapter 206

and had his wicked way with me. But this...it's cool too.

The way he's holding me close, stroking my hair, breathing in my scent. I love it. I wrapped my arms around his waist and sighed contently.

"I love you, Lexy."

For a moment, I worried he won't say it back.

"I love you more, my angel."

A servant came to serve our breakfast. Right in bed.

I used to think breakfast in bed was a fantasy till this moment. We are together, talking about anything and nothing all at

once.

After breakfast, I felt really tired. But just as I was about to drift up to sleep, the king perked up.

"Something is wrong." He said, urgency in his tone.

I looked up at him, blinking back sleep. "What's the matter?" Did he get a mind link message?

"The witch that was here with Caldan. She's missing."

田

Chapter 207

Chapter **207**

Sabrina's POV:

+58)

I rubbed sleep out of my eyes and squirmed in my seat. My ass hurt, from all the times he had smacked it last night and it was uncomfortable to sit down.

The atmosphere in the throne room was nothing short of tensed. The four of us, myself, the King, lady Nifra and Lord Acheron sat in a semi circle. No one was smiling.

"I've searched." Lord Acheron spoke up. "I have scouted this entire place with magic. Twice. I can't find any trace of her." "A search will be conducted. Orders for it will be sent out immediately."

"Yes your majesty," Lord Acheron said curtly.

"How could she have escaped?" Lady Nifra asked, tapping her chin deep in thought. "The security was air tight. If she had left, someone would have seen her."

"She must have had help." The king added. "And we will get to the bottom of this."

"On that, your majesty, there was a letter that came in today."

"A letter?"

"Yes. Regarding what...your stand in did at the party two nights ago. The letter was from Zayn Crue, demanding an apology"

I snorted a laugh. "Poetic."

The king laughed. "There's no fucking way in hell I'm sending an apology to that bitch."

I met his eyes and smiled, a feeling of pride blooming inside me.

"I have yet to make him feel the full force of my plans. He will suffer at my hands."

"He definitely will." I said.

"Judging by your Expressions, im guessing the ball went well." Lord Acheron said with a loud clear of his throat.

"Yes, Acheron..it did. Matter of fact, we are hosting our own ball."

"We are?!" Lady Nifra asked in shock. "Your majesty, this is....quite impromptu I must say."

“I understand. And I have plans for it.”

“What will the ball be for?”

“I don’t know yet. But as soon as I know, you’ll be the first to know.”

Lady Nifra glanced at me, still looking confused. “I see.”

“That’s right. Sabrina?”

“Yes your majesty?”

“Tell Nifra what happened at the party.”

“What...part?”

1/3

ter 207

58

“Your powers.” He said with a knowing smirk. Oh goodness, thank heavens. I was worried he wanted me to tell her the other parts.

“What happened with your powers?” Lady Nifra asked.

“I found that I couldn’t use my powers on someone who attacked me.” I said.

She nodded, her brows drawn together. “You have to get stronger, Sabrina. There’s a lot of threats to your life. And when I say stronger I mean mentally, physically, and otherwise.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Yes. This time, we need to stimulate your mind more and strengthen your spirit. Magic comes from inside. If your inside is weak, it will show.”

“Strengthen my spirit?”

“Absolutely not.” The king objected. “Nifra, what you are suggesting is out of the question.”

“My king it is the only way”

“I don’t want Sabrina to hurt herself.”

“My king,” I said softly and he turned to me. “I have to do this. I have to get stronger.”

“You don’t understand,”

“I do. I know that you will protect me. And I respect that. But what if you’re not there?”

“How can I not be there?”

“But what if, your majesty. What if something happens, like it did the last time. What if it’s just me. Then who will help me?”

He frowned deeply, his jaw clenching. “That’s...”

“I need to get stronger on my own. I have to. All my life I’ve been weak, dependent. I can’t keep going on this way.”

“Why else am I a pillar of strength if not to support you?”

“I will never reject your support, my king. But, let me have some strength of my own. A weak woman cannot stand by your side.”

He inhaled deeply. “My goodness.” He said and exhaled. “Fine. I don’t like this, but fine. I will agree to it if I will help you

train.”

“No.”

“No?!”

I bit my lip hard. “You’re strong, your majesty. But you will go soft on me. You won’t train me to my full potential because you’ll be holding back.”

He narrowed his eyes. “So you’re saying I’ll be a terrible teacher?”

I nodded. He gasped, shocked.

“Sabrina!”

“I’m sorry,” I whispered. “But you’ll be too easy on me.”

2/3

Chapter 207

98%

“Then you have to pick,” lady Nifra said. “Which one of us do you want to train you?”

I turned to her. She had a soft look in her eyes. She too would go easy on me. She’s never been my friend, but lately she’s been very sweet to me. Plus the king would easily command her to never hurt me and she would listen to him over me.

I turned to Lord Acheron. He stared at me blankly, a dark brow raised.

My hearts skipped a beat. A bad one.

Now Lord Acheron is a real meanie. He hates me. He has no qualms going against the king’s commands and orders. Plus he’s ruthless too.

As much as it pains me and makes my heart race in fear, I know he’ll be the better teacher.

“I pick lord Acheron.” I said.

He raised his brows, and a look of shock flitted across his face. Then it was gone.

“Acheron?” The king asked.

“Yes. He’s not fond of me, heck, that’s putting it lightly. But, he would go hard on me. And right now, that’s what I need.” I said to the king. “That’s what I want.”

Lord Acheron scoffed. “You’re self aware.” He said. “I do not like you one bit.”

The king glared at him. “Shut up.” Then he turned to me. “You really want him to train you?”

I nodded. “Yes. I do.”

The king sneered. Oh my goodness...he’s jealous??

Lord Acheron gave an exaggerated sigh and rose to his feet. “Sabrina. Make sure you remember this. I will always think of my dead snake while training you.”

My heart jumped to my belly. “I’m sorry for that.”

“I don’t need your apology, but whatever. Get ready. I do not tolerate tardiness.”

“Acheron. I have never felt an urge **so** strong as I feel right now to strangle you.”

Acheron bowed and tipped an imaginary hat. “The pleasure is all mine, my king.”

chapter 208

Chapter 208

I and the king met again by evening.

“Good evening your majesty,” I greeted.

He snapped his head up from his desk and looked at me. Then his eyes narrowed. “Good evening Sabrina.”

I frowned. I knew that look on his face, and I knew he was displeased with something. “Is everything alright?”

“Why wouldn’t it be?” He asked, an elegant brow raised.

I took a step closer. “Is this about today?”

“What happened today?”

Ah. I see. He’s definitely sulking right now.

11

An amused smile curled on my lip and I quickly shoved it down. “Your Majesty,” I called in a teasing voice. “Are you jealous right now?”

He glared at me. “Jealous of what?”

I shrugged. Deep down I was so close to laughing right now. “I don’t know. Maybe Lord Acheron?”

He bristled.

Aha! I knew it.

I had noticed the look he gave me when I had chosen Lord Acheron to be my teacher. He was not pleased at all. It pained me, but I knew that it was the best line of action right now.

“I’m not jealous of Acheron.”

“You are.” I cooed softly. “But why? I don’t like him, and he doesn’t like me either. He’s your best friend.”

“He’s going to get to spend more time with you. I don’t like that at all. He’s going to be all over you, and he will rub *it* in my

face.”

I laughed to my self. “But my king, after the day of training, I’ll be right back to you.”

“It doesn’t matter. Majority of your time **is** still going to be spent with him.”

I wiped the smile of my face. “Your majesty, are you actually jealous right now?
Joked aside.”

He narrowed his eyes. Then he sighed. “I’m not. But I don’t like how Acheron acted around you. I don’t like the fact that I almost lost you because of his misplaced sense of morality. I am not happy about this.”

I walked over to him and leaned on his desk. “You know what you remind me of right now?”

“What?”

“A big baby.”

Hé deadpanned. “Are you serious right now?”

I couldn’t help but giggle. “It’s alright. I’ll make it up to you. I know what to do.”

1/3

09:04 Tue, 8 Apr O

Chapter 208

He smirked, and his entire demeanour changed. “What will you do?” He turned his chair to face me

98%

I crossed my ankles and tilted my head in thought, tapping my chin as if I was taking time to think of it. “Let’s see I have a lot of options, but first I could ride you?”

He patted his thigh. “Sounds like a solid plan. You can do it now

I shook my head and laughed. “Not at all your Majesty. That would be highly improper of me. For now, we can take a walk outside. The sun is down, and the weather is nice”

He groaned deeply. “A walk. That pales in comparison to you bouncing on my cock

My cheeks turned red. “Your majesty!”

He got to his feet and pulled me in. “Fine fine, I’ll keep the dirty talk in the bedroom” He grabbed my hips and pushed me against him. He stared down at me affectionately, a soft smile on his lips. “Now, let’s take that walk. I reckon I’d need it to clear my head.”

I rose to my tip toes and kissed his cheek. “Let’s go.”

He responded with a full kiss on my lips. “Don’t be a tease.”

My knees buckled and my heart skipped a beat. For a second there, I really considered staying back and riding him. Instead of acting on that instinct, I took a step back and took his hand, lacing my fingers with his.

We walked out, hand in hand and headed to the gardens. Truly, the evening was splendid. The sun had long gone down, and the air was laced with the smell of flowers. And with the king my love – by my side, I was happy.

—

“Are you worried about what that assassin said at the party?” The king asked, breaking the silence between us.

“A little.” I replied. Caldan coming back for me, heck it scared me. Because I had seen what he was fully capable of. I turned to the king and flashed him a smile. “But I don’t want to lose you. And I don’t want anything to happen to you because of him.”

“Nothing will happen.”

“I know. but I never liked Caldan. I never guessed what it was that made me actually dislike him. Little did I know that it would all unveil to me later..”

“I understand, you don’t have to say it.”

I paused and faced him. “I do. Let me get this out.”

“Sabrina,”

“He hated you. I may say that I am good at discerning feelings. But I never knew. I never guessed that he hated you till it was too late and he had me roped into his evil plans.”

A wind picked up, carrying flower petals with it. Some of the bright petals got stuck in the king’s hair. He didn’t bother brushing them off.

“And he threatened me. I had to pretend I was part of his plans or lose his protection. And then I thought...I thought that I could come to you, but you treated me like I was completely irrelevant to you.”

“I’m sorry about that, I wish I could go back in time and fix it all. I never knew that it had such an impact on you.”

I nodded to myself and inhaled the sweet air.

It’s all the past now. It’s all happened and now we have made up and are happy. Well at least we are happy.

2/3

09:04 Tue, 8 Apr N-

Chapter 208

“It’s okay now.” I said and exhaled. “It’s all done. There’s no way we can go back and fix it.”

“That’s not the mistake I’m talking about.”

I looked at him. “What?”

“Did you know that I am the reason Caldan is still alive?”

My heart dropped. “I don’t understand.”

“He was supposed to be killed at birth.”

98%—

Chapter 209

Chapter 209

Sabrina’s POV:

I inhaled sharply, my eyes widened in shock. “I don’t understand. Why was he supposed to be killed?”

The king paused for a beat before he continued. “His mother tried to kill him to guilt trip my father.”

“But why?”

+68

“Well let’s say after my mother died- was killed, my father didn’t want to make another Luna. And Caldan’s mother wanted to be Luna. So she planned to kill Caldan as a way to force my father’s hand to make her his Luna.”

I covered my mouth with my hands, the image of a mother about to kill her newborn son flashing through my eyes. Even though that newborn son was Caldan, who I absolutely loathed. Back then he was a baby.

“I rescued him,” The king continued. “I didn’t let the fact that he was the product of my father’s infidelity stop my love for him. After all he was an innocent child caught in-between the mess of two adults.”

“You loved him.”

“I did. He was my brother, and I loved him dearly.” His eyes darkened, and a vulnerable look passed between them. Then he straightened his back and the look was gone.

“That’s not what he said to me,” I said, almost hesitant to reveal it. So I told him what Caldan had said was his history. The more I spoke, the more I realized how absolutely ridiculous it sounded.

“He lied. And I have no idea why he would **do** such a thing. I raised Caldan. Like he was my own flesh and blood. I poured all that I had into him.”

“And he tarnished your name.”

The king laughed bitterly. “His mother? The same woman who only remembers the existence of **her** son when she wants to use him and get favours? Caldan hated her. Sometimes I would try and meditate, try and explain to him that she perhaps did what she had to do.”

We both know that Caldan can’t be reasoned with.

This side of the story has me shocked down to my bone marrow. For a moment I don’t know what possessed me to even believe Caldan in the first place.

Oh right. I was angry at the king. And I refused to listen to him no matter what he said.

“I’m so sorry,” I whispered. Personally, I know how it feels when a sibling betrays you. I don’t think I’ll ever forgive or forget what Iris did. She didn’t try *to* kill me, but still. “From the way you sound, he meant a lot to you.”

“I liked him a lot. And I was going to give him my

throne.”

I gasped and stumbled back. “Your throne?” My goodness. He had this much love from Caldan?! And Caldan ruined this?!

“Yes.” The king replied. “I had made peace with the **fact** that I won’t ever have another mate. And as for a child, that was completely out of the question. I never wanted a child”

“Why not?” I asked, my eyes crestfallen. My heart paled and I grasped my hands together. I can’t imagine a life without children. And the fact that I can’t have any pains me so much. “You hate children?”

“No.” He said. “I don’t hate children, I hate my life. A life where I won’t be able to give a child all what they need. I won’t be able to play with them in the sun. I can’t love them properly, because of this curse.”

1/3

393%

Chapter 209

“Oh,” that was even worse. Now that I think of it, it’s trite.

But I can totally imagine him having children. I know that if all were right, he would be the most perfect father ever.

He’s so full of love, and he doesn’t even know it.

“I still can’t believe Caldan lied so much” I said, changing the topic from the depressing talk about children. Besides, I’ve come to peace with the fact that I also won’t have any.

So there’s no point crying.

68)

“I guess that happens when children grow up too fast. The king replied solemnly. “And Caldan did have Eto grow up fast. He had too much resting on his shoulders. Especially when it came to helping me out with diplomatic activities of the pack. I understand if he would crack at a point. Pressure does that to a man”

I chewed my lower lip hard.

“If the case were different, if he hadn’t tried to hurt you, I would have forgiven him.”

“What?”

He faced me, his eyes glowing subtly in the moonlight. “I’m not a wicked man, Sabrina. And I am not perfect either. I would have tried to understand him if he had never hurt you. I expected too much of him, that I will admit.”

“You’ll fight him for me?”

“Yes” He said without hesitation. “Yes I would. He touched you, and that is unforgivable. I can’t let that slide. He will pay for

that.”

My cheeks heated up and I blinked. “That’s...that’s something.”

“It’s alright. You don’t need to worry about it.”

I don’t. But it doesn’t mean that I still don’t worry about it. I just can’t help it. I know what Caldan can do, the lengths *he* can

go to.

I don’t want to lose the king. No matter what. No matter if he hates his life. I don’t want to lose him.

“But, my king, why do you hate your life?” I asked softly.

“It was a long one, and a lonely one. I couldn’t die because of the curse. I couldn’t live either.”

He can’t die?

My goodness. What kind of curse is this? Was it spun in hell?!

My heart aches and I moved forward to him. I hugged him, my arms wrapped tightly around his middle. He held me, his chin rested on my crown and his hand stroking my hair lovingly.

“I’m so sorry. I can’t begin to imagine how...” My throat constricted and I gulped in a lungful of air.

“I don’t hate my life anymore.”

I raised my head and looked at him. “You don’t?”

He smiled, his eyes kind and full of love and tenderness. He leaned down and kissed my forehead. My eyes fluttered shut.

“I have you with me. How can I hate my life now?”

2/3

(+68)

Chapter 210

Chapter 210

Sabrina's POV:

I'm so glad I have the truth now. And I'm even more glad that Caldan was lying.

The king led me to a resting area in the gardens. We sat on the benches, my hand held tightly in his as the evening breeze ruffled our hair and clothes.

“Your Majesty?” I said after a few minutes of peaceful silence.

“Yes my love?”

I wondered if I should ask this question at all or just let it go. I glanced at his face and his smile gives me the motivation to **go** ahead.

“It's about your ex mate.” I said, still cautious. “Are you ready to tell me about her?”

He went silent for a while. Then he nodded. “I'm ready to tell you all about her.”

I scooted close to him, taking his hand into my lap. “I'm all ears.”

He started to speak. His voice was calm and mellow as he spoke about her. Katherine, was her name. He told me about how he **was** mated to her before the curse, and how his bite killed her.

“My goodness,” I gasped, my free hand flew to my heart in shock.

The way he spoke about her, he had been very in love with her. But there was a sharp bitterness in his tone, one that was hard to miss.

“She died because of me.” He said, angrily to himself. “It was all my fault.”

“It wasn't”

He looked up at me, his eyes glowing subtly. "How can you say that? It was my bite that killed her. If I didn't do that then..." He trailed off and sighed.

I moved closer to him, my shoulder pressing into his bicep. "Your majesty, you didn't know any better. You didn't know how the curse worked. You didn't know what would happen. It was really painful, but it wasn't your fault."

"It

was my

fault." He pulled his hand back from mine. My heart aches and I reached out to him, only to stop halfway and let my hand drop to my lap. "I should have tried harder. Figured it out somehow."

my

"Alexander,"

He shook his head. "It was my fault, Sabrina. And that's why...after Katherine died I decided that I would have no need for a mate. I wouldn't fall in love again. I focused my entire energy into my packs, into my

duties as king."

I tilted

my head to the side and smiled warmly at him. "But you love me,"

He turned to face me and mirrored my smile. "Do I?"

I pulled back. He laughed and took my hand.

"I do. I do love you, very much." He said. He kissed my fingers, his lips lingering with each kiss. "All those promises, all the talks of never falling in love again, they flew right out of the window the moment you came in."

I'm glad I can bring love back to your life."

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Chapter 210

He kissed the inner of my wrist. The tip of his nose brushed my skin and he inhaled deeply. "You brought more than love into my life. You brought... everything." He held my hand to his face, nuzzling my wrist. "It gives me great pain knowing that I can't mark you. I hate it. So much."

My heart skipped a beat and fluttered with excitement. "You want to mark me?"

"Yes." He said, his eyes meeting mine. He kissed the inner of my wrist. "Everyday, the urge gets stronger and stronger. I want to see my mark on your skin, permanently. I want to wake up and see it everyday."

Heat rises under my skin and I bit my lip hard to contain a whisper. His words lit a fire in my belly. I scolded myself mentally to behave. We are in public, and I don't want to jump his bones right now.

I brushed the side of his face with my fingers. "You can try."

"Try?"

"Yes..you can mark me. Bite me. I won't die."

He lowered my hand to his lap, his eyes suddenly serious. "Sabrina, did you not hear what I just said."

"Yes. I heard every word. And I mean what I said too. I won't die. well....I might not die. But it's worth a shot."

"You know, most people would run and never look back if they knew that my bite could kill them. I can't believe you're willingly saying this to me"

"I am." I said and smiled.

"Why aren't you afraid right now?"

"I have no reason to be afraid of you, my darling Lexy."

He narrows his eyes. "Im being serious."

I wipe my smiles off and assume a serious expression. "So am I too."

He burst out laughing. My belly warmed and I soon found myself laughing too.

"Most people won't even kiss me again. They'd believe I could bite them by accident."

I bit my lower lip and wiggled my brows suggestively. "I mean, you have done that. And I didn't die."

"That's because I didn't break your skin back then. And don't tempt me right now, we're having a serious conversation." Even as he said that, the corners of his lips turned up in an amused smile.

I straightened my back and smiled. "Okay, okay, I'm serious. I trust you. I trust you with my life."

"No." He said immediately. "I will not take that chance with you. If I bite you, there won't be time to figure out an antidote if it hurts you. It's instant, Sabrina."

My heart skipped a beat. "Instant?"

His eyes became closed with hurt and guilt. "There will be no time to call for help. Seconds. I can't take that risk with you."

"But I want it."

"No."

"And

2/3

you want it too. You want to mark me too."

11:08 Thu, 10 Apr

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"I do. Fuck, I do. If I could, I'd pull you into my lap right now and sink my teeth into your neck. And we'll leave this place with my mark proudly displayed on your skin."

I touched my neck. My breath hitched in my throat and I bit my tongue.

"But I can't do that. And that's final."

+68)

AD

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