

CHAPTER 28

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3RD PERSON POV

The king read through the invitation on his desk for the second time. The festival honoring the moon's apex was coming up in a few weeks time. As usual, Caldan was the one to see to any such affairs that required the King's presence outside of the palace. But for this

time, the king didn't want to send Caldan on it.

He glanced at the grandfather's clock ticking away. The time was a little after nine pm. He thought to himself that by now Caldan and the slave went off somewhere, doing heavens knows what.

The thought made a dark scowl appear on his face. Caldan never listened. And neither did the slave girl.

A knock sounded on the door, interrupting his train of thoughts.

"Come in. He said, loud enough for whoever was outside to hear.

The door opened and lady Nifra walked in. "Your majesty, I had thought you'd left for the city already." She said with a deep

bow.

"Not yet. He replied. "Is anything the problem, you're awfully out of breath."

Nifra hesitated before she spoke. The king could see the hesitation that flashed in her eyes, and he had a guess it had to do with the slave girl. Again.

"What did she do this time?" He brought a hand up to his temples and sighed.

How much trouble can one insignificant girl cause for him? Everyday it was one issue or the other.

"She..." Nifra started, her tone low. She cleared her throat and her tone became firmer. "I got information from some guards that Blair whipped her till she passed out."

The king perked up. His eyes snapped to Nifra and they glowed a frightening shade of crimson. Nifra gasped, immediately lowering her gaze from his face. He noticed what had happened, how he had reacted to the news. He cleared his throat and composed himself. Barely a week after the last attempt was made on her? And yet another one?

The king couldn't deny that he was worried for the girl. However he didn't want to feel any sort of worry for her.

"What did she do this time?" He asked Nifra, his voice calm and betraying the churn of emotions he felt inside.

"Blair said that she stole from her, so she had her whipped and restrained by two guards as she did so. This is the second time such an accusation has been made about her."

"Do you think she did it?" The king asked. Nifra raised her head up and met his gaze.

"Your majesty?" Her brows furrowed.

"Do you think the slave stole from Blair?"

"No." Nifra said without hesitation. "I may not like the girl, your majesty, but I know for sure that she isn't moved by material belongings. Her stealing is totally out of the question."

The king nodded to himself. He wanted to ask where the girl was, and how she was faring. He wanted to get up and go to her. See for himself and make sure that she was okay.

His thoughts greatly alarmed him. While he always wanted to know how the girls were doing, there hasn't been one that has evoked this strong pull inside of him before. He clenched his fists and forced the thoughts down.

"Send for Blair." He commanded Nifra.

Nifra's eyes widened. Then she bowed, her emotions hidden behind her cold stare "yes, your Majesty."

This has gone on for far too long.

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Lady Nifra walked out of his Majesty's study and exhaled.

She took a few minutes to calm her breaths down before she walked out. She had seen it. She had seen the worry in the king's eyes when she told him about the girl being injured. She had seen the way his eyes turned brighter. She had seen it all. And for a moment she was relieved she brought it to him.

At first, quite frankly, Nifra wasn't sure if to take the matter to the king himself.

When the guard came rushing to her with news that the King's slave was beaten till she passed out, bleeding out and wounded in a dark cellar, Nifra hadn't thought to tell the king. For all she knew, Sabrina probably deserved whatever got her beat up so. Until the guard mentioned that it was Blair's doing. And until the guard said that Blair accused Sabrina of stealing from her. That made lady Nifra pause. @ww.NoveLw0rM.COm

Because stealing and Sabrina didn't belong in the same sentence. Sabrina, while she was a total bitch with zero regard for authority and a mouth that ran like an endless tap, she wasn't moved by material things.

Lady Nifra knew that, from watching the girl during her stay in the harem. She didn't bat an eyelid twice at the luxury things the girls had, and even as she cleaned their rooms she never paused to admire anything or even look at anything with a speck of longing in her eyes. She did her duties and walked out, and that was it. The only times Nifra saw the girl worried about her shabby appearance was when she was out on her walls with Caldan.

So stealing was out of the question.

And not to mention the second time she was accused of stealing in less than a week. Nifra knew exactly what was going on. She had seen Blair multiple times, and over the course of the years she knew of the delusional fantasy the girl had of becoming Luna. Nifra also knew that Blair saw Sabrina as a threat.

And that was the most laughable thing ever. Sabrina, a threat? Exactly why? She was a nobody from a small pack. An omega for that matter too.

But still, whipping Sabrina was too damn much.

Nifra headed to the harem house to fetch Blair for the king. She found Blair taking a walk with two of her henchmen. The moment Blair saw her she paused and turned to her friends before she excused herself from them and headed up to Nifra.

"Lady Nifra!" She said with a bow. "Wonderful evening, isn't it?"

Nifra nodded. "Yes it is."

Truly, she had nothing against Blair. She was a good looking girl and she helped keep the king entertained. Even if it was only for a few hours or so a week, it was something at least. But what Nifra didn't understand was Blair's blatant hatred for Sabrina. What did she even see in Sabrina that made her categorize the slave girl as a threat?

Nifra's eyes were drawn to a speck of blood on the hem of Blair's gown. No doubt it was Sabrina's blood.

"You have been summoned by the king." Nifra said curtly. "You must come with me immediately."

"Oh that's wonderful. But please, excuse me for a moment. I have to change and refresh myself. Surely I cannot go to him like..."

"Do you wish to disobey his majesty? I said he sent for you immediately and you're making up excuses for me?" Nifra cut in, silencing her protests. Blair pursed her lips and pulled back. Then she shook her head.

She smiled charmingly. "Of course not, lady Nifra. Please, lead the way." "Much better."

Nifra turned and headed back to the king, Blair following behind her.

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The king couldn't help but pace the floors of his study. More times than he could count, he caught himself stating at the door, thinking of going to find the girl himself. And for each of those times, he held himself back.

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Who will do her duties if she's out for a week again? This was the most unpleasant turn of events.

A knock sounded on the door, followed by Nifra's voice. The door opened and Nifra walked in with Blair.

He felt an instant flare of anger at the sight of Blair.

"Nifra, you may leave. Wait tight outside the door." He gave Nifra a command.

She met his gaze, apprehension flashing through her eyes but it was gone as fast as it came. She walked out of the study, the door shut behind her.

"Your majesty," Blair bowed deeply.

"I heard that you had my slave punished today." The king said, displeasure seeping into his tone. "Is that true?"

"Y-yes your majesty."

"And why did you deem it upon yourself to punish my slave?"

"She stole from me, your majesty."

The king stared at her, his expression a deadpan. "Did she?" He asked, unamused with Blair's smooth lies.

He could hear her heartbeat. He saw her clench her hands together, a slight tremor coming to her hands. "Y-yes. She did. That's why I punished her."

"Blair," He called, his voice a dark warning. "I do not appreciate you lying to me."

Her head snapped up and she met his eyes. instantly she gasped and took a step back. "Your majesty! I..."

"If the next words out of your mouth are more lies, I will have you bound and whipped till the crack of dawn."

Blair rushed to him and promptly went down on her knees, until her hands reached out and grabbed the hem of his robe. Tears rolled down her eyes as she stared up at him. "I'm sorry! Please forgive me, your majesty! It was never my intention to lie to you!" The king sighed. That hadn't taken long, and she admitted to lying. How distasteful.

"She's but a slave, your Majesty. She doesn't have any value here! And she's...she's so naughty! And proud and I..."

"And you took matters into your own hands and decided to punish her?"

She nodded weakly.

"You will leave her alone from now henceforth. Is that clear?"

"Your majesty..."

"Stay away from her, Blair. And cease hurting her. She is my slave. She is mine to punish however I see fit. Is that clear?" Blair swallowed thickly. "Y-yes, your majesty. I understand."

"Good. Now get up"

Blair "1Www.n@veI(w)0rm.c0M

got to her feet. She reached for her gown and began to take it off.

"Keep your clothes on." The king snapped in irritation. First she lies to him, I then she tries to seduce him. "And get out."wWw.n0VεLw@r©.c0M