

CHAPTER 29

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3RD PERSON POV:

Blair fought her trembling hands as she walked out of his Majesty's wing and back to her room.

Never in the years she spent in the pack did something like this happen. Her king, her beloved, casting her out like she was nothing to him. He had never told her to leave, not before taking her body as he pleased. He had never spoken to her with such a harsh tone, such anger brimming in his eyes. Never has such a thing ever happened. And never was she expecting it.

"That bitch of a slave!" Blair grunted in anger. She raised her hand to her mouth and bit her finger hard, her face squeezed in anger. Her teeth gnashed against her finger, drawing blood. "that little fucking slut."

What is that slave have?! Why was she receiving special treatment from the king himself?! Strictly speaking, She wasn't even pretty. She had a plain face, and an uninteresting body, she was skinny as a twig in the winter, no atom of feminine softness about her. She wouldn't even catch the eye of any man!

But yet the king hasn't erased her memories yet! And he issued her a warning.... Blair couldn't believe it! What was so special about that slave's life?! She was a nobody! All the others who came before her and thought that they would boycott Blair to the king, she had wasted no time teaching them never to cross her.

And the king never said anything about those girls.

Blair stormed into her room, a shout of frustration on her lips.

"I can't let this happen." Blair muttered to herself. She paced the floors of her room, her mind racing in thoughts. She ran her fingers through her hair, not caring that it got messed up.

Just this once. Just this once she will have to do something that pained her more than anything else.

She can't let that slave continue to work her way up. No. That would seriously hamper her chances of becoming a Luna. And Blair didn't want anything or anyone to ever stand in her way of becoming Luna.

Blair decided there and then that she would do everything and anything in her power to get rid of the slave.

Anything.

After all, the king had a soft spot for her. There's a reason why she's the only one who he hadn't erased her memories.

SABRINA'S POV:

Your majesty!

My eyes flew open, a soft gasp worked its way out of my lips. I felt disoriented, my body struggled to wake up.

My eyes met and unfamiliar ceiling. Slowly I recollected. this ceiling wasn't unfamiliar, I remember it from the first time I was injured.

I sat up, groaning as my back ached. My entire body ached for that matter. The places Blair's wicked whip had struck over and over again.

But the pain in my body was not the main thing on my mind right now.

I looked around the room, searching for the sight of the King. He wasn't anywhere in the room. I frowned lightly, but I was very sure I felt him right now. "You're awake," A sharp voice said, making me jolt in shock.

I turned to see lady Nifra seated beside my bed. She flipped through a small leather bound book. She didn't glance at me, instead she read her book calmly. "Where is his majesty?" I asked, looking around again, thinking that maybe I had missed him by chance. I hadn't.

"His majesty?" Lady Nifra looked up at me, her brows raised a fraction of an inch. "Whatever makes you think he was here?"

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"..." I trailed off. "I thought-"

Lady Nifra sighed and snapped the book shut. She looked at me, accusations swirling in her icy blue eyes. "Sabrina, are you not tired of this?!" "Tired of what?"

"Tired of being injured all the time. How about you stop putting yourself in situations that get you hurt? Have you tried doing that instead?"wWw.NoV@lwor@.com

I cast her a wry glance, displeased with the manner with which she was speaking to me. "Did you also have this conversation with Blair?"

Lady Nifra clicked her tongue. "The arrogance on you! You're a slave, Sabrina. Blair is not, she is his Majesty's consort. And this isn't about Blair, it's about you! Stop getting Yourself hurt!"

"It wasn't my fault." I sighed, rolling my eyes. I reached for the glass of water on the nightstand and drank most of it. "I received a letter, and I thought it was real. But instead Blair chose to set me up and have me whipped. How is any of that my fault?"

Lady Nifra pursed her thin lips. Without any more words, she got up and left. My brows shot up in surprise.

What the actual hell is her problem?

I drank more of the water and put back the glass. Once again, Blair had done it. I recall her whipping me again, and those guards. They all laughed at me. And mocked me. As the blood poured from my wounds and I lost consciousness, they laughed like I was a joke. Maybe in Blair's eyes I was joke indeed.

The fact that she had to forge a letter from Caldan was just too damn low. Seriously, what's her problem? Why can't she just leave me alone?

I rested my back on the headboard, already feeling bored. Outside the window, the sun was starting to rise. I felt like I had passed out for three days.

The door burst open and Caldan walked in.

"Rina!" He exclaimed, rushing to the side of my bed. His eyes were full of worry as he searched my face. He reached out and grasped my hands in his. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm okay," I said with a smile. "Were you worried about me?"

"How can I not be worried about you?" He asked, a gentle smile on his face. He sat on the side of my bed, his eyes focused on mine. "I heard what happened. Blair did this to you, again."

"It's fine" I said, shaking my head. "I..."

"No, Rina. It's not fine." He said sternly. "She has no right to do such a thing. How much longer will she continue to-" He paused and sighed. "I will talk to her myself." "There's no need to-"

"Rina, please. Don't fight me on this one. I don't like seeing you hurt this way, I will talk to Blair, and this must stop."

I realized arguing with him was pointless. So instead I just smiled.

"How have you been?" I asked, changing the topic.

By lunchtime, I felt no pain whatsoever in my body.

My strength had returned to me, and I decided to leave the room and return to mine.

That was fast, I thought to myself.

But I'd been noticing something strange in my body. For whatever reason, I healed fast. I had learned from the healer that had

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taken care of me that I was actually passed out for two days.

But seriously, that amount of injuries healed in three days? That not even scars were left on my body? I felt weirded out by the whole thing.wWw.NoV6[w(0)rm.©(0)m

Fast healing.

Not that I was complaining, but I wish I had a reason for it. I couldn't help but feel a feeling of dread. Like a looming dark cloud over my head, threatening a thunderstorm.

I couldn't place what was wrong, but everything felt wrong.

I tried not to think too much about my dark thoughts. The rest of the day I spent with Caldan. He told me about a festival of some sort that was coming up soon, and how he wanted me to come with him for it. I don't think I'm allowed to leave the pack, but either way I told him I'd love to attend.

At night, I laid in bed tossing and turning.

Everywhere had been calm. Awfully calm. I didn't even see Blair or lady Nifra for the rest of the evening. I felt like that was a bad omen.

I think I fell asleep, because the next time I was jolted awake, a pillow was firmly being pressed down my face.