

CHAPTER 30

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SABRINA'S POV

My screams were muffled by the pillow pressed into my face with every malicious intent behind it.

Panic seized my heart and I saw my life flash before my eyes. I struggled against the pillow, my legs thrashing as I tried to swerve my body out of the way. I reached out, frantically searching for whoever was behind the pillow. I met a pair of hands and I did the first thing that came to my mind.

I scratched.

And I scratched with all my might. I didn't stop till I felt blood staining my fingers. My assailant screamed, and for two seconds. their hold faltered up. That was enough time I needed. I shoved the pillow out of my face and jumped off the bed.

My room was dark, save for a flickering candle. The light wasn't enough to illuminate the face of my assassin. But I would recognize that luscious blond hair anywhere. "Blair?!" I shouted.

She turned and ran out of the room. I stood frozen for two seconds, then I ran after her. I bolted out of the room and into the hallway. That bitch was fast, I had to give it to her. I saw a whisper of blond hair and white clothes down the corner and she was gone.

I walked back into my room and shut the door behind me. I slid down the door and pressed my back firmly into the door. I hugged my knees to my chest, and I felt the tremors begin to register.

Blair had just tried to suffocate me in my sleep. If she has succeeded, I would have been dead by morning.

Whipping me and setting my room on fire was one thing. But actually trying to kill me, that was another thing all together.

The candle went off, plunging my room into darkness. For the first time in my life, I felt scared of the dark.

What if she comes back?

I pressed closer into the door. Even if she did return, I would feel it before she came in.

Blair just tried to kill me. This shit is getting out of hand.

The next morning, everything went on as normal. So normal it felt like I had dreamt last night up. I saw Blair as I headed to my duties with the king, and she didn't even act like she knew me. One glance and she went about her day.

I was very sure she was in my room last night. I saw her arms where I had scratched were wrapped in bandages.

And yet she acted like nothing happened.

Lady Nifra gave me my list of things to do. And my day went on as normal as it would.

I knew I had to tell someone about what happened. But who? Lady Nifra won't even care. In her eyes, Blair can do no damn wrong. And will she believe my words over Blair's? No. It's that simple. She'll tell me to stay out of trouble and stop standing in the way. The King?

I laughed out loud at the absurdity of it all. He doesn't give two flying fucks about me. Going to him is pointless. He won't even bat an eyelid at me. And the last thing I want is to seek his help. I'm humiliated enough as is, anymore will kill me before Blair does. That left me with Caldan.

I'll have to see him and let him know. He's the only one who would believe me. And perhaps something will be done about

Blair.

So I focused on my work and did all my duties. I finished early, before the sun had gone down. I felt a spark of excitement that

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"Come here."

Fuck.

Just my damned luck.www(0).no(1)(e)L@ORM.c(0)m

I had just finished with my last task, which was scrubbing a random drawing room from top to bottom till it shone in the chandelier. I would have loved to open a window and watch the sunlight bounce off the polished floors and walls but alas, no windows existed in the King's wing. His majesty stopped me in the hallway.

I bowed to him, biting my lip hard. "Your majesty." I said softly.

"Where are you going?" He asked.

"I'm done with my duties, and I was returning to my room."

"There's no need for that." He said. "Come with me, there's something you must do immediately."

My jaw dropped. It was on the very tip of my tongue to curse at him, but I shoved the urge down. Instead I nodded and smiled.

"Of course. What will you have me do?"

What a stupid question to ask. A silly question indeed.

He showed me a library.

The only problem was, this wasn't his library for one I had cleaned his library this morning - and two, all the books were on the ground. Not one was on the shelves. And everything was covered in a thick sheet of dust. When was the last time this place was used? "Put all the books back into the shelves and have them organized by genre."

I swerved around to meet the King's gaze, unable to keep quiet anymore. "Your majesty!" I cried, my voice bordering on whiny.

He can call me whiny for all I care. This is insane!

"Do you have any objections?" He asked. I may have been imagining it, but he looked amused.

Faintly so. His red eyes were still

intense as ever.

I felt frustrated. Tears clogged my throat and I wanted to cry. come on, for heavens sake! I just recovered from a bad whipping! And now I have to do more work?!

I turned and looked at the library. Sure it was smaller than his library...but this task will take me all damned night! If I finish by midnight then I'd be super lucky.

"Get to it." The king commanded.

I had half the mind to glare at him, but I didn't want him to double the task for looking at him the wrong way. So I bowed, keeping my scowl on the dusty ground. He turned and walked out, leaving me in the messy library

It was clear. I won't be able to see Caldan this night. Meaning I'd have to wait for tomorrow to tell him about what Blair did. "Fuck my life." I groaned.

Sorting all the books by genre. He's really a cruel man. So heartless.

The blooms of hatred in my heart grew and grew till it felt like it would suffocate me.

I thought about Caldan. And I told myself not to let his Majesty make me so bitter.

It was easier in my head.

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Chapter 30

It was a little after two am when I was done with the library.www.N@vEELWOrM.com

I was covered in dust, trembling, and hungry. I headed back to my room after a quick shower and crashed on my bed.

I couldn't sleep. However tired I was, I couldn't find it in me to sleep. The door to my room didn't have a lock. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't lock it. Meaning I was vulnerable to whoever chose to sneak up on me late at night.www.no(v)elw0(r)mm.č0M

I had a bad feeling in my stomach.

I laid in bed perfectly still, staring up at the ceiling. My heart began to hammer in my chest. I wish I had seen Caldan today. I had no idea what he would have done but I knew for a fact that if I had met him, I won't be hyperventilating in bed right now.

I closed my eyes and tried to force myself to sleep. It didn't work.

A few fitful minutes passed like this.

I heard the sounds of footsteps, the door to my room creaking open. I knew who it was. I cracked my eyes open a fraction and saw Blair sneak in my room.

My heart skipped a beat when I saw the glint of steel in her hands.

She tiptoed over to my bed and slowly climbed the bed. I pretended to be fast asleep, regulating the way my chest rose and fell so I wouldn't give myself away.

She raised the knife, a look of pure evil on her face.

Before the knife could come down, I opened my eyes and grabbed her hands. She cried out, shocked. I moved fast, flipping out positions and pinning her under me. I pried the knife out of her fingers and pointed it at her neck, trapping her arms to the sides of her body and pinning my knees tight into her sides

"Get off me!" She hissed darkly, her eyes glaring at me.

I pressed the tip of the blade deeper into her neck. A small bead of blood formed on the blade and she went still, her eyes flashing with fear.

"Blair, What in the actual fuck is your problem? Why do you want to kill me for real?"