

CHAPTER 31

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SABRINA'S POV-

"Answer me! Why do you want me dead?!"

"You have fried brains if you think I'm going to answer your stupid question. Fuck off, slave." Blair spat, anger lacing her words.

I cocked my head to the side. my hands trembled as I held the knife to her throat, but the last thing I would do is let her notice that. I steadied my hand and made sure I didn't let up the pressure on her neck at all.

"You're awfully mouthy for someone who a knife is pressed to her neck." I said with a dark chuckle. For emphasis, I pressed the knife deeper into her neck, more blood bearded on the blade and slid down the steel. "Answer me, Blair. Why are you trying to kill me? It's so strange to see you with some balls."

"Fuck you!" Blair yelled, her nostrils flared and her cheeks became red. "I don't have anything to say to you."

"Let this be a warning." I leaned in closer to her. "Stay away from me."

She scoffed. "Yeah, like I'll ever listen to you." She slammed her forehead into mine.

The force of the smack knocked me off balance, coupled with the fact that I was incredibly dizzy and hadn't eaten anything substantial. Blair wasted no time. She snatched the knife from me and shoved me off her, "Got you!" She laughed ruefully.

I felt the sharp sting of the cut before I realized she had cut across my face.

I screamed, my hands flew to my face and came off stained with blood. She had slashed right across my eyes. open, she would have slashed my eyeballs out.

If

my eyes were

I lost my balance, my foot tangled in the sheets and I came toppling down the bed. The back of my head hit the floor hard, shockwaves of pain rippled through my body, concentrated in my head.

"You're such a stupid slave." Blair clocked her tongue in disgust.

I pried my eyes open. Through my hazy eyes, She leaned over me, the knife glinting maliciously.

"You should have just laid still and let this knife find your heart." She raised the knife, aimed it over my chest. "Goodbye, slave."

Is this how I meet my end?

Killed by a petty woman?

What have I done with my life? What have I even accomplished? That I would waste away like this.

I refuse. I refuse to die like fucking slave. www.n0v61W0rM.CoM

"Get off me!" I screamed, my voice rattling the floor boards. I pushed at her with all the strength I could muster.

She flew.

She flew into the wall, her body hit it with a sickening thud that would have made me wince if I wasn't fuming at her. My eyes widened. I snatched the knife off the floor and stalked over to her. "You..." She coughed up blood, droplets of it dribbling down her chin.

There was an indent in the wall where she had slammed into. Bits of concrete chipped off and fell to the ground. I looked -away from it and back to Blair.

I pointed the knife at her throat. And all I could see was a red haze over my vision. This bitch. This fucking bitch. Who does she even think she is?

She looked up at me, her eyes wide with fear and misty with tears. Oh she's scared? But I haven't even begun with her.

My fingers itched to be soaked in her blood. To drag the knife across her throat and watch her gurgle on her own blood till she

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bled out and her eyes turned glassy. I wanted to do it. I really want to kill her right now.

That's not you, Sabrina.

I shook my head to clear the thoughts. That didn't help.

Lately these violent urges have gotten a lot worse. But it can't be my fault, right?

I raised the knife.

A shock ran through me.

I loud vexed sigh escaped my lips.

"Fucking hell." I spat.

I grabbed Blair by her long locks and dragged her up. She cried out, hitting my hand but that only made me grab her hair even tighter. I yanked hard, a healthy amounts of her hair came off the roots. She howled in pain, and I'm sure by now she would have woken the entire house if my room wasn't so far away.

"Get the fuck out of my room. And stay away from me." I hissed at her, fury building in my chest. I opened the door and threw her outside.

"Damn you!" She screamed.

I had half the mind to throw the knife at her and bet if it would bounce off her head or stick right in. To avoid testing out the theory, I slammed the door.

I clutched the knife close to my chest. The cut on my face stung.

But it wasn't five minutes later, I felt them seal up.

I didn't get a wink of sleep.

"What happened to you?!" Caldan asked, his blue eyes full of concern.

I looked up at him, and I swear to the goddess it was a tedious task to move. "Nothing." I said. The morning sun hurt my grainy eyes. And everything was so bright and so loud.

"That's not nothing." He grabbed my arm and pulled me to a corner. "You're all pale, and you can barely keep your eyes open. What happened? Didn't you get any sleep last night?"

I started at him. "No." I said honestly. "I...well Blair came to my room last night."

His eyes darkened. A muscle clenched in his jaw.

"And she tried to kill me. She cut my face but...that's gone."

"She what?!" Caldan exploded. His eyes turned a dark terrifying blue. "The king will hear about this."

"There's no point." I said. "I...I injured Blair. And if I'm to guess, she's still wounded. If this goes to the king, it's my words versus hard evidence. She can easily say I'm the one who tried to kill her. And the king will believe her." Caldan sighed. He closed his eyes briefly and when he opened them again, they were sky blue.

"I'll talk to Blair." He said in a controlled voice. "I'll warn her myself to stay away from you." "You really shouldn't."

"I will. And that's it."

I bit my cheek. "Thank you. Arguing with you is pointless, so thank you."

He smiled. "Thank me for what?"

We talked for a little more before I had to leave for my duties with the king.

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I stared at the work I had to do for the day. I looked up at lady Nifra, and all strength was zapped from my body.

"You're late." She said. "His majesty dislikes tardiness."

"That's why I have this long list?" I asked

"Sabrina, you never learn, do you? Your complaints and petty gripes never yield any favorable result and get you continue to waste your breath. When will you learn?"

I wanted to slap her.

I started to work. My fingers close to falling off. My throat parched and my knees aching.

The worst of everything was the way my injuries would heal fast. I'd have a cut, and boom! it's closed up. Why can't my tiredness heal too?! Why can't I be refreshed like I had a good night's of sleep and a wonderful meal?! Who cares about small cuts if I'm about to fall right off my bones?!

I hate whatever this healing is! I felt like a block of lead. Yet I kept working. No breaks whatsoever.

"Do it all over." His majesty would say.

Do it all over.

There's dust here.

Is that shirt clean?!

Why can't you get anything right??

I wanted to stab him.

I was on all fours, scrubbing the hallways that led to his office. This was the third time today. My perception of time here had been messed up, but I was able to tell when the entire day had gone by at it was night.

I still had half the list to do because each time I finished one, I'd be told to do it again.

What even is his problem? Seriously?!

I wish I had Blair's knife. I'd bury it in his heart. If he even has one.

I heard approaching footsteps and looked up, dreading lady Nifra.

Blair approached, visibly limping. I felt a spark of anger just staring her. She smirked at me, her expression one of pure cunning. She didn't say a word to me, but it was very clear the message she was passing.

The king had summoned her.

She walked into his office, not before she gave me a cruel wink.

I rolled my eyes. Wow. I should be quaking in my boots right now.

Although I had to admit, seeing her limping was so satisfying. Maybe next time she creeps into my room with a knife, I'll do something extra, break her thigh bone or something. I've heard it's excruciating, more than childbirth even. Not that I would know what childbirth feels like.

Again.

Those violent thoughts.

"I'm losing my fucking mind." I muttered to myself and continued scrubbing the walls.

I continued to clean. Just when I was almost done, Blair re-emerged from the King's office.

"Slave, his majesty is asking for you." She said, her lips curled into a wicked smile. She looked so pleased with herself.

I gave her a dirty look. "And you're so damn happy for that?"

She shrugged. "But of course," She said with a grating giggle.

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"What did you say to him?" I walked up to her. I grabbed her arm as she attempted to walk past me.

I just knew. I just knew she had gone in there and told the king a story that painted me as the villain. www.n0v61W0rM.CoM

"Why don't you ask him yourself?" She said and plucked my hand off her arm. "I'm sure you'll find out soon enough."

I felt a cold slither of fear in my belly. Butterflies erupted in my stomach, and it wasn't the good kind of butterflies but rather the bad ones.

Blair laughed and walked off. "Have fun!"

"Fuck you."

She blew me a kiss.

I turned and faced the door. My heart fell into my stomach and turned cold.

The king hates me. He won't even listen to whatever I have to say in my defense. As far as he's concerned, I tried to hurt his darling fuck toy.

I shuddered as I raised my hand to knock.

"Enter." His fear inducing voice rumbled from the other side.

Oh fuck. www.N0v61w0rM.com

I opened the door and walked in. He looked up at me and I couldn't tell if he was angry or not. www.N0v61w0rM.com

"Your Majes..."

"Is it true you tried to kill Blair so you can replace her, get her out of the picture? Is that how badly you want to warm my bed. slave?" My brain stopped functioning.