

CHAPTER 32

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SABRINA'S POV

"I beg your finest pardon?" I asked, a bewildered look on my face.

His head tilted half an inch to the side, long silky strands of inky hair swaying with the movement.

"Are you asking that I repeat myself?"

"No, no, not at all. It's just..." It's so ridiculous I could laugh. That's if laughing won't land me into much bigger trouble.

Why on earth would he believe that I would ever want to warm his bed? All I have for him is hatred. Why on earth would I have sex with someone I loathe more than anything? Is that what Blair thinks?

That some how I'm going to replace her? Goodness. If that's what she really thinks, asked all the jokes and taunts, then her brains are for decoration in that empty skull of hers. The king's eyes are focused on me, his expression difficult to read. Does he believe that? Or does he think it ridiculous too? I can't tell for the life of me.

"Your Majesty, I..." [W@.noV@\(\)W@\(\)@.com](#)

He raised a powerful hand, signaling I shut my mouth up. I pursed my lips, biting back a quick retort.

"Let this be made clear to you." He said, "you aren't my type. Not even in my dreams would I let

"..."

"I wasn't finished."

"Okay."

Careful now, Sabrina. You don't want to attract suffering to yourself.

you into my bed."

"Moreover, you are an evil person, just like your mate. I cannot sleep with someone as evil as you. If you try to kill anyone else out of petty jealousy, I will snap your neck."

At the indirect mention of Zayn, something went loose in my head.

"I don't want to sleep with you either." I said firmly. "I find it most ridiculous that such a thing would ever happen, even in my wildest fantasies."

And I don't have any wild fantasies. So yeah. Not a chance in fucking hell.

"That's good for you. You already have Caldan, so there should be no reason for you to desire my bed."

I blinked.

Caldan? He thinks I'm romantically involved with Caldan? That's insane.

But wait, this could actually be to my favor right now. [W@.noV@\(\)W@\(\)@.com](#)

"Yes." I said, my chin tilted upwards. Not enough to look like I was challenging him, just enough to show that I wasn't intimidated by the way his eyes were starting to glow a subtle Vermillion. "I have sir Caldan. And I do not seek gratification from anyone else. Not even, I'm afraid to say, from you, your majesty."

His eye twitched. The air in the room went standstill. All the breath was knocked out of my lungs and I felt pure dread settle in my chest.

Fuck.

Did I say something wrong?

The king leaned forward. "Is that so?" He asked.

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He looked at the mop stick in my hands. "You're still working? It's late."

"Well I'm still working."

Damn it I can't even make coherent sentences right now.

"Leave it. You look famished. Come with me." He reached out to take my hand and I pulled back. His brows furrowed and he reached out again only for me to pull back more. "What's the matter?" "I can't leave."

"Why not?"

"The king... he ordered me to stay. Until he dismissed me at least."

Caldan's jaw clenched. "He did that?"

I nodded. "Mhmm. I can't leave, no matter what. Or he'll snap my neck."

Caldan scoffed. "My goodness, I didn't think it was this bad. But now it's simply clear. He's doing this out of jealousy."

I burst out laughing. "Jealousy? That's absurd, sir Caldan. What reason does the king have to be jealous? Why? Of me, a slave?"

"Rina stop that."

I clamped my hand over my mouth to try and stifle my laughter.

It didn't work.

My eyes watered and my sides ached. Laughing on an empty stomach was very hard, but I couldn't stop.

Jealous.

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"The king hates me." I said in between fits of laughter. "He's not jealous or anything. He hates me, plain out. And he never wants to see me happy because he's convinced I'm scum of the earth."

"That's not true."

I shrugged. "I'm living the proof of it."