

CHAPTER 33

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Xander's POV:

Let this be made clear to you. You are not my type.

Lies. Clever little lies.

I can't get her out of my head. Not even to focus on the mountain of accounts to take care of in front of me.

Not even in my dreams would I let you into my bed.

Also lies. The complete opposite is starting to happen to me. She's not my type? I wouldn't touch her? Those words sound believable to my ears but I know how far from the truth they are. Because even in my dreams, they aren't the truth.

Dreams are a fickle thing, I used to believe. I don't pay much mind to them because I rarely have them. And even when I dream, I don't dream about anyone randomly and I haven't seen anyone in my dream in ages. Except for Sabrina.

She's invading my dreams just as she's starting to invade my head too. I can't escape the thoughts of her, not even when I'm asleep. Blair had never appeared in my dreams once, not in all the years she's been my bed mate.

And yet... within weeks, I'm dreaming of Sabrina. Harmless little dreams. I dream of her doing her work, mumbling to herself when she thinks no one can hear her, pausing to admire her work with a small smile on her lips, the way her lips part in shock when she gets handed the list for the day. In my dreams I replay the curses she mutters under her breath just before she walks into my office, peculiar colorful words that cause a smile to tug on my lips. She thinks I can't hear her when she mutters them. And I see her, staring at me with those eyes that would be so beautiful if they weren't full of so much cold hatred.

Every night without fail, she shows up in my dreams.

The only woman who had ever shown up in my dreams was my mate, Katherine.

Thinking of Katherine caused a spark of pain in my heart. It's been years, decades since she left this world. And the pain is still there. Dulled at the edges by time, but still fresh in the center.

I rose to my feet, temporarily leaving the work behind. I walked out of my office to where I knew she would be.

Deeper into my private wing where most the rooms there weren't used. I found her scrubbing the marble floors of an old piano room. I watched from outside the room as she cleaned.

She would pause, look around her at the amount of work she still had to do and sigh heavily. Crouched on all fours, she scrubbed the hard, like she was taking out her frustration on the floors. There wasn't sound in the room save for the aggressive scrubblings. It's nearly midnight. I should let her go to bed. I should dismiss her now.

She's weak. From this distance I can see how her hands are trembling. She paused, shaking her head to clear the dizziness and continued scrubbing. Her hair tumbled out of the high bun she tied it into, flowing down her body in wavy curls.

"For heavens sake." She sighed, her tone heavy with exhaustion. She gathered the long strands of her hair, her hands trembling as she tied it up.

I should tell her to go to bed now.

Why can't I say anything? I don't understand why I continue to detain her.

Deep down, I know the answer to that question.

I want to see more of her face. She has her back turned to me now as she works. I want her to turn around, I want to look at her.

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It crosses my mind that that's creep behavior. But at the moment I don't care for it.

And also Caldan. My mood turned sour as I remembered Caldan.

She said she was satisfied with him, and needed no gratification. Not even from me. Her words made me angry, but not at her. Just how far have she and Caldan gone? Friends? Lovers? Has she let him into her bed? Thinking about it makes my blood boil. I don't want her to go on those stupid walks with Caldan. I don't want her around him any longer.

My thoughts greatly alarm me.

I wasn't supposed to care who she chose to hang-out with. All the girls offered to me were free to do whatever they want with whoever they wanted. I allowed them to have love lives. They could marry whomever they chose. It has never bothered me before. This is the first time I'm having an adverse reaction to one of my tributes wanting to find love.

I shouldn't care who she loves. Whether that person is Caldan or an entirely different person. I shouldn't care.

And yet I can't bring myself to dismiss her just so she can go and hang out with him.

"Oh shit," Sabrina mumbled, barely above a whisper. "Just my fucking luck."

Her arms gave way and she slipped to the ground. In mere seconds she had passed out cold. I entered the room and walked closer to her. Her face was in the floor, the cleaning brush slack around her fingers.

She looked so small. Like she was made of brittle bones, one wrong touch and she'd crumble to dust.

I crouched down in front of her, and very carefully turned her around.

My breath caught in my throat at the sight of her face.

She's so beautiful.

Her skin is pale, deathly pale. But her cheeks and lips are as red as fresh blood. Like if I touched her lips, my finger would come off stained with rouge. Her features are delicate and soft, despite her sunken eyes and prominent cheekbones, her beauty is still there. Loose strands of hair fell into her eyes. I brushed them aside, and even in her sleep she reeled her head away from my hand.

"No.." She groaned, her brows squeezed together.

Even my touch brings her pain. I guess that's to be expected.

I looked away from her face for a moment and pried the brush out of her hands and tossed it to the side. Her palm was littered with tiny bleeding cuts. Right before my eyes, those cuts sealed up and left behind smooth skin. Her hands weren't like that of a servant, they were like a lady who's never done a day of work in her life. Her skin smooth and flawless, without a single scar.

Nifra had said she had abnormally fast healing. And she was also able to resist my compulsions. Over and over again, I tried to make her forget me. But each time, she remembered.

I feel like there's more to her. She's defined hiding something from me. No normal person can be able to resist my compulsion and heal fast. I should stay away from her. I should send her away.

I can't.

I gently stroked the side of her face. She turned her head to the side, the smooth column of her neck suddenly exposed.

There was no mate crest on her neck. Not even a faded one.

The thought came as quickly as it went. What will my mark look like on her neck? And with that fleeting thought came a sense of despair.

I will never know.

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I summoned Nifra through our mind link. A minute later she showed up. Surprise flashed in her face as she saw me with

abrina's uncon

"Your majesty?"

form.

"Take care of her for me" I said, casting one last look at Sabrina's face. "I'm going into the city"

"Yes, of course. I'll take care of her?"

I shook my head, a small smile on my lips. "You don't need to sound so surprised. And yes, you can ask your questions" [w@w.nov8lw0R\(m\).c0m](#)

"Questions? What questions? I have no questions to ask, your majesty She walked over to us and carried Sabrina up. "I'll be waiting for you to return"

"Don't wait for me. Go to bed once you've taken her inside"

She gave a curt nod

I looked at Sabrina again. Tomorrow, she'll go back to working till her fingers fall off. And I'll go back to watching from the

Corner

The streets teemed with life, [WwW.n0V8lw0R\(m\).C0M](#)

The fact that it was past midnight didn't seem to bother them that much, I made my way through the streets, the hush of conversations floating in the air, I passed the occasion person who would turn around and get a second look at me. The long black cloak I wore draped down to the ground. Nifra had said I looked like an assassin whenever I wore it. Perhaps she was

right. [w@w.nov8lw0R\(m\).C0m](#)

Some nights, I go into the cities and see how my people are doing. And also connect with the times lest I become obstinate. It's happened more times than I can count

Being alive for centuries does that to a person.

I would love to see the city during the day. I reckon it'll be an even more breathtaking sight. The night is certainly beautiful. The clear skies filled with million of stars, today's moon is a sharp crescent, the air is fresh, the atmosphere serene, "I don't have it!" A loud cry drew my attention to a dark alley.

I paused, craning my head in the direction of the cry

"That's too bad girl, didn't u tell you what would happen if you didn't bring it this time?" A man's gruff voice said.

"I need more time! Please!

"Save your excuses"

The girl screamed.

I walked into the alley, spotting three men cornering a young lady. The dim light of the alley didn't hide the bruises all over her face, the way she was pressing into the wall her eyes darting around for an escape route. One of the men raised a hand to strike her again

"What is going on herer Lealled out, making him freeze midair.

"Mind your own business, buddy One of them spat and grabbed the girl by her collar. "This is none of your concern

Oh dear. The audacity on him.

I sighed and told myself to forgive him. He doesn't know who he's talking to every normal of the members know what look like, and on my nightly adventures look just like to Nifra would

"Your seem nonitral now, your majesty. None of the um... dark aura about you? Nifra had said a while back.

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I walked up to the man and pried his hand off the girl's collar. "Leave her alone, and don't bother her ever again." I said, making eye contact with the three of them and allowing a bit of my command to seep into my voice. Without further argument, they turned and walked away.

"Thank you!" The girl cried, throwing herself at my feet. "Mister thank you so much!"

"It's nothing."

"Nothing?!" Her shiny eyes met mine. She was about to cry. "I thought I was going to die! I was so scared."

"You should go back home. It's quite late now."

She had a wide smile on her face as she got to her feet. "May I at least know your name?"

I paused. It's been a number of years since I last spoke my name to anyone. Or heard anyone speak my name to my face.

But I knew I was more than famous, thanks to all the rumors which I couldn't be bothered enough to debunk.

To some people, I was the messiah.

To others, I was a monster.

To some, I was the chronicle.

To some others, I was a ghost, or a vampire, or even a god.

"My name doesn't matter." I finally said and before she could say anything else, I compelled her to forget this entire encounter. "Enjoy the rest of your night."

I turned and walked out of the alley. My name. A long forgotten relic. [w@w.N0V8lw0R\(m\).C0M](#)

How time flies..