

CHAPTER 36

Chapter 36

and person POV

"Your majesty," Blair bowed before the king. Her heart beat furiously, like a war drum in her chest. The moment she stepped into the King's office she could feel that something was terribly wrong.

But on the bright side, her mission was successful. The slave was dead. That was all that mattered. The king must have gotten news of it, hence why he summoned her.

"Blair." The king called her name. Ripples of fear ran down Blair's spine at the tone of his voice

"Yes, your majesty?" She replied. The tremor in her voice cleverly hidden. She kept her eyes focused on her dainty feet in

sandals. Anger

The feeling of something wrong she had was the king's anger.

She could feel the tightness in the air. It seeped into her body and held her heart captive. A cold sweat formed on her brow and temples, and she felt a bead of it run down her back. Her hands trembled, and as much as she clasped them together, they still trembled.

She had been careful, really careful not to incur the king's wrath in all the years she had been at the pack. She had heard stories of his wrath, and how merciless he could be when he dished out punishments. Lady Nifra had warned her too, never to make the king angry. Blair had adhered to that warning.

Blair had a sinking feeling of why he was angry.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you." The king commanded.

Even if Blair wanted to disobey, she couldn't. Her head snapped up and met his eyes. She couldn't blink. She couldn't look away. However hard she forced her neck to turn away, to look away from the icy fury of his glowing red eyes, her body wouldn't listen to her. He can control you to do anything, with just his voice.

The warnings all came rushing back. Time has dulled them, but Blair remembered them in that moment. As lady Nifra prepared her for the position of the King's consort, she had given her a rundown of rules and regulations.

"Your majesty, She gasped, tears gathering in her eyes. She had never experienced this. All control of her body seized from her. Everything she had done for the king had been of her own freewill. He let her have her free will. And now he had taken it back.

"What did I tell you, Blair? About the slave girl, Sabrina?" The king asked. He didn't show any care for her discomfort. None at all

Blair's heart sank. She knew it. She knew this was why the king had called her.

But why? Shouldn't he be glad that she took that wretched girl out of the picture? She was but a smear in the pack. An uncultured, disgusting girl who prided herself on her delusions of being a Luna,

Why was the king so angry? He should be thanking her right now,

"Answer me!" His voice thundered and the space of the office suddenly felt cramped.

"Y-you told me to stay away from her."

"And?"

"And to cease hurling her. Blair said the last part in a pitiful whimper.

"Is that so?" The king asked, a hint of sarcasm in his tone. "I'm surprised, for all I thought you could have forgotten my instructions" Chupire 38w4w.n@veLw(o)Rm.com

"Your majesty Blair said Blair tried to kneel, she tried to do something. Anything

Her body won't THOVE

"You bed to me, Blair. And I forgave you for that. On account of the years we have shared each others warmth, I forgave you

Tm sorry" Blair said, tears rolling down her face. Her eyes burned from not being able to blink. Perhaps if she showed genuine remorse for the death of the slave, then the king would have some mercy on her. "I'm sorry, your majesty... The king continued like she hadn't spoken a word. "Yet you went ahead and flaunted my instructions, Blair. You made another attempt to kill the girl"

Blair's heart dropped. "A-attempt?" Another attempt?

The king's eyes flashed dangerously. "Do not play coy with me. You poisoned her, didn't you?" wWw.n@veLw(o)Rm.com

Blair was shocked. Poisoned? What does this mean? The girl was supposed to be dead! The poison was lethal, no one it had been used on survived it. Does this mean that she survived?!

"Your majesty.....I am deeply sorry for..."

"Save your lies. Blair. I've had enough of them."

No. (w)Ww.n@veLw(o)Rm.com

Everything was wrong! This wasn't how she wanted it to go!

"For your lies, and for deliberately disobeying me, you will be whipped. And locked up until you are pardoned by the crown."

Blair felt her world crumbling, 'your majesty! I beg of you! My intentions were pure! Please!"

The door to his office burst open and three guards came rushing in. "Your Majesty! They bowed to the king

Take her away. She is to be whipped and locked up."

"Noo!" Blair screamed, fear zapping through her.

Whipped?! Her skin would never survive it! Locked up, who would run the harem if she's locked up?!

This wasn't the plan. The slave was supposed to die from the poison! And then Blair would seek the King's forgiveness. The girl wasn't supposed to survive! This was a surefire method to get rid of her once and for all.

"My king!" Blair cried as she was dragged away. The king looked at her, his expression cold and unreadable. The door slammed in her face, and it was then she realized that the slave girl wasn't worth her losing her position as the king's consort. After the king had taken care of Blair, he sent for lady Nifra. She arrived promptly and bowed before him

"How is she?" The king asked.

"She's stable. The healer says her internal organs were affected, especially her heart. The poison was a fast spreading one. But she's stable now."

The king nodded, his teeth grit in anger. This was all Blair's doings. His fangs elongated and poked right through his bottom lip. He closed his eyes briefly, willing himself to remain calm. Blair was being punished, and will continue to be until his anger is fully sated. His fangs retracted and the wound closed up like it wasn't there a second ago.

"And my brother?" he asked in a much controlled tone.

"He stepped out for a moment. Lady Nifra said, unruffled by the sight she had just witnessed. "I saw the guards take Blair

away."

The king met her eyes. "You saw correctly."

"Shall I arrange for another consort?"

Culpter da

The king shot her a dirty look.

She took a step back, fear flashing in her eyes. Then she cleared her throat and bowed. "My apologies, your majesty. I won't do that"

"That's not the issue, I'm not mad at you. The king sighed softly. "I think it funny that you'll be thinking about a consort right away!

"It's my duty to care for you, your majesty. And that includes...that kind of care. Or rather appointing someone for it."

The king scoffed. "Sabrina was poisoned, how can I be thinking of..." He started to say and trailed off.

Nifra went silent.

The king went silent.

What? What had just happened?

He looked at Nifra. She bit her lip in an attempt to hide her smiles. He sighed and allowed the smile tugging on his lips to show. He could tell what she was thinking. Should I make Sabrina your consort?

Dear heavens, no!

"You have put a smile on my face today. What an amazing witch you are."

Lady Nifra bowed gracefully at the praise. Tm always pleased to serve you, your majesty."

"And to answer you

your question, I don't need a consort. When I do, I'll be sure to let you know."

Nifra nodded.

"For now, just look after the girl. Caldan may beat you to it, but it's you I trust,

Thank you, I won't let you down."

"You haven't in over two hundred years. I doubt you'll start now."

The king believed he would be able to stay away from visiting the girl.

Barely an hour, he found himself on the way to her. The pull was hard to resist like a rope that existed and was pulling him to her. He didn't need to be told where she was, he knew he would find her either way.

He paused at the door, and for a moment he wondered if he should just turn back. Then he heard his brother's voice from inside, Nifra's voice biting back quietly. He pushed the door open and walked inside. Caldan turned to him, as did Nifra. The both of them were engaged in a low but heated argument

"Your majesty," They said and bowed

"What is going on here?" The king asked, his gaze focused on his brother. He glanced away for a moment at the girl who laid on the bed, pale and lifeless, only the rising and falling of her chest signified that she was alive. Caldan walked over to her. The king could see that his brother was pissed, and only keeping it together by a thread. "Your majesty, how long will this go on for?"

The king raised a dark brow. He turned to lady Nifra, and without words she bowed and walked out of the room.

"We should talk outside. The king said.

Caldan nodded. They headed outside. wWw.n@veLw(o)Rm.com

"This is the second time in a week that she has come within the curve of death.

"I know that The king snapped. "And I have taken care of it.

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Caldan raised a brow, "You have? You would punish your favorite tribute?"

The king didn't ask how Caldan knew that Blair was responsible for this. "I have punished Blair. This will not happen again."

Caldan blinked, a look of shock flitted across his eyes. "Y-you did?"

"Will I lie to you?"

Caldan cleared his throat and bowed his head. "Thank you. I appreciate this,"

"I didn't do it for you, or for the slave. If she's gone, who will do her duties?" The king said. Caldan slowly raised his head up and met his gaze.

The king knew that wasn't why he punished Blair. But Caldan didn't need to know that oddly specific detail.

"Oh, Caldan said with a shake of his head. "I'm sure you can find someone else."

"Will I?" The king asked. A harmless question, but Caldan heard the dark undertone it carried. A look of helplessness etched on his face, his eyes silently pleading with the king.

"Your majesty please, Let her go. Please. she's been through enough already as your slave."

The king laughed. "Why will I do that? She's my slave. And until I state otherwise, that is final."

Let her go? Out of the question. There was a lot of unanswered questions about that girl. Letting her go without figuring out what she is was something the king wouldn't even consider.

Not even in death will he let her go. Blair tried to make that decision for him, and it didn't end well for her.

Caldan bit his inner cheek. "You won't let her go, at least give her some days to recover. A week, at most."

"Three days." Caldan opened his mouth to protest but the king silenced him with a dismissive wave of his hand. "Three days."

Caldan grit his teeth, a flash of defiance in his eyes. Then slowly he bowed. "Thank you, your majesty."

The king felt a spark of anger directed at his brother. Three days, and he knew for a fact that Caldan would occupy every one of those days. And yet he had the gall to look at him with those defiant eyes. Perhaps it was time to snip off those wings again.