

CHAPTER 43

Chapter 43 SABRINA'S POY

I am not cleaning that library again. And that's final.

After I had my lunch, I headed to the harem kitchens and put together a small basket of bread, cheese and water. With the basket in my hand. I headed in the opposite direction of the King's palace. [www.novelworm.com](#)

I hadn't been here, but I'd heard about it. The dungeons. Where offenders were kept. This wasn't the main dungeons of the pack as I had heard, but this one was reserved for very special, and very notorious criminals. For none of them would dare act out with the alpha of alphas within range of them. The Chronicle, no one would dare cross him. Heavily guarded, impossible

to break out of.

Blair's home for a while now,

I got there, the guards stationed at the entrance gave me a weird look.

"What are you doing here?" One of them asked, his eyes cold and unfeeling. "Aren't you the king's slave? Trying to get yourself in trouble again?"

I felt a spark of anger at being called the King's slave. And another spark of anger at his last sentence. Trying to get in trouble again? What does he think I am? [www.novelworm.com](#)

"My name is Sabrina, and I'm here to visit a prisoner," I said as calmly as I could muster. "She used to be a dear friend of mine. But I'm sure you all know her." I narrowed my eyes as I said the last word.

They let me pass, giving me directions on where to find Blair.

Her cell was certainly not as impressive as her room. Lacking all the ruffles and flair and pink.

There was a single candle flickering on the candle holder by the wall. A small window that let in streaks of light, the light caught dust mites and illuminated the dusty floors. Much to my surprise- or rather disappointment- the cell was clean, just a little dusty. Blair wasn't wallowing in her own filth as I had imagined.

At the back of my mind I wondered if the king had sent maids to clean the cell of his royal fucktoy.

If he asked me to do it I would have said a very bold 'No' and prepared my neck to be snapped.

Blair sat beside the steel bars that trapped her in, her hands on her thighs, and her back to the wall. She was dressed in a drab gray gown, much like the one the servants wore. Even in this place, she still has that proud and haughty air about her. Her hair was tied in a high bun, it looked like she has tried to style it. She turned her head to me, slowly, and hatred filled her eyes. Without her makeup she looked younger than usual. Or maybe it was because her eyes had sunken

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"Fuck off." She hissed, her tone like a snake. Like the black snake she put in my bed.

I crouched down to her eye level "Hello, Blair."

She chuckled, her eyes raking up and down my body. "What's the matter? You're here to gloat? Flaunt your new position in my

face

"Position?" I laughed. I pushed the basket towards her. "I didn't come here to do that. I brought you some food."

"Awww, how nice of you. She reached out for the basket through the steel bars. She knocked it over and smacked it away. The bread and cheese rolled out on the floor, ruined. Same with the water. Blair looked at me with eyes so dark and venomous. "I don't need your fucking charity." "Hey, you could have just said no and I would have taken it back"

"Fuck you, Sabrina. You think you're so much now huh? Just because you're fucking the king now? Watch and see. I'll be out of this place in no time

"Now I'm insulted: I rolled my eyes. She's still on about this narrative. "I'm not fucking your beloved King, no. I would rather shove a red hot poker down my throat than do that. So no, I'm not doing that. If that makes you feel any better."

Her eyes narrowed. "Figures. I mean... You barely know how to please a man, talk less of the king himself. It's all over your face,

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your blatant lack of sex appeal. I bet you're a sorry loser in the bedroom."

Her words triggered a deep unhealed part of me.

I remembered things I didn't want to recall. Zayn and his refusal to touch me. All the excuses he gave. All the insults. And when he did touch me. I felt like a log of wood. I shoved thoughts of that disgusting cheater out of my mind. That chapter of my life is done and burned. I rose to my feet and glared at her. "Listen up, Blair, I am not your enemy. You brought yourself here. I meant you no harm and you tried to kill me. Whose fault is that?"

She spat at me. I swiftly moved out of the trajectory. "What makes you think I won't do it again?"

I smirked. "I'd love to see you try from this shit hole.

"FUCK YOU!" She screamed, her voice ringing out through the cells. Some inmates groaned and yelled at her to shut up.

I laughed softly. "Have a wonderful day. I waved lazily and turned to leave. Once I walked out of the way, my smiles died.

She's still the same rotten corm she has always been. I was a fool to think she would sober up.

Evening came by slowly. But my mind had been made up already.

After I managed to finish the last task on my list, I headed back to my room to get ready for the evening. I met Caldan at the harem house gates

After the visit to Blair, my mood had improved just a little bit. I was still very angry, and very sad, which was a bad combination that just sat in my stomach. But the evening promised fun, and I was going to hang out with Caldan. He held

my hand as I got closer. He raised the back of my hand to his lips and kissed my knuckles. A shudder ran down my spine and I felt a smile tugging on my lips.

"Good evening Rina, you look splendid this evening." He said, his eyes scanned my face.

"Thank you, Caldan. You don't look so bad yourself."

He looked at me for a moment, a smile on his lips. "Definitely better than this afternoon."

I hooked my arm with his. "We should go. I'm itching to have some fun this evening." "Of course."

For tonight, I'm going to be happy and put all my woes behind me.

Caldan and I went took a leisurely stroll into the city. He told me about his day, and we had dinner.

"Ah, I remember now." Caldan spun around to face me. "Your friend, she got married today didn't she?"

I nodded, and immediately I remembered my sadness from this morning. "She did.

"Why don't we pay her a visit?"

I looked up at him. "I would love to, but I don't know where she lives"

He took my hand and his face lit up in a smile. "I know, I've been to her house in the past"

"Really? Why?"

He shrugged. "Business matters" He didn't elaborate any further. "We can't go empty handed," He looked around us. I spotted a gift shop not too far away. "Do you know what she likes?"

"Flowers, she also likes cute clothes. Any cheerful gift will do. And she just got married so perhaps some..." I trailed off and blushed. No way in hell was I about to say night dresses. I cleared my throat and straightened my back. "I'll pick out the gifts" "Very good."

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We walked into the gift shop just as they were about to close for the night. Caldan was easily recognized, and they were more than happy to help.

I picked out some flowers, a selection of jewelry some clothes. A porcelain figure of an angel doll caught my eye and I picked it

"It's for my friend. She just got married and I want to get some gifts for her" I explained to the shop owner, a kind muddle aged. man with horn rimmed glasses.

"Ah, you should have said so! He exclaimed with a joyous laugh. He left for a while and returned with a large basket that had just wedded banner in cursive writing. This has everything she could need. I'm sure your friend will appreciate this. And of course, I'll add all of this too."

"Isn't it going to be too expensive?" I asked in a whisper. The fact that I had no money to my name was starting to weigh on me seriously. Xena is my friend, and yet Caldan is paying for the gift I'm buying for her. My heart ached and I felt sad again. If I weren't confined to that stupid palace I'm sure I would have worked outside and made some money Bought Xena a gift out of my own pocket.

"It's fine." The shop owner winked. "Lord Caldan is somewhat of a regular here!"

"Please, Emil, you flatter me." Caldan said from across the shop. He was inspecting a selection of handmade mugs. He turned to me. "Rina, don't worry about the price. Okay?"

I will pay him back. Every dime he's spent on me I will pay it back.

"Thank you," I whispered.

I want to go back. Today has been a bat shit day. The shittiest day I've had in a long time.

We finished the shopping and headed to Xena's house. It was quite far from the palace and we had to use a carriage. Caldan joked that the next time we'll take on of the royal carriages. I told him that would be too flashy [www.novelworm.com](#)

We met Xena at the middle of festivities. The wedding party stretched into the night, and I was really glad I got to at least participate. She looked so lovely in her pale cream gown and the crown of flowers on her head. Her face shone with love, and I saw her mate too. Without a doubt he was madly in love with her.

I felt a pang of jealousy. She's so happy, so free, without any cages holding her back. That jealousy turned into guilt. It wasn't her fault that she's free. And the guilt turned into anger.

The king. Is he some kind of demon who feed on misery? My pain gives him joy? Is that it?

I ate some leftover wedding cake and drank a lot of wine in an attempt to push those thoughts away.

I had some fun. Xena pulled me to the dance floor and forced me to dance. Once I started the alcohol in my body took over and I was spinning like a top. I think at a point Caldan joined me, and we danced together. I remember laughing. I remember kissing him all over his face. I remember being sick, throwing my guts up. Alcohol and spinning wasn't a good combination.

I woke up from a bleak slumber to be informed that it was almost midnight. Caldan suggested we head back, and I agreed. Exhausted and wanting nothing more than to sleep. We said goodbye to Xena and her family and headed back by carriage.

It started to rain as we walked up to the palace gates, and somehow that made me happy.

My blood ran cold when I saw what awaited us at the gates.

Guards. And not just any guards, royal guards. Guards of the king himself

"Is anything the problem?" Caldan bid me behind him as we got closer.

Lord Caldan." They bowed. "His majesty has sent for the slave

Caldan turned to me "Let's go

Alone The guard said.

My eyes widened. "It's fine "I pulled my hand back from Caldan's and turned to the guards.

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With a curt nod, they turned and headed inside. I followed behind them, glancing over at my shoulder at Caldan.

Alone.

What have I done this time?

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The closer we got to the King's wings, the heavier the air got. I knew that oppressive aura. It belonged to none other than the king. He's pissed.

No, more than pissed. He's furious.

The guards presented me to him and left. It was just the both of us in the hallway. I couldn't meet his eyes as I kept my gaze on

the floor.

"Go and kneel outside." The king commanded, his voice deeper than I had ever heard.

"But...it's raining."

Thunder boomed outside and I screamed. But it may have as well been the King's rage. "Do not make me repeat myself."