

CHAPTER 49

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SABRINAS POV

I woke up the next morning lying on my back. My eyes just snapped open, like I hadn't been sleeping at all.

The first thing I noticed was the lack of pain. My ass was fine, not even a smidge of pain left behind from the humiliating spanking I received last night. For the first time, I thanked my fast healing. Enduring eighteen very painful spanks was hellish, and I knew that normally I wouldn't be able to sit for the next few days. But if only the fast healing had healed my humiliation too, then I would have been very happy.

I laid in bed, staring at the ceiling blankly. My face began to burn a brilliant red all over again.

He spanked me. The king spanked me like I was a petulant child who wouldn't listen to instructions.

The humiliation hadn't reduced by even a single percent. How will I go about my duties today! Did anyone see me getting my ass whooped?! How will I ever face the king ever again!

I heard a sound at the door. Turning my head, I saw the twin maids again.

"Good morning miss. They both greeted, their expressions cold as stone. "It's time for..

"Breakfast with the king" I mumbled in a mumble. I know, Give me a minute and I'll be ready."

"That's our duty. Please get out of bed."

I shot them a sharp glare. But it didn't last long on my face. I sighed heavily and dragged myself out of bed. If I continue to stay here, I won't get anything done.

The twin maids got me ready for breakfast with the king. Each step towards the dining hall made my stomach erupt into a million butterflies. I wished, really wished that I would drop dead before I got to the dining hall. The goddess didn't answer my prayer.

I got to the dining hall and the twin maids left me behind.

"Get this done Rina," I whispered to myself. There's no other way.

I pushed the doors open and walked in.

The table has already been laid with food. The king sat at the end of the table, as usual, eating quietly. He looked up at me as I got closer, his eyes unreadable.

"Sit. And eat" He said.

"Good morning your Majesty I greeted. He made a grunt of acknowledgement in reply.

I sat at far away

from him as I could. A servant appeared and served me food.

Last night, on this very table, I was bent over and spanked,

I grabbed the glass of water and drank all of it. I began to eat, staring at the piece of buttered toast and jam that was on my plate.

It took all my self control not to moan in delight.

A burst of taste and flavor in my tongue. I wanted to devour the whole plate and leave nothing behind, but instead I ate slowly.

Everything was delicious. Food fit for the king, what else did I expect? So this was what I missed out on for three straight days? And where did that land me in? A spanking.

I felt burning geysers on me and looked up. The king stared right at me, a twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

"Is it good?" He asked, his head tilted slightly to the side.

I blinked in confusion. If I didn't know better, I'd say that it was as if last night didn't happen at all. I dreamed it all up. I looked

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down at his hand placed on the table. I hadn't noticed how large his hands were till I felt them on my were long and slender, his nails well trimmed and neat. The veins on the back of his hand looked juicy. He hands, beautiful and yet masculine. And very painful too. My cheeks turned bright red, my thought process alarming me.

Why am I admiring the same hand that caused me so much pain last night?!

I drank more water, hoping to cool my cheeks down.

Last night flashed before my mind again. The embarrassing memory of being wet. So wet that I could feel my fids running down my thigh.

At first I was confused. I had no idea what was going on and I thought I had peed on myself. But it wasn't pee, no. It was something else.

I glanced at the king's hand again and up at his face.

What the hell was it that drew such a reaction from me.

I have never been wet in my life. Never. Not to the point of it rushing down my thighs, my entire body trembling with pain and something else I didn't want to name. I remembered Zayn always complaining how I was like sandpaper.

"It's good." I said at last, my voice a low whimper. The food is good, your majesty.

Fuck. What is wrong with me!!

He chuckled to himself, and I felt my stomach do backflips. Eat. You need your energy.

After the breakfast which had continued in silence, it was time for me to work. Today's list was noticeable small, and 1 chemi miss the look lady Nifra gave me as she handed it over to me.

Like she was judging me for something.

But that's how she looks most of the time so I didn't bother too much about it.

I had to clean the library first.

As I dusted the shelves, I began to wonder if I could find any books on women's health. Something that would at least last night to me. Perhaps I was sick, or had caught some sort of disease that my fats healing couldn't cure. Or maybe it was a hidden feature of women I didn't know about.

I found nothing.

The library was full of books. books on politics, maps, ancient stories, and more politics. Nothing on women's health apparently.

"This is hopeless." I grumbled to myself.

Perhaps I could ask Caldan. I thought to myself. But then won't it be too weird! How would I even word my question.

Hi Caldan. So something happened a while ago. I was spanked as a punishment and I got wet from it. Do you have any idea what could cause it.

My face bloomed red.

"That's so embarrassing" I mumbled. I can't imagine telling him about the king spanking me, much less about how I maced to the spanking.

I won't tell him. That's too embarrassing.

I cleaned the library and headed to my next duty. On my way to the grand Hall. I bumped into lady Nifra.

"Sabrina." She said with a nod of her head and continued on her way.

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"Lady Nifra!" I called, making her turn to look at me.

"Yes?" She said, her brows raised.

"I was thinking... I started, my hands wringed together out of nervousness.

She seems to be the safest person to ask right now. She's a woman, and she's way older than me. Surely she knows about the female body more than I do. Is she married? I looked at her hands and I saw no sign of a ring. She doesn't look old, so I guess she must be married at least. Or she's not? Wait...what do I even know about her?

"Sabrina, what is the matter? I'm in a hurry as you can see," She said with a sigh as I took too long to ask.

Should I really ask her? Then that would mean I'd have to tell her about the speaking. And honestly, I want no one else to know about it. It's too embarrassing just thinking about it, talk less of telling someone else about it.

"Well um... Have you seen lord Caldan anywhere?"

Shoot!

She blinked, as if she wasn't expecting that answer. "The king sent him on a peace errand. She said.

"When will he be leaving?"

"He's left already. She said. "Didn't he tell you?"

Oh. Oh that's why I haven't seen him around.

"No, he didn't. I laughed uneasily. "But um...when will he be back? Do you know?"

She shook her head. "Beats me. These kind of errands take time. So don't expect him back anytime soon."

My heart fell into my stomach.

Anytime soon? What does that mean? Should I expect him in days? Or weeks? Or months...or even years? What kind of errands would take that long?

"Well?" Lady Nifra said, impatience in her tone.

I forced a smile. That will be all, thank you."

She nodded. "Good"

I felt unsettled in my chest.

Caldan left on what seems to be a long trip, and he didn't tell me about it?

But why would he do that? I believe things were going fine between us lately. I always looked toward to seeing him and spending some time with him, and I believe he felt the same way.

Was it about the last time we left the palace? Did the king punish him too, as he did me? Is that why he avoided me and left without telling me!

My heart twinged with pain.

He must have gotten tired of hanging around me. I mean after all, he's royalty and I'm just a rouge who's also the slave of the king, who is also his brother. Where will our relationship even end at?

Nothing. That was all I could see. I liked him, a lot. And he made every day in this place bearable. The knowledge that after a long day I would see him and spend time with him made that long list of chores easier to go through.

He must have gotten bored. Decided I wasn't worth it anymore. I mean, I won't blame him. I wouldn't be around me too.

But still, it didn't help the pain I felt in my heart. At least an explanation, I wasn't asking for too much, was I?

Is this truly for the best?

Lost in my thoughts, I didn't realize that I had been walking till I bumped into someone.

Caprer Vs

"Hey watch where you're going" & familiar story ice stagger

I looked up, and I saw her "Bat

PP news

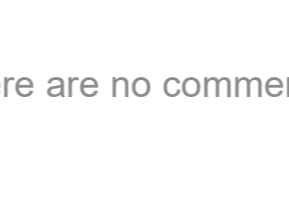


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