

CHAPTER 50

Chapter 50

KABKINAN İNA

baix You

What the user slave schon look so happy to see me air said wits a dark chuckle, her expression one of haughty

My best skippest abeat and began to ravesWwW.11(0)vE/wO.R.M.c@M

Main She's out" The king got her out

The 1% going to say anything" She taunted Came in, I thought of all people would at least be happy to see me?

tekst my throat and snapped un expression of shok into one of neutrality: "Why will I be happy to see you? You're just at She laughed, lunghest like I had said the joke of the Cený. I stared at her, and I felt a twinge of an unknown emotion settle my chest.

She's looks like the puscess she had always paraded herself to be. Her hair was done, her makeup was done, her clothes were

I told you ll be bak. sulmi 1 She said, taking a step closer to the. Her eyes burned into mine and she had that evil smirk on her face. The kind that she had betone she tried to stab me to death. "You think you can ever replace me? What I offer the king. Disappointment. That's what I felt

He got her out. While I would never try to overiate my importance in anyone's life, and especially not the alpha of alphas who has everyone at his beck and call, I still couldn't deny what I felt

Cold hard disappssomment

"Now, you should be careful" Blair said. To back, and if you dare cross me again, I will show you a lesson you'd never forget."

Annoyance sparked in my chest and all the disappointment vanished. Who the fuck does she even think she is?!

And you too Blait, be careful." I said. "You're not the only one with sources of poison"

Blair rolled her eyes. "Urgh' You're still say full of yourself:

"That's rich coming from you"

She glared coldly at me. Without another word, I brushed past her and continued on my way.

"Hey! I'm still talking to you slave! Get back here!"

Seriously. This is what the king chooses to do?!

Barely a day after he humiliated me over his dinning table, he released his royal fucktoy. Is that how important she is to him?

I mean, it's no wonder she's walking around like she owns the place.

I turned and looked over my shoulder at Blair's retreating form. He must have fucked her, right? Last night? Right after he humiliated me!

This woman burned me. And had me captured and whipped. And poisoned met She was all out to kill me! And yet and yet he pardoned her!W(w)W.n.0(v)E#(w)O.R.M.CoM

If I did all those things to her, he would cut me head off himself. I just knew it.

I guess that's the difference between a slave and a royal fucktoy. She must be feeling herself right now,

That disappointment came back agam, tenfall this time. So annoying. So fuc

aking annoying. Why am I even comparing

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myself to her?!

And to think I have to clean his office next

I stormed my way up to his office, armed with all my cleaning supplies. My anger hadn't simmered down one bit and I doubt it was going to cool down anytime soon.

I got to the king's office and knocked. Hoping and praying to the goddess above that he wasn't in his office. That I would come in, clean and leave without having to brush paths with him.

"Come in His deep voice carried from inside the office.

"Just be kind to me, for once! Thissed darkly at the ceiling, imagining I was talking to the moon goddess. She must be laughing at me right now. I can almost hear it.

I walked into the office and closed the door behind me. The king was at one of his shelves, his back turned to me as he browsed the titles on display.

I couldn't help but glare at his broad back. I hate him. Dear goddess I have never hated him as I hate him right now. When does he stop? Huh? It's painfully clear he's keeping me around for his sadistic desires. He likes seeing me suffer. If he didn't, he wouldn't have released Blair.

Maybe he missed her, maybe this isn't about me. It can't be, anyway. I'm not worth the time of the day.

But that doesn't make me any less angry.

"Any more of your cold glares and you'll shoot my heart out. The king said calmly, he didn't even have to turn to me.

I ignored him, still glaring. He turned to me, a hint of that wicked amusement in his eyes. "Slave. If you have a problem, speak. I don't fancy that look in your eyes."

You released Blair? I was about to spit. But I bit my tongue in the nick of time. Is this really my business? Why should I be bothered that he released his fucktoy? Why does it concern me.

"Not at all, your majesty." I said, wiping the glare off my face like it never existed. I forced on a smile. "I hope you're well." I said.

I hope you choke. I meant to say.

He blinked, and a flash of confusion flitted across his face. "Get to work." He said, the confusion gone in seconds.

I bowed and did as I was told.

The air between us was too tense, I could feel it. The king on his own part didn't spare me a single glance. He worked on whatever it is he worked on. Alpha duties, probably.

And yet I couldn't focus on dusting the shelves and the cleaning floors.

I glanced at him from the corner of my eye, still silently fuming. I still didn't know what in the world it was about him that made me react that way last night. I can't ask anyone. And I hate not knowing the answer.

And I'm angry at him too, for what he did with Blair. Did he owe me an explanation? No. He was the king. He owned me absolutely nothing. Did I want an explanation from him? Absolutely. Yes I did. Why did he do something like that?! I felt betrayed.

"That's stupid" I scoffed out loud. I turned red when I realized I had spoken out loud while staring at the king. His head. snapped up and he looked at me.

Fuck. Sabrina what a stupid move that was. I cursed myself mentally and began dusting the shelves intensely. That was so stupid! How embarrassing! As if last night wasn't enough!

In my daze, I failed to see the bucket of cleaning water that was in the way. I tripped over it, the water spilled all over the floors and made the marble slippery. I slipped in the puddle, my arms faling around as I desperately tried to break my fall.

This is it. I'll fall, crack my head open on the floor and die. And I'll be saved from the mortification that is my sorry life.

ry

A strong arm hooked around my waist, breaking my fall before I could hit the ground. I opened my eyes, coming face to face

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with the king. His arm was around my waist, his other hand wedging me between his body and the shelf I was dusting. He just caught me, faster than I could track.

He's too close. I'm too close.WwW.noVe#(w)ORm.com

His eyes burned into mine, crimson and intense. I couldn't breath, my lungs won't accept oxygen for what ever reason. For such a cold hearted man, I could feel the warmth radiating off of him. His hand on my back moves, and I feel his fingertips digging into the plush of my hips.

I can't look away from his eyes, I can't even blink. His gaze moves across my face ever so slowly and I feel a trail of heat left in the path of his gaze. His gaze linger on my lips and I feel butterflies in my stomach. I try to speak but my words won't come

I glance at the scar across his left eye. I had become so used to him that I didn't even notice the scar most days. I wanted to run my fingers across it, feel it's texture under the pads of my fingers. Ask him how he got it.

My thoughts made fear spark in my chest.

What is wrong with me?! What is that thought process right now?!

The king met my gaze, his brows furrowed in slight concern.

He's too close. I don't like this at all

Please leave. Leave me alone. Move! You're in my personal space! Stop touching me! I don't want you near me at all!

I screamed those words in my head but my tongue won't cooperate and form the words. My breathing became hard and fast, my chest rising and falling rapidly. My heart raced, and I felt dizzy like I might faint. Or vomit. Or both. Please....move!

As if he heard me, he took a step back. My knees went week and I slipped to the ground on all fours, inhaling a large amount of air. I kept my gaze on the ground, on the sight of his polished shoes in my line of sight. What was that?! What just happened now?

Anger sparked in my chest directed at myself.

What is wrong with me! Why do I want to cry?! I bit my lip till I tasted blood, the pain distracting from the tears that gathered in my eyes.

"When You're done with your duties for today, you're to clean my bedroom."

My head flew up from shock.

"What?" I gasped out in confusion while my heartbeat accelerated. Did I hear him right? His bedroom?! He has never asked me to clean his bedroom before.

He cocked his head to the side, his eyes narrowed slightly. "Sabrina... as my slave, you should know by now. I don't repeat myself"©(w).(n)ðve1w@rM.com

I wished to jam my thumbs into his

eyes.