

CHAPTER 53

Chapter 53

SABRINA'S POV

I stared at the closed door as if by doing so, the king would return. The door didn't open, and he didn't return.

My head swirled with all that had just happened. He just left? Like that?! With my panties too! What the actual hell?

This this has never happened to me in all my life. I've never felt this way. And the first time I was hella confused but now, a deep realization had settled in my stomach.

Your body wants me to fuck you.

There's no way. There's no way my body craves having sex with the king. There's no way I want to do that. What part of me could even be remotely attracted to him? He hates me, and he treats me like well...a slave. And I hate him too. How the hell did my body get such mixed signals?!

The worst part of it all was that, deep down, I liked it.

I liked when he spanked me. I liked the pain. I liked his voice as he asked me if I was alright, if it was too much, if he should stop. My body tingled with each smack of his palm on my ass.

I liked it all.

"Dear heavens!" I covered my face with my palms, a deep mortification settling inside my chest.

Caldan. What will Caldan say when he finds out about this?

If it had happened once, I would have had the perfect excuse for it. But now, the second time with the very same reaction, I'm not sure how it would look like.

How did the king make me feel this way? Just how?

What pained me the most was that I didn't once think about Caldan. It wasn't like I had Caldan's image in my head as my body burned, no. He didn't even cross my mind once. All I could think about was the king and nothing else.

I grabbed the edge of the bed and got to my feet. My knees felt weak, and my thighs trembled. Without my panties, I felt the wetness between my thighs and it was so uncomfortable. There's no way I can work like this, right? I turned to the door and glared at it. "Damn you," I cursed under my breath.*wWw.n.vellwO(r)M.côm*

I need to find a way to get rid of this wetness. And leave this place. My eyes fell on the bathroom door. I briefly wondered what the king would say if he found out I used his bathroom.

But oh well, not like I care. He caused this anyway, and if he hadn't spanked me, I wouldn't need a damned shower!

The bedroom was already clean, so there wasn't much for me to do anyway. That reinforced my previous suspicion that the king hadn't called me here to clean but rather to humiliate me. By the time I was done cleaning, the king returned.*wWw.flo-vellwofM.cOm*

I straighten up and faced him. Deep down, I felt a spark in my lower abdomen. I refused to acknowledge that at all.

"You're done," He said, his eyes scanning the room.

"Yes, your Majesty," I replied, my voice controlled. "You won't be spanking me anymore."

He chuckled. "You know, many people don't speak to their king in such a manner. And this is exactly why you get spanked." "It's....it's not right"

A dark brow shot up. "Not right?"

"Yes, It's inappropriate. You're my king, and I'm a slave. It's not right for you to touch me and....and do all of that!"

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Chapter 33

"You loved it. I don't see what the problem is."

I grit my teeth hard. The fucking arrogance on him.

"It doesn't matter if I liked it or not." Damn it! My cheeks are already heating up. "I have Caldan, and I can't be getting such reactions from another man."

"What does Caldan have to do with any of this?" He snapped, his voice laced with annoyance, I resisted the urge to take a step

back.

He's angry once I mention Caldan huh?

"He has everything to do with this, your Majesty."

He stormed up to me, his eyes blazing a frightening crimson. I felt a lump in my throat, and all my cells told me to run.

"Does Caldan know you liked being spanked? Or does he play it vanilla whenever the both of you fuck?"

My cheeks burned red and I choked on air. "What?!"

"Tell me. Does he spank you? Does he know how much you like it? Does he?!"

"That's none of your business!" I gasped, feeling extremely flustered.

"Oh so he doesn't," The king scoffed. "Seeing how you're reacting, he probably hasn't even tried, right?"

I pinned my lips hard and refused to answer. Whatever made him think I and Caldan had fucked?! Prior to this very moment I had never imagined I and Caldan having sex! Not for any reason! And now he's sprouting all of this and I can't stop thinking about it. Caldan and I fucking. He doesn't seem like the kind to spank me, or even cause me any sort of pain in the name of pleasure. "Not everyone is a sadist in bed like you." I shot back at the king. Purely to spite him. Because how dare he make such an accusation about my private life?!

The result was instantaneous.

His eyes darkened to a deep red. The air became heavy, oppressive. My breaths won't go in, won't come out.

"So that's it?" He asked, his voice dangerously low. "You're not ashamed of yourself."

"Ashamed."*wWw(f)foLwofmm.côm*

"Your such a fucking slut. It didn't take long to fuck him, right? That's how easy you are?"

I'm not going to lie, his words hurt.

A slut. How the fuck am I a slut?! I've only ever had sex with one man ever. Actually wait... Zayn shouldn't count. That fucking bastard.

I stared at the king, and I couldn't keep the hurt out of my eyes. "I'm not a slut," I said, my voice wobbling at the end of my sentence.

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"Really? I wonder how your beloved Caldan would feel once he learned how fucking wet you were just a few minutes ago. How you think he'll take that?"

"1...."

"Your body craves me, slave. And you stand before me and talk about Caldan."

I bit my lip hard.

Asshole. *2/0(w)W@.moVell@ortt.©(o)m*