

## CHAPTER 54

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SABRINA'S POV:

"I don't want to have sex with you! And I'm not a slut. And stop talking. About Caldan!"

It's embarrassing enough that I have to suffer through being aroused after being spanked by this man..but him constantly bringing Caldan up is making me feel all shades of guilty.

"Are you really sure about that?" He hissed, his dark eyes narrowed to red slits.

"No! I'm not testing anything, I would like to leave, thank you."

"Leave?" He scoffed. He crossed the space between us before I could blink. He trapped my body between his and the wall, leaving no room for me to escape the prison between him and the wall. "You're not going anywhere till I say so."

My blood turned to ice in my veins just by looking up at him. The mere look of rage in his eyes was enough to make me pass out, and it was a sheer miracle I was still on my feet.

"You're telling me that if I touched you right now, you wouldn't be wet, the second time that evening? Is that it?"

"I'm saying you won't touch me." I spat back in anger, anger mixed with nervousness.

He grabbed my chin, his hand clamped over my mouth and preventing me from speaking. His body pressed up against mine and I could feel the sharp and defined muscles of his body under the robe.

His free hand grabbed my thigh. Is that my imagination or does he have claws right now?!

Not just the very sharp claws digging into the soft skin of my thighs, but it looks like his fangs are getting longer too. My eyes widened in fear and my heart began to race. A cold sweat dropped down my spine.

"You are a very stubborn woman," He growled, his voice sounding like something between man and beast. His eyes are glowing now, and I swear to heavens I'm scared!

And yet ..and even though I'm shaking and terrified and want nothing more than to run from here, I can feel a bead of arousal down my thigh.

The king smirked, as if he knew what was going on with my body. "No," I tried to protest, but my voice came out like a weak whimper. Unable to hold his gaze anymore, I turned my head to the side. His hand slipped under my dress to my thigh, and this time he was dangerously close. I grabbed his hand, as if by doing so I would be able to pry him off me. My efforts were all

in vain.

His lips brushed my neck, and I felt his tongue dart out and lick my skin. I moaned, my eyes fluttered shut.

"No, no please." I choked out a sob.

Caldan. I have to think of Caldan. If I imagine it's Caldan holding me this way, his hand creeping ever so slowly up my thigh, his lips on my neck. If I imagine it's Caldan, then this will be a whole lot bearable.

Just when he was about to touch me, his hand slipped up to my naked hip and squeezed. In my mind's eye, it's Caldan. It's Caldan holding me.

My body trembled and I felt my thighs tremble. "Caldan, ah..." I moaned softly, my head tilting back.

The king froze. His hand on my hip slipped and I felt those claws cut through my skin. I hissed in pain, and that shattered the illusion I had managed to build in my head.

I turned to face the king. The intensity of his eyes had subsided, and his gaze held mine without flinching. My chest heaved. and my cheeks burned red. I felt hot all over, embarrassingly wet, and terrified. The king stepped back from me, and I nearly fell.

"Go to your room. He said, his tone back to normal.

"I want to return to the harem house." I said, my voice firmer than normal.