

CHAPTER 55

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SABRINA'S POV:

Having no work to do for the day felt like a wonderful holiday. And all would have been perfect if it weren't for the scum that had been released from prison.

I had a long sleep, woke up when the sun was high in the air. It felt so good to sleep in my own bed. Even though it wasn't fancy, and the blankets were thin as paper. I got ready without any twin maids telling me to get ready for the king and what not, and I headed down to the dinging hall for some breakfast, or lunch as the day was far spent.

That was when I saw it. The peace that has been in the air ever since Blair was gone, that peace has vanished.

"What do you mean by your can't?!" Blair's thunderous voice shattered the quiet air of the garden. I stopped in my tracks, displeasure clear on my face.

A girl stood in front of her, trembling and wringing her hands together. Blair stood taller than her, and gloated over her too. Few girls were scattered around, whispering among themselves or too frightened to speak. And of course there were her minions too. The both of them stood at both sides of her and taunted the poor girl.

"You didn't clean all the dust from my room?!" Blair shouted. "And you stand here and give me excuses?!"

"I... I'm not a maid." The poor girl whimpered. She sounded so damn scared. And Blair was reveling in that.

"Can you hear that?!" Blair laughed wickedly, looking around as if she was putting on a comedy show. "I tell her what to do and she tells me she's not a maid?! You little rat! You think you can speak to me?! Because I let you run free for ..."

The girl raised her head and glared at Blair through the tears that gathered in her eyes. "I'm not your maid! And I'm not a rat!"

"How dare you?!" Blair raised her hand to slap the girl.

That's enough of her.

I rushed to the girl's side and caught Blair's hand before it could connect to the girl's cheek. I stood between Blair and the girl, dropping her hand like it was a dead fish.

"Back off," I warned. I grabbed the girl and pushed her behind me.

Blair's eyes widened. "You...the slave?! You dare oppose me?!"

"You're a fucking bully, Blair. And no one wants you here. I'm sure you can clean your bloody room yourself."

"You want to die, don't you?" Blair hissed, her eyes narrowed. She leaned closer to me, and I think she wanted to intimidate

1. me.

My eyes were drawn to her neck. There was a mark on her neck, and it looked fresh. A handprint, if I'm not mistaken. A very large handprint that could have only come from one man.

Ah. The king must have paid her a visit last night. And now she's extra high on the fact that he used her again. Did he spank her? Pin her to the wall and touch her, asking her if she wanted him to fuck her? Disgusting. So fucking disgusting.

I met her eyes, and I felt my anger dissolve. I feel so sad for her. She got fucked and this morning she thinks she's the Almighty Luna of Lunas. She's validated by fucking sex. The most boring thing on the planet. "You're just so fucking pathetic." I laughed, unable to control my amusement. "Look at you, gloating and beating people down. And your clowns beside you."

She tried to slap me, but I was expecting that so I simply ducked. "You're looking for trouble!"

"Fuck off. And maybe return to your pretty little cell while you're at it. I can help you clean that one. No extra cost."

Her face turned red from anger. And that was new, because I'd never seen her this angry before. She charged at me, again.

Two girls stepped up and grabbed her hands each. She turned to them, the rage sparking in her eyes. Before I knew what was

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happening, the girls came to my defense. All of them. Blair's clowns were pushed to the side.

Blair scoffed, disbelief clear in her eyes. "You're all taking her side?"

No one said anything to her. They all held their ground.

To say I was shocked was an understatement. In all honesty, I had expected that they would be back to following Blair around. now that she was back.

Blair turned to me. "You will pay for this. Mark my words slave. I will teach you a lesson so fucking bad, you'll join your sorry ass parents in the grave."

"My parents aren't... you know what, never mind."

She tried to sound intimidating. Or maybe she did. But my eyes couldn't move away from that mark on her neck. She didn't even try to hide it. No. She wore it proudly, her gown cut low in the front so she could show it off. I would maybe have a lot more respect for her if she had a mate mark and not a handprint.

My body bristled in anger. Why would the king mark her? Would he seriously make her his Luna?

Blair's lips were moving, but I hardly heard anything.

Why does the thought of this bitch having the King's mate mark make me so damn angry?! My hands balled into fists at my sides, and I bit the inner of my cheek.

Blair turned and stormed off, apparently done with whatever it was she was saying. The girl she had been bullying hugged me, her small arms wrapped around my body tightly.

"Thank you! Oh thank you so much!" She said, her voice muffled from her face being pressed into my chest. She looked up at me, her eyes shiny with tears. "I was so scared! And I didn't know she was back and I...." "It's okay," I said with a smile. "You don't have to worry about her anymore."

"Thank you, Sabrina. Really."

"You saved us, again."

"You're much cooler than Blair, and prettier too."

"You should be our leader. We all can kick her out."

"Woah! Woah! Stop, please!" I raised my hands up and stepped away from them. "Your leader?"

"Yes." One of them said. "You can become our leader."

"No thank you, I'll pass." I forced a laugh. "In fact, you all should have fun. I'll see you later."

"Sabrina, wait!"

I turned and ran out of there, headed for the dining hall as I had intended to.

Me, be their leader? Dear heavens. No.

What it took to be their leader was being close to the king, and also warming his bed. I can't ever do that!

And yet my mind drifted to last night. The way my body had reacted to him. The way he reacted to me.

I can't ever be the leader of the harem. I would rather swallow nails than sleep with the king. Let Blair remain the leader, I don't give a flying fuck.

And yet...I know I'm lying to myself.

My day was the best, as long as I chose to ignore Blair being a blatant bitch.

After I had breakfast/lunch, I took a sun bath in the garden. I laid down on the soft grass and felt the sun on my face and

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haly, breathing in the fresh air. It felt good. Really good.

After dist, I had another lunch before dinnertime. I spent some time with some of the girls, we played chess and told stories of our lives. Well it was mostly me listening to them because I quickly dawned on me that I had no good stories to share. Perhaps on a horror night I would be able to share the horror story that is my life.

We all had dinner together. Blair tried to make trouble again, but she was quickly ignored. Dinner was a simple chicken steak with mashed potatoes and greens. Nothing like the lavish dinner of the king, but I would chose this simple dinner over those lavish ones Sitting here with the girls, laughing and being happy together felt healing. And I wished the day would never come to an end.

But alas, the day was over before I even knew it. And my wonderful day came to an end.

After dinner, I went to the grand living room with the girls. This was where they spent some time before they went to bed. Talking and playing instruments, some of them dancing. All of us were here, it was a full tradition. And that included Blair and her minions too. She sat in a corner, reading a book and casting, a glare my side every two seconds.

I sat close to the window, a deep sense of foreboding in my stomach. I looked beyond the window at the gardens. The endless inky blue sky spanned as far as I could see, sprinkled with stars.

It's night.wW.W.NovEiWorM.c0m

And while that shouldn't make me scared, I'm trembling on the inside.

The peace I had enjoyed so far was because the sun was out in the sky. I knew it. And now my protection was gone.

"Sabrina!" Someone shouted my name, and the next thing, I knew, I was dragged to my feet and pulled to the centre of the living room. "Dance with us!"

"No I pulled my hand back. "No I...I don't dance"

Arabella, the girl who had dragged me up pouted. The slow piano music became faster, prompting the girls to get up and dance.

"Come on!" Arabella said, "Just one dance!"

"Bet she can't do it!" None other than Blair scoffed.

I shot her a cold look. "Who said I can't dance?! I simply said I don't dance. There's a difference"

"Come on!" Arabella said. She did a spin and began to dance. "You just have to-"

"No" I folded my arms. "I won't..."

Arabella froze up. The music stopped. All the girls that were dancing stopped and all eyes turned to me. I frowned, confused as to why they stared at me with fear in their eyes. "Um.what's the matter?" I asked.

No one spoke,

And then And then I felt it.

A shiver ran down my spine. They aren't looking at me. No. They're looking at something behind me.

I turned, and a large shadow loomed over me. Except it wasn't a shadow.

"Y-your majesty?" I squeaked, my voice low.

"You disobeyed me" The king said, his voice nothing short of pissed.

I'm fucked