

CHAPTER 59

Chapter 59

SABRINA'S POV:

The day went by in the same routine. Doing my duties, trying not to think about the king, trying to think about Caldan. It was a struggle.

Night came, and just as I had suspected Lea and Daisy came by to get me ready for another dinner with the king.

I allowed them to do so. Any more resistance would be met with force and I was not ready for that. Not anymore.

I made my way to the dining hall and we began to eat.

As dinner progressed, I couldn't help but steal glances at the king from the corner of my eye. He didn't glance at me once, not even by mistake.

My thoughts began to take on a darker tone. What if I mess up, intentionally, and have him punish me?

I drank some water.

I'm losing my mind. Why would I want to provoke him intentionally? Deep down, I knew I wanted it to happen again. The rush I felt whenever he spanked me, I wanted it to happen. Instead of acting on my thoughts, I ate my dinner in silence.

The next day was the same. I woke up, got ready, and had breakfast with the king. Same as last night, he didn't say a word to me. And I sat there, remembering the first time he bent me over this table and spanked me. I need to find answers to this reaction. And very fucking fast.

Today. I'll visit the library today. Hopefully, I'll find something that will help me out.

"What happened?" I asked Arabella. She was hugging me and bawling her eyes out.

I had just wanted to head down to the harem for a bit. But then I got tackled by Arabella.

"Who do you think?" She sniffled. "It's that fucking Blair. Now I'm cursing because of her!" My eyes hardened. "Let's go."

Blair was in the center of the dining hall, pouring a plate of soup on a girl. The girl flinched and cried out in pain as the hot liquid poured down her skin.

"Stop it!" I screamed and rushed at Blair. I grabbed her hand and pulled her away, the plate of soup fell out of her hand and clattered to the ground.

"You!" She yanked her hand back. "What the fuck are you doing here huh?!"

"That's enough out of you, Blair." I seethed in anger. "You're leaving."

Now."wVW.n6Vε@worm.COM

"Leaving?" She cackled. "Like you're going to do anything about that huh?! I run this place! I'm the queen here!"

"That is enough!"

"Oh please! They can't do anything about it! Neither can you!"

"Who wants this bitch as queen?!" I turned and faced the crowd of girls. "Who?! Speak up now!"

Only two hands were raised, and they were Blair's fucking minions.

"Who doesn't want her here?!"

All hands except those two raised in the air.

Blair laughed. "You can't do anything! None of you can do anything!"

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"Huh?"

"Last night. We didn't see you at the living room anymore."

I blinked. "Last night we were..." I trailed off. "You don't remember anything?"

They shook their heads. "No. What are you talking about?"

They really don't remember the king coming to the living room and whisking me away.

A shiver ran down my spine. This is how powerful his compulsion powers are? That's so scary. Scary and so fascinating.

But why didn't it work on me?

"I had some things to do." I said with a smile. "I'm sorry for vanishing like that."

"It's fine! Let's start planning the party right away!"

I had dinner with the king again.ww(w).n.vE(i)w.Rm.c0M

And as I laid in my bed, my thoughts wandered to him. Somehow, eating with him felt like torture.

I couldn't control myself, I knew I was aroused just by staring at him across the table. And my head was just filled with images of him bending me over and spanking me over and over again.

The fact that he can smell me made me even more embarrassed, and even more aroused. But it still didn't stop my mind from wandering far and wild.

The next day, was the same. Breakfast with him. Work. Lunch alone. Dinner with him. He didn't touch me, he didn't say anything to me past greeting and nothing more. The days went by and still no change.

I felt like I was going crazy.

Its been three days since that night in his bedroom, ans I hated that I was missing him. I felt like I would combust, just at the thought of him touching me.

I would feel his eyes on me, maybe as we walked past each other in the hall. Once or twice at dinner. And my skin would erupt in multiple small fires. But that would be all, and I would be left alone.

It's been three days. And I still don't have an answer to my body.Www.©ovéLW0Rm.com

I had just finished cleaning the library, and I had some time left on my hands. I searched the shelves, this time taking my time to check the titles for the one I was looking for.

"Found it!" I cried out as I spotted one book. It was completely unsuspecting, it's cover and spine a dull gray. On closer inspection I could see the faded title on the spine. Things of pleasure.

Sounds....good?

I picked out the book and flipped through it. And the very first image was of a man and woman having sex. I slammed it shut, taking a few seconds to catch my breath and recover from what I just saw. That was weird.

I opened the book again, my curiosity outweighing my embarrassment.

And I began to read.

I don't know how many minutes went by as I stood there reading a book about sex. My face was cherry red, and I realize that there was a fucking lot I didn't know about sex.

"So studious now are we?"

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I screamed and dropped the book as a deep voice sounded right behind me. I swerved around, coming face to face with the king.

""Y-your majesty!"

His gaze dropped the book on the ground. And before I could snatch it up, he picked it up and glanced at it.

"Ah," He exclaimed and began to laugh. "Doing some research now?"

"Please give it back," I Reached out to snatch the book from him. He held it above his head, far out of my reach. "Your majesty!"

"Hush now."

I huffed in annoyance. "You should mind your own business."

"Your business is my business. You're my slave." He said.

I could only stare, helplessly as he lowered the book and flipped through it.

"This is very interesting. Listen," his eyes met mine briefly, a wicked smirk on his face. "It is worthy of note that a woman's pleasure is as important as a man's, and should not be ignored."

"Ah shit," I slammed my hands over my face. Reading this alone was mortifying enough, and now he's reading it to me!

"When a woman is about to reach her peak, she may have to...." He paused and snapped the book shut. "My my, my... slave, you have surprised me again."

"Please give it back," I've never been this embarrassed before. I stretched my hand out for him.

He dropped the book in my hand. "You know, if you wanted to know, you would have asked me."

"Asked you?!"

He moved closer to me, trapping me between the shelf and his large body, making me suddenly feel sweaty. "That's exactly what I said," He murmured.

My voice won't come out. He leaned closer to me and I turned my head to the side. His lips pressed a featherlight kiss to my neck, down my throat and my lips parted against my will to let out a stuttered breath while my heart hammered against my ribs.

"Tonight," He whispered darkly and I shivered. "Come to my bedroom since you're so curious. I will show you what real pleasure is."www.noV61w0Rm.c0m

I turned my head to stare up at him. After three long days, he's giving me the attention I so craved. I'm sure he can smell my desperation like crazy now. Oh heavens, let me die right now.

"Why?" I finally found my voice.

"You seem.... uneducated about things like this. Tonight will answer all your questions." He drawled and my cheeks heated up, my heartbeat racing faster.

Old Sabrina would have said something like "I'm not going to have sex with you!" but I felt extremely tongue tied right now. But instead, I nodded.

"Good slave."