

## CHAPTER 60

Chapter 60

SABRINA'S POV:

I laid in bed, the covers up to my chin, the king's words playing on repeat in my head.

"Come to me bedroom, if you're so curious. I will show you what real pleasure is.

I just have been mad to accept such a ridiculous offer. Yes. Completely mad.

Yes. That is the only explanation for me agreeing to such an absurd offer.

I turned over, my face buried in the pillows.

"Go to sleep," I hissed at myself.

Thinking of the book made me realize that I brought it with me. It's right under my pillow, and I can almost hear it whispering things to me. Stupid and selfish things.

Tomorrow, I'll burn it. Or perhaps return it where I found it. Yes, that sounds like a good idea.

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The next morning the grand dining hall was empty. Well, not actually empty. I mean, I was there. But the king was missing.

It wasn't like it was hard to notice, he was always there before I got there.

I tried not to think about it and ate my breakfast. Perhaps he had a late night and decided to sleep in. It's not something I should worry myself about.

I was half dreading meeting this morning and having to explain why I didn't show up as I had said I would. In a way I was glad that I didn't have to face him. But on the other hand, I was kind of disappointed.

I went about my day as I normally would. [wWw.NoVɛlʌwɔr.com](#)

And soon it was dinner time. And the king was absent again. Again, nothing to worry about. After dinner, I got the information that I was needed at the harem house.

Oh that's right, I'm a leader now.

The meeting took place in the grand garden. Over sweet rose tea and frosted cookies, we talked about plans for my coronation

party.

"We should have it tonight." Stella said, her golden eyes shining with mirth. "What do you think, Luna?"

I choked on my tea. "I'm not your Luna, please."

She giggled. And so did the other girls. "I guess so, but it feels so natural calling you that."

"Please. She's a slave." A bitter voice said. Blair sauntered over to us and took a cookie from the tray. She glared at me, disdain plain on her face. "She's not a fucking Luna."

"You should behave yourself, and be glad you're welcomed here." I said with a smile I knew would infuriate her.

She rolled her eyes. "Please. It's not like this will last long anyway."

"She's just bitter." Stella said as we watched Blair walk away.

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I said I would burn the book. I lied.

I read it. Over and over again till I knew the words by heart. I kept it tucked under my pillow, and before I fell asleep I would read it. The illustrations still made me blush, but that didn't stop me. And I read it, I thought about the king. 175

Chapter 60

What if I had gone to his room? What if I had let him show me the things in this book?

What if

What if.

I tried not to think about it. He's probably mad at me for ignoring him. Hence why I haven't seen him. Not even a glimpse of him in the halls.

I dusted the antique porcelain figures in the hallway absentmindedly. The king hadn't been at breakfast again. Or dinner for that matter.

And to be honest, I was staring to worry. [W@w.n0vɛlʌwɔr.com](#)

I dusted the figures, and I have wondered what was up with him. Did he suddenly leave for war, like Caldan did? That's ridiculous. He can't go to war, he can't go out in the daytime. "Careful! Those are hundreds of years old!" A voice drew me from my thoughts.

I turned sharply to see lady Nifra. She rushed to my side and gently caught the figure that was about to topple over.

"I'm so sorry! I didn't..."

"Of course you didn't! You had your head in the clouds! Whatever has you so distracted?" She asked. Her eyes were like cold icicles staring into mine. Distracted. She noticed I was distracted.

I rolled the handle of the feather duster in my hands, staring at lady Nifra with uncertainty.

"Well?" She asked. "What is it? What's bothering you, Sabrina?"

"Nothing!"

"Don't lie to me! I've seen you staring off to space with that...that look on your face!"

I touched my face. "What look?"

She sighed. "What is the matter, talk to me?"

I get it that she's trying to be helpful. But I can't tell her what the problem is, no. That would be too weird.

"Is the king...is he okay?" I asked.

Lady Nifra looked stunned. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Well I...I haven't seen him these past days. Is he sick or something?"

She blinked. "He's been busy. He's not sick."

I waited, for her to say something else or throw more light on the situation.

"Is that all?" She asked.

Oh wow. That was really helpful.

"Yes." I nodded. "Thank you."

"Be more careful! If you break any of those, I'll break a bone in your body."

"Yes ma'am." I shuddered. She's seriously the meanest woman I've ever met.

Oh well. It's good to know that the king is in good health. Just busy.

Of course he's busy. He's the king. The freaking alpha of alphas. I bet he has more important things to do than show a slave what her mother should have shown her.

I returned to cleaning the figures, this time with more care and

2/5

Chapter 60

Three days. It's been three days since I last saw the king.

And I can say, I've had enough. At first I believed it was the king's presence that made me feel a certain type of way. The way the book described it as a burning desire. Yes, that was it. But it wasn't just his presence. The mere thought of him lighted that fire inside of me. And not seeing him as been torture.

After my duties, just as the night was darkening, I went to his room. I have never been here, not without him summoning me to clean or something else.

I stood before the giant door, and a tiny voice told me to just turn and go back. But I refused to continue to suffer. I have to see him. I have to do something.

I raised my hand and knocked. I waited with bated breath. A second. Two seconds. Three. Five. Ten.

"Who is it?" His deep voice carried from inside.

"Your majesty it's..." I cleared my throat. "Sabrina."

There was a longer silence. The door opened on its own. I knew I wasn't hallucinating it earlier.

"Come in." He said.

My stomach did the flip thing it likes to do when I hear his voice. I inhaled deeply, squared my shoulders and walked in. I stood by the door, hearing it slam shut behind me.

My breath hitched as I saw the king. He crouched in front of the fireplace, feeding the small fire logs of wood. His back was turned to me, his hair billowing in the nonexistent wind.

"I'm sorry," I blurred out before he said anything. "I um...I'm deeply sorry for not showing up, against my word." I bowed as deeply as I could go, past the ninety degree angle. "Why are you apologizing?" He asked.

His voice made goosebumps erupt all over my skin. I clasped my hands tightly in my skirts. Damn it...I didn't think his voice would have this kind of effect on me. "...I didn't show up."

"And you show up now?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can go back now." I raised my head up and looked at him.

He still had his back turned to me. He watched the flames, standing still as a statue. I bit my lip hard.

"Go back?"

"Yes. The offer has expired." He waved dismissively. "Leave now."

No! I didn't come all the way here to be turned away!

"Your majesty...what happened? I couldn't find you anywhere."

He turned his head ever so slightly. "You're still here?"

"Are you mad at me?" I took a step forward. "Did I do something to upset you?"

"I didn't know you noticed my absence." He said blankly. "For all I keep, you were uncomfortable breathing the same air as I did. I thought it time to free you. I'm not going to force you to endure me if you can't." Oh damn.

So he's mad at the.

3/5

I swallowed thickly and took another tentative step forward. My body ached and trembled. Seeing him, hearing his voice.. felt heady. Like I was drunk on wine.

What in the world is wrong with me?

"I did notice your absence." I said in a whisper. "How could I not?"

How could I not? As I laid in bed late at night I could think about was his hands on me. His lips on my neck and thighs. His voice... everything.

He turned to face me. And I felt the small smile on my face die.

"Did you notice my absence only because of my touch?" [wWw.NoVɛlʌwɔr.com](#)

My heart stopped beating. "What?"

"Am I to believe you genuinely enjoyed my presence, or did you just miss the lesson?"

"I...I don't..."

"Get out." He cocked his head toward the door. "And don't come here unless I send for you."

"Your majesty please!" I moved closer to him. "I... I'm sorry! But please don't send me out. I...I have to know!"

He raised a dark brow. "You want to know?"

"Yes. You...you don't have to touch me at all. Just tell me...please. Words only."

He tapped his chin, his eyes searching my face. "Words only?"

I nodded. "Yes. Words only."

"Didn't your book tell you?"

I turned red. "Well...it's um..."

He hummed, motioning for me to go on.

"It's not the same." I gripped the fabric of my skirt so hard I feared my nails would tear it apart. What has come over me? This isn't me at all. "I should have come...days ago...but I..." I was scared. Simple. "You missed me?" He asked, a hint of amusement in his voice.

I sighed softly. "Maybe?"

He clicked his tongue. "Very well. Words only. Strip."

My heart skipped a beat. I knew this was going to happen, but that didn't stop the butterflies.

"O-okay," I said. Words only. He won't touch me.

But still asking me to strip? That's kind of weird. [Ww.NoVɛlʌwɔr.com](#)

I took my gown off, and my underwear till I was naked before him. His eyes didn't move from my face.

"Touch yourself." He said.

"Touch myself?" I asked. What...what does that have to do with anything?

"Yes. Do it."

I frowned lightly. "Okay."

I brought my hands up to my face. My brows furrowed in confusion, I touched my face. And my neck, and my shoulders.

"Am I doing it right?" I asked.

His

eyes narrowed. "What are you doing?"