

CHAPTER 62

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Dang everything on his table is so damn good. How did the chef make plain oats taste like fucking ambrosiat

I see. He chuckled to himself, already getting his answer.

Thank the heavens he dropped it real quick.

"I won't be helping you out anymore." He announced

I paused, a spoonful of oats halfway to my mouth. "What?"

"I am your king, and you are my slave. This was never supposed to happen. I won't be indulging you any longer. You should know this much.

What?

What the hell?

Where is that coming from?

I lowered the spoon to the bowl. The clang of it hitting the edge of the bowl resonated inside me. I opened my mouth to argue, to bite back or say something, but I couldn't form any words. Suddenly, it hit me.

He's my king. A few months ago, I quaked in fear just at the thought of meeting him. Somewhere between then and now, I don't know what happened. I don't know what changed to the point of him teaching me how to touch myself. When I really think about it, it's so absurd.

Here I am. A slave, a rogue with no pack, no name, no worth. Sitting at the King's table. Eating his food. Talking to him. That... that was never supposed to happen. Never. Somehow I never questioned it till now.

I picked up the spoon and forced myself to eat. It's for the best. I have Caldan. Caldan is the one I'm in love with.

"Have you heard from Sir Caldan?" I met the King's eyes squarely. "I haven't received any letters from him, I wonder if you have. Your Majesty."

"That's it? After everything I said, you think about Caldan?"

I met his eyes. "Yes. I do. What about him?"

"What did I tell you about asking after Caldan?"

I straightened my back. "I miss him, and I wish to know how he's doing. I'm really worried about him."

His eyes narrowed. The air became colder. [www.novelworm.com](#)

"Are you really worried about him?"

"Yes. No hesitation. "I am."

"Liar." He spat. "You only want him to return so you can ask him to fuck you."

My jaw hit the dining table. "What?!" What the hell?! How did he even arrive at that conclusion?!

"I wonder, does he even do it right, seeing as you've never have a fucking orgasm."

"Would you like to watch? I'm sure the both of us can use your expert guidance and instructions." [@WW.meVéLwO©m.\(c\)om](#)

The air went shock still. My breaths died in my throat. A flash of something dark crossed the King's face. For just two seconds, but that was enough to chill my blood. [www.nOvél\(w\)Ormm.co©](#)

Oh boy. I think I just pissed him off even more? [WW\(w\).NOvelworm.com](#)

"Eat your food. He said, his voice a deep command.

And then I could breathe again.

Sabrina. This right here is your exact problem. You dig your grave with your bare hands. And then you cry when you fall over. You want him to watch?! What the fuck has gotten into you?! And you haven't even done it with Caldan. How much longer will you keep this lie up?

I snuck glances at him throughout the breakfast. And each time I looked up, our eyes would meet.

Damn, I think he's still pissed at me.

I hurriedly finished up my breakfast. I didn't want to spend any more precious hours in this atmosphere that I had created with my own loud mouth.

Once I was done, I rose to my feet, eager to run out.

"Be done with your duties before six pm today." The king said, his voice making me pause in my tracks.

"But I thought you said...."

"I know what I said." He snapped. "I'm having some guests over tonight. They'll be staying a while. Wear something really exquisite."

"Guests?" I asked, shock plastered on my face.

"Why do you look so surprised."

"Well...I didn't think anyone knew of your existence. Given how you're not known to the public eye and all of that..."

He rolled his eyes. Never in a million years did I think the king would roll his eyes. And do it so damn smooth too.

"I have a few trusted Friends."

"Friends?! You have friends?!" My voice bounced off the walls. I clamped my hand over my mouth, my cheeks tinted red. "I'm sorry, what I meant to say was... "You don't think I have any friends?" He leaned back in his chair and folded his arms.

"Well I...I didn't think you did."

He scoffed. "Well I do have friends. Get ready by six. You can go now."

"Who are they?" I asked, taking step closer. "Your friends, I mean."

I still find it hard to believe he has friends. For all I knew, lady Nifra was his only fiend. And Caldan his brother.

"They are people I grew up with." He replied simply. And his gaze fell on those papers from earlier.

Ah, they must have been letters! If that was the case then that would explain why he was so busy these past three days. Making arrangements for his friends I guess.

I still can't believe that.

"But if they're people you grew up with, then that would mean that...."

"That's enough questions. Leave. Now." He said, his tone final.

Ah, I shouldn't question my king. It's rude.

I sighed softly then bowed. "Have a good day, your Majesty."

"Go."

"I'm going." I said. He glanced at me sharply but I turned away. Before I would make him more pissed and then he'll decide I'm not worthy of meeting his friends. Hold up.

If he's not going to "indulge" me any further as he said, why does he want me to meet his friends?