

CHAPTER 63

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Xander's POV:

I have a headache. And it's a real one.

Seeing as I can't fall sick, I have to commend Sabrina for her wonderful efforts at riling me up every single time. She's like a tornado. Or maybe a hurricane.

I rubbed my temples and sighed. This...this is getting too much

Even though it had been a few minutes since she left the dining hall, her scent still lingered behind. Look at that. I'm getting sensitive to her fucking scent. I must be losing my mind. I glanced at her chair. And then it hit me.

I didn't notice it. But the distance of eight to ten chairs she gave me at every meal had been gradually reduced. Today she sat two seats away from me. And still has the nerve to glare and me and pout like a spoiled brat. A brat. That's what she is.

And she didn't even finish her breakfast. If she passes out halfway through the day now, she'll blame me for overworking

her.

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I sighed and rubbed my temples again. At this rate, I may as well rub the damned skin off.

"That damned brat," I muttered to myself. *wW(w).nOveOWoRM.OM*

The doors swung open and I heard Nifra's familiar footsteps.

"Nifra! Just the woman I wanted to see." I exclaimed. "Come closer,"

She raised her brows in shock. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes. I did."

"Well, I wanted to see you too." She walked closer and bowed. "Is anything the matter?"

"I have a headache."

She paused.

I paused.

"You heard that right. I have a headache." *wW.novefw(w)rm.OM*

She blinked in confusion. "That's strange. But I'm sure I can get something for you."

"That will be perfect."

"Your majesty...does this have anything to do with Sabrina?"

"Sabrina? Why would you ask?"

Why wouldn't she ask? Nifra notices everything.

"Well," She looked to the side, avoiding my gaze. "I've been seeing her around a lot."

"Do you really want to know?"

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She shook her head and sighed. "No. I don't. You wanted to see me?"

"Yes yes. How are the preparations going?"

Her expression became a cold mask. "Everything is going smoothly, your majesty. I assure you that your guests will have a perfect stay here."

"Just my guests?" I asked, my head tilted to the Side. "Acheron will be here too."

"I know." She said immediately. "I'm not bothered by that."

"Nifra, you shouldn't be feeling this way."

Her icy eyes met mine, and all I could see was her trying to protect herself. "And what about you, with Sabrina?"

Her quietly spoken words made me pause. She's right. It's so easy to give advices unless it's happened to you, right? Sabrina. The issue of Sabrina is a delicate one. I was the very same person who told her that I would never touch her. I said all those things to her. And yet...I went against my word. For the first time in my long life. I went against my words.

"I have taken care of Sabrina." I said at last.

Yes. Its for the best. I can't keep being close to her. I can't risk it. I have no idea what'll happen if I continue to let her make her way into my life.

She's my slave. I am her king. I crossed a line that never should have been crossed. And I must fix that.

Even though I want her more than anything. To watch her come undone, watch her break, watch her cry. I can't act on those desires.

Yes. I have taken care of Sabrina. I've taken the best line of action. And this time, I won't go back on my word. Ever.

"Then trust me to take care of Acheron."

"I trust you,"

She smiled. "Thank you, your Majesty. Also, I was thinking."

"Yes?"

"Shall I have Sabrina moved back to the harem, at least for the duration of your guests stay?"

"Why would you think that?"

"You know how Maverick is..."

Ah yes. She didn't need to complete her sentence, I already got the message. *wv.novefWorm.OM*

"Maverick," I sighed. "No. There will be no need. She's not his type anyway."

"If you say so. In the meantime, the reports from the neighboring packs should have come in right?"

"Yes, they have."

"That's good." *wv.novefWorm.com*

For the moment, I won't think about Sabrina. That chapter is closed for good.

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"My best friend!" The carriages had barely settled down before one of them flew open and a gold and blue blur rushed at me, laughing like a hyena.

"Not today, Maverick," I caught hina by his face and held him arm's length away from me before he could touch me..

"But why?!" He whined, his voice muffled behind my hand. His shoulders slumped and he sighed. "I thought I was faster now."

"A hundred and ten years doesn't make you faster."

"Okay fine. Let go of me now before you ruin my handsome face

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. Maverick. Vain as always. I brought my hand down, still watchful of him. Knowing him, he would still try to touch me against my will. "I missed you man"

"Very funny."

"I mean it. And you, you've got something up about you."

I raised a brow. "What do

you

mean?"

"Hey Acheron! Don't you think our king over here looks different?"

Acheron stepped down from his carriage and walked up to us. He carried a staff with him.

"My king," he said and bowed. The snake head on his staff bowed too. "You look well,"

"As do you Acheron," I replied with a tilt of my head.

"Don't ignore me!" Maverick said and slung his arm over Acheron's shoulder. The snake lunged at him, hissing furiously. "I asked you a question."

"Don't touch me, Maverick. I've warned you about this countless times"

"Glad to see you boys are still on good terms." A smooth feminine voice said.

"Oh! Morana! You came!" Maverick did a turn and ran over to Morana. He attempted to hug but only came in contact with

air.

"Keep your hands to yourself, boy," Morana said. She appeared right beside me, a smile on her blood red lips. "My king," She said and bowed. "Morana. Ever radiant."

"Oh, you flatter me," She said, a flash of pearly fangs in her mouth. "By thank you. You look....radiant too."

"Really?" Acheron sighed. "That's all you could come up with?"

"Seriously, why is everyone ignoring me?!"

"Your Majesty! I'm terribly sorry I'm late! I had an emergency and I..."

I turned the same time Sabrina came crashing into me. I caught her. She looked up at me, her eyes wide and looks parted. I blinked and broke eye contact. I gently set her on her feet, instantly giving distance between us. "You should be more-" my

words caught in my throat as I saw her.

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Fucking hell she's beautiful.

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She's dressed in a deep green gown cut rather low. The material of the gown hugged her body, showing off her curves. Her hair cascaded down her back in golden,

river her eyes bright like the finest jewels. She blinked at me, her lips parted in

shock.

She's stunning.

She quickly bowed again. "Your majesty. I'm deeply sorry." She raised her head and met my eyes. Her cheeks slightly pink.

Fuck.

"You're forgiven." I said and cleared my throat.

I felt a gaze burning into my back. Turning to see Acheron staring at me intently.

I'm never going to hear the end of it now.