

The Forced 72

Chapter 72

3rd person POV:

"Do you have a minute?"

+5

The king looked up from the mountain of work laid out in front of him. Acheron stood by the door to his office, hesitant and yet expectant. The king pushed the work aside and nodded. "Yes, I can spare a minute or two for a friend."

Acheron walked into the study. "Thank you" He said with a bow. He came closer and took a seat. "How have you been? You look....well."

The king laughed briefly. "I am well, and you don't look half as bad yourself."

Acheron nodded, a small smile on his face. True, the king looked well. His eyes had a distinct spark to it, unlike the last time Acheron had seen him.

"You haven't aged a bit," The king said, "it's impressive how you do it."

"As if I'd die and leave you in this world alone."

"Yes. You won't."

Acheron smiled. A smile was something that came so easily when he was with the king.

But something else was nagging on his mind. The real reason why he was here.

"I have something to ask you." He said.

"Go ahead, surely you should know we're past this formalities."

"We are, yes," Acheron said. But even still, he couldn't bring himself to be so brazenly casual with the king. He was after all the Alpha of Alphas, a title that wasn't just bestowed on any alpha. And close friend or not, Acheron would always accord him that respect. "So, what is it? Is anything not to your liking?"

"No, that's not it." Acheron said and leaned forward. "It's about your maid, Sabrina."

Acheron didn't miss how a shadow crossed the King's eyes. "Sabrina?" He asked

Acheron nodded. "Yes. Do you know much about her, her origins and things like that?" "Why are you asking about her?" The king asked.

"Well to put it bluntly, I don't trust her."

The king paused.

That was unexpected. He knew Acheron for as long as he could recall, and the warlock was someone who didn't talk much. He rarely regarded people, and when he did it was always for good cause. And now he's asking about Sabrina.[www.NoVeLWor.côM](#)

"You don't trust her?" The king asked.

"Yes. She seems like bad news. No, she is bad news."

1/3

20:04 Tue, Nov 12

Chapter 72

A frown crossed the King's face. He felt concerned. Acheron was a warlock, and as such he had some hindsight powers.

But then again, Nifra was an ancient witch herself, with an intuition as sharp as Acheron's. And Nifra hadn't ever tagged Sabrina as bad news.

"You have to get rid of her." Acheron said. "There's something in her eyes. Something about her that screams danger. Please, you have to get rid of her."

"Get rid of who?!"

The king and Acheron turned to the door. Nifra stood in the doorway, anger brimming in her icy eyes. She closed the door and walked inside, her stormy gaze focused on Acheron. "Nifra, this is none of your concern."

"Is it?" She asked. "What are you talking about? Who do you want to get rid of?"

Acheron rose to his feet and faced Nifra. "Now that you're here, it's even more perfect. How could you have let someone like that maid get close to the king?"

"Sabrina?" Nifra exploded. "What is wrong with her?"

"You're asking me that?" He scoffed. "You don't see what she is? What we don't know she is?"[www.NoVeLWor.côM](#)

The king watched them argue, and he felt a twinge of sadness for them. Their story always made his heart ache, and he always thought it sad that they had ended up like this. At each other's throats, eyes full of anger and voices armed with daggers. Acheron always knew how to get Nifra so worked up that she failed to see anything else.[www.NoVeLWor.côM](#)

Nifra huffed angrily. "Nothing is wrong with Sabrina. She's a normal girl. And if she was dangerous, I would have known."

"Would you have known? Or have you let them dull your powers?"

"Back away from me, Acheron. I will not be insulted by a boy."

"That's enough." The king called out. They both paused and turned to look at him. "Acheron, I understand your feelings."

"My king I..."

"Do you think any harm will come to me? Do you think the girl could harm me?"

It was a ridiculous question. No one could hurt the king. It was near impossible. Even Morana as the high vampire queen of the West was like a baby in front of the king. Her powers of seductions were nothing compared to the King's powers. And even though Acheron was very close to the king, he still didn't know the full extent of the King's powers.

"No, I don't." Acheron eventually said. "I don't think anyone can hurt you. But still... it doesn't hurt to be too cautious. I don't know what she is, I can't tell what she is. And I want you to be safe" The king frowned.

Acheron's words had stuck to him. He too didn't know what Sabrina was. She was an enigma. She could resist his compulsion, she wasn't like any ordinary person he had ever met.

But he hadn't told Acheron that. It would only give him something to accuse Sabrina with. Only Nifra was aware of that, and she didn't have a problem with it.

Sabrina wasn't a bad person, she wasn't harmful. Yes there were things even the king didn't know about her, things that he would love to unravel.

2/3

20:04 Tue, Nov 12 EGWw.NoVeLWor.côM

Chapter 72

But that was something he would do on his own.

"I'll be fine." The king said to Acheron. "She isn't a threat to me."

"I know that. But still I...I don't want anything to happen."

Ah.

+5

The king knew that look on Acheron's face. Protective, like a hawk guarding its chicks. It wasn't always like that. There was a time when that protectiveness was free of guilt.

The king glanced at Nifra, her anger had simmered down and it's place a blank expression as she stared at Acheron. She hadn't even acknowledged the king since she barged into the study. The king turned his attention back to Acheron. "It wasn't your fault."

The moment he said those words, Acheron cracked.