

The Forced 73

Chapter 73

3rd person POV:

Acheron felt his vision tunnel. His cars began to ring, and he felt the world around his dissolve to nothing.

It wasn't your fault.

The king says that, and hey Acheron doesn't feel like that at all.

How is it now his fault? When he was the one who caused everything? How was it not his fault when the reason the king was this way was all because of him? How the king, in all his infinite kindness look him in the eye and say "it wasn't your fault." "You lie..." Acheron said, his voice a cracked whisper. He didn't care that there was someone else there. As far as he was concerned, it was him and the king alone. He looked up at the king. "You lie...you're lying."

The king smiled, and his eyes became sad. Acheron hated that. He hated seeing his friend sad. He hated it because he knew he was the cause of it all.

"I'm not lying, Acheron." The king said. "It's not your fault. You don't have to atone for anything."

"How can you say that?!" Acheron jumped to his feet and yelled "its all my fault! I did this! I did all of this!"

That day, many years ago in that cursed place. How can he forget? He remembers it as clear as day. The smoke. The blood. The screams.

The king's lifeless body.

""It's all my fault."

"It's not."

"It is."

""It's not."

Acheron shook his head. "I have to leave now."

"Acheron," The king called. "How much longer will you torture yourself? It's been decades."

That didn't do anything. Time didn't blunt the feel of the pain, the raw wound in Acheron's heart. If anything, time made it

worse.[www.NovelWorm.com](#)

He turned to leave and came face to face with Nifra. He felt his shoulders deflate.

Nifra also believed it was his fault. He just knew it. She may be good at hiding her emotions, but Acheron had known her on a deeper level. He knew her emotions and how to read them.[www.NovelWorm.com](#)

As she stared at him, she was pissed. Without a doubt.

"Stay away from Sabrina." She said, her tone full of venom. "If anything happens to that girl, I will have your head, Acheron."

""You won't."

"Try me."

Perhaps she actually will. There was no way of telling. Whatever they had was gone now.[www.NovelWorm.com](#)

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He had ruined it with his bare hands. He didn't blame Nifra for her hatred of him. He would hate himself too, if he were in

her shoes.

The king watched Acheron leave, and he felt his heart bleed for his dear friend. They may have the gift of time, of immortality, but that didn't mean their hearts were turned to stone. Even after so many decades, Acheron still found it hard to believe that it wasn't his fault. The moment the door shut, Nifra exhaled heavily. She lost her balance and grabbed the table as she fell. The king moved to her side and held her up before she could hit the floor.

"Nifra, are you okay?!"

Nifra's shoulders began to tremble. Before the king knew it, she was sobbing. She turned away from him and covered face with her hands.

"Was I...was I too harsh on him?" She asked, her voice muffled by her hand. "I...I was, wasn't I?"

The king sighed softly. He moved to touch her shoulder, to comfort her, but she pulled away from his touch. He could feel her pain.

He really did.

"I think I'll leave." She said. She wiped her eyes and turned to face him. "My king, please I request a leave." She rose to her feet and bowed. "A week, and I'll be back."

"Nifra, you don't have to ask." The king said as he got to his feet too.

"Thank you, my king." She started to smile and paused. "But this isn't right...if I leave then he'll...he'll hurt her."

"Sabrina?"

Nifra nodded. "Acheron won't stop till he gets what he wants."

That was true. Painfully true.

Nifra schooled her features to neutrality. In a matter of seconds her eyes went dry and her expression stone cold. She clasped her hands in front of her and her posture straightened.

"I won't be going anywhere." She said firmly. "I have to stay back, Protect her from him."

"You don't have to do that, besides you've never cared for the girl in the past. What happened?"

Nifra blinked, as if he had asked an incredulous question. "What happened? My king...I do not care for the girl still."

"Then why are you doing this? Nifra take the leave if you want. Take the whole month off if that what you want. You don't have to do this."

"I must. For you, my king"

The king paused. "For me?"

"Yes." She nodded. "I have seen the effect that girl has on you, my king. You're happier. You smile more often. I see that way you feel relaxed. You care about her, deeply so."

The king felt rightly embarrassed that it had been so obvious for her to read. But then again, he didn't expect anything less.

""Is it so obvious?" He asked.

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Nifra nodded. "Yes, it is. To me, at least."

The king thought about that. An effect that Sabrina had on him? He hasn't considered that before.

"I'll keep Sabrina safe, my king. You don't have to worry about her."

"I'm not." The king said.[www.NovelWorm.com](#)

Even though he knew he was worried about her. Acheron was a force to reckon with. It wasn't something to be taken lightly that he tagged Sabrina a threat.

Nifra bowed deeply. "I shall take my leave now, my king."

"You're dismissed." The king said.

Nifra turned and walked away.

Effect she has on him.

Suddenly his mind went to the night he kissed her. The king could feel her lips on his, and it drove him mad thinking about it.

He knew he shouldn't have kissed her. Again, he went against his words. He said he wouldn't touch her again. He vowed it. He let Maverick flirt with her, all in the hopes that he won't care anymore. And yet...and yet he went ahead to kiss her.

He wondered how she was doing. What was she doing now?

And an image of her with Maverick came to his head.

He felt an inexplicable tug pulling him to go to her. That was absurd. It was night, what would she be doing with Maverick?

But the king knew his friends.

Night won't stop Maverick. If anything, it would empower him.

The king realized how deep he was in this mess. And how he couldn't bring himself to stay away from Sabrina. And just like that, he was already on his way to her.