

The Forced 81

Chapter 81

SABRINA'S POV

Vile Evil Unholy.

I've been called a lot of things in my life. But this this one easily took the cake.

I left lord Acheron's room and headed back to mine. My mind was in a complete disarray, and I could barely see where I was going. I have to leave. Tonight.

I have no idea where I will go. I have no one in this place, and beyond these palace walls I know no one. I can't go back home, I would rather die than do that. What do I do now?

In my worried haze, I failed to see who was coming up to me. I slammed into her person, and my eyes refocused.

"Raven?"

I looked up to see Lady Morana. Her brows squinted in worry and she reached out to touch my face.

"What's the matter? You're crying."

I wiped my cheeks before her hand could touch me. "I'm fine. It's nothing."

"What's the matter? Talk to me." She cupped the side of my face her touch gentle.

I looked up and met her eyes. On a side matter, I had been wondering about this a lot. At first I had dismissed it as nothing. But I've come to realize that it's not nothing. "Lady Morana," I said softly. I took her hand and lowered it from my face. "I'm sorry, but I cannot return your affections."

Her eyes widened. "My affections?"

I laughed. "I must be delusional. But in case I am not, I have to tell you now. I can't return your affections, not in the way you expect me to. I know, but I'm sorry."

A look of sadness flashed across her eyes. "What did Acheron say to you?"

I shook my head. "It doesn't matter. I'm flattered that you would like me, but it won't come to anything. I'm really sorry to disappoint you."

She pulled me into a quick hug. I pushed her away. Not because I didn't want it, but because I knew that if she held me any longer I would break down and bawl my eyes out. I bowed, avoiding her eyes. "Goodnight, lady Morana."

"My raven, wait!" She called out, but I was already hurrying away from her. Her voice calling after me grew distant and distant.

Stupid tears. Stupid. Stupid tears.

I wiped my eyes, biting my lip so hard I tasted blood. Don't cry. Sabrina don't cry.

What'd the matter with you? You've always wanted this! You've always wanted to leave this place. Right? You said you hated the king. You said you wanted to be rid of him. You were happy when Caldan offered to buy you from him, just to give you your freedom.

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And now it's been handed over to you. Without stress. And you're crying like a fucking baby! You should be happy. You should be jumping for joy but instead you're gloomy; You're crying. Why is that?

It's Caldan..

not

I'm sad because I'm going to see him again. I won't even have the chance to tell him goodbye. That I won't be seeing him again. I'll just vanish, and when he's back from the assignment, be gone. That's not fair.

I grabbed the fabric over my chest, the pain nestled deep. Caldan. Does this mean I'll never see him again? Forever?

I turned a corner hurriedly, close to my room. My face slammed into someone's broad chest.

"Woah woah! Where are you off to in such a hurry?" A cheerful voice said.

Oh heavens no! I can't stand any more interactions.

Without even meeting his eyes I bowed and tried to walk past him.

"Not so fast now," He grabbed my arm and pulled me back. "Do you have a meeting with the king?"

I looked up and met Lord Maverick's eyes. "What?"

He jerked his chin behind him. I looked, and to my horror I realized I wasn't heading to my room, but rather to the King's

room.

Did my feet just act on their own and take me to him? Why?

"I'm not." I said. "I mean, I don't."

"Is that so?" He cocked his head to the side. "I would have thought otherwise."

"Lord Maverick, I really have to..."

"I know there's something between you and my friend." He cut me off, his tone firm but not harsh.

"How..."

He chuckled. He pulled my collar down and nodded. "It's gone now. This morning it was bold for the world to see."

My hand flew to my neck and I flushed.

"Plus it wasn't that hard. This morning you were covered in his scent. It's hard not to guess

what was

going

1. on.

He pulled back and out some distance between us.

"Lord Maverick I..."

"No no, you don't have to explain anything to me." He winked at me. "Although he does have some explaining to do, but that's between us and not you."

I felt like I would explode with tears.

"That being established, I won't be coming after you any longer. It won't be gentlemanly, don't you think?"

Everything suddenly felt too overwhelmed for me. How softly he was speaking to me, the fact that I was headed to the King's room and not mine, lady Morana's sad eyes as she called after me and I ignored her. Lord Acheron's cold words playing in repeat in my head, everything came together and felt like a huge stone in the centre of my chest.

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"Good night, Lord Maverick I bowed and turned in the opposite direction, running as fast as I could back to my room.

I didn't stop till I got to my room, ran inside and slammed the door shut behind me.

I leaned on the closed door, heaving and huffing, my entire body trembling.

Powers. What kind of powers?! Where did they even come from Either way, I have to leave tonight.

That means I must say goodbye to the king tonight.

I pulled myself off the door and began pacing the floors of my room. Lord Acheron knows. And now Lord Maverick knows too. Not long till Lady Morana is put on it too, right?

I paced the floors, dizzy and tired, on the verge of tears that won't ever fall.

I'm happy. I'm happy to be leaving this place. It's all I've ever wanted. My only regret is going to be not saying goodbye to Caldan. That's the only regret I'll have.

Slowly, I began to calm down. I laid on my bed and waited. I knew that by now the king would still be busy with his duties. he was still a king after all. A few more hours, and he would be free. I rehearsed what I would say, and how I would say it.

I laid on the bed, waiting for the hours to tick by. once it was time, I got up and headed over to his room. My eyes were dry, and I had controlled all my emotions. I could do this. I could tell him goodbye.

I got to his room and raised my hand to knock. Just then the door opened, revealing the king on the other side.

It's you," He said, confusion flitted across his face

Every word I had practiced to say, died in my throat at the sight of him.

SEND GIFT

COMMENT

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