

## The Forced 84

### Chapter 84

3RD PERSON POV:

She was lying to him. The king knew that Sabrina was lying. He admired her audacity to look him right in the eye and maintain that she was alright.

But then again, he has no way of extracting the truth from her. He couldn't compel her to say the truth, and whatever was bothering her he would never know until she told him.

He had watched her get ready this morning with a far away look in her eyes. She didn't even notice she was putting on her clothes inside out till he pointed it out. She had mumbled an apology, only to get it wrong again.

In all honesty, he believed that she was perhaps disappointed after the steamy night they had spent together. He wondered if he had done something to annoy her, and perhaps she was scared of speaking up for fear of incurring his wrath. He played the night over and over again in his head, searching for any subtle clues that could be hidden in her eyes.

In doing so he only succeeded in making himself hard, unable to focus on his work, and itching to hold her close to him again. She was fucking perfection. And he has gotten a taste of her. One that he couldn't wait to get again.

He rose from his desk and walked out of his office. Sabrina didn't come down for breakfast, and that had him worried. He told himself that he was going to check in on her, watch her from afar as he used to do. Before things changed between them.

He didn't know what changed. And he didn't want to think about it.

"Lord Acheron!"

Sabrina's sharp yell pierced the air. The king went rigid, all his senses honed in on her. He rushed forward, stopping abruptly at the scene that unfolded before him.

Sabrina and Acheron. He had her cornered, his staff raised about to strike. Sabrina's eyes were worried, full of tears and fear. He could see her trembling, her lips moving in a silent plea.

Acheron said something to her, something that has her running. The king looked at the back of his friend, and his brows furrowed in concern. He walked up to Acheron, but Sabrina was long gone.

"Acheron," He called out. "What is this?"

"Nothing." Acheron replied immediately. "It was nothing. Have a good day, your Majesty."

The king grabbed his arm and pulled him back. "What the fuck just happened right now?"

Acheron looked at him, his eyes dark pits of fury. "Perhaps we do need to talk about this, alone."

"Does this talk involve Sabrina?" Maverick spawned out of nowhere.

"What happened this time? Did Ron scare the poor girl away?" Morana asked manifesting in a wisp of black smoke.

The king stared at them his expression deadpan. "Why do I feel like this is a set up?"

"A set up?" Acheron laughed bitterly. He walked up to the king, his eyes sparking defiance. "You could call it that. This...this isn't you."

"You could say that again," Maverick sighed. "You've changed."

"That is correct." Morana seconded, tapping her chin with a long finger.

"I have work to do." The king said, mile annoyance lacing his tone. "If you three have nothing better to do, I'm sure you can find another source of entertainment elsewhere." What that, he turned to leave. "Come on!"

"I said what I said."

They were ganging up on him. He could sense it. Something that hadn't ever happened in the past was happening now.

The king walked back to his study and shut the door behind him.

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"I said find your entertainment elsewhere." He said. Just then, Acheron appeared beside him.

"This isn't you." Acheron said in an accusatory tone.

"I don't know what you're talking about." The king replied. He walked over to his desk and sat down, his eyes focused on Acheron who stood still as a

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statue by the door.

"You know exactly what I'm talking about.

"Acheron, I'm quite busy right now. And I would love to indulge in your word games..."

"The slave girl."

The king paused, a dark shadow crossed his

gaze.

A shadow

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that didn't go unnoticed by Acheron.V(w)W.novelworm.c(o)M

"You care about her, more than thaWwW.©OV(e)©wRm.CóM

"And?"

"See! That's what I was talking about! This isn't

you at all. The man I grew up with would know better than fall for her tricks."

"I never said I had fallen for her tricks." The king said. E Sabrina around. And last night, he had the best night of h "You let her survive this long." Acheron said gravely.

Howe

as he spoke those words, he didn't say them with complete certainty. He liked having life in a Couple hundred years.

you-"

The doors suddenly burst open. "Your majesty! I found the-" Nifra walked in. She paused, instantly noticing the tense atmosphere. She looked at the king and bowed deeply. Then she turned to Acheron and her gaze hardened.

"You. You also have a hand in this." Acheron said to Nifra.

"Whatever do you mean?"

"The slave girl. You knew that she was a witch."

"A witch?" The king asked. "Acheron, what has gotten over you?"

"I could say the same about you." Acheron said darkly. "What has gotten over you?"

"Watch it. You're on a very tight line right now."

"She's a witch.". Acheron said firmly. "I have seen it myself. She has magical powers."

"That's absurd." Nifra said.

"You knew that too!" Acheron turned to Nifra and said. "You can't say that you didn't feel it. Magic feels magic, Nifra. You know this."

"Acheron," The king called. "What you're saying is wild. Sabrina is not a witch."

"Is that true?" Acheron asked Nifra again. "Why won't you say anything?"

Nifra looked at the king and sighed. "She's not a witch. That's not true."

"Nifra!"

"You have hated her since you stepped foot in this place! Whatever did she do to you?!"

"And why are you defending her when you know what she

Nifra paused, her eyes turned a dark stormy blue and the king smiled softly.

"Your majesty. Pardon me to take my leave."

"Bring Sabrina to me." The king said. "Have guards escort

Fear flashed across Nifra's eyes. "Your Majesty..."

"That was an order, Nifra."www.novelworm.cóm.©óM

was positive that she would throw a spell at Acheron. Instead she turned to him and

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