

Forced Maiden For The Cursed Alpha King Chapter 09

3rd person pov.

n sun on skin. She hated the

Lady Nifra walked through the halls, purpose in her every step. The halls with their paintings of sunlight blurred as she walked by. She hated these paintings. None of them could ever compare to the feel of the warm paintings even more because they made him even more melancholic.

But she can't take them down. It's the one thing keeping him going, at least.

She reached the private wing of the alpha of alphas. The guards at the giant doors bowed and opened the doors.

His private wing was cut off from the rest of the pack house, and very few people were allowed inside. Only lady Nifra could go into his private chambers like his bedroom and study. The rest of the rooms in his wing were only allowed for maids and servants to come in. And even then, none of them would remember they had been there.

So many years of being with him had fine tuned Lady Nifra's senses to the presence of her king. She could feel him on a level that was beyond physical. She liked to think that it was his emotions she was feeling, but she knew that wasn't the case.

He didn't have any emotions for her to feel.

As she got closer to the study, she could feel the subtle vibrations in the air get closer and denser. She got to the door of his study and drew in a heavy breath.

No matter how many times she saw him, she could never be fully prepared to face him.

Your majesty," She called, her voice loud and clear. "May I come in?"

"Yes. His voice carried from the other side, soft and deep.

Squaring her shoulders, Nifra opened the doors and walked into his study. She spotted him on the couch reading a book. His demeanor was relaxed, his hair flowed down his body and onto the couch. He calmly flipped over the page, the sound of it cutting through the tense air.

There was always this atmosphere around him. He was like a black hole, powerful and drawing everything to him, devouring it with nothing left behind. His presence was strong and intimidating, and every time Nifra has to steel herself so she wouldn't fall to her knees. Even when he was relaxed, dressed in a robe and reading a cheesy romance novel, he commanded respect.

"You're reading Nifra said, exhaling slowly

I found this one of the girls had it with her. I guess she forgot it He said. He turned the book and looked at the cover. "Are these the kind of things people read these days?"

Nutra didn't know what to say to that

Tin catching up He said with a soft sigh. The plot seems good but it's a terrible story. How far we've fallen

iser heart was out to him. Being alive for centuries surely came with it's downsides. Constantly having to catch up with the latest events and happenings, all while being unable to go out.

"May 5 regalal an order of better books, your majesty? She asked, clasping her hands in front of her to prevent them from reardding

tra muy dear, how many times will I tell you to call me by my are? He turned his head and looked right at her.

felt like fer la ceased to and not in a good way: hekly looked away, cursing herself for not being quick

going to look Tis way

"I cannot do that, your majesty." She said softly. She couldn't. Ever.

No one called him by his name. And even though he had extended the privilege to her a couple of times, she couldn't bring herself to do it. She had the irrational fear that something bad would happen if she were to say his name.

It's been centuries since anyone uttered his name. No one knew his name now, everyone knew him as the alpha of alphas, or the Chronicle. And Nifra wished for it to remain that way.

The least you could do is look at me when I'm talking. You're not a mere servant. Nifra. And you know this."

Heart pounding. Nifra raised her head up and met his eyes. His eyes were a trap. Nifra had seen the kind of things that happened to people that stared into his gaze for too long.

He had assured her time and time again that such horrors will never happen to her. Even still, Nifra couldn't stare at his eyes for long.

“You look exhausted. He said, his head tilted to the side. Dare she say he looks kind right now. His expressions are always so hard to read, because he rarely has any.

Nifra has never seen him smile. And she’s been by his side for a good number of years now.

“I’m fine your majesty. She said, feeling lightheaded from the prolonged eye contact.

Her mind flashed back to the encounter she had with the slave girl. The snake wrapped around her arm, the look on the girl’s face. Nifra wondered if she should update him about that.

A voice whispered to her that it was a bad idea. For whatever reason, that girl had provoked him to extreme anger. He was a black hole, but he didn’t get angry for nothing.

For him to make her a slave, he must have been really annoyed. Even Nifra knew that.

He looked away back to his book. Nifra felt like she could finally breath. Her knees felt weak and she swayed, struggling to stay on balance.

“One day, you’ll tell me the troubles on your mind.” He said.

“You can always take the answers, your majesty.” Nifra said politely.

“I cannot do that. He said and flipped a page. “I promised you that I would never do that,”

And he keeps his word. He won’t ever search the crevices of her mind to unravel her thoughts. His word was worth is weight in gold

Perhaps that was what gave her a semblance peace.

He won’t

ow Ever

To fae” She maintained her stand. “Nothing a good night’s sleep won’t lix

Just because your body is different doesn’t mean you should over work it. How are the girls doing?”

Nitra was grated for the change in topic. Truly she was exhausted, her mind was reeling and she was trembling from the wrigle of his presence for some reasons she couldn’t stop thinking of that slave girl and the snake

shond the duonaglas out of her head. He had asked her a question

:

“They’re doing fine Nifre said “Amelia’s wedding party is torndow

“Amelia’ Thar girl with the birthmark on her cheek, she sings befully tool

Nifra nodded. “Yes, your majesty,” She said, a small smile made its way to her lips.

The rumours didn’t ever do justice to the man he was. If they knew that he knew all the girls who had come through these walls by name and by face, would they still call him a monster?

“Have a present prepared for her. Unfortunately, I won’t be able to attend it.”

She detected a faint sadness from his tone. It was gone as quick as it came.

“Yes, your majesty,”

“Are there any other events?” He asked.

No, Nifra wasn’t going to bother him with the trivial things of the harem. Like how the slave girl was stirring up drama. And the issue with the snake.

“None, your majesty,” She said.

“And the slave?”

She sighed. Of course he’d ask about her. Of course he remembered. –

“She’s well, your majesty. She does her duties as expected.”

“Good,” He said tightly.

“Your majesty, the rest of the packs have sent in the girls.”

He looked up at her. She held her breath. The same?”

The same. Yes. They are terrified. They don’t want to die. They want to go home. The ones that were sent willingly and fully aware of their condition sat still like statues with a blank look in their eyes.

With each new bath of girls, Nifra held onto the hope that maybe, just maybe it would work out.

It never did. And each time that hope was dashed.

“Yes,” She answered.

He snapped the book shut and sighed. “This is getting old.” He said, more to himself than to her.

Nifra wished she could take his pain away. But it wasn't for her to do,

“Shall I send for Blair?”

“No” He waved dismissively. “I want to be alone tonight.”

Till take my leave then”

“No,” He said sharply. You stay. Sit over there and read or something. You're not leaving”

“But your majesty, I have to...

“I wasn't asking your permission. Nifra. I'm telling you what you do.

Nifra walked over to the couch opposite him and sat down.

Has there been any news from Caldan ?

Her face turned sour at the mention of that name. “He sent a letter that he would be back soOIL”

“The alphas ball and meeting us coming up soon. He'll be just in time.”

Nifra nodded stiffly. “Yes, he would.”

“One day you'll warm up to him.”

Never, she wanted to say. But she didn't say it. Caldan was pure scum, and she would hate him till time itself ended.