

The Forced 93

Chapter 93

THIRD PERSON POV:

The gardens normally provided solace to the king.

He wasn't a fan of flowers, but this was Nifra's garden. She had made it her mission to grow every herb and plant known to have a calming, therapeutic and relaxing effect. The king liked the gardens, especially the cherry blossom trees that Nifra has meticulously grown and cared for.

But on this particular night, the garden failed to provide any calming effects to him. The stars failed to shine, and the night sky was inky and without a moon. A cold wind blew by, relentless and tasting of a storm. The king stood in the center of the garden, by the largest cherry blossom tree as still as a marble carving.

All his restless mind could think of was the slave girl he had sent away that morning. He remembered when he had questioned her in this very garden, all this months ago when her eyes burned with a fiery hatred for him.

And this morning, those eyes were full of raw pain and tears that the king felt pinpricks of pain in his cold heart.

She looked so pained. Like he had done something irredeemable to her. He thought that once she was gone, he would be able to think straight. Instead he was restless, the entire day had gone to waste, and he hadn't been able to get anything done. He brought his hand up to his cheek, where she had slapped him. That was the first time anyone had raised a hand on him, and to think it had to be her.

Where was she now? Did she find a place to sleep for the night? Or the entire day, was she fine? She was a frail woman, surely she was stronger than she let on, but the king knew arm strength wasn't her strong suit.

A thought crossed his mind that perhaps he had been too harsh on her. *W(w)w.fI0vélW0Rm.C0m*

"My king," A voice called from behind him, Nifra. "You sent for me?"

"Was I too harsh, this morning." He asked.

Nifra didn't reply immediately, and he didn't need to turn around to see the look of shock on her face. She cleared her throat twice before she spoke up.

"Yes."

"How so?"

"She...Sabrina didn't do anything wrong. She had no idea that she had any sort of powers."

"What then would you have done if you were in a position to decide her fate?"

The king turned and faced her. She avoided his gaze her eyes tracked to the side. "I would have...figured out how her powers worked, And then I would grow to trust her." "Grow to trust her?"

Nifra sighed. She raised her head up and met the king's eyes. "Your majesty, perhaps you were too harsh on her. It's very clear to me at least that the both of you have something." "She's a witch, Nifra."

"Yes but...you're different around her. I know, you tried to stay away from her. But it never works, you two always gravitate to each other. It would have been in your best interest to at least hear her out."

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The king gave her words some thought. If he had given an earte Sabrina, would she still be here? Was it even possible to give her a chance after all that had happened?

"It's too late now." He said and turned back to the tree, staring off into the distance. "She's gone now. And she won't be back."

"I hope so." Nifra said.

"What does that mean?"

"I'm sure you know what it means, your majesty." *www.n0vélw0Rm.c0m*

He knew what she meant.

"Well you're wrong. And you may leave now."

"My king, you aren't the type of man to question his decisions. I hope you're-"

"I've heard it from Acheron about how I'm not acting like myself. I don't need to hear it from you too, Nifra." *W(w)w.n0(v)el@0Rm.c0M*

"Of course," Nifra said and stepped back. "Have a goodnight, my king. And if you need me for anything, just call."

The king made a sound of acknowledgement. He heard her footsteps recede till she vanished.

He had been harsh, even Nifra thought that.

The king wasn't blind. He has noticed that Nifra was starting to warm up to the girl. Not that she was particularly cold to her *(w)w.w.n0(v)elw0Rm.c0m*

Nifra was just cold to everyone else but it was different lately. But the last thing he had expected was for Nifra to defend her.

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The king stared off into the distance. The day has been terrible, he wondered how the night was going to be, if he was going to be able to get a wink of sleep. He doubted that, it had been twenty four hours since Sabrina was in his bed. The minutes ticked by and turned into Long hours. The cold didn't bother him, but the smell of the flowers was starting to get to him.

He needed to find her.

It would be easy, so damn easy. All he'd have to do is to track her. The tug in his chest would lead him right to her.

The king turned, his mind made up to go after her. A shadow appeared in front of him, tall and cloaked with a staff in its right hand.

"Going somewhere?" Acheron said, lowering the hood of his cloak.

"How long have you been standing there?" The king asked, his eyed narrowed.

"Long enough to see you about to make a terrible decision." Acheron said with a shake of his head. "I know you would do this. It didn't take much to guess." "Move."

Acheron stepped to the side. The king walked past him. "But it's too late now, my dear king. Sabrina is gone. You won't find her."

"That's what you say."

"It's what I know. Even if you set out now you won't be able to find her. She's gone."

The king froze in his tracks. By the sound of Acheron's voice, he knew that something had happened to Sabrina. He turned

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to his friend and stormed up to him.

"Where is she?!" The king grabbed Acheron's collar and held him up. "What have you done to her?!"

"Done to her?" Acheron said, unfazed by the King's anger.

"Acheron, I swear to the fucking goddess herself. If anything happens to that slave, you won't find it funny"