

The Forced 94

MON, NOV 40

Chapter

94

3rd person POV *Ww.ñóvèlłw©rm.(c)om*

Thunder rumbled in the distance, sparks of lightening flashed across the night sky. A storm was fast approaching, the air tinged with the scent of rain.

"You better speak now," The king hissed, holding Acheron by his collar.

"I don't have anything to say." Acheron replied. He raised his hands up and grabbed the king's wrists.

Anger flashed in the kings eyes, cold and red. The first raindrops began to fall. He let go of Acheron's collar and took a step back from his friend. The rain began to drizzle, cold droplets of it seeping though his robe.

Acheron's face remained a mask of composure. Cold composure. The king felt shock that his trusted friend would hide such a thing away from him.

"You remain right here." He said, his voice a command that rumbled over the thunder in the skies above.

Without waiting for a reply from Acheron, he turned and walked away. He knew he had to find Sabrina. If these was still out on the streets, then this rain would be bad for her. The last time she was in the rain, she ended up severely sick.

The king stormed through the palace halls, anger brimming at his seams. Anger that was directed against him.

How could he have thrown her out in a flash?

Wasn't this the very same girl he had watched from the shadows over and over again? And seen her to be nothing but kind and compassionate? Was she the same girl who despite all her spite and fire she never tried to do anything to harm him? So what if she was a witch? Wasn't Nifra a witch too? Wasn't Acheron something of that too?

He realized that he had truly been harsh on her. He realized how crazy it was to send her away, with no plan whatsoever for

her care

How on earth did he ever arrive at that judgement?

Pain settled in this heart, intertwined with guilt. He has to find her, somehow.

His search for her led him out to the streets. By this time of the night, everywhere was cold and deserted. With the rain, most people were safely snuggled in their beds. And safe to say, Sabrina was nowhere in sight.

The king got a trail of her scent, very faint and buried under the rain. Focusing solely on that, he followed her scent trail. He moved fast, using his vampire half for speed.

In less than a minute he arrived at a spot that her scent was the strongest. He looked around, confused. There was a fire set up, and what looked like a sacrificial altar. Her scent was strongest here, but it was also where it ended.

She was here. And something happened here.

The king didn't know what to think of this. But judging from Acheron's reaction, he had a hand in this. But how? The king wasn't sure. Acheron's scent wasn't here, and he judging by that he had never left the palace to begin with. Confusion settled in his heart, and he looked around again, just to be sure that she wasn't hiding. After a search of the entire place, he couldn't find her. Not a single trace of her. Except for the bodies of the dead men lying around.

Did Sabrina do that? Was she the one that killed those men? Probably with her magic.

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MON, NOV 20

Chapter 94

By this time the rain hat fully drenched and soaking from the rain. Thunder rumbled and lightning flashed.

She wasn't here, that was for sure. But Acheron definitely had been here.

The king returned to the palace, using his inhumane speed to go there as fast as possible. He returned to the gardens where Acheron was waiting, still standing in the spot the king had commanded him to remain at, soaked and waiting. *w.w.w.n0vè(1)w0rm.com*

He was awfully good at taking orders, but the king soon came to understand that it was selective. Acheron did what he wanted to do. There was a subtle defiance in his eyes, especially about the issue of Sabrina.

And he must have done something to Sabrina. *wWw.N0vÈ©w0Rm.com*

"Where is Sabrina?" The king questioned, doing his best to keep the growl out of his voice. It has been a long time since he last used his vampire side for anything at all.

There was a reason he suppressed himself daily. And that was starting to snap.

Acheron blinked. "She shouldn't mean anything to you. I don't understand why you're doing this. You've sent her out already, forget about it."

"That is true./ But it's not what I'm asking you."

"You agree with me?"

That sneaky little....

The king paused and sighed. He pushed wet strands of hair out of his eyes. Lightning cut through the sky, illuminating Acheron's face in a cold blue hue. His mask was solid, impossible to crack.

"She means nothing to me." The king said, more to convince himself than to agree with Acheron. "She's a slave, that's all she is."

"Yes. That is true." Acheron said, his tone devoid of any emotion. "She means nothing to you."

"I need to know she's safe. That's all. I can't guarantee her safety if I don't know where she is."

Acheron cocked hid head to the side. "And why do you feel you need to guarantee her safety?"

"For fucks sake Acheron! That's not of your fucking business!"

"Why are you yelling at me?"

"Because you're playing fucking word games with me!" Thunder crashed at the rise of his voice. Acheron took a step back and subtly straightened his back. He could see the king struggling with something dark and feral inside him. His fangs elongated, his eyes sharper and glowing like two red slits on his face.

The king drew in a deep breath, his eyes closing briefly. "Ron," he called, using the nickname he fondly used for his friend. He took a step toward Acheron and the warlock stared up at him. "Where is she? Where is Sabrina? You know something, don't you?"

"It's useless." Acheron said with a sigh. "This....this right now is a lost cause. Sabrina is gone."

"I know that. What I'm asking is, where is she?"

""She's dead." *wWw.n0Vèfw0rm.com*

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