

The Forced 95

Chapter 95

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3rd person POV.

"What do you mean she's dead?" The king asked, disbelief clear in his tone.

"She's dead, your majesty. Or don't you believe me?"

"Who killed her, and how the hell do you know that she's dead?!"

"As for who killed her, that I don't know." Acheron said.

The king narrowed his eyes. "You're lying to me. You knew where she went. You followed her, didn't you?"

Acheron shrugged. "Well, I have to look out for your beloved slave, don't I?" *www.NoVelewOrM.cOm*

"Bullshit. That's fucking bullshit." *wWw.NoVelewOrM.cOm*

Acheron laughed briefly. "If you want to know so badly, then yes. I followed her, and I found her dead. Animals were already feeding on her body by the time I arrived."

A disturbing image of Sabrina killed by a wild animal came to the king's mind. He frowned deeply at the image.

"I think she was sacrificed." Acheron continued. "I'm sure you sure those men, I killed them. For what they did to her."

"That's a bold lie."

"You keep saying I'm lying to you."

"That's because you are! You defended her?! Bullshit! You and I both know you aren't compassionate enough to do that. You saw someone being sacrificed and helped? Am I still talking to Acheron?!" Acheron's eyes narrowed. It went both ways, it truly did. Knowing everything about the king also meant the king knew everything about him too. And knew him much better than anyone. The rain got heavier. It poured down in buckets.

"I am compassionate," Acheron said. When times called for it, he could be.

"Yes. And does that rare compassion reach Sabrina? No. It doesn't. You hated her from day one, you never hid that you hated her."

"That's because she was a threat to you"

"What threat?! You have no idea!"

Acheron heard the raw pain in his friend's voice and backtracked. This was annoying. This wasn't how it was supposed to go. Why. Why does he care for that girl so damned much?! "You didn't"

"I can't believe you would hurt me this way."

Acheron's eyes widened. Anger sparked in his eyes and he stepped up to the king. "Hurt you?! I'm hurting you?! Don't tell me you have feelings for that girl! You fucked her, big deal. That was supposed to be all. Now you're all mushy?! You're in love with her now?!" Something shifted in this king's eyes.

The cold anger that had been brewing vanished. His eyes reverted to their original color. The air suddenly became light, the rain ceased in an instant. Like the king's anger has been fueling it on.

"Acheron. You may leave. Excuse me now." The king said, his voice a blank slate.

Acheron sighed deeply. This was bad. This was really bad.

"What's wrong?" He asked, the anger gone from his voice. "Did I say something wrong?"

"I'm doing everything in my power to resist snapping your neck. Get out."

Shock flashed across Acheron's face. There was no emotion in those words. Just coldness. Rivaling that of the rain seeping through his clothes.

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Chapter 95

Acheron stared at the king, his friend, and he felt like he was staring

Never had the king threatened Acheron. It's never happened. Not even when they

were younger.

at

a

stranger. "You're changed. I don't even recognize you anymore."

The king didn't reply.

Acheron moved closer to him. "You think I'm lying, why don't you read my memories? That will give you all the answers you need right?"

The king stared at him, his eyes dark. "Get out of my face. I've warned you. It'll be a shame if you die by my hands tonight."

Acheron took a step back. A threat. Spoken loud and clear. Without another word, he turned and walked out of the garden. The king felt numb. But under that, guilt consumed him.

Sabrina was dead? Why...why did that sound true?

He didn't find her. Her scent didn't continue from that spot. If she was killed and eaten, that would be a plausible answer.

He turned and looked in the direction Acheron had walked off in. Read his memories? That was insane. It was the one thing the king had vowed never to do. Those closest to him will have their minds untouched by him. He wouldn't read their memories, or compel them. Would Acheron truly offer his memories to be read if he wasn't telling the truth? That was unlikely.

But at the same time the king believed that it was all his fault. Sabrina was gone, it was all his fault. He badly wanted to believe that Acheron was wrong, and that the girl was alive somewhere. That was near impossible.

He tilted his head up at the night sky. Truth be told, he had no idea what the hell was going on with him. He had changed, maybe. For all it was worth, he was really angry at Acheron, his closest friend. Much to the point that he was about to snap his neck had he not calmed his rage.

Footsteps approached him, from the sound of it he knew it was Nifra.

"My king," she said. "I had the servants draw about bath for you. You're soaked."

"You were right." He said and turned to face her. "I was too harsh on Sabrina."

Nifra clasped her hands together and her jaw tightened.

And maybe Acheron was right too. Maybe this was more than just lust. How else will the guilt be explained? He would never admit that to Acheron, no. Never.

Even the king couldn't recognize his friend.

"I know you don't feel the cold, but please," Nifra said. *wWw.NoVelewOrM.cOm*

The king chuckled to himself. "Whoever said I don't feel the cold? I'm alive aren't I?"

She nodded. "Yes, I guess so."

The King decided that the next day, he'd send out search parties for her and would find her no matter what. He would bring her back to the palace. And perhaps then, he'll have an answer for why he can't let her go. SEND GIFT *wWw.NoVelewOrM.cOm*