

Days have passed since Flora's last seen the king, it didn't shock her, she'd long heard stories about his cruelty.

Maybe she missed him, at least at the beginning she did. But the more time they spent apart the more she began to resent him.

His behaviour towards her wasn't half as bad as her mother's behavior towards her yet it hurt twice as much. It hurt more than any physical and emotional pain her mother inflicted on her for years.

His cut deeper, his refusal to see her pained her. On day two she had asked about him, but Orion refused to tell her about his well-being.

Is this what she gets for being a good person?

she wished he was there to hear her thoughts. ' If this is how I get treated, I'm going to make your life a living hell' with a determined look on her face she carefully pulled herself from the pale blue loveseat by the window.

it had been a few days since she agreed to move into the new room provided for her and she both loved and hated it. the room was beautiful, but the circumstance wasn't and so the room's beauty was overshadowed.

everything was blue, the lights, the wall, the sheets, the loveseat, the desk and chair, even the curtains. She'd thrown some bright neon pinks and oranges here and there to add some depth but everything else was a different shade of blue.

it was done with the hopes that when he finally came to see her all he'd see is bright colours and she hoped he hated it, she wanted it to annoy him.

it was her first sign of defiance, he hated bright colours, she could tell from the first day he brought her to his room. Neutrals, neutrals, neutrals that's all she could see. she thought of changing the colours in his room to add some extra aggression but it seemed like no matter how many times she asked to just step in for a minute she would be denied.

Could they be any more cruel?

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Seconds turned to minutes, minutes turned to hours, hours became days, days became weeks, weeks became months but, months never became years.

For now, he was back, next to her, far sooner than she'd like.

Don't worry she was still in her little rebellious stage.

He had thrown a fit when he came back to see his halls decorated with flowers, and all the bright colours he hated.

Not to mention the goats that had somehow appeared around the castle.

" Flora, do you know what's going on? I leave for a short time and by the time I'm back the place looks like this." She didn't answer, just put on the most annoyed face she could come up with and turned her face away from him in a scornful manner.

How dare he think she'd speak to him willingly. Of course, she's not dumb, a er all, it didn't take her long to realize that he had never le the castle in the first place.

He just didn't want to see her anymore and now she doesn't want to see him either.

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She had been standing in the garden, full of the many flowers she made bloom, all the flowers she created. Bright yellow and orange marigolds with dashingly blue lobelias every here and there.

And no here and there doesn't mean here and there, the flowers were everywhere.

On every wall, in the sunrooms, in every corner of every room on every desk and table.

He hated them of course, but the goats loved them, holding a baby white goat in her arms she bent down and bunched some grass in her hand feeding it to him.

Removing the goat from her grasp Atticus placed him on the floor and pulled her to the front door teleporting then to his room.

" Let me out". He scrunched his face in confusion remembering how much she loved his room, he heard all about how much she tried to get into his room a er he had granted her, her own.

" I thought you loved my room," he said staring into her eyes.

" Don't," Flora said raising her hand. "You made it very clear that you didn't appreciate me being in your room, so let me out. I no longer love the feeling your room brings."

Moving o from his current position, he made his way towards her stretching his hand in hope of entwining their fingers only for her to move away from him with a frown on her face.

" Please excuse me, I'll be going back to my room."

Before Flora could exit the room he grabbed hold of her arm, pulling her back into his chest rougher than he intended to.

Where he had held her pulsed, the pain causing her to suck in a deep breath. She didn't need to look at it to know it was red.

Patiently she waited until his arms loosened around her before she pushed him from her, making her way to the door again.

When she opened the door she turned to him " I will be taking my leave.....Atticus". She said bitterly.

Before she could step out of the room the wind blew violently and the door slammed shut.

She turned to look at him in disbelief when he began shouting, " You will use my title when addressing me!"

Closing the distance between them he pulled her back flush to his chest. Leaning down he placed his lips on her ear.

" You will respect me." He said sternly. Her body shuddered against him, and she could feel herself getting angry as the seconds passed.

Turning her head to face him, she pierced him with a harsh glare that had him wondering how she changed so much in such a short period.

" Since when was this a rule?" she asked sarcastically, her glare never leaving his face.

The place grew warmer and warmer, sweat beginning to form on his forehead, he wondered why it was getting hot but when he looked at her he could see that she was stuck in a trance.

Flames engulfed the room, quickly closing in on them, he tried to teleport them from the room but his powers wouldn't work, whatever she was doing was preventing him from using his powers.

Before the flames could touch them her eyes rolled to the back of her head and the flames stopped, revealing that no damage had been done, everything had remained the same as if what had happened was an illusion.

Sorry about the late update.

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