

CHAPTER 45

Chapter 45

SABRINAS POV

"I'm sorry"" I asked, unable to believe what I had just heard.

"I believe your ears work fine." The king said, voice flat.

"Yes yes, they do. It's just think I misheard you just now" At the back of my mind there's a very tiny voice that's telling me to shut up, fix my tone and my face. That I'm taking to my king and I could die for disrespecting him. He would snap my neck.

I shushed that voice by telling it I wasn't being disrespectful. I was only having a simple conversation with him.

"You heard fine." He snapped.Www.NOv©/tw(o)rm.c(o)M

And I pulled back.

Strange things are happening of late.

is room is mine?"

This

""Yes." He said

I looked around the room. No doubt, its very lovely. And there's windows, I could cry just because of that alone. But I also know that this room is deep in the palace. And what does that mean, it simply means that now I'm closer to the king in terms of distance. And I hate that.

"My apologies, your majesty." I said and bowed. "I appreciate your kindness. But I cannot stay here. I would prefer to have my old room back."

"No."

I snapped my head upright and looked at him. "Nol!" I gasped, my tone higher than I had expected.

"You will stay here. And that's an order."

His words caused a chill to run down my spine.

An order.

Fucking hell.

I bit my lower lip hard, anger flaring in my veins. I knew deep down that I must not be delusional. It's not like he took pity on me in that disgusting small room and out of the kindness of his heart decided to make my living quarters a bit better. No.

He's doing this so he has me on hand at all times.

Back when I was in that room, there was this distance between us. After my duties for the day, I would return to my room and he would leave me alone.

But now, judging by the fact that he's right in the room with me, it won't be like that anymore.

"You're quite fond of disobedience," He said.

No shit. I almost said out loud. I bit my tongue and listened.w@w.©orE1W6r-m.Com

"Disobey me again, and your body will tell."

I shuddered. But every sharp retort I had died on my tongue. Damn him.

And to think he apologized to me. Apologized about what exactly? If he was truly sorry, he would release me and let me live my life. He would believe me when I said I wasn't like Zayn. And I would be free of here. Chapter 45

But he doesn't

And his apology is insulting to me. I don't give a shit about it. He can shove it.

"You have the day off. The king said. "Get familiar with your new room. Tomorrow, your work resumes as usual"

Ha. What did I even expect! That he would let me off? Not a fat chance in hell. The fact that I almost died of a cold meant nothing to him. Of course it was just a cold but still that didn't make it any better.

""I want to see Caldan"

He narrowed his eyes, and those eyes sparked fire. "You're not going to see him. Stay here and get better."

"You can't stop me from seeing him!" I cried out, the absurdity of his control startling.

"Yes I can

I inhaled deeply

What I'm about to do now may land me in more trouble than I've ever been in. But I'm still going to do it. That's how little I care. I'm finally going to give an answer to the question That's been brewing in my mind for days now. "Your majesty. I am in love with Caldan. Please, let me see him. I could lose my mind! He needs to know that I'm okay!"

His eyes darkened and the air stood still. It happened again, that terrifying shift in space whenever he was angry.

"You will not see Caldan. He spat, vitriol lacing his every word. "And that's final"

Without waiting to hear my retort, he stormed out of the

I rushed to the door and pulled the door knob.

It didn't budge.

Locked. From the outside.

I screamed in frustration, tugging on strands of my hair.

He has the key to this room. He can lock me in whenever he wants to.

Fucking hell! Why does my life always take a turn for the absolute shittiest worst?!

"Fuck you!" I screamed and kicked the door. The solid mahogany didn't even dent and instead my toes exploded in pain. I fell to the ground, clutching my aching foot in my hand.

Defeated, in pain, and hungry, I sprawled out on the cold marble floors.

Fuck me sideways.

I hate that man with every inch of my being.

My height flashed through my minds eyes and I quickly realized that it wasn't a lot of inches.

I laid on the floor, angry and fuming. I get a fancy room, at the cost of my little freedom. I always hated that dingy room, but now I want it back more than ever.

The day of rest was already gone by the time I woke up, which was well after noon

I explored the expanse of the room. It was a master bedroom, much to my surprise. Large and spacious, I even had a chandelier hanging from the ceiling. There was a balcony, and the windows were large letting in a lot of light and breeze. I had a bathroom and toilet joined to the room, and that was the one thing I was immensely grateful for. The bathroom had a huge tub, and the walls were covered with pale pink tiles. It looked like it hadn't been in use in a long time, but the water ran.

Hot and cold water.

I nearly jumped for joy but remembered I was locked in here. My mood turned sour and I slumped on my bed.

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At night a maid came by and gave me a tray of food. I tried to use that opportunity to run out of the room but she was fader than me. She locked the door and shoved me inside.

I almost died of boredom.

The next day, it was time for me to go back to work. I half expected the door to still be locked!, but to my dismay it wasn't.

I got ready and headed out for my duties.

Lady Nifra as usual handed over my duty list, if she noticed me coming from inside the palace she didn't say anything. And her eyes didn't change.

The day went by in a blur of scrubbing and cleaning till everything was sparkling. By evening, I was done with the entire list,

I started to head back to my old room then halfway down the hall I remembered that I didn't live there anymore. I turned and headed back to the east wing when I heard my name being called.

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I spun around and spotted Caldan running towards me.

"Caldan!" I cried out, breaking into a sprint. I met him halfway in a tight hug.

"You're okay," he said, holding me as close as he could. I shimmed out of his hold and grabbed both sides of his face.

Goodness, I didn't realize how much I missed him till I saw him right now, holding his face in my hands and staring into his

eyes.

"I missed you," I said.

"I was so worried," He cupped my cheek, his eyes soft and affectionate. "I couldn't come by and see you and..." He trailed off and for a second his eyes darted to my lips. "Fuck it."

And that was all

He kissed me, his lips bruising against mine. I kissed him back with rivaling intensity, my hands curling in his soft locks. He tilted his head to the side and deepened the kiss, his tongue swiped across my lower lip and I opened my mouth for him. His hand moved to my lower back and pressed me up against him, my arms tightened across his neck. When I pulled away, gasping for air, my cheeks were red.

"I'm sorry, I lost myself there for a moment." He said, a shy smile on his face.

"It's okay." I shook my head, my fingers still playing with the strands of hair at his nape.

"You were heading in the opposite direction to your room," He said and his eyes moved behind me.

"Oh, that's because um..." I looked behind me as well. "I have a new room now."

His smile vanished. "The king did this"

"Yes. He ordered me to stay in this fancy ass room."

His fingers on my lower back tightened an dug into my skin. "How could...."

"He hates me," I sighed softly. "He's doing this to punish me."

Caldan shook his head. "No. This isn't...it's more than mere hatred."

"Are you going to say he's jealous?"

His eyes sparked with anger that wasn't directed at me. "It's more than that."

I laughed softly. "I wish I could believe you, but I don't. He hates me, he's punishing me. All because of something I didn't do."

"Come with me, Caldan said. "Within the palace, I...

"Miss Sabrina," Overlapping voices like silver bells called.

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I turned to see two striking maids. They looked like twins, having the same hair and eyes. Even the way they stood, like splitting images of each other.

"That's me, I uid

"Come with us. Orders from the king"

"You've got to be kidding me. I groaned. I turned to Caldan, and he was fuming. His eyes glaring at those maids. They, I have to

now."

He looked back at me and nodded, the look of anger gone. He kissed me, a fleeting touch of our lips.

"I'll be fine." I said. But even my own words didn't sound believable to me.

The twin maids didn't answer any of my questions.

They led me to a room. With strength that didn't stem from their arms, they forced me into the shower. All my shouts of protests didn't reach their ears. They scrubbed me down with scented body wash that smelled like an entire garden of celestial flowers. After the bath, I was dried off and lotion rubbed into my skin. They forced me into what looked like a dress, a very fancy dress.

Their hands worked fast, their lips pinned shut.

All my questions went unanswered. They didn't even bat an eyelid when I spoke to them.

They brought a mirror in front of me and forced me to look at my reflection

I gasped.

I looked like a lady, one of high social standing. My eyes were drawn to my jutting collarbones and I grimaced. If I had a little more flesh on my bones in sure this gown would be even more of a work of art.

Still it was lovely.

A blush pink, with a bow on the waistline, I did a small twirl, loving how the tulle swished with the movement. My hair flowed down my back, scented with sea salt and vanilla.

"Head to the third floor. The second door to your right." The twins said, in unison.

"What is happening there?"

"Orders from the king."

I deadpanned. Now he's just abusing his power.(w)ww.nove1©©M.Com

"If you're late, you will be punished" One of them said.

"Good luck." The other added.

Third floor. I hadn't been to the third floor. And when I asked what was there, lady Nifra didn't an

Second door to the right.

answer

I got to the door. But the twins failed to mention that it was doors. Looming double doors carved out of a blackwood I didn't recognize.

I had thought the ground floor was opulent. Third floor ten times that.

I pushed the door open and walked in.

A massive dining hall was revealed. Three large chandeliers hung from the impossibly high ceiling. There was a dining table in the room large enough to accommodate fifty guests comfortably. There was a figure at the very end of that dining hall.

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The marble floors echoed my footsteps as I walked closer. My heart beat with each step I took, the air was so still and silent

that I could almost hear the blood flowing in my veins.

The closer I got, the more I dreaded who was seated there.