

Chapter 10: Chapter Ten

That make-out session changes everything.

We were intimate.

Holy moly.

It was hot, and I'm still getting flushed cheeks just thinking about it. Apollo knows how to kiss a woman, which is now a fact. It should be printed in every history book. Apollo's name should be in the dictionary under the adjective kissing. I walk with my head down in the long line of servants, just mulling through my thoughts. Maybe things didn't change for him, but they sure changed for me, you can't be kissed by a man of his caliber and not be altered forever.

He said I was all his.

But does he just tell women what they want to hear so they will just give it up? I didn't know. I prayed not, but I am also not stupid. I am a slave. He is the crown Prince of Garthorn. Maybe I am the favor-of-the-month slave. A man that kisses that good has had plenty of experience. Believe me, in Donald's Trump's voice.

I frown as we turn a corner in deep thought.

Mort was very enthusiastic that he made it to second base, saying we need to go forward with our plan in getting Laura's DNA, and bringing down Queen Irena. It will prove her in delity and her betrayal to the House of Galleon. I wish I knew her lover, and we could just catch them in the act.

A grand feast is being held tonight, and we have been in the kitchen all day. Level ve slaves will be the servers, lucky me. I get to serve two hundred people, that's a lot. I used to be a waitress at an underground strip joint, and let's just say it was very low key, under the radar type thing. Not to re ect on my bad life-choices, but I have no experience serving this amount of people. There are only fly sector-ve slaves, so you can do the math. I am still an oddball, though, always getting stared at. They treat me like I am a rare beast, a human with three eyes.

Was it that odd that Apollo had shown me attention?

Slaves are considered less than human, so maybe. We are an hour out for the ten-course meal to start, and the Headmaster is giving Hitler a run for his money. If our heads are slightly tilted the wrong way, we get our ankles whipped. It's a pain worse than stubbing your toe, and I thought that was impossible. Nothing is worse than stubbing your toe—wrong. Ankle whips are worse, trust me on this.

The Headmaster's father oversees the men sta , and I am not kidding when I say he moves at the speed of smell. He must be over a hundred years old for Pete's sake.

My right eye twitches as I watch him pick up a fallen napkin o the marble oor.

This scene needs epic soundtrack music as his hand nears the napkin heightening the dramatic tension that is sure to unfold. The choir voices singing loud in the air as the climax approaches and tension rises to full capacity. My eyes widen, bulge even when he snatches at it and misses it completely, producing a sheen of sweat on my forehead. He goes for another try and promptly side-steps to the left, o -balance.

Alas.

I bite my lip.

He come in hot this time but over-steps the cloth by a foot, making me hiss in frustration. What in the ever-loving-shit. Just grab it! Please. Please...

At this point, it's almost worth an ankle whip to jump out of line and help the poor bastard. This madness needs to stop. I can't take the stress anymore.

Life-line activate! #jesustakethewheel.

Commotion to my left gains my attention thankfully, dancers exit from the massive dining hall, nished with their exciting performance, no doubt. I look wistfully at them, wishing I am a performer rather than a slave in an ugly black gown a nun would even deny. And this is our nice gown. I look like a pregnant penguin.

At least I was able to hang out with Destiny earlier, her being the head chef. She told me she had zero luck with Apollo, but she didn't seem too worried about it. I wondered why until I saw her with the tall butcher's son Antangeo. He is handsome, but not on Apollo's level, according to me. I wonder if you fall in love with someone else if you can stay. I didn't get to read the ne print, but that would be super cool.

Destiny comes out in total command, giving each one of us trays of mouthwatering food to serve. She looks like she is enjoying her situation. But really, though, I can't be completely ungrateful of my horrid position. I did have a hot make-out session with Apollo, so...

Maybe this slave thing is working for me.

The next thirty minutes are insane. I pass out so many dishes I didn't have time to think or to take in my surroundings. If I spill anything on anyone, the Headmaster will open a gateway to Hell and push me in. Laughter is loud, the clinking of wine glasses rings in the air, and the performers blow re from their mouths.

I glance up and notice that the massive seating hall is elevated, and the open space at the bottom is where all the dancing and performers do their thing. In the middle section, we have most of the House of Garthorn, then the House of Mont Gallow to the right, then Galleon to its left. Quite extravagant, the low lighting makes all the crystal dinnerware sparkle and twinkle. The music is exotic, almost having an Egyptian/Middle Eastern feel. The vaulted ceilings are magni cent, no other way to describe the twenty-story high masterpiece. Gold and silver everywhere, on the walls, and the décor displaying great wealth in the House of Garthorn.

It's hard to spot people when you have to keep your head down, but I spy Cherie and Laura, and jealousy fuels to life inside me. They look like they're having the time of their life, laughing, and eating with royalty. Their evening gowns—gorgeous. The only thing Peirce could do for me was blow out my long hair, a nice wax, and a moisturized body. You know, in case if Apollo takes my bun out in the t of passion, I will have fantastic looking hair. Eye-roll. As I carry the third course, I'm ushered to the middle towards Garthorn Royalty. I bite my lip, not wanting to go this way and encounter Apollo. I don't know how to act now that he has kissed me. Does he think about it? A thrill shoots down my spine.

I see him now that I'm close and I inwardly groan, I try to keep my head down, but I can't.

He looks unnaturally handsome tonight with the low lighting. His platinum ringlets are pulled back in a messy manor probably making every female secretly throw their panties at him. How could such an alfa-male warrior have such glorious hair? Because he is a God, that's why. He's probably the real Apollo the Greeks wrote about. I can't believe that creature kissed me the other day. Then a thought occurred, maybe I imagined the whole thing? I start to panic, hoping I'm not that infatuated I could do such a thing. I am carrying wine, and I am lling up glasses until I get to him and hold my breath.

He is talking to a man sitting to his right, seemingly to be in a deep conversation, the candlelight ickering over his muscled forearms. His tan skin looks rich, and smooth, thick veins grace his taut skin. My hands are shaking as I ll up his half-full goblet. Don't mess up, and please don't breathe, be still my heart. I do it, and the glass is full without a single drop spilled on the silver table cloth.

As I stand up straight, his hand snatches my wrist, preventing me from standing fully.

I gasp.

His dark gaze meets mine, and I am lost, everything falls away.

Apollo pulls me closer. "Tell me," he speaks in my ear in that accent that turns me into a wild animal. "What if there's nothing on the menu I am interested in?"

I take a harsh breath. "I can talk to the cook," I whisper.

"No good, I doubt they have what I'm looking for," he murmurs, his thumb moving over the pulse in my wrist.

I glance up and see that no one is paying attention to us, drunken laughter piercing the air. "Then, I'm sorry your Grace, but I'm not sure what you want."

He clicks his tongue and licks his bottom lip. "I think you do, and I want it now."

I feel lightheaded and note that he appears to be a bit drunk with his heavy-lidded allure. "I don't," I lie. I cannot believe he is coming onto me in front of everyone. I could get punished for this. I am just glad the lights are down low, and the wine ows like water here. I don't need to be accused of being a tart by the Headmaster and whipped later.

"Liar."

"You're going to cause a scene," I desperately say. "Stop."

He frowns and tilts his head looking adorable. "I believe you're the rst female to tell me that."

I whisper close to his ear with a grin making him tighten his grip on me. "I glad I am your rst for something, now dry your eyes." I rise to leave before we start gaining looks.

He jerks me back down. "I want you."

I suck in a quick breath, not knowing what to say to something like that.

"Tonight."

My stomach ips, and I feel dizzy. "Why."

"Because I can think of nothing else, and it's driving me half-mad," he hisses in my neck and pulls me closer. "I want to lick every inch of your body until you scream my name. I want you in every way possible," he confesses with an erotic glimmer in his black gaze.

I can say nothing.

My brain mis ring.

Crash and burn.

Someone calls for Apollo, making him loosen his grip on me. I yank my wrist free and speed away, face hot as lava, and extremely bothered. I almost trip, but right as I raise my eyes, they clash with Laura's.

She saw the whole conversation with Apollo and me.

Laura raises a brow and sips her wine, smiling into it. I don't like that look, and I lower my head and keep going. Somehow, I make it to the bottom and stand in line with the others, waiting for anyone who needs a re ll. I think I blank out, actually, because an hour passes that feels like a minute. Voices sound far away.

Apollo wants me.

Like, bad.

The amount of desire in his gaze scares me. It is exhilarating.

Mort is suddenly beside me and is jabbing me in the side. "This is not good."

I shake my head and look up with a frown. The King of Galleon, my fairytale father, is toasting to Laura, who is standing and Apollo, who is also standing. I'm confused. The King is talking, and I am trying to follow the conversation.

An engagement announcement.

I frown in confusion.

Apollo just o ered to do very bad things to me, knowing he is to be engaged tonight. Pain erupts through me, con rming my worst fears. I am nothing more than a sex object to him. Slam bam, thank you mam! I'm nothing more than a whore to him, a slave he can have fun with until he is married to Laura.

Laura wins.

Fairy Godmother wins.

I should just back down and let it happen. I swallow the lump in my throat and will the tears away. I'm such a silly girl. "Does that mean Fairy Godmother wins?"

Mort barely looks at me. "If it's true love."

"She wins," I murmur.

"That's noble of you, but he does not look at her like he does you."

I nod. "That's only because he wants to sleep with me, then leave me." I look up and see them seated together now. Laura whispers in his ear. Probably loving the way he smells, the rock hard arm she is hanging onto.

Apollo is looking down and nodding to something she is saying, an expression that is hard to read. He looks up then, and his gaze nds mine.

I would like to think the glare I gave him yells a thousand words at him. I hate you. You Prick. I am not a whore. How dare you tell me those things when you're engaged? I am declining your invitation for tonight, you arrogant ass.

But now that I think about it, I still need to expose Queen Irena, or I fear the evil will not heal like it should. Laura can still have Apollo, the spoiled brat because he is dead to me even if my lady parts disagree.

It's not up to them anyway.

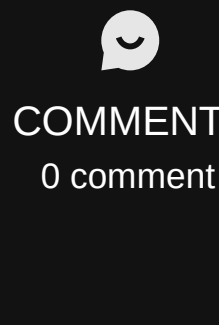
Laura spills her wine glass, making a loud shattering sound. She looks shocked then points to me, as if it is a random pucking, to clean it. I feel my back being nudged, and I walk forward a feeling humiliated. I keep my head as I stand before them both, kneeling before them to clean up the mess. It looks innocent enough, but Laura just started something with me that she will regret.

I glance up, and our gazes clash.

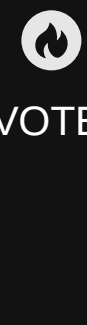
I ignore Apollo's intent stare, which is hard. I don't want to see his pathetic reasoning for choosing Laura. So what, if it will bring the peace of your kingdom, I could care less right now. Laura and I share a little special bond at that moment, and I hope she read this loud and clear.

It's on bitch.

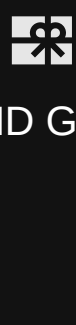
I'm going to make it hurt.



COMMENT
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VOTE



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