

The Forced 100

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Chapter 100

DEVON'S POV:

It wasn't hard to notice the scent that clung to the slave girl. Two of it, in fact. Her scent which was, quite alluring. And the other scent that mingled with hers. A very familiar scent, to be precise.

I noticed it at the birthday party when I crouched down in front of her. and I knew I had to see for myself. That was the only reason I had her brought to my room. It hit me hard, and I strangely couldn't get enough of it. Especially with her trying to claw my eyes out after spitting in my face. Bold, she's really bold, I'll hand that to her.

I made the room dark on purpose, that way I would spot her before she spotted me. I

confirmed.

more of her scent, and it was

How in fucking hell did this girl come about to have the scent of the alpha of alphas? What kind of cosmic forces brought that into existence?

The alpha of alphas. I haven't thought about him in many long years. After all the shit that went down, I believed it best to forget about him and move on with my life. The betrayal, the pain, that day seared permanently into my head.

And this feisty little slave waltz into my pack, on fucking birthday, smelling like she had soaked in his scent for hours.

That made zero fucking sense.

The alpha of alpha's wasn't the kind of man to scent mark anyone and especially not a woman. He has always been detached, stoic and cold. He never cared for anyone, not even for himself. So what happened?

I was truly curious about how the hell she had escaped his hold and how she even came to be with him in the first place. What sort of things went down?

Who is she? Where is she from? Why does she carry his damned scent?

Markus. I have to ask Markus to gather every piece of information about her that he can find. My beta is the best I can ever ask for. His eyes are sharp and keen, hence why he holds the title of my most prized warrior. He's the one who bought her. Whatever led him to her, I should probably thank too.

She actually thought I was going to fuck her.

Laughable but also sad. Surely she is beautiful, but the second scent clinging to her skin is like a subtle warning for me to back off. His marked slave, or woman or whatever the hell she was.

On a side note, My balls still hurt from her kick. Fuck. I should be watchful of her next time.

"I'm not sleeping on the floor." She spat, her eyes flashing blue fire.

"Then get over here."

She looked at the bed, and back at my face, and for a brief second her eyes flashed with uncertainty. "I said I'm not going to touch

you.

you

Don't trust me?"

She didn't reply. She bit her lip, and appeared to be weighing the pros and cons in her head.

This woman somehow got close enough to the alpha of alphas that he left his scent mark on her. An impossible feat. A suspicious one too. 11:23 Fri, Nov 29 [W.W. Norton & Company](#)

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There must be something about her. Something that I'm not seeing at the moment.

"I'm not lying on the bed with you." She said.

"What do you want then?"

"If I do take the bed, you won't join me."

The nerve on her.

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Is this the same attitude she used for the alpha of alphas? How the fuck is she even still alive?

Knowing him, he would have flared her by now.

She's struggling right now not to fall asleep. Her eyes are droopy, and she looks exhausted.

"You want me to stay awake all night and keep guard of you?"

"Yes." She said without hesitation. "That's the only way I can be sure you won't touch me." [W.W. Norton & Company](#)

Tomorrow.

"Fine." I huffed. "Take the fucking bed."

"Very well." She said and let out a soft sigh. She walked over to the bed and perched on the farthest edge of it. She mumbled something under her breath about how fucking exhausted she was, and how she was so fed up with this place. "Not even a goodnight?" I asked, teasingly.

"Goodnight." She said. She had her back turned to me, trying to make herself as small as possible.

I stared at her, and the wheels turned in my head. If this maid ends up being something valuable, then the gods of Fortune have smiled upon me.

Ever since he and I went out separate ways, I have silently nursed the idea of getting back at him for all the pain he caused me. If this girl can be that, if I can use her to achieve that goal, I've hit the fucking jackpot. Sue. She said her name was Sue. [W.W. Norton & Company](#)

By tomorrow morning, I'll find out everything I can about her. Down to the first word she said as a baby.

Everything happens for a reason. He must have scent marked her for a reason.

She let out a loud huff and readjusted, pulling the covers up to her chin. She mumbled something and sighed again. She sat up in bed and walked out.

"Will you stop staring at me?"

"I wasn't. You should go back to sleep."

"No." She folded her arms across her chest "not if you're going to ogle me the whole night. I can't focus on falling asleep that way."

"Have it your fucking way."

She sat against the wall, her knees brought up to her chest. "I don't trust you." She hissed, her eyes shooting daggers at me.

I laughed. "Not my problem."

But really. She's right not trust me. A smart move, I must say.

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BG.

If she does, that will be the biggest mistake she'll ever make. She has no idea what is coming for her in this place. And maybe neither do I.

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