

The Forced 102

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SABRINA'S POV:

"Are you sure you did everything as I told you to?" Malia asked, er eyes flashing with hatred and coldness. She looked down at the piece of bread in my hand and knocked it off. "And don't it that! You need to be in optimum health conditions to bear healthy babies." I stayed at her, partly annoyed. "Yes, I did exactly as you said I should."

"Is that so? Then why hasn't he called you again?"

I bit the inner corner of my cheek.

It was in the very tip of my tongue to hell her that no, I didn't touch her husband. He didn't fuck me. I went to bed on the wall and woke up with a crimp in my neck and golden eyes watching me like I was an exotic animal on display. I wanted to tell her to fuck off and let me have my breakfast in peace.

But I can't.

Devon made me swear that I will never tell anyone that he didn't actually touch me. asked, yes. He did.

If anyone

"You've got a wicked look in your eyes." Malia said. "Alpha Devon doesn't like feisty women. Didn't I tell you this?"

"Do you think I'm lying to you? Wasn't I bought here to service him? If you don't believe me you can ask him yourself Or shall I spread my legs and show you evidence of last night? What exactly is your fucking problem?!"

I didn't say any of that out loud.

"I did as you asked me to." I said with a soft sigh.

There's no point in me getting riled up. I have no one here. It's all me against these people. And I still have no idea what the heck is going on here.

Even in my madness I know it would be extremely unwise to create enemies for myself in an unfamiliar land. [@wW.r1Ove1\(w\)@C.M.cO.M](#)

Malia narrowed her eyes at me. "I see." She said. With a huff, she turned to leave.

How the fuck am I going to ever leave this place?

The day slowly dragged on.

As I was cleaning a hallway, I spotted Markus. I dumped the rag in my hand and ran over to him.

"Markus!"

He turned to me, unimpressed. "Get back to work." He said and turned to leave.

"Please." I grabbed his arm and pulled him back. "Please, I have to leave this place. I...I'm not breeder material at all. I beg of you, please. I'm sure you can take me back and find another girl

He grabbed my hand and pushed me off him. "Quit your whining. You're not going anywhere. This is your new life now. You should start getting used to it."

"Please I..."

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"That's enough out of you" He snapped in anger. "Now get back to work. There is much to be done."

With that, he walked away.

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I watched him leave, and suddenly a deep feeling of frustration settled in my stomach. Hot and bitter tears pricked at my eyes, tears for how hopeless and sad my situation was. Everything hit me so hard all at once. My hands balled into fists at my sides and I bit my lip hard.

Life never gets good for me. Nothing ever goes well for me. I felt so bad that I might cry my heart out. [wWw.r1Ove1\(w\)@C.M.cO.M](#)

But Tears don't solve anything. I've learned that the hard way.

Instead I turned, picked it the rag and continued to clean as if nothing happened.

Barely an hour later, the entire maids were summoned to the kitchen. We were told about a part happening at the market square of the pack tonight. Because alpha Devon's family will be attended, we had more work to do.

The head housekeeper ordered us to prepare as much food as possible. That means a whole lot more work.

I was assigned to preparing the meat and potatoes, along with two other girls.

"They said this year's party is going to be the biggest" one of the girls said as she chopped up carrots. "Everyone will be there."

"Is alpha Devon someone important?" I asked. This house was magnificent, yes. And unlike that of a mere alpha.

The girls turned to me and nodded. "He's a chief. And he's also the cousin of the alpha king of our pack."

My eyes widened "that's huge."

"You're cutting the potatoes wrong." The girl said. "You're supposed to cut them in equal one inch cubes." She took the knife from me and showed me how to do it.

Oh well, cooking has never been any of my strong suits. I can clean a mansion and fast as light, but I can't cook to save my life.

"Do you get it?" She asked after she had shown me for a few seconds.

"Yes. I do. So you mean alpha Devon isn't an alpha?"

"He is." The girl replied. "It's complicated. But all you must know is that he's not just anyone." [wWw.r1Ove1\(w\)@C.M.cO.M](#)

I tried to cut as she had shown me. It came out pretty decent if I must say.

Another question weighed heavily on my mind.

"Why isn't he able to have children? Is there a particular reason?" I asked.

The girls paused. "Oh that's right. You're the new breeder Cammy was talking about."

I turned red. "Yes well...I am."

She shrugged nonchalantly. "I don't know exactly. But there's rumors that he's cursed."

"It's really sad," The other girl said. "He's not a bad person at all. But...we don't know. Perhaps the rumors are true or maybe they are not. Either way, we serve him without questioning." "You're still cutting those potatoes wrong."

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"Sorry. I'm scared of knives. Bad memories

They didn't ask. I was grateful for that.

A curse, huh? Whatever did he do that made him cursed and unable to beat kids?

I knew that the problem wasn't from his wives at all.

But with what I had just learned, I had even more questions. He seems to be someone really influential here. But just who is

he?

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