

## The Forced 107

Chapter 107

Sabrina's pov:

The sound of shattering glass instantly alerted them, and I instantly dropped to my knees, shielding my face from view.

"What is this?" Iris said in her snobby and annoying voice. [www.novelworm.com](#)

"I'm sorry," I said shakily. "I shall clean this up immediately."

With shaky hands, I grabbed the tray and held it closed then reached out to grab the pieces of glass.

Zayn and Iris. What are they doing here?! How did this even happen?! I thought I was done with them, that I won't ever have to see either of them again. I didn't plan for this at all. Please. Let them not recognize me.

"You've got to be joking." Devon sighed. I heard his footsteps approach and refused to look up at him. "You're so clumsy. How could you lose grip of the tray?"

"I'm sorry," I said. I picked a large piece of glass and dropped it on the tray. I reached for another and cried out. The glass cut into my finger and I pulled back immediately.

"Now you've hurt yourself." Devon said, I could hear the eye roll in his voice. "You surely can't be so stupid, picking up glass with your bare hands."

I kept mumbling my apologies, over and over again. My head bowed low, the wound dripping blood steadily. My hands shook as I continued picking up the glass pieces. Devon let out a long and vexed sigh. "Get up."

I included my head a little higher to see his hand extended for me. I quickly lowered my head back down and rose to my feet. "I'm deeply sorry, I shall bring your guests a new set of drinks."

"It's not a big deal," Devon said and tried to touch my shoulder. I moved out of the way, my head bowed low. [www.novelworm.com](#)

"Again, I'm terribly sorry." I said and turned to leave.

"Devon, who is this maid of yours?" I heard Zayn ask as I hurried out of the room.

"A dreadfully sad creature, don't you think?" Iris said.

"She seems familiar." Zayn said. But I was already out of the room to hear whatever else they had left to say.

I clasped my hands tightly together, my palms quickly becoming sticky with blood and sweat. I kept walking, as fast as t could so I could get away from that place fast.

She seems familiar.

A dreadfully sad creature.

I kept walking, till I got to as far away from them as I could get. I opened the closets door I could find which led me to a dusty closet. I walked inside, slammed the door behind me and slid down it. My entire body trembled at this point, and I felt on the very verge of a breakdown.

Zayn and Iris. Together. Laughing and glowing. Like they hadn't ruined me.

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Chapter 107

I pulled my knees up to my chest, my head buried between them. My body shook as the tears came. Hot and bitter tears, clogging my throat and burning my eyes.

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A part of me, a very tiny part of me had hoped that Zayn and Iris wouldn't have lasted together. He was a traitor and a cheat, and I had expected that Iris would soon experience that too.

I was so wrong. I had deluded myself into thinking that whatever they had wouldn't last at all. That he would betray her and cast her aside like used trash.

Instead, they are still together. Looking better than the last time I saw them.

My shoulders shook and trembled with the weight of my sobs.

It hurt. So damn bad. I wasn't in love with Zayn anymore, all those feelings had died after so many weeks of mulling over what he did. But seeing him again was something I was never prepared for. I was

That day I caught the together. And they weren't remorseful at all. My own parents telling me that I was barren ar not, that she would carry the pregnancy. My husband taking my sister as a mistress, giving her my position and everything else. They threw me out, and the entire pack sided with them. I was going to kill myself that day, and I got sold.

And since then, my life has been a series of misfortunes. Form one to another. Pain. Torment. Anguish. I have tasted the

head my brunt of all them. Now I've seen them again. The wounds are open again, the reminders fresh in

Time heals? That's a lie. time only dulls the pain.

At least I was grateful that they didn't see my face. I wouldn't like to be ridiculed again after being banished like a criminal. If they see me in this state, they will gloat. Especially, Zayn. he will think he's won. dragged me down to mud level. He would flaunt it in my face and Iris would pour fuel to that fire.

I don't want any of that. I've had enough from them already.

up

I raised my head and wiped my eyes. I looked down at my hand. Past the blood and dirt, it didn't hurt anymore. The wound was gone, sealed up while I was crying my guts out. I smiled softly and scoffed. At least I have my fast healing going for me. One good thing in my sorry life after all. A dreadfully sad creature.

Iris's words echo in my head, and a spark of rage ignites inside me. Who the fuck does she think she is?

The both of them?

I can't forget. I'm glad I met them today, so I can remember the pain and humiliation they put me through. One day, I'll be at the top. I have no idea how I will do that but I will rise to the very top. And they will bow to me. [www.novelworm.com](#)

Zayn will press his head to the ground and beg for my forgiveness.

I will teach him a lesson. I will teach Iris a lesson. And my parents. And everyone who hurt me. They will all pay.

A small part of my mind came alive, asking if the king was involved in this. Could he have known about this? About Zayn and Iris?

I refused to answer that question.