

## The Forced 109

Chapter 109

Devon's POV:

The girl in front of me met my eyes, defiance and tiredness clear for the world to see. I stared back at her, a million questions swirling in my head.

What exactly is her fucking deal? Why is she looking at me without an iota respect? Who does she think she is? And most importantly, why does she still reek of the Chronicle?

I had thought that perhaps later, the scent marked into her skin would at least be reduced in intensity. Ha! How fucking ironic. Instead it seems to be getting stronger by the day. It's so fucking irritating too.

Was she even aware that she was carrying his scent? Or didn't he tell her? How could he scent mark her and she wouldn't be aware of it.

I'm pretty sure everyone by now has noticed the powerful scent marked into her skin. Was she blissfully unaware because she didn't know what he looked like, as no one else knew?

"Is anything the matter?" She asked, then quickly added, "Alpha Devon."

I told her to call me fucking Master. As if I'm not irritated enough.

"Who are you?" I spat. "And which pack are you from?"

waited for her response.

"I am no one of importance," She said, her expression calm and controlled.

Lies. No one of importance won't carry the scent mark of the fucking Chronicle himself.

Markus had been tasked with finding out everything he could find about her. To my surprise, he didn't find anything at all. A problem for Markus was something that really made me confused. According to him, the slave traders he bought this girl from had mysteriously vanished, even though they had been doing their business for decades now. Gone, just like that. And there was nothing he could find about her, no one he could ask. The slave traders would have been the perfect starting point.

Markus found nothing on this girl. And that was fucking worrying.

I guess I'll have to take matters into my hands. "I'll ask you one last time. Who are you,

"I told you already, alpha Devon. I don't..."

"Oh for fucks sake!"

and which pack are you from?"

My patience is running so damn thin right now. I grabbed her hair and yanked her closer. She cried out in pain, her hands coming up to try and pull my hand off.

"I do not like repeating myself. If you don't give me the answer I'm asking you for, I'll have your head cut off. Immediately. Do not test me."

"I don't know!" She suddenly screamed out. "I don't know my pack! I was sold from hand to hand ever since I was a child! How do you expect me to know?! I don't remember!"

I'll give it to her, she's a damn good actress.

I don't believe that shit for one second. Her skin is practical pristine right now, lacking the tallow and paleness that slave children have. Years of being a slave would tell on her body. And she isn't the deathly skinny that slaves are. Sold from birth?

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Does she expect me to believe that shit? Either she's incredibly bave or incredibly foolish. [www.veLworm.com](#)

She's crying, her lip wobbling and eyes full of tears.

"I've told you. I don't know what more you want from me.\*

Convincing. [www.VeLworm.com](#)

She's so fucking convincing. I would have believed her if it weren't for the scent on her skin, under her skin, so naturally blended with hers. I would have believed her if...

This is so fucking annoying.

I almost asked her about the Chronicle, about her relationship with him. But I decided against it last minute. I don't want her to know that she has his scent. And besides, she probably won't even remember him.

Another reason her story of being sold about didn't check out.

If she was sold around, there's no way she'll have his scent. There's a lot of things she isn't telling me right now, and it's making me even angrien

I removed my hand from her hair and pushed her away. There will be a way. I will find what I want to find about her.

"You're serving my guests." I said. "They'll be here for a few more days and you will serve them for the duration of their stay. I want none of that clumsy shit you pulled today. I can't have one of my maids acting like she isn't being fed. Am I clear?" Your guests?" She asked. Fear sparked in her eyes, worry tinged in her voice. Her voice became shaky, her hands clasped together. "You want me to serve them?"

I narrowed my eyes at her. "What did I say about repeating Myself?"

"I..I can't!" She took a step back. "I can't serve them. Please, can't you pick someone else to do it?"

I paused. For a good two seconds I was stunned by her audacity.

Never has a maid ever told me to change my orders, or even asked me such a question. They bow and do as they are told. [W@\(w\).noV@l\(w\).rm.com](#)

What the fuck is wrong with this girl?

"Is that a serious question?" I asked with a scoff.

"Please, I'm sure there a tens of other maids who would."

"Do you

value your life?"

She bit her lip.

"If you do, do not ever question me again. Get the fuck out of my sight."

"Alpha Devon..."

"Get out! And do not show your face till my guests summon you

She flinched, a gasp slipping past her lips. Again, that defiance flashed in her eyes. This girl...just who the fuck is she?

She turned to leave, walking away with quick strides. She didn't even bow.

Anger flared inside me. So hot that I was about to call her back and deal out a punishment. Maybe have my men whip hide from her back.

2/3 [www.VeLworm.com](#)

Or perhaps behead her

That doesn't sound too bad at all. I wonder how the chronicle would react if I killed her.