

The Forced 110

Chapter 110

SABRINA'S POV

Devon is a fucking piece of shit.

I can't believe it! I gently touched my scalp which was aching with the force he had used to grab my hair. Why the fuck does he want to know about me or my pack? Does he do this to everyone? Huh?!

I almost wanted to tell him Crue pack, just to see his reaction. But I realize that would quite possibly backfire on me. Zayn is his fucking guest right now. No doubt Devon would think I ran away and hand me right back to Zayn like a fucking present.

I huffed in anger as I walked out of the halls. He wants me to serve them!

I hated to admit how nervous and panicked I was. My hands were trembling, cold sweat dotting my brow and down my back. The last thing I want right now is to see Zayn and Iris.

Seeing them back there in that drawing room was enough to trigger all the feelings I thought I had buried. How much more if I actually have to serve them for however long they are to stay?

"That piece of trash alpha." I grumbled darkly under my voice. He hates me, I know. But come on! This is just cruel!

They knew I was a Luna. From Luna to common maid, I can't even begin to imagine what would happen if they found me like this. It would better for me that I simply died.

her maids. Thinking about it was making me angry and embarrassed. The look returned to the room I shared with the on Iris's face, I can already see it. She would gloat and laugh. And Zayn would do the same. And soon Devon would learn of it, and he will use it against me too.

Hot and angry tears rushed to my eyes. Again I was being reminded of the absolute rotten luck I had in life. I wiped the tears in anger and stormed up to my bed. I tried my face in the pillows and cried.

This is so fucking annoying.

"Please Leona, I beg of you. Cover for me, just for tonight at least."

Leona was one of the maids. She was the one who had been helping me answer all the questions I had. She was really kind and sweet, and right now I saw her as my saviour.

She frowned slightly. "What's the matter?"

"I'm sick. And I can't do this job now."

"Aww, I'm so sorry." She said softly. "What's the job?"

"Alpha Devon has some guests over and j was

supposed to.."

Her eyes went wide. "Alpha Devon has guests? And be

I nodded. "Yes but I.."

you to serve them?"

"No!" She took a step back and shook her head wildly. "Sue are you crazy?! If the alpha tells you to serve his guests, even if your intestines are dragging out, you will serve them till they leave! Do you want to die?! Flaunting his order?!" "Okay you're being overdramatic"

"I'm not." She said with a forced laugh. "You have no idea the kind of weight alpha Devon's command carries, especially with his rare guests.

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I sighed softly. "It's not that

"It's that serious. And unfortunately I won't be able to help. I wish you a quick recovery, and I can make some herbals

tinctures for you. But I can't take your places

I nodded. "Thanks, but I'll be fine."

"You'll be fine." She said.

Well, that went so fucking well.

Time was running out, and I had no choice but to actually serve those traitors.

I returned to the room to quickly get ready. Standing in front of the mirror, I let my hair loose and let it frame all my face. I grabbed a quick scarf and wrapped it around my neck too. Doing a quick check, I nodded to myself. The scarf and my hair did a good job at hiding my face. Now all I had to do was keep my head low and they would never know it was me.

I left the room and headed to the kitchen. Devon's lovely

ests had just finished with dinner and needed a refreshing drink.

I carried the food tray of desert and drinks, and I wished I could spit in the drinks. Or maybe pee in it. Whichever came first.

I got closer to the drawing room, and my heart began beating faster. I readjusted the scarf, double checking that it was perfect.

all.

I got to the drawing room and pushed it open. I glanced across the room quickly before I lowered my head. I easily spotted Zayn and Iris talking and laughing with Devon and Malia. As I served them, I wished I could smash the glasses on their heads. Or maybe kill them "Dear, why are you so quiet," Iris reached out to grab my arm but I instantly pulled back. "Is anything the matter?"

I wanted to poke her eyes out.

"Why are you covering your face? Are you shy, I can assure you there's no reason to be."

"I...I'm a bit cold." I replied in a quiet voice.

"Oh, I see." She replied. And she went right back to the conversation. I stole a glance at Devon and he wasn't even looking at

1. me.

Bitch.

"Devon, this maid of yours has been on my mind a while now." Zayn said. "She seems oddly familiar to me."

Fear gripped my heart. Ah shit. Fucking hell. This is the worst ever.

"Does she?" Devon asked. "Well I wouldn't know."

A cold sweat dripped down my brow. Goddess please! Throw a piece of moon rock down from the Moon and obliterate this place to ashes so I won't I have to deal with this right now. Right now having my intestines dragging on the floor would be better.

I grabbed the scarf and tugged it closer to my face.

"Darling, I'll be back soon." Iris said to Zayn. She rose to her feet and kissed him. I spied them at the corner of my eye and my stomach churned in disgust.

"Don't take too long, okay?" Zayn said. She nodded and gracefully walked out of the room.

I wanted to fucking barf.

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12:40 Sun, Dec 8 GO.

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"More wine here," Devon snapped at me. I turned to him, almost glaring. Thankfully I quickly fixed my face before he noticed it.

With a small bow, I took the pitcher of wine and walked closer to him.

"And serve more to our guest." He commanded.

"Yes, of course." I replied.

I turned and headed to Zayn. He watched me intently as I got closer.

"Take your scarf off. I want to confirm your face." He said.

SEND GIFT

COMMENT