

The Forced 111

Chapter 111

SABRINA'S POV

I drew back in panic. The pitcher slipped out of my hand and fell to the ground. It made a loud clattering sound that further rattled on my nerves. "Again?" Devon said in exasperation. "For fucks sake! Whatever is wrong with you?"

"I'm sorry!" I bowed to him. "I'll get this cleaned right away, it you'll excuse me." I turned to leave, giddy with joy that I had dodged that bullet. "Hold on." Zayn called out. I froze up, my back still turned to him. "Take your scarf off."

"...I have to clean this up right now."

"Do as he said." Devon spat. "I have no fucking idea why you're wearing that ugly scarf anyway."

I looked at him. His eyes held no sympathy for me. Neither did Malia's eyes. I tried pleading with her with eyes alone, to see if she would catch my drift. She clasped her hand with Devon's and casually sipped her wine. I turned to Zayn. My heart sank to the bottom of my shoes. There's really no way I can dodge this one, right?

With shaky hands, I grabbed the scarf and slowly unraveled it from my face. The twisted thing was that as I took the scarf down, I wished that Iris would walk in and I would have a very valid excuse to run away. No such thing happened.

I took the scarf and pulled it completely off. Zayn's eyes widened with shock, then his brows furrowed slightly. And his widened again.

Then his expression snapped back to neutrality.

Confusion set in on my face

eyes

What the hell just happened? He didn't say anything at all to me. He just stared at me. His eyes scanned all over my face and down my body. But if he recognized me, he didn't say anything at all. "Zayn, what's the matter?" Devon asked. Only then did Zayn's eyes snap away from mine. "Is she someone you know? From your pack maybe?"

"My pack?" Zayn asked. He casually sipped his wine.

"I'm trying to find out things about her. Like where she's from, for example. Is she one of yours?" I looked behind me at **WwW.N0vë(i)w0rm.c0M**

Devon.

He had a pissed look on his face when our eyes met.

"No, she's not." Zayn said. **WwW.n0v@lW0r.m.c0m**

I turned to him, genuinely shocked that he hadn't recognized me. I mean, I can't have changed so much in a few months -right? He doesn't remember me? Or is there something else at play here now? "That sucks." Devon sighed. "Get your things and clean this mess up." He waved me off dismissively.

I was more than eager to leave. I wound the scarf around my neck and head again and bowed.

As I left the room to get some cleaning supplies, my heart began to pound erratically. I walked by Iris. She gave me a small

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nod and smiled. I didn't know what to make of that and when I led to smile back it came out wrong.

What is going on?

I fetched some rags and a bucket from the storage room and returned to the drawing room. Iris was back with Zayn at his side. They were laughing about whatever.

Zayn looked at me as I walked in and I avoided his eyes.

It's a good thing that he didn't recognize me. It was a whole lot less humiliating that way. Being on my knees, cleaning up spilled wine while he and Iris laughed without a care in the world.

I used to be a Luna. And now I was a fucking low life slave to a sarcastic and pretentious alpha slave master.

Yeah. My life was good. Fan fucking tactic.

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I laid in bed, unable to sleep.

The time was well past midnight, and the thoughts plaguing my mind made it impossible to catch a wink of sleep. I still had no idea how long Zayn and Iris would be staying here for. I prayed to the moon goddess that it won't be long. I don't think I can handle it that long. The events at dinner plagued my head too...

Zayn staring at me blankly. Like he didn't know me. Like he didn't betray me and cast me away to die.

Panic and worry seized my heart. If I was being totally honest with myself, I didn't like this at all. It reeked of Zayn's deception. And as much as I tried not to think about it, I couldn't stop.

But on the bright side, Devon didn't send for me tonight. And I was really grateful for that. Even though I knew he won't touch me, talk less of sex, it was still refreshing to spend the night in my own bed. However uncomfortable it was. A free night of not having to put up appearances sounded good enough for me.

Not to say that I wasn't surprised.

I turned, my pillow hugged to my chest. I should stop thinking about Zayn. He didn't recognize me, and that's perfect. It's what I wanted.

He has iris now. He can go to hell for all I care. The life at Crue pack was long behind me. All I had to do now was focus on my new life.

As a slave. Yeah, that sounded really good.

I managed to fall into a fitful sleep an hour later. The next morning came by too soon.

I got ready for the day, silently hoping that I won't have to serve any of Devon's wonderful guests today.

"Sue."

I turned to see Leona. She rushed into the kitchen where I was doing the dishes. She crouched in half, her hands on her -knees. Her hair stuck to her damp forehead and she was breathing heavily. I quickly rinsed her hands out and rushed to her. "What's the matter?" I asked and gently helped her stand upright.

"Alpha Devon's guest, Alpha Zayn, he has requested to see you." "See me?!" I gasped.

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