

The Forced 112

Chapter 112

Sabrina's POV

I was sure the inhabitants of the palace could all hear how hard and fast my heart was beating in my chest. *www.NoV(e)lWorld.com*

I walked to the garden, where Zayn was reportedly waiting for me. Leona had chipped in that I left the palace for some sight seeing. I don't know what she wanted me to do with that information.

I clasped my hands together, my stomach a flutter of nervous butterflies. I walked to the gardens, and I wished that I wouldn't find him there.

There was a very high chance that he would recognize me. We were married for a number of years. He knew me. He would surely know that it was me.

And that was what I dreaded the most. I didn't want him to recognize me, because that would mean I would have to recognize him too. And if he did, would he tell Devon? What would Devon do when he figured out I was from Crue pack? Would he send me or with Zayn, or will he still keep me here? There was no way of knowing. But everything instinct I possessed warned me that it will be nothing good.

I got to the gardens. I could see Zayn's outline by the hydrangea blooms. He turned as he heard me approaching and smiled.

"Hello," He said. "Sabrina."

"Good evening alpha Zayn," I said with a curt bow, my back rigid and straight. I just maintain the appearance of Devon's maid, however hard it may be.

"You can drop the act now, Sabrina. I know it's you." He said. He took a step forward to me and I stepped back.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken. My name is not Sabrina. I am Sue."

"Sue?" He laughed. "You think a mere change of names will be able to hide who you really are?"

I grit my teeth hard. I must not let him know it's me. Not even for a single second.

"Did you need something, alpha Zayn? If you don't, I'm afraid I just return to my duties now. Alpha Devon will be pissed if

I..."

"Sabrina, quit your acting."

"I can assure you, I'm not acting."

"You don't remember me? You-" He looked around for anyone. When he found no one, He sighed and walked up to me. "You don't remember how we were married? Huh? Back at Crue pack?"

"Crue pack? Married? You?" I asked. "You have the wrong person, I'm sorry but I've never been married."

He frowned. And I could see confusion and doubt in his eyes. Ah yes. It's working.

"You're her. The only difference is your scent, you smell different now. but I know Sabrina while I see her. And right now, I'm telling you to stop fucking acting."

My scent? Whatever is wrong with my scent?

I met his eyes, boldly and defiantly, "I am not Sabrina. What more do you want to hear from me?"

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Even I am surprised at how good I am at acting. Even though it's taking all my self control not to lose my mind. *www.NoV(e)lWorld.com*

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"You're lying. He said at last "You're Sabrina Grue. You're lying time. What do you plan to gain from pretending you don't know me?"

"But I'm not pretending," I said, even as bile rose in my throat at him calling me Crue. I kept the disgust and hatred out of my eyes and met his gaze. "I do not know you, aside yesterday you came to visit. Please, you have the wrong girl. And I do hope you find this Sabrina girl you're looking for."

"Is that so?" He asked.

"Yes." I replied. Oh shit, let him just drop this already. It's so fucking exhausting. What does he even want? Isn't Iris enough

for him.

"You may go." He said.

"Thank you." I replied and turned to leave. I had barely gotten to the exit when he called out.

"Jasmine."

My entire body froze up.

Jasmine. It's been a very long time since anyone called me by that name. I turned to him and smiled. "We don't grow jasmines here, alpha Zayn. You must mean the magnolias."

Without waiting for his replies, I continued walking away.

Jasmine. He dared pull that dirty card.

That was the nickname he had for me when we were newly wed and I believed we were so damn in love. Jasmine. He called me that all the time. And that name was associated with my warmest memories of him.

A long time ago.

Before the attempts at conceiving failed and I became Sabrina. And then a barren bitch.

I walked back to the palace, anger and sadness nestled deep inside my chest. They said you never truly forget, and that was

true.

How could I ever forget? Even though I hate him with all that I am, but those memories...

"Sue, what were you doing with our guest, alone?"

I looked up to see Malia. She stood right before the garden, her arms folded across her chest. I wasn't in any mood to talk to her. And especially not about Zayn. So I continued walking. She called after me, but I paid her no heed. She can go and ask Zayn himself. Wrist

What he said about my scent rang through my head. I brought my up

and took a whiff. My eyes widened, to my nose and I noticed that truly my scent had changed. I hadn't noticed it before, as I had just gotten used to it.

I recognized the scent that clung to my skin immediately. The King. His scent was on my body. I instantly pushed the thoughts of him out of my head. He's the very last thing I want to think about right now.

After that, the rest of the day went by in a fast blur.

I thought that tonight I'd be lucky as well, get to sleep alone. But it wasn't so.

"Alpha Devon has summoned you."

Words I was dreading to hear. Fear gripped my heart and my thoughts ran far and wide. Did Zayn talk to him? Did he rat

me out?

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Chapter 112

That can't be, right?

I got ready And headed to Devon's chambers. He was on the be

"Alpha Devon," I greeted.

"What did you and Zayn talk about in the garden?" He asked, n "Nothing."

"Nothing? And that nothing was the same reason you ignored *r(www.NoV(e)lWorld.com*

So that's what this is about?

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Chapter 112

That can't be, right?

I got ready And headed to Devon's chambers. He was on the bed, reading through a book when I walked in.

"Alpha Devon," I greeted.

"What did you and Zayn talk about in the garden?" He asked, not looking up from his book.

"Nothing."

"Nothing? And that nothing was the same reason you ignored my wife?" He looked up at me and snapped the book shut.

So that's what this is about?