

The Forced 113

Chapter 118

SABRINA'S POV

"Well?" Devon asked. "Won't you say something for yourself?"

"I didn't ignore your wife" I said, even though I may have probably did. But she was in the way, and I was feeling from seeing Zayn and all the emotions he stirred up in me. Mostly anger and hatred, but emotions nonetheless. "It was a misunderstanding. "Was it?"

"Yes, alpha Devon."

"And my guest? What were you doing alone with him?"

I met his eyes. And I wondered what kind of lies Zayn must have spun to him. Anger flashed through my body and my back- went rigid.

"I didn't do anything with him. He was merely curious about me and wanted to ask me a few questions.

"Why would he be curious about you?"

"How am I supposed to know what goes through his head?" I didn't realize I had snapped till I was done speaking. I quickly cleared my throat, lowered my head and sighed. "I don't know, alpha Devon." He let out a long sigh. "You fucking brat."

I looked up and met his eyes. "My apologies," I said, even though I was anything but sorry.*Www.nOvELWOrM.com*

"Save it." He snapped. "And before I forget, what's that scent you're carrying about?"

My heart instantly tanked.

If there is one thing I must not do, it's to tell him of my relationship with the king. However history that

"What scent?" I asked quietly.

"The scent on your skin, brat. It's the scent of an alpha. How did you get it?"

"I don't know." I replied. "I haven't noticed it."

"That's not true. Who has that scent?"

He's not dropping this. He really needs me to answer. I could tell him a lie now, say it was my previous...

"My owner." I replied. "His scent must have rubbed off on me."

Devon raised a brow. "And what is the name of this owner of yours?"

"I don't know. Masters don't go about introducing themselves to their slaves."

His left eye twitched, and I knew I had struck a nerve. "Are you lying to me, Sue?"

"What reason would I have to lie, alpha Devon? I am telling you the truth."

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He didn't look convinced. "If I find out you're lying, you won't like the consequences. So I ask you again. Are you telling me the truth?"

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Yes. I am." I replied.

It's not he will ever find out the truth. The king is inaccessible. The only reason I haven't forgotten what he looks like is because of whatever the hell was going on with me. "Get out. Devon waved dismissively and returned to his book.

"You don't need me to-

"I said get out."

"Okay." I spun on my heel and walked

away.

I headed back to my room, thankful that I would get to spend a night to myself at least.

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I don't dream.

When I hit my head on the pillow, I black out and wake up the next morning.

I woke up in the middle of the night, drenched in a cold sweat, tumbling and on the verge of tears.

The images from my dream flashed through my mind.

Zayn. And Iris. Together in bed. They stared at me, and they laughed. As they had sex in our marriage bed, they scorned me. They called me barren. They laughed in my face.

I hugged myself tightly, the memories coming back like a rush of flood. I bit my lip hard till I tasted blood in my mouth. Of all things to dream about, Zayn and Iris. I tried to hold back the tears, keep them at bay. But I wasn't strong enough for that.

The tears came. And they came hard. My body shook with the weight of my sobs. I clamped my hand over my mouth to stifle my cries, but that barely helped.

was truly over this. But the pain just felt fresh. It felt like I had covered a huge injury with a plaster, and now I was over this. I it was gone. And I was bleeding all over, reminded of how deep the wound was.

My chest ached. My head felt like it had been stuffed with stones and water.

Why? Why do they have to cross my path again?! And at the worst time of my life ever? Why can't I have one good thing in my life?!

Somewhere in this mansion right now is Zayn and iris. And with any luck, they are probably in bed together. Being in love and being happy. At the cost of my happiness. Iris is probably grinning like a fool, and Zayn is telling her all the words he never told me. I buried my face into my pillow and sobbed. It felt like my chest had been torn open with an axe, my heart bleeding out on the floor.

They betrayed me. My own sister cast me out and betrayed me like I was nothing to her. And now they're happy. While I'm

a slave.

I cried harder. My pillow became saturated with my tears and felt soggy against my face. I barely registered the discomfort, the pain overshadowing everything else.

Feried till I had no tears left inside me. I had a headache by the time the tears stopped flowing, and my pillow was so wet I had to throw it off my bed. I felt better, slightly better. Like a fraction of the weight had been lifted off And slowly, I drifted off to sleep.

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chest

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I found myself in the King's study. My body pushed up against wall, my arms pinned against my back tightly.

"What were you thinking, slut?" A deep, sultry voice whispered dangerously close to my ear. "Tell me, use your

words"

"My king..." I gasped, the coolness of the wall on my cheek nothing compared to the heat that was spreading through my body. I could feel him pressed up behind me, all of him,

Do you miss me?" He kissed my neck, his lips soft and hot. His free hand snaked around my waist and held me. "Tell me, And I'll come for you. Do you miss me?"

"1..."

My eyes snapped open.

For a moment, I had no idea where I was. Then the cold on my body slowly registered, along with the lingering feeling of the king's lips on my neck.

Anger welled inside me.

What the actual fuck?! There's no way I just dreamt about him?! Of all people in the world! It has to be him.

I huffed in anger. I don't miss him! What madness! He's the reason I'm in this mess in the first place! If he had only believed me when I said that I wasn't a witch, then I won't be here right now!

I forced myself to go back to sleep. And till the morning came, I hoped not to dream of anyone.

The next morning began with a flurry of activities.

And I happened to wake up late. And angry, feeling like I hadn't slept in three days thanks to the very disturbing dreams I had.

"You look horrible." A maid said as she walked past me, carrying a basket of assorted fruit.*Www.nOvELWOrM.com*

"No shit." I grumbled. "What....what is even going on right now?"

She sighed and set down the basket of fruit. "You missed the announcement this morning, didn't you?"

"What announcements?" I asked. I was probably still angry from the last dream I had. And still in bed.

She rolled her eyes. "Lady Malia is going to visit the palace today. And some maids have been appointed to go with her. Your name was mentioned too, so you're coming with us."

"Ah for fucks sake. Just when I thought I'd..."

"You're not going anywhere."

I turned around to see Devon. For a moment I was tempted to glare at him, but then I bowed my head. Just like the rest of the maids.*w@r.NovELWOrM.com*

"Alpha Devon, good morning." I greeted.

"You're not accompanying anyone. Do I make myself clear?"

I nodded. If anything, I was glad to be exempted from this. But then again, I recalled the warning he had given me about his cousin prince. To never see him again.

That's probably why he doesn't want me to go to the palace.

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"I understand, alpha Devon." I said, maintaining a steady face while I was actually jumping for joy inside. This way I'll have free time on my hands to study the surroundings and plot a way of escape. And I would finally be rid of this place.

Devon turned to leave. Suddenly a man walked into the room and bowed. "Alpha Devon. I bring news from the palace."

"What is it this time?" Devon snapped at the messenger.

"The maid by the name of Sue has been summoned by the crown prince. Immediately."

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