

The Forced 115

I couldn't believe what I just heard. It was done. Finally done. Devon would receive word that I was never coming back to him again. And I would get to live here, as long as I wanted. It felt so surreal.

Even as the guard took more instructions and then bowed to leave. I wish I could have seen the look on Malia's face. I'm sure it would have been so worth it.

"Your highness," I called after the guard had left.

"Yes?"

"I don't mean any disrespect but...I hope this won't cause any problems between you and De...I mean Alpha Devon." I have to play it cool and safe. The last thing I want is being the reason they have a fallout or something like that.

"No, not at all. There will be no such thing. I gave an order and he will obey it." He looked down at my hand and finally let me go. He gestured for me to follow him and I did. We walked out of the dining room together. "Why do you ask? Are you worried that this will escalate?"

I nodded. On our way, we passed by servants who bowed and smiled at him. They must really like him.

"Yes, I'm a bit worried." I replied.

"understand the source of your worry. I heard he didn't treat you well, as his breeder." Marcel said. "Is that true?"

I gave it a moments thought even though there wasn't much to think about anyway. "He wasn't..." I was about to say he wasn't bad. I remembered the warning Devon had given, to never let anyone know that I wasn't actually his breeder, and he never fucked me. But, I'm not with him anymore, am I? And it was the truth anyway. He didn't treat me like a breeder he was just more annoying than normal.

"He didn't treat me bad exactly." I said to the prince. "Matter of fact, he didn't even touch me like that."

He pause

and turned to me. His eyes were full of surprise. "you mean he didn't fuck you?"

Okay crude...but whatever.

"No, he didn't. Is there a problem?"

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"Devon isn't...he isn't what may people think he is. I would have thought with the nature of his curse be true."

"A curse?"

"Yes. He was cursed many years agow(w).NovełWcR©.coM

"What was it about?"

The prince continued walking. "You're very bold, Sue."

"Your highness you said something about a curse. Is alpha Devon truly cursed?"

those rumours would

He looked at me over his shoulder and smiled. "Let's keep going I'll have the maids show you

to your

room."

He's changing the topic. Damn it! Just when I thought I was going to get some answers, I end up with more questions. What

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11:23 Sat, Dec 14 G

Chapter 116

does he mean by curser Devon is under a curse? What kind? w(w)w.NovełWcR©.coM

Ah shit. Now I'm even more confused.

"You told the guards the truth when they came for you. That was very bold of you."

I chewed on my inner check, still in thought about Devon's curse

"Your daring attitude is very alluring."

"Thank you, your highness." I replied curtly. "But if I may ask, why don't you and alpha Devon get along?"

"Did he say something about me?"

"Not exactly. He just ordered me to never speak to you again. And I found that weird."

Marcel laughed. Like I had said the funniest joke ever. "My cousin is just insecure. He's always felt that he was inferior to me, and that shows in all our interactions." "Oh." I said.

Devon didn't seem insecure at all. If anything he was the picture of cocky confidence.

Marcel paused in front of a door. "Sue, this is your room. If you ever need anything, I'm right down the hall."

Ah shit. His room is close by too.

I favored him a warm smile. "Thank you very much, your highness. I appreciate this kind offer of yours."

"You're welcome. Get some rest, and I'll see you soon."With that he turned and walked away

I opened the door and walked inside. The room was beautiful, and quite spacious. But nothing compared to the room I had at the King's palace. I walked over to the bed and laid down on it

Suddenly, I thought of the palace. How everything was always so beautiful, and luxurious. This bed was nice, but it wasn't as comfortable as the one back at the palace.

Alas, I am not going back to the palace. I can't even do that if I wanted to.

This is my new life. And somehow, I must get used to it. One way or another.

Some minutes later, I got very bored in that room all alone.

So I decided to take a walk outside. I headed out of the room and for the courtyard. The closer I got, the louder a sound of commotion and ruckus got. I got closer, wondered what was going on. It sounded like a fight, and panic zapped through me. "You!"

I turned around to see a maid storming her way up to me. "Me?"

"Yes you! What the hell is your problem?! Barely an hour here and you're already causing a ruckus."

"I didn't do anything!"

"Oh yeah!" She folded her arms. "What is even so special about you anyway?? To the point that the prince is fighting his cousin because of you."Ww.w.NoVetw©.com

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11:23 Sat, Dec 14 G

Chapter 116

My eyes went wide. Devon and Marcel are fighting?!

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I waited for no other confirmation. I ran outside into the open. The sight that met my eyes made me backtrack in horror.

There was Devon. Sword in hand and bearing a few injuries all over him. He pointed the sword at Marcel's throat. They both looked like they had been fighting, and breathing heavily. They both turned to me at the same time.

"You fucking brat. Get over here!"

"Sue! Come to me."w(w)(w).NcVéIwO(r)mm.č©m

They both said at the same time.

There's no fucking way that any of this is happening right now. There's no way.