

The Forced 117

Chapter 117

SABRINA'S POV: *Www.novélWorm.com*

I stood frozen and rooted to the spot. Both Devon and Marcel looked at me, each of them calling out to me. They want me to choose?

Fear seized my heart and I couldn't move.

"Sue!" Devon yelled my name. Marcel swung his sword at his he, he barely dodged before the tip of the weapon grazed his cheeks. "You fucking bastard!" He yelled at Marcel.

"Bastard?! You're only pained!" Marcel yelled back. Their swords clashed together and sparks flew. I took a step back, horror plastered all over my face. "Thought you swore to never step foot here again?!" "I'm not here for you!"

"Lies! You always spin your damned lies!"

"Ha! Who is the lair between us! It's very clearly you! Give her back!"

Marcel let out a dark chuckle. "Whatever makes you think she's leaving this place?"

What the actual fuck are they even talking about right now?!

It obvious can't be me, because there's no id inspire this much strife between two men who know nothing about me. What happened between them to make them so bitter to the point of drawing swords against each other?! Suddenly guards began pouring in from all angles. Two of them grabbed my arms and began to drag me away. It took six of them to fully separate Devon and Marcel, and even then two of them sustained injuries.

"Let go of me this instant!" Devon yelled at them, struggling.

"We have been summoned." Marcel said, his tone grave.

Devon went still, then glared at him. "Ah shit."

The guards took the three of us into the pack house. I didn't miss how the servants and maids stopped to stare and how they whispered and cast dirty looks my way. I could only guess what they were thinking. It was all my fault.

Ha! How on earth is that even possible?!

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We were brought to a throne room. On the throne sat an elderly king. He has That maid was right. This was all my fault. And surely I'll get blamed for this. "Your majesty," Devon and Marcel greeted, and I joined in a bit too late.

kind face, but his eyes were full of anger. The guards forced us to kneel before him. I got flashbacks of when I was first presented before the king. I kept my head low, trembling with fright.

"Marcel. Devon." The man said. "What is wrong with you both?! Acting like children in the middle of the day?!"

I flinched at the intensity of his tone.

"Why are you embarrassing yourselves?! You both are supposed to be brothers! And yet you're pulling swords t each other's throats!"

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"Brothers? Your majesty, this man is anything but my brother. "Devon said and laughed. "Brothers do not stab each other in

the backs!"

"Oh come on! Don't tell me you're still going over that! It's been what?! How many years now?n it's in the past already, and it was a one time thing" Marcel said.

"How easy for you to claim it's all in the past. Or course you were the one brandishing the traitors blade. What do I expect from a cheap traitor s yourself

"Say that again, Devon. I dare you."

"You're a disgusting traitor. And I'm pretty sure your ears work fine too."

"You fucking..."*www.novélWorm.com*

"Silence!" The king yelled, when it seemed like those two were about to go at it again for another round of fighting.

"Why are you both fighting?" The King asked.

I looked up at him, but he was focused solely on them. I noticed a distinct resemblance between he and Devon. The same golden eyes, the structure of the face. Even though the man was much older. "Your majesty," Devon said. "This maid right here is mine. And as usual, Marcel wants to take away what rightfully belongs to

me."

It was on the very tip of my tongue to argue that I wasn't a commodity to be taken ownership of. Then I remembered that I was in fact a slave at this point. And my life was worthless.

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Marcel scoffed. "I am not taking away anything. Perhaps it you had treated her better, she wouldn't have sought to escape you."

"The fuck are you on about?! She's mine! I paid for her!"

"Well she never belonged to you. And I am helping her out, seeing the amount of pain and suffering you caused her. What did you expect?"

"You have no right. And you have no idea how I treat her! What is even wrong with you?!"*www.novélWorm.com*

"It's evident. You've never been good at taking care of anything. Once it comes to you, you ruin it beyond repair."

"And you?! You're all of a sudden the Grand savoir?!"

"If that means I get to give her a good life then yes. Thad much better than you.'

"A good life. Was that the very same line you used all those years ago?"

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I snuck a look at the king. And my heavens, he looked exhausted. Like he had to do this everyday. Truly, Devon And Marcel argued like brothers. Twins even. It was evident that they had been close, perhaps once upon a time. But then it felt like something had changed somewhere.

"That's enough," The king said after they had exchanged insults to the point of throwing fists again. He turned to me. "Come forward. Get up."

I got to my feet and brushed my clothes.

"What is your name?" He asked.*www.novélWorm.com*

"Sue."

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"Sue. And where are you freq?"

"I have no idea, your majesty. I have been sold from one point to another I have no idea of my true origins,"

He nodded silently. "Sue, turn around and face the two alphas."

I did as he said. Devon was glaring daggers at me. Marcel looked pissed too, but it was clear his anger wasn't directed at me. The look on Devon's face was terrifying. There was no doubt in my body that if he ever got his hands on me, he would make me suffer. "Which of them do you want to stay with?"

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