

Forced Maiden For The Cursed Alpha King Chapter 12

Sabrina's POV:

The next night. I had a feeling that someone was in the room with me. I stirred awake and opened my eyes.

Staring right down at me was the alpha of alphas.

My heart tanked into my stomach as I stared at him. The questions rang in my head, what is he doing here? How did he get here? Where is lady Nifra? Why is he staring at me like he's willing my head to pop open and explode?

He turned to leave, no words spoken between us. Shocked and scared, I jumped out of bed and raced after him.

"Don't go!" I cried out. The blanket got caught in my legs and I crashed to the ground with a heavy thud. I got to my feet and pushed the blanket away.

He paused in his tracks, his hair billowing behind him. He didn't turn, he didn't make any indication that he had heard me, he just stood still

I inhaled a deep breath and gathered as much courage as I could muster in a space of ten seconds. Exhaling deeply, I started to speak.

"Please, you have to understand what I'm trying to say, I know that the first time we didn't exactly have much time to talk. Well mostly because you sentenced me to slavery before I could have a chance to explain myself. But..... I said, making sure I kept a safe distance between us. "I have to explain this and make something's clear. I'm not who you think I am. I'm deeply sorry for what Zayn did, but I had zero clue he did that kind of hit. Please you have to understand. I could never do that sort of thing. Ever."

He turned to look at me. But the motion was so swift and so sudden that I didn't expect what he did next.

He crossed the space between us in a flash. I took a step back, and he stepped forward. Before I knew it, I was backed up against the wall. His eyes burned crimson death, and to the heavens above I was convinced he'd hurt me. Or worse.

"The previous time?" He seethed, every word he spoke punctuated with anger.

I frowned, confusion etched on my brow. "The previous time we met, you said I was just like Zayn for..."

"You remember our first meeting?" He cut me off sharply.

“...I started to say but quickly realized I was at a loss for words. What a strange question. Do I remember our first meeting? How could I not

“Answer me!

“I don’t know!” I screamed, pure fright choking me. I could feel the power and heat that radiated off of him, along with the

The air felt heavy, like I was suffocating in that smoke filled room. I couldn’t breath. I couldn’t run. I couldn’t do anything. but shake like a leaf in fall.

How could he expect me not to remember?! The very reason I’m here right now, healing from injuries, is because he called me a traitor and made me a slave while everyone else was being reated like princesses! How can I forget the look on his face as he recognized I was from the Crue pack? How could I forget everything that had happened?! The very same incident that gave me sleepless nightst

How does he expect me to forget?!

I was staring at him when he suddenly took a step forward, making the breath stutter around in my chest as I hurriedly stepped backward. Fear—instantly engulfed me, one which only heightened when he took another step forward.

Oh goddess. This is it, isn’t it? This is clearly the end of my pathetic life.

I kept taking careful steps back and he kept stepping forward till the cold wall was pressing into my back and I instantly realized that I had nowhere else to run to,

When his hand moved, I flinched as a cry tore past my lungs because I thought he was about to claw my head off my shoulder or slap me till my head disconnected from the rest of my body. However, none of that happened because his cold fingers snaked around my throat and my legs wobbled from fright while I almost passed out at that very moment from fear.

His hold wasn’t tight and my breath didn’t get cut off, but I couldn’t find the ability to breathe right now and I instantly tried clawing his hand off while struggling to breathe.

“Who are you?” He asked, a vicious snarl on his lips while his eyes bored into mine..

“L” I choked out, hitting on his wrist and instantly regretting it when his eyes zeroed in on my hand, and then his hold around my throat tightened.

All I could see was red: The red of his eyes. The red of his anger

He must be deranged. He must really be crazy. Like all the rumors said. I was such a fool to think otherwise because he showed a bunch of unfortunate girls kindness. I was so stupid. He is the monster they say he is. Every inch of it!

He let go of my throat just as I began to feel like I might pass out My legs instantly gave way and I slid down the wall to the ground. I grabbed my neck and held it tenderly while coughing, spluttering and trying to get as much oxygen as I could into my lungs.

“Who are you?” He repeated again and my spine stiffened

I raised my head and looked him dead in the eye. “My name is Sabrina Knowles.” I said firmly. “I don’t know what else you want to know.”

His eyes darkened. He stared down at me like I was a half dead cockroach.

“You think your lies can fool me?” He asked.

“I’m not lying.”

“Now I’m certain you’re a hundred times worse than your deplorable mate. For your lies, your punishment will be increased ten fold”

I gasped, my eyes went wide. “What?” I whispered. “Ten.....fold?”

He turned and walked to the door.

Ten fold.

As if I’m not suffering enough now?

Ten fold. How much more suffering will be add to me?! what does he even want from met

I watched him leave, colorful words boiled on the top of my tongue. This man...no this monster! What did I ever do to him?! How can he be so fucking cruel?!

Buds of hatred bloomed in my heart and blossomed in the space of seconds. My chest felt cold inside. For the first time in my life, I felt pure hatred

I hadn’t ever felt like dus before. Not when Zayn fucked my sister. Not when he rejected me and sent me out. Not when my parents sided with Iris and told me to be understanding. Not when I watched my life ripped away from me.

I had never felt this amount hatred in my heart before.

I rose to my feet, glaring darkly at the door long after he had left. I hope he burns.

Xander's POV:

She remembered our first meeting. That puny little omega looked me in the eye and remembered everything I had compelled her to forget.

How was that possible?

Never in all the years of my life has that happened. And I've been around for a lot of years.

None of the girls who have been brought here for a "sacrifice, Remember what I look like. They won't ever know, they won't ever remember they've had a conversation with me or whatnot. I made it that way, and it has been flawless. I wanted none of them, absolutely none of them to remember my face, or that fact that I had met them. Erasing their memories was so easy now. They didn't even know it was happening while they were shaking with fright, crying and screaming to be let free. All their memories were erased.

Until that omega.

How could this be? How could she remember?

How did Sabrina remember me? Did I make a mistake when I was issuing the command? Wasn't my authority strong enough?

"Your majesty!" A startled voice gasped.

I turned to see Nifra emerging from a room. She quickly lowered her head in a bow.

"You're here!"

I nodded. "I am."

"You don't visit these areas, your majesty. If there was a problem I could have fixed it."

I wanted to be here, Nifra

She raised her head, shocked. "How could this be?"

I didn't have an answer for her. Her shock was mirrored on mine too.

Why am I here? Why did I come down here for the first time in hundreds of years?

I can't explain it, not even to myself.

All I know is that I found myself with a deep curious urge to leave my chambers and come here.

There's no way that could be so, I told myself. What could be here that was drawing my attention? To my greatest shock it was that omega. The very same one who had grated on my nerv

Took into Sabrina Knowles? I said to Nifra. "Find me everything you can about her

"Sabrina The slave?" Nifra asked, her eyes wide with confusion and surprise.

It must be such a shock to her. I know, it's a shock to me too. I don't typically care much for the girls. But this one...this one is something I can't grasp.

there's something about her I can't understand. And I hate mysteries more than anything else.

Nifra bowed. "Yes, your majesty."