

The Forced 122

Chapter 122 Sabrina's POV

I pressed my back to the wall, my knees pulled up to my chest. I wasn't sure how much time had passed, but my body was still trembling. It was still dark outside the window. I really needed to sleep. I was tired and could barely keep my eyes open. Yet I didn't dare close my eyes.

I rose to my feet and rushed to the door. I grabbed the doorknob and pulled it back. The door was locked. From outside. I Stumbled back, a terrified gasp on my lips. I turned to the window, hoping that maybe I'll be able to get out of it. I ran to it

yd threw the window open and looked down. It was a massive drop from here, I wouldn't dare jump, my life would end the moment I threw myself off the window.

I closed the window in defeat and slid down the wall. I hugged myself close, tears gathering in my eyes. I'm trapped. The only way out of this room is the door and it's locked.

He locked me in here..

I can't escape this place. My body felt exhausted, drained of every ounce of strength I had left.

I huddled myself against the wall, sobbing quietly. I should get some rest, I should try and sleep. But what if I sleep and he shows up? What if I close my eyes and that's the time he comes in and forces me?

I slammed my fists into my thigh. The pain zapped through my body and shook the sleep away.*aw@w.NoVeiWorm.C6(m)*

I said a silent prayer to the moon goddess. I begged her to let me out of here. Anyway possible at all.

I woke up in a fit. Only then did I realize that I had been drifting off to sleep.

I instantly jumped to my feet and looked around me, scared that someone had come into the room. There was no one. I looked out of the window to see that the sun had started to rise over the horizon. I ran to the door and checked it, it was still bolted shut. There was no sign that anyone had come into the room, not even Marcel.

I exhaled in short lived relief. Just because he didn't jump on me last night didn't mean that he wouldn't.*wwr.noVeiW(e)Ml.©0@*

I looked around the room for anything I could use to wedge the door. At least to give me a heads-up before he would break in.

I thought it was a brilliant idea, then I immediately faltered.

Even if I get a heads-up, how much time do I have to run? And where will I even run to? Out of the window? That would only result in a messy death. I looked at the bed, and it struck me that I could use the blanket to make a makeshift rope.

Hope bubbled inside me and I grabbed the blanket and stripped it off the bed. I ran over to the window, threw it open and chucked the blanket over. The hope I had instantly died as i saw how far the makeshift rope would reach. Not nearly far enough. "You've got to be shitting me." I sighed in frustration.

It was hopeless. I was stuck in this place for real.

No one came to the room till night fell, and well into the night.

I heard the door unlock and jumped to my feet. The hunger induced dizziness made me feel sick like I was going to faint

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and throw up at the same time. The door opened and Marod walked in with a tray of food and water. The aroma hit me hard and made me realize just how hungry I was.

Yet I backed away from him. He closed the door behind him and smiled, like all was well and he didn't lock me up inside

Are you hungry?" He asked

I slowly nodded*Ww.noVeiWorm.CoM*

"Well, here's food for you" He showed the tray to me. Just get on the bed and get your clothes off. And the food is all yours. Matter of fact, I'll remove from here now"

My stomach twisted in disgust. I will never spread my legs for you." I spat in anger.

He shrugged. Eke he had been expecting that answer "I guess you're to hungry enough yet." He carried the tray with him and friends to leave 711 be back, and when I'm back, I'm sure you'll change your mind. Else, is be glad to watch your starve to death" That's still better than sleeping with you"

He laughed to himself. "We'll see about that." He said and walked out. I rushed to the door and grabbed the doorknob, but it was already locked.

I screamed in frustration and kicked the door. Pain exploded in my leg and up my body, but that was the last of my worries:

Devon was right. I never thought I'd ever come to that conclusion, but he was a hundred percent right.

I should have stayed with him. Fuck! I shouldn't have ever left! And I thought staying with him was bad. I've caused bigger issues for myself. My throat was parched, my eyes were grainy from crying and lack of sleep. Everything hurt so fucking much And I wished I could go back to Devon. Tell him I'm sorry for daring to defy him, and beg him to take me back.

But how do I leave here now?

I didn't see Marcel till two days later. At least I thought it was two days.

My body was dreadfully weak. I was hungry and tired. And when he came by, with the same tray of food and water, I reached out for it.

"Please...water..." I choked, my voice rough from theist.

He walked closer to me and crouched down to my eye level. "Oh you poor thing," he said pitifully. "You can have all the water you want, just do as I said. "

I can't. I can't sleep with him. The mere thought of it disgusted and disturbed me.

How can I? I don't know him. He's a complete stranger to me. And he's also very crazy. Who would lock a woman up and starve her all so he could get her to agree to sleep with him?

It was crazy.

"I can't," I said.

His eyes hardened. He got to his feet and sighed. "Well, you have brought this upon yourself. "With that, he turned and

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walked out

I didn't see him the next day. Of the day after. Eventually, I lost track of time. Was it day outside, or night? I had no idea. laid on the cold floor and watched my life sleep out of my body I passed out, but to me it was the same was dying. I knew what was happening*wwW.noVeiW@om.c0(m)*

I was dying