

## The Forced 123

Chapter 123 [www.Nove\(l\)@o\(m\).Com](#)

3rd person POV: [www.Nove\(l\)@o\(m\).Com](#)

Caldan thought how much all of this was a big waste of time.

52%

He stood in front of the palace, and the only thing he could think about was the palace back home. More magnificent and more opulent than this one, of course.

Before him stood the welcoming party which consisted of King Calias and his son, Marcel.

Lord Caldán," King Calias said. Caldán nodded stilly. "We hope your trip here was most pleasant."

"The roads were bumpy, and it was an annoying journey. But yes thank you." Caldán said. His patience on this diplomatic trip has worn severely thin, and he knew it was starting to show. The wind picked up, and Caldán caught a peculiar scent. He turned to Marcel who was the source of the scent.

There was no way.

How could he have Sabrina's scent? And the alpha of alphas?

"Is anything the problem?" Marcel asked, noticing Caldán's intense look on him.

Caldán shook his head and smiled. "Not at all," He said simply.

It was simply a coincidence. There's no way Sabrina was here. Caldán summed it up to him missing her so much he was beginning to see traces of her everywhere.

He the short time he spent with her. The walks, and all the promises of a better life.

He never imagined he would miss her, but alas here he was. Getting her scent here suddenly filled him with memories of

Ah shit, he did miss her. Matter of fact he wanted to see her right away.

That

was really strange. Caldán knew himself, he knew he wasn't the kind to catch feelings. He hadn't even thought about it that much, and here it was hitting him all of a sudden.

"Is anything the problem, Lord Caldán?" King Calias asked. "Have we offended the Chronicle?"

Caldán schooled his features to neutrality. The Chronicle. His brother. At the mention of his name, Caldán get anger. This diplomatic trip was supposed to be done weeks ago. But each time he sent word that he was done, he was only given more work to do. Each and every

time.

"I don't think you have. He won't send me if you offended him, don't you think?" Caldán asked, his head tilted curiously. King Calias laughed uneasily. "Of course, yes. Please, come in. It's cold out here."

[www.Nove\(l\)@o\(m\).Com](#)

Caldán nodded. "Thank you." He headed into the palace. As he walked past Marcel, he got hit with another wave of Sabrina's scent. It made him pause halfway.

This was so annoying. He knew deep down that he needed to be done with this trip as soon as possible. Return to the palace and meet Sabrina. And then he'd make sure to take her away from that place. No matter what happened.

He resumed walking into the palace. Calias droned in about tributes. Caldán barely paid him any heed.

Why hadn't Sabrina written back? Didn't she get any of the letters he had written to her? Knowing her, she would have at least said something. Caldán felt confused. He needed to see her.

Immediately.

1/3

ViSS

KIKA

II OG

11:18 Sat, 21 Dec Kiss

Chapter 123

"Lord Caldán?" Calias called.

"For the time being, the Chronicle has suspended the sending of tributes." Caldán said and turned to face Calias.

"Is that so?" Calias' eyes went wide. "Is that good news?"

52%

Caldán laughed. "However you choose to understand it." But it was true. For whatever reason, the Chronicles had suspended receiving tributes. Young girls from packs were no longer sent over in their numbers. Caldán has no idea what was going on behind closed doors to warrant such a decision.

"That means we will have to relay the good news." Marcel said, joining in the conversation.

never said that," Caldán intoned sharply. "You are to keep shut about the matter, and remember I said for now."

"What will happen to the girls we've arranged?" Marcel asked.

Caldán decided there and then that he didn't like him at all. He turned to the prince and smiled.

"Simple. Send them back to their parents or whoever. And I'm sure you'll come up with something along the way." "I'm sure we can-

"My prince!" A guard ran up to the trio. He quickly bowed and faced Marcel. "The girl she's passed out."

"Oh is that so?" Marcel said. He waved the guard off.

"What's wrong, son?" Calias asked. Marcel bowed and gave a charming smile.

"My apologies, father. I have to take my leave now, please excuse me."

Caldán watched him walk away and didn't pay much mind to it. He and Calias continued to walk and talk. [www.No\(El\)@o\(m\).com](#)

"That's strange," Caldán suddenly paused. He thought it was a figment of his imagination somehow, but Sabrina's scent got stronger and stronger. And mingled with it was the Chronicle's scent. "How is this-" "Lord Caldán, please what exactly is the matter. You've been acting strange ever since you came here."

Caldán turned to Calias. "Nothing is the problem. I can assure you, everything is fine."

The old man didn't look convinced. But he sighed and nodded. "Very well. About the trades, when can we hope to set up ports? Our seas could be utilized for this course, I believe. And we could be-

Caldán really tried to listen. To pay attention and contribute to the conversation. But he couldn't ignore Sabrina's scent that got stronger and stronger.

"Your highness, you must excuse me." Caldán turned to Calias. "Excuse me a minute."

The old king nodded, confusion written all over his face. "Very well. I will send a servant to you, hopefully you'll join us for dinner."

Caldán turned on his diplomatic smiles. "Yes, thank you."

Caldán turned and followed her scent. His heart raced steadily as he hastened his steps. there's no way Sabrina was here. She was safe back home, as the King's slave. What would she be doing here? How would she even get here? He kept walking. Her scent got stronger and stronger still. He turned down a sharp corner and came face to face with Marcel.

In his arms was Sabrina, unconscious.