

The Forced 124

Chapter 124

3rd PERSON POV:

Alpha Devon didn't ever believe that he would come to hate the Chronicle. If anyone had told him that he would have laughed in their face. But alas, things always change.

Now, Devon wanted to kill him.

That was a near impossible feat. The Chronicle was untouchable Devon knew this much. He was powerful, insanely so. He was feared and respected. Getting close to him was near impossible.

Devon knew all these facts. He did after all spend some time with him at the royal palace. It was no news of his reputation.

Devon still wanted him dead. He was a strong believer in things always working out if will was strong enough. And his will to see the chronicle dead was strong.

He found a way.

A way to kill him. By working with some magical elves, a project started. Plans to become immortal and powerful enough to defeat the Chronicle himself. However, it was going to take a long time. Years even. To defeat a creature such as The Chronicle. Devon had been at it for a couple of years now. Steady progress was being made day by day. But to wait till it was all done was going to be a long ass process.

Until Sue came along.

Devon instantly knew he could use that timid maid to get to the chronicle and break him. And after he would break him, watch him suffer. In the meantime before the project would be complete and Devon would finally kill him.

But the girl refused to come clean about her relationship with the chronicle. She refused to speak the painfully obvious truth. It wasn't hard for Devon to see that she and the chronicle had been together. She continued to lie and lie.

There's no fucking way she won't have his scent on her if they didn't do something together. Devon was completely certain that scent belonged to the Chronicle.

She was his. Now if it was how she was able to escape from his hold, Devon had no idea. And he didn't particularly care for that. His plan for her was quite simple. He was going to kill her and send her body back to the chronicle. It won't be hard. Devon knew the way to the palace. He knew what the Chronicle himself looked like. He has access to him. No matter where, he would be able to recognize him. Unlike the other members of the society.

It would be so easy.

On one hand, Devon hated hurting women.

He wasn't a brute by nature.

Not since he lost his one and only love. But everything was suddenly off the table after she died.

Devon walked into his office and sat down. The sun was entirely down, and the entire office was plunged into darkness. Not even a candle was lit. He boiled with anger as he sat there glaring into the darkness Katherine..

The only woman he has ever loved in his long life. He loved her first. He saw her first.

But no.

10:13 Mon, Dec 23 GY.

Chapter 124@W.(n)ove©WoRm.cOm

874%

The fucking Chronicle had to come in and ruin everything for him. He knew. He knew that Devon had feelings for Katherine. It was clear for all to see. He wooed her openly. He stole Katherine, The last thing Devon expected was for his friend to do that.

They had both grown up together as boys. They were close, as brothers should be. Devon completely trusted him. more than he trusted his own self.

And what did the chronicle do with that trust?

He took the woman Devon loved.

Devon never forgave him for that. And he doubted he would ever forgive him. The chronicle went ahead and mated with Katherine. Perhaps they were fated mates or not. That didn't matter to Devon. He lost Katherine.

But his love for her never died. He loved her from afar. Even as she was married to the chronicle. Devon didn't stop loving her.

As time went by he consoles himself that it was all for her happiness. As long as she was happy. As long as her life was perfect. He could handle it.

He sucked up to the chronicle. He pretended like nothing was wrong. Like all was perfectly fine.

Daya went by. And then weeks and months and years.

"Alpha Devon?" A soft voice called from outside the door.

"Come in." Devon said. www.nóé!w@RM.cOm

The door opened and Malia walked in. She held a lantern with her, the rays of it illuminated the dark room. "You're here, all alone?" She asked softly.

"Is anything the matter?" Devon asked. He wasn't angry at her, but his tone came out clipped and fast. He sighed and rubbed his temples. "I'm not in a good mood now,

Malia." www.n)Ové!wo(r)m.c@m

"How did it go today?" She asked, undeterred by his sharp tone. She walked into the study and set the lantern on the desk. "With Marcel, I mean."

Devon thought of Sue. And Katherine.

He thought of how he lost Katherine. To the chronicle. He killed her. He was the reason Katherine was no longer in this world. www.n)Ové!w@RM.c@m

A bite. Just one bite. And she was dead.

Devon wondered if he would bite Sue too. Seve her the same fate as the love of his life.

That was the last straw.

Devon knew he could continue living as long as Katherine existed in the world. Even though she wasn't his mate. Even though he has to watch her married to someone else. Even though he has to stomach the betrayal. But she was dead now. And life lost all it's meaning,

That sparked a flame inside Devon.

"It went well." He said to Malia. He got to his feet and walked past her. "Goodnight. I'll see you tomorrow

2/3

SEND GIFT

Chapter 124

"Devon," she called but he was already walking out of the study.

Just as the Chronicle had killed Katherine, Devon would serve him the very same fate. He would make sure the Chronicle died by his very hands.

0

COMMENT