

The Forced 125

Chapter 125

3rd person POV:

Thinking about the Chronicle and Katherine had reminded Devon about a lot of things. But seeing Malia had reminded him of something else.

Ever since Katherine died, Devon had been unable to have any sort of desire for any woman. And that was how it started that he was cursed. He found it laughable but at the same time he didn't try to refute anyone. They can believe all they wanted, it didn't matter. But the truth of the matter was that he didn't want any other woman. And despite the wives he had, and the concubines and breeders, he didn't ever touch them. He hadn't touched them in the past, and he didn't plan to. But no one can know that. That was why each time he was with any of them, he warned them to never tell a soul what really happens behind closed doors.

Not even Sue was able to make him feel any sort of sexual desire for her.

That wasn't very surprising to him. Perhaps she was good looking, but His scent on her skin drove Deyon half mad with rage each time she came closer to him. So yes. No desire at all.

The days events flashed through his mind and his body bristled with anger. Sue had chosen Marcel today. She stared at him and went to that fucking bitch Marcel. That singular event sparked Devon's anger beyond bonds. Marcel.

It was always Marcel, wasn't it?

The very reason why Devon didn't grow up in the pack was Marcel. Devon was the rightful owner of the throne. The thought set a flame of hurt in his heart. The only thing that ruined his chances of being on the throne was because of his illegitimate birth. His birth had to be hidden because his mother was a whore. She was publicly shamed because of it and as a result Devon couldn't be seen in public.

The king his father cared for him, he did. But his care was behind the scenes, never in public. The king believed that it was enough. *www.NoVELwOrM.com*

But to Devon it was never enough.

How could it be enough? His mother was scorned. He was hidden as the King's son. His birthright was given to Marcel the moment the little bitch was born. Because he was the legitimate son. Devon watched the bitch take it all away, and he wasn't even out of diapers *WwW.NoVELwOrM.com*

yet.

The king still loved Devon's mother. Whatever twisted love that was, it existed. He believed it was his fault for everything. And the only way he could remedy that was to send Devon away Devon was sent to the kings younger sister and raised as her son.

That way everyone came to believe that he and Marcel were cousins, when in fact they were brothers, Marcel knew this too: And he never failed to run it in.

Devon decided that once he was old enough, he would leave the pack. He couldn't continue to live with the knowledge of his life and parentage, watching helplessly as someone else took his birthright..

And so he did. He left once he was thirteen. That was when he met the Chronicle, In a sort of twist, he ran into the most feared personality of werewolf society at large. And so the years that followed by went by.

Some decades went by, and all that happened between him and the Chronicle went by, years later, Devon accomplished a name for himself. He was able to leave and build his own pack, commanding love and respect that he so rightly deserved. It was a good time.

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Chapter 125

But it wasn't enough.

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Devon wanted his birthright back. He burned with a cold hatred for Marcel. Marcel has it so easy. Born into the finest privilege, he didn't fail to flaunt it wherever he went. Future king, he made sure that everyone knew that.

It sickened Devon. Watching him playing off that power and influence that wasn't his to begin with.

And not to mention the multiple times girls would show interest in Devon only to be swayed away by Marcel and his superficial charms. As he did with Sue. She wasn't the first, it had honestly happened more times than Devon could count.

On a normal day, Devon wouldn't care. Marcel that little bitch could have all the women in the world. The only woman Devon wanted was Katherine, and she was dead. No other woman mattered to him. He was content with being the bigger person. He was content to leaving it all to Marcel.

But Sue.

Sue was different. She was useful to Devon. He has plans for her. Bigger plans than letting that fucking bitch sink his dick in

her.

Today, he won't be the bigger person. He won't let Marcel have her.

Devon was going to use her and get back at the man who had imprinted his scent on her. It didn't matter if Sue chose Marcel. Devon would do everything in his power to get her back At all costs.

"My alpha!" A loud voice drew Devon from his spiraling thoughts. He paused in his tracks and turned around. He realized he was on his way to his chambers, his feet moving to their own. "What is it?" He asked.

The guard wend down on one knee. "Something happened back at the palace." *WwW.NoVELwOrM.com*

Devon rolled his eyes. He turned and headed away. "I know. I'm coming from there."

"It was bad! My alpha! That maid... Sue. she..."

Devon turned and faced him. "She what?!" *WwW.NoVELwOrM.com*

The guard shivered. "Something happened with her. A representative of the Chronicle came to the palace and plans to take her along with him."

A red haze fell over Devon's eyes. The chronicle. Again! He came to take Sue back. And that just confirmed everything that Devon has suspected. Sue was related to the Chronicle. And now he's sent someone to bring her back. His eyes hardened and he grit his teeth. "Prepare the carriage immediately."

SEND GIFT

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