

The Forced 128

Chapter 128

Sabrina's PO

"Never have I been this insulted before." Caldan said in a disapproving tone.

That wasn't what shocked me. Normally, once the Chronicle was mentioned, everyone fell under a hush. His name spoke volumes for itself, that was the kind of man he was. And get Devin wasn't moved at all. He didn't even bat an eyelid of surprise. He wasn't ruffled. "You brought this upon yourself." Devon said to Caldan. "But since this is how you've chosen this to go, very well."

"I could say the same about you." Caldan replied.

They both assumed fighting stances. My heart skipped a beat and every bone of caution I possessed in my body screamed at me to run. To break them apart, to just do something!

"Caldan!" I cried out. I jumped out of the bed, my knees shaky. please! Stop it!"

"Sabrina, stay back." He said.

"Alpha Devon! Please!"

Devon shot me a cold glare. I stumbled back, grabbing onto the headboard for support. "Stay the fuck back." He snapped.

They're not listening to me! Not even Caldan is! Right now he's blinded by rage. And I have no idea what to do because I've never seen him like this before.

"Get him!" Marcel said to Devon. He had dragged himself up and leaned on the wall. He was even more battered up now. "Devon..don't let him leave."

- because he Doesn't want me to leave here. picking Devon's side Oh now he's just being dramatic! He's only doing this - The moment Caldan leaves he'll turn back to the snake that he is. He doesn't want me to leave at all.

Just as Devon and Caldan lunged at each other, the door burst open and Marcel's father walked in. "Devon!" He shouted. Devon pauses and turned to him. He straightened himself and instantly put distance between him and Caldan. The old king walked up to Caldan. "I'm so sorry, Lord Caldan. For this appealing behavior."

Caldan stared at the man, his eyes cold. "Is that so, King Calias?"

"Yes...and..." King Calias turned to Devon and Marcel. "This is how you two treat an esteemed guest?! Devon, by picking a fight?"

"Your majesty, I..."

"And you! My own son, acting in such a deplorable manner?!" He snapped at Marcel. At least Marcel has the good graces left to look ashamed. Devon still has a haughty look in his eyes.

"King Calias," Caldan called and the man turned to him. "I do not have the time for this, unfortunately. While I appreciate

your

efforts at correction I must do what I came here for."

King Calias blinked in confusion. "And what is that?"

"This woman, Sabrina," He walked over to me and grabbed my waist. He pulled me closer to him, his eyes shooting daggers at Devon. "She is my lover. And I am taking her with me."

"Yes! Of course!" King Calias said with a nervous smile. "Yes. No one will be able to stop you, I will make sure of it."

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Chapter 128

Whatil Devon exclaimed. Your majesty!".

I have said what I said. King Calias said sharply. He smiled softy at Caldan and clasped his hands together. It's getting late, why don't you and her stay for the night I'll have a servant prepare a room for you. Thank you. Caldan said, his tone softer. "You are very kind."

"It's nothing at all. Again, my deepest apologies.

"Fucking hell!" Devon hissed. He stormed out of the room and slammed the door behind him.

I looked up at Caldan. He met my eyes and smiled. And for a while, everything was fine.

The room we had been shown to was a lovely master room to the east of the palace. After a long and hot shower, I got dressed in a nightdress that has been provided by some maids. They had brought dinner too, but I was too nervous to eat. Caldan was with me. He too took a shower and got ready for bed I perched on the edge of the bed and watched him busy around the room. He had a subdued aura around him, and he moved with calm and grace.

I couldn't actually believe that he was here right now. It was all like a dream that I'd eventually wake up from and be forced to face reality. He turned to me and his eyes lit up.

"You've been staring at me. Any longer and is have a hole in my head." He said. He walked over to me and crouched down in front of me. He took my hand and kissed the back of my hands. "What's wrong?"

... I just can't believe you're here. It's like a dream."

"Rina, what happened?" He asked. "How did this... All of this happen?"

"I... it was a misunderstanding at the palace. And I got sent away.

His brows furrowed. "A misunderstanding?"www.n0Veiw0rm.com

I nodded.

"That's crazy, Rina. What could have possibly happened to cause them to send you away?"

My heart began to race. What...what do I

say

now?

"I was sold off. By Acheron, and I ended up here. The exact details are hazy, I wasn't conscious half the time."

My heart ached that I was lying to him. He doesn't deserve this right now. But at the same time im terrified down to my bones. If I tell him everything, what are the chances that he'll leave me here? If I tell him that I was found to be a witch and sent out, he would surely leave me here.

I've seen the level of devotion he has to the king. He will surely side him. And he will abandon me here.

He sat on the bed and turned to me. "Rina..."

I threw my arms around him and hugged him. I buried my face in the crook of his neck and inhaled deeply. His calming scent filled my nose, and I felt my shoulders relax.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, as my body shook with sobs. "I'm so sorry..."

He put

his arms around me and held me close. Very gently, he pulled me so I was seated in his lap, my legs on both sides of his body. I pressed myself as close to him as I could, my body trembling.

"I'm running your shirt," I mumbled.

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11:35 Wed, Dec 25 G

Chapter 1281

He laughed, his hands stroking the back of my head and across y hack. It's a shirt. Ruin it, I don't care. You're were wal

e now. That's all that matters."

me

I pulled my head off his shoulder and stared into his eyes. "You're here. Right now

"Yes, I am."

I cupped both sides of his face and ran my thumb across his lips He's real. His skin is warm and soft. His eyes...so blue and so pure are real now, staring at me. I can feel his warmth, all over my body. "I'm so happy," I said, my lip wobbling. "I'm so damn happy right now."

"As am I." He said. He kissed my forehead and pulled my head back to his shoulder. He took a whiff of my neck and hummed. "that's strange,"

"What?"

"You have the King's scent on your

My heart stopped beating.

Fuck.

Fuck. Did I forget?!

skin."

How could I ever forget such a thing?!

"I was his slave," I said in a calm voice that betrayed my raging fear. "It naturally happened. And he moved my rooms too. I didn't know-."

"It's okay," He said. "I don't wish to talk about another man right now."

I nodded.

We stayed this way for a few more minutes. Then he had to leave for a meeting with King Calias.

"Don't stay up waiting for me" he said as he rose to leave. "Okay?

I nodded. "Sure."

He left the room. Few minutes after, a knock sounded on the door. Thinking that he was back so soon, I walked over to the door and threw it open. The smile on my face died as I saw who was on the other side. "Marcel " I said.

He had a bandage over his nose and wound around his head too. "Sue...I mean Sabrina."

I grabbed the door handle, ready to slam it in his face if he tried any funny moves.

"I'm sorry." He said. "For how I treated you, and for starving you. I'm really sorry."

"I don't need your apologies."

"But I... I mean it."

"Goodnight." I said and slammed the door and locked it from inside.

He's sorry? What a joke! When he was starving me all because I refused to sleep with him, he didn't think about that.

11:35 Wed, Dec 25 ti G

Chapter 128

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I made my way back to the-hed and crawled under the covers. I prayed that Caldan would return quickly. I didn't want to be alone.WWw.N.vEI@orm.cOM

I didn't know when I drifted off to sleep. I stirred awake, and I became aware of someone else in the room with me.

"Caldan?" I whispered, rubbing sleep out of my eyes.

"How funny." A deep voice said. A voice that wasn't Caldan.

Devon leaned over me, his eyes shining in the dim light of the room. Just as I opened my mouth to scream, he clamped his hand over my mouth and grabbed my neck with his other hand. "You're not leaving here alive." He seethed.

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