

The Forced Maiden For The Cursed Alpha King

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Chapter 211

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Sabrina's POV:

I winced in pain as the burst of energy hit me right in my ribs, knocking all breath out of me. My mouth hung open as I tried to force oxygen back into my lungs.

"Get up." Acheron's cold voice spat above me head. "We haven't even started."

My knees buckled and I grit my teeth hard to stave off the pain.

It's barely been ten minutes, and my entire body is screaming in pain.

I forced myself to stand up straight and I glared at him. "I'm okay," I spat out.

"I didn't ask. Was his cold reply. He took a few steps back and faced me. "As we've been trying to do, create a mental shield and block my attacks."

I noticed my hand trembling. I grabbed it and steadied myself. Just as I had been taught, I tried to erect a shield in my head. Acheron raised his hand and my body tensed up.

That thing hurt like a fucking bitch. Raw energy, not channelled into any physical form was as pure brutal strength at its finest. And worse, I couldn't **see it**. All I had to do was rely on my shield to protect me.

The energy hit me and knocked me off my feet. I cried out softly under my breath, the pain shooting right up my spine.

Fuck. This one was bigger, more than the others.

I fell to the ground, curled up against myself while I did my fucking best not to cry. My body vibrated with pain, down to my fingertips.

He's so wicked.

At this point I'm starting to regret choosing him.

"Sabrina." He called, the annoyance plain in his voice. "Get up."

"No." I snapped, "Leave me alone."

He sighed heavily. "For goodness sake." I heard his footsteps come up to me and pause at my feet. "You're so dramatic."

I raised my head up and looked at him. My eyes went wide as I saw him sitting on the floor beside me. I instantly shot up, wincing as the motion caused pain to shoot all throughout my body.

"You're like a kitten. That glare on your face is anything but intimidating."

Kitten?!

He just called me a kitten?!

I looked around, to see if I would catch a glimpse of Lord Acheron, the real one. It was just the two of us in the spar room.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

I turned back to him. "You just called me kitten."

"I did."

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Chapter 211

"That's...that's so unlike you, Lord Acheron

He pursed his lips. "That was meant as a compliment. I didn't mean it to come out as an insult

I scooted closer to him and he jerked back, but didn't pull away. "You're acting so strange lately. A few minutes ago, I was certain you were going to kill me

"And have the king flay me and feed my body to the dogs? Thank you. I'll pass

I laughed, and my ribs exploded in pain. "owww

"Sorry."

I waved the apology aside. "Lord Acheron, can I ask you something? Seeing as we have this gentle atmosphere right now?"

His eyes narrowed. "What do you want to ask me? It better be related to how to put up a shield."

I bit my lower lip. "Yes, it's somewhat related to that"

"Ask."

I sat straighter and held his gaze, preparing to watch for even the slightest change in his expression. "Is there anything between you and lady Nifra?"

He stiffened. "Why are you asking that? What makes you think?"

I lifted my shoulders in a **lazy** shrug. "I don't know. I just think there's something between you two."

"There's nothing between us." He said, his chin lifted a few centimeters.

Ah. Defensive. Not to mention how guarded his eyes are too. He's hiding something. I know he is.

"I don't believe you." I said.

He got to his feet, and I felt the wedge that was previously between us slotted firmly back in place. "I don't care *if* you *believe* me or not. Break time is over. Get up, we have work to get done."

I stood up, my upper lip curled. "Fine then. What do you think of lady Nifra?"

"She's a good comrade."

Comrade?! Who the fuck says that these days?!

"But she is also annoying"

I blinked in shock. "Annoying? How so?"

"Forget it."

"Lord Acheron please, you can't just leave me hanging. Tell me more."

"Sabrina, drop it."

I glared at him, my chest and cheeks puffed out. "I'll go to the king."

He raised a brow. "And tell him what? That I refused to indulge in your gossip."

Ouch.

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09:08 Fri, 11 Apr

Chapter 211

I sighed and folded my arms. "I'm not giving this up. Mark my words"

"You'll have to force your answers out of my belly. Now, shields. Immediately

My body went rigid. Panic slipped into my mind, and I tried to make a shield.

A strong belief system. Channel my magic into my mind, let it spread out of my body and form a protective covering against other magic.

The energy burst hit my thigh. I screamed out as my leg buckled.

"Fuck!" I gasped, heaving and shaking. "Lord Acheron!"

"Yes, Sabrina?" He replied coolly,

"Do you hate me? Do you actually, really with all that you are, hate me?"

"Yes."

He didn't even hesitate. So wicked.

"*That's* not true. You're just saying that to-"

"You wanted the truth. There it is. Besides, what's the point of lying to you?"

"Why do you hate me?"

"Sabrina get ready."

I took a step closer to him, and closer, till I was standing nose to nose. Or rather nose to chest because he was taller than me. "Why do you hate me? What did I do to you?"

His dark eyes glared into my soul as he stared down at me. "You are a lot of trouble, Sabrina." He said. "I don't know how you managed to get into the King's heart. But that doesn't mean I trust you at all."

"The king loves me, and I love him too. Why can't you see that? You still think I'll hurt him? That I'm not to be trusted?"

"Yes. You will break his heart. That is certain."

I cocked my head to the side and a wicked smile lit up my face. "You know, I've been wondering this ever since I served at that dinner months ago and met you. Tell me this, Lord Acheron,"

"What?"

“Are you in love with the king? Or rather, do you have romantic feelings for him?”