

Forced Maiden For The Cursed Alpha King Chapter 05

The carriage ride was bumpy, maybe it was to punish me or maybe to make up for lost time. Every minute it hit a large stone and jumped three feet in the air. I sat inside, my bound wrists resting in my lap. At this point it was starting to dawn on me how futile everything was.

We got to the pack where the alpha of alpha resided. And it wasn't what I was expecting. I had expected a kingdom of perpetual shadows and darkness, but it looked like a normal pack. Except larger in size with a lot of sophisticated buildings.

The carriage pulled up in front of the gates leading to the pack house. Three hefty guards were stationed outside, holding spears in their hands and looking like they chewed iron.

"No further than here. One of them spoke in a gruff voice. "Leave the offering and leave"

The guard who drove the carriage jumped down and pulled me out. "Good luck," He said with a wicked grin. He turned and went back on the carriage and drove off.

I watched the carriage grow smaller and smaller till it vanished from sight. Every cell in my body told me to go after it.

"You," I turned to the guards. They pulled the hefty gates open, the huge intricate slabs of metal opening to reveal a mansion. "Get in.

"But I."

He thrust his spear at me. I screamed out and covered my head. The spear landed on my shoulder and yanked me forward. "Get inside," the guard said. "We're not allowed to touch the offerings, best for you not to make this hard for yourself."

I walked inside the gates, not needing to be told twice. When that spear touched my shoulder I thought it was going to pierce through my head.

The iron gates slammed shut behind me, the sound rattling my bones. I turned and looked at it, estimating how many minutes it would take to climb them and run.

'Don't even think about it.'" A sharp voice spoke behind me.

Behind me was a tall, slim woman who has the aura of a royal lady all around her. For one she sneered at me as if she had seen a pest. Her back was held straight, her chin tilted and her icy blue eyes focused on the.

"Follow me." She said sharply and turned. "I will show you to your room."

“I get a room? I’m not going to be killed right away?”

She ignored me. I turned and looked at the gate once again. The Sun had vanished from the sky. My fate is now sealed? Or can I make it out of here if I try?

“Hurry now! The woman snapped. I turned and raced after her My heart hasn’t slowed down.

There were twelve other girls in the room, all of them wearing the same white gown and brown sandals that I wore. They all looked up when the doors open, and I didn’t miss the looks of fear that flashed across their faces.

“You will be staying here until you are called in woman said. “Meals will be provided and care times too. You are expected to be on your best behavior at all times, disobedience come will educate you with dire consequences. I’m sure your friends here

I stared into her cold eyes. “When will I be called?”

“Whenever he pleases to call you.” She said and turned to leave. The door behind her slammed shut and I heard the distinct. sound of a lock clicking shut.

My legs gave way and I collapsed on the ground. I felt drained, like I had been running on fumes the past days.

“Are you okay” One of the girls made her way up to me. I looked up at her, she looked younger than me. Her hair was black and tied at her nape, and she had warm brown eyes. But she looked like she had been crying a lot.

“I’m fine.” I replied. I looked around the room. It was very large, with a lot of beds that were mostly empty. All the girls were gathered around one of the beds, some seated on the floor and other perched on the bed. They watched me carefully but none of them made any move to change her position.

“Pardon us.” The girl who had walked up to me said with a soft laugh. “We were so scared it was going to be choosing night.” I got to my feet with her help. “Choosing night?”

“One of us gets chosen on choosing night.” Another girl said from the other side of the room. “That also means your funeral. just so you know.”

The girl with me sighed. “Come on, pick a bed. At least we get good food before we’re killed.”

Good food before death meant nothing. I was a Luna, I knew all the good food there was to eat. But I didn’t voice any of my bitter thoughts to this girl, she seems so kind. And we are all in the same situation, so being nasty won’t help anyone.

I picked a bed and sat stiffly on it.

“Is this the part where we know each other’s names?” I asked, looking at their faces.

“No, what’s the point if we’re going to die?” One of the girls said.

“Don’t be so dark..

“But it’s the truth!”

I stared at the dark girl. “Don’t I know you from somewhere?”

She rolled her eyes. “You finally recognized me, Luna?” She spat the last word like it was venom on her tongue.

“You’re from my pack. I said, feeling a bit embarrassed that I hadn’t noticed earlier.

Yes. And alpha Zayn ordered my capture. Can you believe that your alpha sent me here!”

“Bur it was with your knowledge, right?” I said quietly. Zayn had told me that the girls that were sent to the alpha of alphas

all agreed to go and we’re happy to do so. Their families also recoved compensation, that was what he said.

“What a load of crap. She huffed and folded her arma. “Guess you bought his lies as much as I did And for you to be here, guess you’re not Luna anymore.”

I shook my head and straightened my back. “No, I am not.”

“Pary”

She didn’t look like she pitied me. But I didn’t need that.

“We should all go to bed. One of the girls said. “Who knows who we’ll be asked to do tomorrow?”

I didn’t ask what they did today.

The next morning we were woken up and marched down to shower and get ready for the day. We were given food, which was pretty decent, and after that we were assigned work to do. I got paired with two other girls to do the dishes.

The day went by, and there was this sense of dread that hung in the air. As evening neared, it got even worse.

Was tonight going to be choosing night? Which one of us was going to have her heart taken out and eaten?

That night a girl got taken. She kicked and screamed and vomited but nobody said anything. The rest of us watched in horror as she got dragged away by two hefty guards. Some girls started crying. Later that night, I cried myself to sleep.

The next day was the same routine. We'd get washed up, eat and do chores. And by evening, another girl will be taken. Each evening we would watch the doors, huddled together, trembling and praying that it wouldn't open

The doors would open, and a girl would get taken. I would clasp my palms together and pray that it wasn't me. Even though it pained me to think such, I didn't want to die like this. My life may be the most terrible like ever, but I don't want to end it like this.

Those girls were being killed, it was whispered among us. Some would even talk about how they heard the girls screams for help in their sleep. Every night I would huddle, in my cold bed and cry.

Waiting for the day I'd be picked. Waiting for the day the doors would open and those guards would drag me off to my death. Waiting for the day my heart would be eaten.

This went on for a week.

By the end of the week, I couldn't take it anymore. If that door opens one more time when the sun goes down, I will lose my mind and run down the halls of this pack house screaming like a deranged woman

It's dumb to keep waiting like this, waiting to die,

So the next day, I did my morning routine. Except this time instead of tending to the flower garden like I was assigned to, I dropped my basket filled with flowers and I ran. I ran without looking back, no idea of where I was going all that was on my mind being to run. Get out of here and never come back.

I can climb. I can climb those impossible gates. Once I make it out of here, I will be free. I have no idea where I'll go once I'm done, but anywhere but here.

I ran straight into a person. The force of it sent me flying back on my butt.

"Where are you going?" The person I had bumped into asked.

I looked up and I met the eyes of the guard who always came to pick one of us every night.

Sabrina's POV:

“You again?” The woman sighed, claiming exasperated. She rubbed her temples.

“Just let me go, please my arms ached from the way the guards were holding my arms up. My legs had long given way. leaving me slack and fully supported by my arms.

I'd been caught while trying to escape again. And again and again. Out of frustration and determination because I refuse to be killed off by the chronicle like a dog. I decided to kill myself instead, because i had nothing to live for anyway.

But I couldn't even kill myself in peace here. Someone is always watching, always ready to report me. They won't let me live, they won't let me die either.

“What shall we do with her, my lady?” One of the guards asked.

The woman tapped her chin in thought. Her icy eyes glared at me, displeasure swirling in their depths. In her eyes I was nothing more than a pest to her. A pest who she won't let die.

“Leave her to me.” She said at last. She looked at the guards behind me. “You have done a good job bringing her to me. You may leave now

They dropped my arms without warning. I fell down, the ground scraping my knees. I hissed in pain, clutching my bleeding knee. I heard the sounds of the guards marching away, and it was just I and this woman.

“What is your name?” She asked.

“Sabrina.” I replied.

“You're coming with me now, Sabrina” She said and turned to leave. When I didn't follow behind her she turned and looked at me. “What are you waiting for?”

“I'm not going to... I started to say but my words were cut off by a resounding slap to my face. The force of it knocked my head to the side. I grabbed my hurting cheek, my eyes wide with shock. I raised my head and looked at her only for her to slap me again.

“My goodness,” She huffed. “You're so insufferable. You must have been a spoiled brat growing up huh?”

My eyes watered from the sharp stinging pain in my cheek. Spoiled brat huh? She had no fucking idea. All I want to do is die in peace, is that too much to ask for?!

“If you must know, I was a fucking Queen.” I hurled at her but she ignored me.

“Come with me, now” She hissed.

I blinked the tears away from my eyes and walked behind her. At each and every turn, I'm being shown just how powerless I am here. Powerless and useless. What can I do? Who do I have? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

The woman took me to a bathroom. There were three maids there. She barked orders for them to get me cleaned up.

My heart sank.

This was it huh? I had finally crossed the line for good.

The maids looked at me with pity in their eyes as they scrubbed my body from head to toe. They dried me off and applied a lot of scented oils and lotions into my hair and skin to the point I would have swooned over because of how pretty it was, if I was

shone with a warm glow. They forced me into a dress that! being sent off to lie right now.

Once they were done, they pulled a full length mirror in front of me..

I couldn't recognize the woman in front of me. Even though they had done their best to pamper me up. I still looked exhausted. The lack of sleep told on my pale cheeks which no amount of rouge could hide. My eyes were sunken in their sockets, their light dimmed to nothingness. I looked awfully skinny too, the bones of my shoulder and my collarbones

Justing out

I looked like a half dead girl forced into a princess gown

Tears gathered in my eyes. Tears I forcefully wiped away so hard my eyes hurt.

"Don't cry now. The woman cooed, mockery dripping from her tone. "You had your chance to be behaved and you threw it away"

That wasn't why I was crying, but she didn't need to know that.

"Come now, we mustn't be late. She said sharply.

I followed her like a lamb to the slaughter house. We walked through the halls, and it was clear I was being sacrificed. They looked at me with pity, some with awe, some with relief. The urge to lower my head and shy away from their gazes was too strong

I held my head high instead.

I am Sabrina Knowles. And I am a Luna. I must not cower before them. Not for any reason.

The woman continued walking without slowing down. As we walked, I noticed that it was getting darker outside through the windows. The deeper we got into the pack house, the less windows I saw till at a point I didn't see any more windows, just paintings of the outside world hanging on the impossibly tall walls.

"Where are wc..."

"Hush now," She snapped. "Keep your voice low."

I felt a chill descend upon my body. This part of the pack house looked different, very different from the side I was used to.

The halls were higher, more ornate,

ate, like it was fit for an alpha.

We must be in his wing of the pack house. My heart began to do a war drumming in my chest.

There were guards here too, and some maids here and there. But the looks I got were different.

They smiled at me.

And goodness did that terrify me.

We got to a towering set of double doors. Black wood with carvings of demons and wolves etched into its matte surface. I felt a chill down my spine as I stared at the eerie carvings. Something didn't feel right. It felt like those carvings in the wood were alive, staring at me, mocking me.

Two guards were positioned outside the door on both sides. They stood so still one could mistake them for statues. When we got closer they bowed deeply.

Lady Nitra they said, their voices solemn

I noticed how pale they looked, like they hadn't been in the sun in days. Heck months even

"Is his Majesty inside? She asked.

I realized I just found out her name now once.

"Yes my lady." They said at once.

"Excellent" Lady Nifra said.

The doors were pushed open and she walked in. I followed her in too, the doors slammed shut behind me and signalled the last signature on my death wish.

A throne room was revealed. Towering ceilings, large stained glass windows which I quickly realized were paintings, huge chandeliers hanging from the ceilings. Lady Nifra walked to the opulent throne at the end of the room, her footsteps light and echoing.

The throne itself was a marvel. Cut out of moonstone, it shone with a light of its own. Seated on the throne was the silhouette of a man. I looked around, noticing the women who stood close to the walls, still, sharp eyes following me.

“Your majesty.” Lady Nifra greeted. She went down on her knees and bowed, her head touching the marble floors. I mirrored her move, my heart thundering in my chest.

“Rise, my lady.” A deep voice made from thunder spoke. Goosebumps broke out over my skin and I squeezed my eyes shut. That voice. The authority that flowed with it could make anyone go on their knees in front of him.

“Thank you, your majesty Lady Nifra said. I heard the shuffle of her clothes as she rose to her feet.

“And you, girl,” He drawled. I got to my feet, clasping my hands together to stop them from shaking. “What is your name?”

“I said and gulped, the words unable to come out

“Look at me when

in I’m speaking to you.”

I winced, his voice hadn’t raised but it sounded harsh. Oh great, he hates me already.

I raised my head and met his eyes.

My heart stopped to beat.

He was huge. Larger than life itself. Even seated he was imposing. His face was unsmiling, the angles and planes of his face cut sharp. His eyes were a blood red and golden blend that looked intriguing and downright terrifying at the same time. Long ebony hair flowed down his body to the throne, full and pin straight. A long scar traced from his left eyebrow to the cusp of his upper lip. I hadn’t ever seen a man with such a face before, so handsome yet so intimidating.

He looked like a man who ate the hearts out of maidens still beating.

I'm sorry! I cried out and fell to my knees. "Please don't kill me I don't want to die like this! I beg of you!"

Interesting." He mused, a certain smoothness to his voice.

I bowed my head low, my palms flattened on the ground. "Please your majesty. I beg of you

"What is your name" He asked again, an edge to his voice

"S-Sabrina"

"Sabrina who?"

I looked up at him, pleading and begging. If he noticed, he did show it. His face remained an impassive mask, cold and hard with no atom of mercy on his features.

"Knowles!"

"Are you from the Crue pack?"

What? What does that have to do with anything?

"Yes," I swallowed. "I am."

I didn't expect the change that came into his eyes eyes flashed a bloody red, his lips twisted into a snarl. "You!"

I stumbled back, the menacing waves that rolled off him went straight to my knees and made them weak. My heart beat so loud it was a miracle I hadn't died yet.

"You and your mate! You are both a smear to this world!" His voice thundered through the throne room My heart plunged into my stomach fro