

The Forced 67

Chapter 67

Sabrina's POV:

Lord Maverick tugged on my arm and pulled me into his lap before I could fathom what was going on. I let out a surprised squeak and grabbed my gown, shoving it down my legs. He held my legs together and held me in place.

"M-my Lord!" I gasped. "You can't..."

"Is anything the problem?" He regarded me with those intense eyes, a half smile on his face. He grabbed my waist and held me tight, trapping me. He leaned back into his chair and scored his legs, perhaps in an attempt to make me feel more comfortable. My cheeks turned pink, everyone is watching right now!

How is he so shameless!

"Maverick," Lady Morana groaned. "For heavens sake! Get your hands off her!"

"Let the girl go!"

"Shush shush, you all are getting really annoying. You're ruining the mood."

"We're trying to have dinner here." Lady Morana said.

"And I'm trying to have my own dinner too."

I covered my face with my hands, my eyes wide with shock. What the actual fuck?! He didn't just say that, did he?!

"Oh my goodness, you're disgusting." Lord Acheron snapped. "You have no respect whatsoever!"

"I know, I know," He grabbed both my hands and lowered them from my face. "Don't hide, your face is too perfect to be hidden away."

Oh my goodness this is well... embarrassing. But I have to do this.

Sabrina smile! Pretend you're enough this! Remember why you're doing this. He's watching you right now. Yes.

"My lord, please let go of me." I said with a sweet smile that betrayed my words. My cheeks flushed even more.

"You're so pretty, especially at this angle," he tilted his head to the side, and his eyes shamelessly went to my chest. "I like the dress, did you pick this out yourself?" "Yes, I did."

"It's lovely. The color brings out your eyes more. And your skin....it's flawless."

Such words spoken so fluidly, so natural. Like it's his second nature. I wonder how many women he's said this to? I mean, not that I'm judging him but...he is doing a good job at this.

I'm sure I can ignore that tiny voice at the back of my head and just play along.

"Thank you," I said with a giggle, pretending like I was shy. You're not half as bad looking yourself. Still not as handsome as 7 the King but I mean...

What am I even thinking?

I turned and looked at the king. He was focused on his food so intently I feared it would catch fire and combust. He gripped his fork tightly and didn't look my way. I could see his jaw clenched tightly, his eyes burning brighter by the second. I smirked to myself. Oh, he's jealous now, isn't he?

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It's working.

I turned back to Lord Maverick and smiled. "My lord,"

"Yes?" His hand on my waist moved lower down my hip, and I knew he knew what he was doing.

Are you...are you an alpha?"

"You could say that

"He's a lycan, Lady Morana said.

"I was going to tell her myself, thank you." Lord Maverick threw her a dirty look.

"You're welcome." She said with a cocky smile.

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A lycan! I've only heard about them in legends and myths. I can't believe I would ever meet one. Talk less of sit in his lap! The way my life has done

A vampire. A lycan. And a warlock. Crazy powerful friends.

"Maid, I need more wine. Lord Acheron snapped.

"Her name is actually Sabrina, Ron. It won't kill you to say it."

"I should go."

Lord Maverick rolled his eyes. "Fine! Be a love and dunk it on his head." He released me.

"I don't want to die. Thank you."

massive turn is still shocking to me.

"You're smart at least." Lord Acheron said. He made a compliment sound like the worst insult ever. But I'm starting to see that it's just the type of person he is. Cold and bitter. Like winter's night.

I grit my teeth and forced myself to swallow my words.

I grabbed the wine pitcher when the King suddenly pushed his chair back and rose to his feet. Silence fell over us, and all eyes turned to him

"I'm sure the three of you can find your way to your rooms after dinner. Goodnight."

And without waiting for a response, he turned and walked out. He didn't even glance at me.

I watched his back till he disappeared from view, the wine pitcher clutched close to my chest. I couldn't explain it, but I felt very disappointed and embarrassed.

He doesn't actually care. And no, he wasn't jealous. He meant it when he said that there will be nothing more between us. And I tried to make him jealous, like a foolish girl. As if he felt anything for me in the first place.

He's my king. And I'm his slave. I was so foolish to believe we could be otherwise. So fucking stupid.

Tears of shame pricked my eyes and I felt my skin crawl in all the places Lord Maverick had touched me.

I was so stupid. So fucking stupid. What did I think? That I meant anything to a man such as the king? Ha!

"Maid, the wine!"

I blinked back the tears and offered Lord Acheron a tight smile. "My apologies," I rushed to his side and poured some wine in his glass. I could feel him watching me the entire time.

They were all watching me.

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Chapter 67

Fuck. I shouldn't have been too obvious back then, staring at the king like that.

With shaky hands, I poured the wine. A few drops of it spilled and I heard the man inhale sharply. I flinched, preparing myself for his verbal outlash but he didn't say anything.

I need to leave this place. I'm not sure how much longer I can hold myself together for

"Will that be all, my Lord?" I asked, my voice steadier than I had imagined.

He waved dismissively.

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I dropped the pitcher on the table and bowed so they won't see my eyes. "Excuse me, my lady, my lords. I will be taking my

leave now."

"So soon?" Lord Maverick sighed. "But we've barely just started."

"I'm deeply sorry."

"Go." Lady Morana said. I looked up at her, and her expression was Stony. "You can go."

Oh great! Now she's pissed at me too!

I nodded and turned, hastily making my way out of the dining room.

Don't cry. Sabrina don't you dare fucking cry!

One thing about me is, I never listen to myself.