

## The Forced 68

Chapter 68

Sabrina's POV:

I kept walking. As farther away from the dining hall as I could get. I didn't know where I was going. I just kept walking.

The tears came and I vehemently refused to cry. I wiped my eyes furiously and told myself to suck it up.

I got to a random room, one of the man in the palace anyway. I walked inside and closed the door behind me. It looked like an old piano room. The windows were open, letting in moonlight and the cold night breeze. I had barely taken two steps in before my legs gave way under me and I fell. I laid on the cold floors, in my elaborate and very sexy gown, staring up at the marble ceilings.

I have to stop this. I have to stop thinking about the king so much. It's hurting me.

I have to forget. If only I could go back to those days when I didn't know him. They were filled with fear, but I wasn't lying on the floor berating myself for trying to make the king who didn't give a fuck about me jealous.

I folded my hands over my stomach and sighed heavily.

"This sucks."

All these emotions. They're too complex. Too annoying. Maybe I should go back to the harem and ask Stella for another bottle of champagne. Drink myself to death. That way I won't have to feel the shame that's eating me up right now. Thinking about the harem girls made me even more sad. They don't know how much they are that their memories can be erased.

It's all because I remembered the king after he tried and wasn't able to erase my memories of him.

I wish that could work now. I wish he could tell me to forget him and go to sleep. And just like that, I'll forget all about him. And when I wake up, I won't even know I forgot something.

I feel so tired. Deep down to my bones.

How can I survive another night of playing perfect hostess?!

By the way, isn't this supposed to be something that involves lady Nifra? Come to think of it, I haven't seen her around as much the past day. She always conducted the affairs of the king. Why do I have to do it now?!

I feel a whine of frustration building in my throat. "I'm just fucked, aren't I?"

The door to the room pushed open. I turned to it, ready to lash out at whoever it was for disturbing me.

The king walked into the room.

Panic zapped through me and I jumped to my feet. "Your majesty!" My voice came out accusatory. "There you are. You crawled in here huh?"

I gripped the fabric of the gown. "You were looking for me?" I asked.

"I got the report that my maid left my guests unattended to." He looked right at me. "I see that it's true."

"I apologize," I bowed. "I needed a moment alone."

"A moment alone? Is that so?"

"Yes,"

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"Well I'm not surprised you'd need a moment alone."

"You're not?" A sliver of hope.

"No. Seeing you all over Maverick's lap, what did I expect from a slut such as yourself."

Hope dashed.

I inhaled deeply and exhaled it slowly. "I'm not a slut, your majesty. Please don't call me that again."

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"You're not?" He cocked this head to the side. "It surely didn't look like that at the dinner table when your blushing all over his fucking words. Being so shameless." Oh he's angry?! Well so am I!

"Lord maverick is a very handsome man, he can get any woman to blush. Is it such a crime to love the attention from a man such as him?"

His eyes narrowed to crimson slits.

"No it's not. I quite like that, your majesty. I'm a young woman who's very attractive, and very fucking sexy too and Lord Maverick appreciates that. What's the problem with it?" "So you're an attention seeking slut then?"

That's all he heard?!

My skin bristled and I felt a burst anger at him.

"Why does it bother you?!" I said. "I mean nothing to you! You said so yourself. Why are you so angry?!"

"Angry? That's what you think?" He scoffed. "You're my slave, Sabrina. You do not go about falling into anyone's lap."

"Precisely why I will do that because I'm your slave! I mean nothing to you! That's why! I am free to do whatever I want with whoever I want! And it's none of your business!"

"You're shameless slut, who's in fucking denial. You think Maverick gives s shit about you? Is that it? You're feeling so special because he fucking smiled at you?!"

"At least he smiles at me." I grit my teeth hard.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

It nags me at the back of my mind that this is my king. And that my voice is steadily rising. I'm damn near yelling at him. And he continued to say all the things that make me so fucking angry at him!

What exactly is his problem?! This isn't right.

I chuckled darkly. I don't have time for this. Why is this even up for debate?

"You don't have anything to say for yourself, slut?"

Each time he calls me slut I swear to the goddess I lose a tiny fragment of my sanity,

"You can go fuck yourself." I spat.

He paused.

I paused.

Oh shit!

His eyes darkened. And I mean they literally turned dark. I took a step back, instant regret washing over me.

"... I didn't mean that! That's not what I wanted to..."

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He advanced on me. And my goodness he was livid! I crossed a line. A line I shouldn't have ever crossed. I backed away from him, wishing and desperately praying that I could take my words back. Backing away was stupid. My back hit the wall, and I realized that I was fucked.

"Fuck myself?" He asked, his tone deep and rumbling.

"I didn't mean it, I'm so sorry!"

"Don't lie to me, slut. You meant it." He grabbed my chin hard. My cheeks squished up and I felt tears in my eyes.

Ah fuck.

He's mad.wwW.Overlwoom.com

I've done it. I've actually done it.

His hold on my chin went slack. I expected a lot of things. I expected guards to burst into the room and drag me away to be locked up and whipped for disrespecting my king. I expected him to do something, anything at all.

What I didn't expect was for him to tilt his head to the side. What I didn't expect was the devilish smirk that lit up his face.

What I didn't expect was his lips on mine.