

The Forced 69

Chapter 69

SABRINAS PONE

Es lips on mite. The king is kissing me!

My brain stopped working My body went stiff with fear, or tension, or whatever I didn't know! Panic zapped through me. What do I do? How do I react to this?

My lips are pressed together that even I can feel how hard they are. What is he doing?! What am I doing!

The king pulled back and stared at me. His grip on my chin tightened and he pressed his thumb to my lips. "Open your mouth." He said

A command. I felt the shivers down my spine. Fucking hell I felt the shiver in my core! T-your majes

He kissed me again. His Eps molded into mine, as if he was made for me. His lips were just like I had imagined. My eyes dnited shur and I leaned into him. He grabbed the small of my back and pulled me to him, my body pressed flush against him. He pushed his knee between my legs and kissed me harder.

I moaned, my hands came up and grabbed his shoulders. I tried to speak, tried to call him, but I couldn't form any words. His tongue lapped at my lower lip, urging me to open my mouth wider. My eyes flew open and to my shock he was staring rig at me. His eyes bright red. He pressed his knee up against my core and I gasped, my mouth open for him. His tongue slipped into my mouth, and I felt my head spin. He delved right in, drawing and drinking all of me. His taste flooded my senses, and I knew I would be addicted to him Butterflies exploded in my stomach and sped through my veins. My legs went weak. He grabbed my hip, his grip bruising.

Oh fuck!

This isn't just a kiss. It feels like he's devouring me. The room spun, and I realized I had forgotten to breathe.

"My king" I pulled my head back, gasping for oxygen. I felt hot. I felt breathless. His head dropped to my neck, kisses pressed all over my skin. My moans rang out through the air, I hit my lip hard to try and muffle my moans but it didn't work

He looked up at me, his eyes hot and smoldering. He kissed me again, shockwaves of sensation zapped through my body. He captured my bottom lip, his teeth nibbling me softly. The kisses were intoxicating, his lips unhurried, like he had all the that time in the world to savor me. I kissed him back, as much as I could, my fingertips threading into his hair. He groaned into my mouth and pulled my hips closer to him. I could feel him, how hard he was.

Because of me.

I'm the reason he's hard right now.

"You taste so fucking good." He groaned.

I began grinding on his knee, seeking some sort of friction to quell the burning desire that pooled between my legs. He pulled away, his gaze intent on mine.

He smiled, a very small smile but being used to his expressions I noticed it. He kissed my cheek, soft and gentle.*wwW.N0(v)éTW0(r)m.(c)rm*

And the spell was broken. I shoved him off me and stumbled back, instantly putting space between us. My face burned red. my knees trembling. I quickly bowed and rushed out of the room.*@ww.n0VeL(w)órm.(c)rm*

My heart thudded like a furious drum in my chest. I could still feel his lips on mine, his tongue in my mouth. And I kissed him back.

I ran all the way to my room and slammed the door shut and slid down the door.

The king kissed me. And I kissed him back. I dragged myself to my feet and walked to my bathroom. I shed the gown and everything I wore and stood under the cold stream of the shower. The cold water helped cool my overheated skin a little bit. I was wet. Very shamefully wet. I grazed my hand down to my core, the touch of my hand made me shiver. But it wasn't right. It didn't feel like...like...

What am I even doing?

After all my talk about how I loved Caldan. The king kissed me and I fell apart in his arms.

Guilt settled in my belly. Deep and cold. And unrelenting. Caldan. He must be somewhere now, thinking about me and our love. And I am here, touching myself to the image of the king in my head. The memory of his lips on mine. Fuck.

I got out of the shower and wore a nightgown. My hands trembling as I wore it. I crawled under the blanket and the tears came. Bitter treacherous tears. I hugged a pillow close to my chest and cried. What have I done?

The next day, I felt no better than I had last night.

I went about my day as I would normally do so. I felt like a robot, a badly oiled robot. I went about the tasks with a haze all over my vision. I scrubbed the walls and cleaned and cleaned.

I felt groggy. I was tired, down to my bones.

Last night weighed heavily on my mind. The shame, the guilt, the lust.

And to make it worse, time went by very slowly. I thought it was already night, but it was barely noon.

I finished off the first task for the day, still having three more to do. I took out the list from my pocket and stared at it.

"I'm so fucking tired,"

"Nifra!"

I paused, shocked out of the haze in my head. I realized I had been walking aimlessly. A loud voice had yelled out, and I knew that voice.

I crept closer, peeping out of the corner I stood in to see what had happened.

My expression turned sour as I saw Lord Acheron. Except that he wasn't alone.

He held lady Nifra by her arm and pulled her back. She glared at him, her icy eyes shooting daggers at him.

"Let go of me."

"That is it? You're going to pretend like I'm not here?"

"Pretend?" Lady Nifra snatched her hand back from his. "I have no business with you, Acheron."

"Is that so? It's been two days. You weren't this way."

"People change," Lady Nifra said, her voice shaky. Her brows were furrowed tightly. "Please, don't show yourself in front of me again."

"Is this about the last time?" Lord Acheron asked, his tone low. "Nifra it's been decades. How can you still be holding on to

this?"

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"I can. And I am. Does that bother you?"

Decades? It's been decades since what? They have some sort of history?

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"Nifra," Lord Acheron reached for her hand again and she pulled back.

The bucket I was holding slipped out of my hand and clattered to the ground. They turned to me and I immediately clamped my hand over my mouth. I backtracked, my heart slipping a beat. "Hey there!"

I nearly screamed as I back into a solid chest. Someone grabbed my hand and pulled me out.

"Lord Maverick?!"

"Yes!" He grinned at me, and it looked like there was a halo of light around him. "Come for a walk with me!"

I looked back, and I saw no one. Lord Maverick dragged me out of the Hall. While I was grateful for him taking me out of there, I didn't appreciate his hand on me.*wwW.nove@w0Rm.c(0)m*

"A walk." I said to myself. "Sure."

We went out to the gardens. The afternoon sun high in the air, the breeze laden with the scent of flowers.

"Lord Maverick," I turned to face him. "I appreciate your kindness, but I have to leave. I cannot do this with you. I already have a lover."

He blinked in confusion. "Do what? I only wanted to take you out of there. You looked exhausted,"

I sighed. "Oh, that's why I ran my fingers through my hair. "Thank you

"Its nothing." He smiled. "Let's walk, okay? And nothing else."

We took a walk for a while, silence comfortably between us. I had to leave after a few minutes, still having more duties to do.

I walked back into the palace, my mind muddled and chaotic. The walk didn't help at all.

"You,"

I looked up to see Lord Acheron towering over me.

"Lord Acheron?"

""You're quiet sneaky, aren't you?"

Ah crap. He must have seen me!

"I don't believe I am." I said with a low tone. "Is there any problem?"

He glared at me. "And last night. You think you're also sneaky too?"

My heart plummeted into my belly. "Last night?"

"Don't play coy with me, child. In the piano room." Double crap.