

The Forced 74

Chapter 74

3rd person POV:

The king pushed the door to Sabrina's room open and walked in. Her room was dark and chilly, and he walked silently to her bedside.

His eyes adjusted to the darkness, and he quickly spotted her fast asleep. He tilted his head to the side and watched closely. She's sleeping, Or rather she's pretending to be asleep.

He could hear the hitched breath she took in when he opened the door, the subtle spike in her heart rate. Even at the moment her breathing was irregular. She was awake and pretending to be asleep.

But that wasn't the only thing that struck with the king. The heady scent of her arousal hung in the air, so strong that it was messing with his head and sending blood straight to his dick. He closed his eyes briefly and inhaled.

Fuck. what had she been doing before he walked in?

He stared at her still form under the blanket and wondered if she had touched herself. She must have, and he couldn't help but wonder who she had in her head as she dipped her fingers between her folds and pleased herself. Did she get to come this time? Or did she stop halfway because she couldn't do it right?

The king felt torn between calling her out on pretending to be asleep, then showing her just what real pleasure looked like. As he had been dying to do ever since they kissed.

That kiss was stuck in his head. He's been unable to stop thinking about it. Everything about her was like a drug. The feel of her plump lips against his, the taste of her mouth, the soft moans and whimpers that came from her, everything was too much. The king has thought about kissing her again, more times than he can count.

He had believed that after one taste of her he'll be able to stop being curious. How wrong he was. He had a taste and now he wanted more. He craved more of her. More than he could ever imagine.

The conversation he had with Acheron earlier that day flashed through his mind.

That's right. Acheron had noticed it too. The very same thing that plagued the King's mind ever since he met Sabrina.

Allowing himself to come closer to her was a bad idea. He didn't know what she was. And Acheron was worried about her.

He steeled himself. He wouldn't touch her. Not tonight, and not in a long time.

With one last long look he gave her, he turned and walked out of her room. It was hard, but he did it.

This was the best thing to do. For the both of them.

Sabrina's POV

You've got to be kidding me.

I heard the King's retreating footsteps and I jumped out of bed. That's it?! He's just going to go and not do anything at all.

I glanced at the closed door and I felt a deep feeling of disappointment in my chest. I had hoped that he could call me out at least, perhaps touch me or tease me. There's no way he didn't know what I was awake, he's too powerful not to know! And he just walked out?! Like that?!

I threw the covers off my body and jumped to my feet. I barely had time to put on my sandals before I was running out of

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my room. He can't just walk away! I won't allow it!**WWW.nove1w@rM.c0m**

I raced after him without thinking, throwing my door open so hard it almost broke.

@x65%

How much longer will I lie to myself? I want him. And that's that. I can't keep it in much longer, not when a few minutes ago I was touching myself to the image of him doing it to me!

I ran out into the hallway and spotted him. I ran faster, closing the space between us. He turned around and caught me, clearly he had heard me from miles away.

His arm snaked around my waist and he jerked me closer to him, my body trapped between his and the wall. He stared at me, his eyes red and intense.

My body trembled, my skin warming up at his proximity. I felt feverish, and shamefully wet. He raised his hand to my face and threaded his fingers through my hair. He tugged gently and I bit my lip. Neither of us said anything. He leaned down, his nose trailing my throat. A deep groan rumbled from his throat, and I whimpered softly.

"What are you doing?" He asked, his voice sent tremors down my spine. "Do you have any what this means right now?"

I grabbed the fabric of his shirt over his broad shoulders hard.

"...I do" I whispered breathlessly. He nuzzled my neck, and goosebumps covered my skin. "I know what I'm doing." I said.

He pulled away from my neck and stared deeply into my eyes. "We're about to cross a line. Once that happens, there's no going back." I nodded. "Yes, yes I know."

"This is your chance to back out." He rolled my hair between his fingers. "You can leave now, if you want to. And I will forget, all about this." "No" I shook my head. "No. I don't...I don't want to back out!" Do you think I ran out of here just to chicken out?!

He chuckled, and fuck did that sound so hot.

"Do you know what you're asking for? What you're walking into right now?"**wwV.N0(v)e#w0R(m).C0m**

I don't know. But I know what my body wants. And even though I am terrified, I have a heartbeat between my legs right now.**W@.N0v0elw0rM.c0m**

I have denied this long enough. Anymore, and I fear I will run mad with want. Or lust or both.

I don't care. I don't care what I'm getting into.

I nodded, blinking up at him from her my lashes.

He dropped his hand from my hair, "You're ready for this?"**wwV.N0v0elw0R(m).C0m**

"Yes, I am."

"Go ahead, prove it to me." He said. "Kiss me, right now."

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