

## The Forced 78

Chapter 78

SABRINA'S POV:

I am acting like I have been possessed.

I stormed out of the king's room and headed to mine, my thoughts a mad maze inside my head. He called me a slut, and maybe he was right about that after all.

The way I had behaved last night, how else would that be explained if not slutty behavior? I just fell apart in his arms, completely forgetting everything.

Caldan. Oh my heavens I forgot about Caldan. I didn't even think about him once last night as I was moaning and indulging in the king. Guilt grew and festered in my chest. How could I? After I claimed to love him I betrayed him like this. [Www.NoVeIwOR.cóM](#)

"Sabrina you piece of shit." I hissed at myself.

"That's a very bad way to speak about yourself."

I screamed and jumped back. I looked up to see Lord Maverick.

"I'm sorry, did I frighten you?" He said with a small apologetic smile.

"It's fine," I said. Even though my heart was starting to thud in my chest.

"What happened? Are you-" He took a step closer to me and paused. His eyes widened and he took a sniff of the air. He regarded me with a scrutinizing gaze, as if he was trying to figure something out. "Where are you coming from?" He asked, his tone sharp. "Down there," I mumbled. "had to get something done." My cheeks turned pink and I avoided his eyes. No way in hell am I telling him that I'm coming from the king's room. No way in hell.

"Is that so," He hummed. "In that case, best be on your way then."

I bowed and hurried off. Thank goodness it ended there, I had no idea what I would have done if he has stretched that interrogation further.

I got to my room and slammed the door behind me. That was all damn crazy.

What I did last night was stupid. When the long asked me if I wanted that or not, I should have said a proud no and walked

away.

Yes. That's what I'm going to do. Once I'm done with my duties for today, I'll tell him that last night was a very terrible mistake that I will not be repeating ever again. I will not be doing it again.

I love Caldan. And I can't betray him like this.

It's settled then. No more.

Papers flew in all directions and scattered all over the floor.

I yanked open the drawer forcefully when it wouldn't budge after several attempts. The force it caused me to stumble backwards, falling among the piles of paper. Cursing under my breath, I got up and began to pick up all the papers.

A considerable amount of the day has gone by, and I was on the last task of the day which was cleaning out the king's study. He wasn't here, which meant that I could work more efficiently without the threat of him breathing down my neck and 1/4

11:35 Sun, Nov

Chapter 78

boring holes into my tread-Not to mention that I can't face him after all that happened last night and this morning. [Www.NoVeIwOR.cóM](#)

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I gathered up the papers and was about to put them back into the drawer when something caught my eye. One of the papers had my name on it. Curious, I picked it up. It turned out to be a letter.

The paper of the letter was expensive looking, a rich ivory color with a light sheen. I frowned, wondering how my name came to be on a letter as fancy as this one. So I opened it up and read through it. My palms turned clammy as I read the letter, each line made my heart beat even faster.

A letter asking after me, how am I doing? Is everything okay with me? Why hadn't I replied the other letters?

From Caldan.

I stumbled back, shock racing through my veins. [www.NoVeIwOR.m.cóM](#)

Other letters? What other letters? I didn't get...

I turned to the other papers that had fallen out of the drawer. I frantically searched through them, looking for any letters that were addressed to me. I found one. And another. And another. Until I counted fifteen of them. All of them from Caldan.

My knees went weak and I fell, grabbing onto the desk before I could hit the ground. I sat on the floor, surrounded by unopened letters that were sent to me, letters that never got to me because the king intercepted them. How dare he! How could he do such a thing?! He led me to believe that Caldan didn't care about me anymore when in fact he sent me letters! [www.NoVeIwOR.m.cóM](#)

The guilt in my chest got even worse, hot tears pricked my eyes and threatened to fall.

Was that how fickle I believed him to be? That he would just leave without telling me and cut off all contacts with me? If anything I was the fickle one. The moment he was gone, I latched onto the newest source of affection. I held the letters to my chest, my lower lip wobbling on the verge of tears.

"I'm sorry," I whispered to the empty room "I'm so sorry,"

The door suddenly burst open and I heard footsteps. I looked up and saw the king. He paused, his eyes scanned over me and the letters all around me.

"How could you do this to me?" I seethed, my voice low and full of anger and pain. "How could you?"

"Do what?" He asked. He walked over to me. "You've made such a mess. Clean it up."

"He wrote letters to me!" I exploded. "And you hid them!"

"Yes. And?"

"Why?!"

"I don't believe I owe you an explanation."

"Why would you do such a thing?! You knew... You knew that he and I were together! And you did this!"

"Don't yell at me, I'm not the one responsible for your problems. He said with a soft sigh. "Why are you so worked up? Where you the same one riding my fingers last night? And now it's my fault?"

My jaw dropped and I gasped in shock. "What...that doesn't matter! That's not the problem at hand now!"

2/4

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11:35 Sun, Nov Chapter 78

"Oh is it?" He chuckled darkly. He grabbed my arm and pulled me up. I tried to shove him off me but his grip was impossible to break out of. He held me by my arms and yanked me closer to him. "You say it doesn't matter, but when will you come to the realization that you're a slut? Or hasn't it hit you yet?"

"Don't call me that," I said, angry all over again. "I'm not a slut?"

"Is that so?" He smirked, his eyes glowing a subtle red. "You're a slut. But don't worry, you're my

slut."

The next thing I felt was his lips on mine. And instantly, all the noise in my head died down and my body went slack. He kissed me, his lips demanding over mine. I gave in, instantly, not even a bone of fight left in my body.

He pulled me up to the desk and settled between my legs, his hands roaming all over my body. Across my breasts, down my stomach and my hips, everywhere he could touch. I whimpered softly, my hands holding his arms. Perhaps to push him away or pull him close, I wasn't sure. I forgot how to breath, nothing else on my mind but the feel of him. His lips on mine, his body pressed against mine. His deep groans filling my ear, letting me know that he enjoyed this as much as I did.

He kissed down my neck, the same time his hand slipped under my gown and up my thighs. I knew that he would find if he touched me.

He sucked on my neck and I moaned loudly, my hand tangling up in his hair. My hips bucked as his fingers grazed my folds through my panties.

Wet. I was soaking wet. From a kiss only. From a whiff of his scent.

"You see that," he whispered in my ear, his teeth gently nipping my ear shell. "You're ready for me."

"..." I threw my head to the side, my hands fisted on his shoulders.

He pushed my panties to the side and touched me. My back arched and I moaned, my arms tightened around his neck and I buried my

face in the crook of his neck.

Fucks sake he smelled so good.

He rubbed my clit firm and hard, my hips trembled in his hand and I pushed into him, my lips pressed to his neck. His deep chuckle filled my ear, causing more heat to pool in my lower belly. I whined and whimpered, silently begging him to do more, go faster, touch me harder.

He understood my requests, slipping a finger inside me. I squeezed my eyes shut and groaned, my walls tightening around him.

"Ah fuck..." I moaned. "My...my king..."

"Yes?" He whispered, pressing a kiss to my neck where he had left another mark. His finger inside me curled against that sweet spot that had me trembling from head to toe, holding him as close as I could. He added another finger inside me, the stretch had my eyes rolling back, my hips jerking against his palm.

He picked up the speed, the wet sounds of his finger pumping in and out of me filled the air. So filthy. Yet so hot. I bit my lip in an attempt to control my moans, but that was near impossible. He kissed me, his mouth swallowing up all the sounds I made. His tongue caressed mine, and I felt that coil tightening in my lower belly.

A knock sounded on the door. My eyes flew open and the haze of lust in my head shattered.

"Your majesty?" A voice called from outside. Another knock. "Are you in there?"

I gasped. Oh no, oh no. It's lord Acheron!

My head snapped up and I looked at the king. He turned to the door and sighed. Shame filled me up inside.

11:35

Sun, Nov

85%

Chapter 78

What...what did I just do?

Still surrounded by Caldan's letters, I fell apart in the king's arms Again. I was supposed to be angry at him for hiding those

letters.

"Focus on me," The king said, moving his fingers inside me. "He" go away."

"No," I moved my hips away from him. "No please. I need to go.

"Hey,"

"No." I met his eyes, mine already misty. "This was a mistake."

He sighed and moved away. "Very well. You can go."

I jumped off the desk and bowed, my face hidden from his eyes.

Shame. Guilt. Anger. Pain. All of it came together in my chest and made me hurt even more.

I walked out of his study, and surely right outside was lord Acheron. His eyes narrowed on me. He saw the mark on my and his eyes widened. A look of recollection flashed across his face.

He knew.