

## The Forced 79

Chapter 79 www.NoVeWorm.com

SABRINA'S POV:

I stood in front of Lord Acheron's room, pacing the floors back and forth and my hands wringed together in worry.

Surely he's not a fool, he would easily spot whatever was going on between 1 and the king. It didn't take much to piece - together that the marks on my neck were from him.

I'm in deep trouble now, I just know I. And after I had maintained time and time over again that there was nothing between I and the king, I come out of his study with a hickey on my neck

I heard approaching footsteps and turned sharply. There was Acheron, walking towards me. And he did not look happy at all. My eyes were drawn to that snake staff that he carried around, the subtle eye of the snake that watched me but didn't hiss this time. "Lord Acheron." I said and bowed. "You wanted to see me?"

He walked past me and opened the door. "Come inside, Sabrina

It just hit me that this was the first time he didn't call me "maid." Ah shit. This is really serious.

I followed him inside, my eyes focused on his back. He waved his staff and the door behind me slammed shut. I jumped in fright, all my senses warning me to leave. I instantly acted on them, I turned to the door and grabbed the doorknob.

The door wouldn't budge. It was like there was a huge weight behind it that slammed it shut. I pulled and pulled, hitting the wood with all my might.

The door didn't open.

"Why are you being so dramatic?" Lord Acheron clicked his tongue in annoyance. I turned to him, my back plastered flat on the door. He had his back turned to me as he took off the flowing robe he wore and tossed it to the side. "it's not like I'm going to harm you," He looked at me over his shoulder, his eye narrowed.

"What do you want from me?" I asked, my throat right with fear.

"What do I want from you? It's quite simple. Tell me what you are."

"I don't know. I'm not what you think I am."

"Is that so?" He turned to me, his head cocked to the side. The look in his eyes was nothing short of predatory. My palms felt clammy, and behind me I tried the doorknob again. "The door won't open, not until I'm done with you anyway."

The way he said it made it sound like he'd murder me and throw my body out for the vultures to feast on. He looked like he wanted to tear me apart too. Bit by bit.

He has convinced himself that I am a threat. And he's treating me like one.

"Let me go! I have things to do!"

"No you don't." He said, taking slow steps over to me. "you're done for the day."

"That doesn't mean you get to lock me here!"

That

"You tell me what you are, and I'll let you go." He stood a few feet away from me, his eyes flaming with anger as he looked at me. His eyes moved to my neck, where the mark was and he scoffed.

"You're not even bothering to hide it anymore evil spell you spun all over the king."

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"I didn't use a spell on trim!"

"Then explain how I saw you walking out of his study in the middle of the damned day?!" His voice rose steadily. Then he paused and inhaled deeply. "The king isn't like this. He doesn't behave this way. You did something. Own it. Now,

"And I'm telling you I didn't do anything!" I cried out in frustration. "I didn't do anything at all!"

"Do you think you love him?"

His question felt like a bucket of ice doused all over me. Do I think I love the king?! How...how did he come up with such a conclusion?

"Do you think you're in love with the king? And that he's also sweet on you, because heaven forbid it, he cannot be in love with you." "...where is that even coming from?"

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"And you think that because of the soft spot he has for you which you induced with black magic by the way that he would spare your life when he finds out what you did to him?"

I felt like crying. Tears of anger and frustration pricked my eyes and I drew in a shuddering breath to try and steady myself.

"I didn't do anything to him. You think I have powers? How can I have powers?! I'm as normal as they get. I don't understand what you..."

"I have seen a lot of things in my time." He said, stepping closer to me. "A lot of witches too. Most of them just like you Unassuming. Pliant. Demure. No one will ever suspect that they were capable of doing such evil acts. They all started out like you, Sabrina." He reached out and grabbed the side of my head.

"The king is my dear friend, and the only brother I have. I will not be in a position to save him from certain doom, and I do nothing because I was charmed by a cute little witch who's obviously so good at her craft that she has him fooled."

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"You know," I said with a chuckle. I raised witch."

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hand and pushed his hand

up

away

from my head. "Tight now, I wish I were a

He raised a brow. "A confession."

"No." I said. "I wish I had powers. For one, I'd ram that stick of yours up your ass so far up it'll come out of the top of your head."

I had no idea what the fuck I had just said, or where that came out of. But one thing I was sure of was the boiling anger at the surface of my skin. What is his fucking problem?!

He laughed.

"Is that funny?" I asked. "I'm glad you find it funny. Because I don't find your damn accusations funny."

He took a step back. "accusations? These aren't accusations, Sabrina. They are fact. Cold and hard truth. You are a witch. And I will end you before you can bring harm to his majesty." "Then you

will be very frustrated. Because I am not a witch. I am

saw the snake making a beeline directly for my head. I His staff flew into his hand and he threw it at me. I screamed as raised my hands up to my head and crouched down, to do as much damage

control as possible. I waited for

1. me.

snake to hit

And it never did.

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I heard a sound of flestrhitting metal. Acheron gasping. A very strange clinking sound in the air.

Slowly, I lowered my hands. What I saw had me gasping for breath.

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In front of me was a shield of scales. Not just any scales, I knew these scales. The scale necklace that I made that night from the black scale I found on a snake. I wore that necklace all the time that I had forgotten I even wore it. Now there was a shield of scales covering me.

"Impossible." Lord Acheron said.

Something wiggled at my feet. I looked down to see the snake on his staff, it's body has multiple tiny cuts and it was bleeding out, writing helplessly on the floor, it's mouth hung open as if it were screaming.

The scales suddenly vanished, not even a trace of it left behind. Just as it has come out of nowhere.

I looked up and met his eyes.

And I just knew that I had proved him right.

"Please....I didn't do this" I said, my voice shaky.

He looked down at the snake, and his eyes widened. "You killed him...."

"I... I didn't..." www.NoVeWorm.com

"You killed him! You damned witch!"

Tears filled my eyes. My legs went weak and I fell to the floor. "I didn't....believe me I didn't do it!"

Who am I kidding?

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