

Forced Maiden For The Cursed Alpha King Chapter 08

Sabrina's POV:

There's a snake in my bed.

Black, shiny, hissing up a storm. It's beady eyes stared at me, and I could tell it was fuming..

I stared at it, it's pitch black body contrasted the what used to be white sheets of my bed. If I hadn't noticed something was moving under my bed. I would have been bitten.

Blair. That fucking bitch. She's the one that did this.

one would care.

I knew the snake was venomous. I knew that if I touched it with my bare hands, it would bite me. And no one

I sat on the floor, contemplating what to do. It's late, I think it's about three am in the morning. I have about two hours to sleep before I have to wake up again. My eyelids are falling, but can't dare to close my eyes.

The snake raised it's head up, a hood appeared on its neck. Fuck a king Cobra. I'm actually dead right now.

The cobra stared at me. It's forked tongue slithered out of its mouth, loud hisses filled the air,

"Are you angry at me?" I asked. I laughed softly, I must be going insane right now talking to a snake.

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Its head rocked to the side.

"It's not my fault you were taken out of your habitat. I'm not exactly happy to see you in my bed too."

It's hisses reduced in intensity. If I didn't know any better, I'd say it was staring at me curiously. It's hood slowly lowered. It began to move towards me.

I stretched my hand out for it. I had no idea what I was doing. But my heart felt calm. I felt no fear at all, watching the snake slither over lo me

"You won't hurt me." I said in a soft whisper. The snake paused and looked at me. "You won't hurt me." I said it again. And again. And again..

It continued to move towards me. It got to my outstretched hand and placed its head on my palm. It felt cold to touch. Then slowly it moved up my palm, its body curled around my arm. A bit snug, but not too tight. My arm was enveloped in cold scales. A shiver ran down my spine.

I raised

my hand up and we stared at each other.

"I'm sorry." I said softly. Its head perked up. "I'll return you, okay?"

It hissed, its tongue darted out

I got to my feet. It didn't look away from my face. I had no windows in this room, so I walked outside of the room and down the halls, heading for the gardens.

"What are you doing? A low voice hissed fiercely. The cobra hissed and turned, its hood flared up.

Lady Nifra stood in the doorway, holding a lantern in her hands. The soft golden light illuminated her thin face and made her look even more scary. Her eyes were wide with horror, staring at the snake coiled around

my hand.

"I'm taking it home." I said. I looked at the snake. It was fuming. I turned back to her. "Someone put this in my bed. How are you holding it?!" She asked, shock on her face.

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I shrugged. "I don't know. I just picked it up and it stayed calm. Did you put it there?"

She huffed. "Have a goodnight." She said and walked past me.

The glow of the candle followed her down the hall till it vanished.

I continued till I got to the garden. I lowered my hand down to the ground.

You can

now," I said

The snake stared at me, unmoving.

It crossed my mind that the girls used this garden too. At the back of my mind I wished that Blair would be the one to see it, but despite how nasty she is I wouldn't want her dying from a snake bite.

"Don't harm anyone here, okay?" I said with a small smile. "Maybe scare them a bit. But don't bite."

It hissed. I think that was a yes?

Wait, is this even real right now? Am I actually talking to a snake? Or is this a dream? Did I fall asleep on the floor and dreamt this whole encounter up? Or am I actually dead?

The snakes body tightening around my arm felt too real for me to be sleeping or dead.

"Go. I said sternly, my voice sharp. "You must go now. I have to sleep. I have work tomorrow morning"

Slowly, it uncoiled from my arm and slithered to the garden floor. It stared at me for a few seconds before it vanished behind a rose bush.

What the hell just happened to me now?

I felt a small sharp prick on my palm. I looked down to see a cut on my palm, a single black scale embedded in my skin. I took out the scale, wincing as it cut into the wound. It wasn't a deep wound, it should be gone in a few days.

The scale in my hand looked unnatural, a diamond shape with sharp edges. I held it up against the night sky, and it shone with iridescent shades.

It's pretty. I'll be keeping it.

"You shouldn't have done that. The girl said, for the third time in less than two seconds.

I wiped the glass clean. The sounds of crying echoed from behind me. Blair was crouched on the carpet, crying her eyes out while two of the high ranking girls surrounded her and hushed her.

"You really shouldn't have done that." The girl said again, fear in her tone.

"But I did I said calmly.

Streak free windows. Wow, I'm getting better at this.

"She's gonna come after you

I turned and looked at her. She looked younger than me, her brown eyes wide and full of child-like wonder. She must have been one of the minors Zayn sent over. Thankfully, she didn't recognize me.

I turned and looked at Blair. I'm glad I did. I smiled with a smirk.

Blair was all in my face first.

After the whole snake incident. I barely got thirty minutes of sleep before I had to work again. In the morning, asking me questions that pointed to poisoning.

"Do you feel dizzy? Tired? Sick? Like you're gonna fall over and die?"

I didn't reply to her. For some strange reason, the cut on my palm was completely healed. And its place was a sort of mark in the shape of a crescent moon. A very peculiar scar. I carried the scale with me on my pockets, it was even prettier in the

Bun.

Blair continued to come after me. She and her lackeys all in my face. They tipped over my cleaning water, they dirtied the halls after I had scrubbed them to shiny perfection.

I ignored it all.

Blair must have gotten angry with my lack of responses. She grabbed my hair and yelled in my face.

I lost it.

My hand moved before I could stop it. I slapped her as hard as I could, the fleshy twack it emitted sounded very painful. The right side of her face swelled up pretty fast, her eye almost shut. She burst into tears like a drama queen, her lackeys all rushed to her side to console her.

With her cries as music, I continued my cleaning.

"You should probably run now. The girl beside me said again. "Escape this place. And don't come back"

I'm not running from Blair. She had it all coming."

"You won't be saying that for much longer."

I doubt that

It felt good. Slapping Blair felt really good. For the first time I've ever slapped someone, I like it a whole lot better than I would have imagined.

I should have done it sooner. Much

sooner.

"Your" One of the lackeys stormed up to me. She kicked over the bucket of soapy water. "You want to die right?!" She bellowed, her face squeezed in anger.

On second thought, I should have told the snake to bite Blair,

I smiled sweetly at the

"If you don't move, you'll be the one trying

soon enough"

"That's enough," Blair said. I looked at her, her face was red and matted with tears. She glared at me with her open eye. "You're going to pay for this, slave rail

Yes. I should have told the snake to bite her.

I picked up the empty bucket and my cleaning supplies. Thank goodness this was Blair's room. Once she's done crying, she can mog the Boor with her dress.

walked out of the room and headed to the next room I was supposed to clean.

I felt a sharp prick on the side of my thigh. The scale in my pocit had cut through the fabric of my pocket and nicked my Hugh.

I took out the state and stared at it Was it my imagination, or there a new streak of red on its body. I stared at it,

What is this thing?