

The Forced 80

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Chapter 80

SABRINA'S POV:

The snake is dead. It's at my feet, bleeding out, lifeless. A minute ago it was alive. Now it's dead.

And I killed it. I was the one that did it.

My hands trembled and I pulled my knees closer to my chest, fear festering up inside my chest. What had just happened under my hand? I was sure of what I saw. A shield made out of shiny black scales. The necklace under my clothes seemed to burn against my skin, as if reminding me of its presence all over again.

I'm not a witch.

I'm not. I'm a normal omega. Heck, I don't even have a wolf to begin with. But that doesn't mean I'm a witch.

That's what I said. That's what I told Acheron. That's what I believed with my whole heart.

And yet I saw it. I was attacked, and a shield appeared around me. Disappeared once the threat was gone. I didn't control it. I didn't call it forth. But it came out for me.

I looked up at Acheron. He stared at me, his eyes wide with disbelief and icy hatred.

"I didn't do it." I said, my voice so low I barely heard myself.

"You still lie to me?" He asked, his face squeezed in anger. He bent down and picked up the dead snake and shoved it in my face. I screamed and shielded myself.

This time there was no sounds of scales. Nothing at all. The only thing protecting me was my hands raised up to my face. "Look at it!" His voice rose an octave. "Look at what you've done! And you still lie to me?! That you didn't do it?!"

"Please you have to believe me!" I sobbed helplessly. I glanced at the snake from the former of my eye and I felt a deep feeling of pain rooted in my chest. He looked pained too. The snake must have meant something to him. A beloved pet, maybe. And I killed it.

I twisted my body, reached out and grabbed his hand at his wrist. "Lord Acheron please! I didn't do this!"

"Are you saying I'm the one who did it then?" He spat and drew his hand back. "Is that it?! This is my doing?! I would try to protect you from my own attack?! Is that it, Sabrina?!"

With each word he spoke, I flinched. Each word was like cold jab aimed at my heart. Tear rushed down my face which I hastily wiped away.

"What are your powers?" He asked, his tone much calmer. He closed his eyes briefly and exhaled. He turned away, walking over to his cabinet where he gently set down the body of the snake. "...I don't..."

"Sabrina, what are your powers? What kind of witch are you?"

I shook my head wildly. "I don't know, I don't know. I didn't control what happened. It just happened and I..."

"You don't know?" He asked. "You really want to do this this way?"

"I swear, I don't know!"

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"Very well. I will have this matter tabled before his majesty, the king."

My "No!"

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"He will learn the truth of his slave. The kind of person she truly is. It will help you to come clean before then on what your intentions towards him were."

"Lord Acheron 1 beg of you! Don't tell the king...please!"

"He'll have you locked up. Or maybe he'll have you executed immediately on the counts of deceit, and probably treason too."

"I didn't wish him any harm"

His brows shot up. "So now you admit to being a witch?"

I sighed helplessly.

"Not that you admitting it will do anything good for you, I've already seen with my eyes that you're one."

"Please don't tell the king." My hands clasped in front of me in a supplication. My eyes watered endlessly. I couldn't stop the tears. And I didn't know why I was even crying. "I didn't mean to hurt anyone. I didn't know, whatever these powers didn't know I had them. Please. You have to believe me." "Your tears are believable, I just admit. But so was your act until five minutes ago."

The King will kill me. **W**^(w)**W**_(w)**L**^(l)**L**_(l)**@**^(@)**@**_(@)**r**^(r)**r**_(r)**.com**

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Already he's been suspicious about me. I mean, I would be suspicious too. His compulsions never worked. And I had fast healing. At first I didn't let any of these bother me.

But now with that outbursts of magic, I guess it's true.

guess Lord Acheron was right after all. And I was a witch. Even if I didn't know about those powers, or how to control them. Or where they even came from at all.

That dead snake was proof of it.

The king will kill me. He won't even listen to whatever I have to say.

I never meant harm to him, or anyone.

"Please..." I said weakly, all strength gone from my body. "Don't tell him."

"On one condition."

My head snapped up and I met his eyes. He looked at me with coldness and anger. "I will not tell him, but on one condition." "What?" I asked, my throat clogged up. But I feared I knew what his condition was going to be. "What condition?"

"You will leave this place and never come back. Of your own free will. I won't force you. You will walk out with your own feet, end whatever it is you have with the king."

I knew it.

"That way, you'll be free. Love your life, do whatever you want, I don't care. And the king will be out of harr way if you're gone."

"I never meant to harm him."

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"I'll give you a lesson about nagic, Sabrina." He walked dup to me, each step calculated. I got to my feet and sought to put as much distance between us as possible. "Magic is of two kinds. There's the good magic, there's the black magic." I backed up against the door, trapped and unable to move.

"Good magic cannot harm. No matter the circumstances, it can never be used to harm a life. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?" **w**^(w)**w**_(w)**W**^(W)**W**_(W)**.(n)****O**^(o)**O**_(o)**V**^(v)**V**_(v)**L**^(l)**L**_(l)**@**^(@)**@**_(@)**r**^(r)**r**_(r)**.com**

I looked at the snake, and my heart sank.

"Whether you mean him harm or not, the very nature of your magic unholy. You must leave if you want the king to be safe from your

what I've just seen, it's vile. And evil. And all things

"I don't have a choice, do I?" I asked, my voice cracking.

He shook his head. "No." **w**^(w)**w**_(w)**.n****O**^(o)**O**_(o)**l****w**^(r)**w**_(r)**.c****@****m**

It's hopeless. Isn't it?

Vile. Evil. Unholy. That's a bit hurtful, but I doubt lord Acheron cares right now. He's trying to protect his friend. And I'm a threat. I looked up at him and managed a half smile. "Fine. I'll go. I agree."