

The Forced 83

Chapter 83

SABRINA'S POV

My eyes snapped open from a dark slumber.

I sat up in bed, a cold sweat on my skin. The room was dark and chilly. For a few seconds I had no idea where I was. Until the ache in my body began to register. Memories of the previous night flooded my mind and heat flooded my cheeks. The King's bedroom. His bed.

I slowly got out of bed. I had barely taken a step before a strong hand grabbed me and pulled me back.

"Where are you off to in such a hurry?" His deep, sleepy voice filled my car. He pulled me back to bed, strong arms caging me to him. It dawned on me that we were both naked under the covers, but that wasn't the issue at hand.

"I should go back to my room," I said I'd leave. I'd already delayed I can't afford to delay any longer.

He opened an eye and stared at me. "Go back to sleep. You can do that tomorrow."

"But I..." He silenced me with a kiss. And I felt a jolt in my body.*wuw.(n)ev(e)lwoRm.Com*

"Go to bed. I won't ask again."

I sighed. I shouldn't have fallen asleep in the first place. And now I can't leave.

I closed my eyes and relaxed into him. He was warm, he smelled really good. His calm heartbeats and breathing was enough to lull me back to sleep.

I drifted back to sleep, my dreams occupied with a strange woman. She had her back to me, but it was like I could see her clearly. She was naked, her face hidden with shadows. But what stuck to me were the numerous tattoos of snakes that decorated every inch of her skin.

Sabrina.

Sabrina. Sabrina.

She chanted my name,

her voice undulating with each word. She laughed, and scales surrounded us. Black scales, like the ones from earlier today.*wuw.Nóv(e)lwoRm.Com*

She kept calling my name. She controlled those scales, making them do whatever she wanted them to do.

The dream continued in a loop. A long unending loop. All I remembered was the feeling of pure dread.

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ke up with a headache, a sinking feeling in the pit of my belly. The bed felt cold, and I soon realized it was because the king was gone.

The dream played back in my head on repeat. The woman with the snake tattoos, the scales, her voice as she called my name.

Fear settled in my belly. And along with that was the realization that I had failed to leave last night. I made an agreement with Lord Acheron, and I failed it already. I had no idea what he would do next. My heart sank as I realized that he would probably tell the king about it. And there's no telling what he'll do to me. If he finds out I have powers right after we just had sex.

He could kill me.

I looked around me, searching for my clothes. They were as usual, nowhere to be found. With a heavy sigh, I got out of bed, wincing as a dull ache spread through my core and thighs. Last night definitely left a mark on my body. But I didn't want to think about it too much. I wrapped the covers around my naked body and headed to the door. I grabbed the door and threw it open. I nearly screamed, coming face to face with the king.

"Where are you going?" He asked.

"I um..." I trailed off, unsure of what to say. He was dressed in a simple shirt and trousers, his hair tied to his nape. He looked like he had been awake a while now. And he held a small bundle of clothes in his hands.

He kissed me, his lips soft against mine. "Sneaking out again?" He asked.*wuw.N(v)(e)lwoRm.Com*

"I wasn't...I gave up."

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8:23 AM

Chapter 83

"Take a shower first."

"I have to go now."

"That was an order."

"My king this is important. I have to leave, please."

"I said take a shower first." His eyes flashed. And I knew I was toeing the line.

I have no time for this. Once lord Acheron finds out I'm still here, he will make his move. And I will be in big trouble.

The king wasn't moving. He gave me a look that dared me to challenge him. Trying to sneak past him was pointless. I sighed heavily.

"Alright."

"Good."

I walked back inside and headed to the bathrooms. As I showered, I thought about how swiftly I was going to make it out before the king would realize I was gone.

After the shower, I dried myself off and came out. There was a set of clothes and underwear laid out on the bed for me. The king sat at the edge of the bed, going through a small book.

I headed to the bed to get dressed. As I reached out for the clothes he grabbed my hand.

"What's the matter?" He asked, the book snapped shut.

I met his eyes. "Nothing is wrong."

"That's a lie." He clicked his tongue in annoyance. "Something is bothering you, I can see it in your eyes. What is it?"

"My king, I'm fine." I said. I tried to smile but I failed. "I should get dressed."

He pulled me into his lap before I could protest any further. Before I knew it he kissed me, his hand moving to the back of my head and holding me firmly in place. I kissed him back, gently nipping his lower lip. I was fully naked and he was fully clothed. I should feel embarrassed, instead I liked it.

"Don't try to sneak out at night ever again." He said and pulled away.

"I didn't want to be an inconvenience to you." I said, my arms limp at my sides.

"You might be annoying, a brat, and very insufferable."

"I know..." I whispered, my head lowered.

He grabbed my chin and tilted my head up to meet his eyes. "But you in my bed, you're a different person. All that doesn't matter."

My heart skipped a beat. How can he say such a thing so smoothly?

His eyes are gentle. And he's smiling at me.

He's my king. And yet I...I like this.

Pain twisted in my heart. This won't last long anyway. After I'm gone, I won't experience this again.

Somehow, that left a huge gaping hole in my chest.

"You have that look in your eyes again." The king said with a sigh.

"What look, your majesty?"

He stared at me, long and hard. As if he was looking at something hidden in the depths of my gaze.

"And now you refer to me as 'your majesty.' Isn't it?"

I had no idea what he was talking about.