

## The Forced 87

Chapter 87

3rd person POV:

"You've fallen for her, haven't you?"

Those words rang in the King's head over and over again, long after he had sent Acheron out of his study.

He paced the floors, his mind in a deep disarray.

You've fallen for her, haven't you?

That was absurd, and he refused to think about it. He did try not to think about it, but that was impossible. All he could see was Sabrina's face, her eyes pleading with him, tears on her cheeks.

He hated to admit that Acheron was right. Somehow, the lines between them as slave and king began to blur. The king didn't know how that happened, or why it even happened. But he was falling for her.

The realization made him pause in his track, shock and disbelief coursing through him. How was that possible? How was he falling for her?

He never believed that he could ever fall for any woman again, not after his first mate tragically passed away. He had shut off love, and anything relating to it.

He didn't realize that he was growing soft for his slave. He failed to notice that. Even though the signs were all there.

The moment he let her into his bedroom. He should have known.

He hasn't let anyone into his bedroom prior to her. Not even Blair. Whenever he fucked Blair, it would be in his office and often times quick. A source of relief from the stress of running multiple packs. Nothing deep. Or when he fucked other girls in the past, all those decades ago after his mate was dead.

He didn't waste his time on exploring their bodies. And he got certainly didn't invite them to his bed.

Except for Sabrina. He was starting to realize how strange it was. And natural that strange was. He kissed her. He allowed her into his bed. He let her sleep beside him. For the first time in years, he woke up besides someone and he didn't feel irritated seeing her in his bed.

Confusion etched on his brow, but anger brewed silently in the depth of his chest. This was not supposed to happen. Not at all. The king chastised himself. He was angry at how loosely he had let himself go. He knew she wasn't ordinary. After seeing her parents and confirming that, he knew he should have washed his hands off her. He should have probably sent her back then, sent her of with her parents.

Instead he let himself kiss her. And touch her. And fuck her. And now he couldn't stop thinking about her.

And now this about her being a witch.

Surely she wasn't ordinary. But if she actually was a witch, she would have tried to kill him at least once. She was fearless as it was, talking back at him and defying his orders at every turn. But she didn't ever try to kill him. He didn't know what to do about her.

The logical response will be to get rid of her. Even if she wasn't aware of her powers, she was still dangerous.

And yet the mere thought of getting rid of her left a bitter taste in his mouth.

Acheron was right, although he would never tell that to his face, His suggestion to get rid of Sabrina made sense.

1/3

09:18 Thu, Nov 21 GBB

Chapter 87

But the king didn't want to do that.

For the first time, he felt tied. Weak. A feeling he loathed more than anything at all.

A slow wisp of smoke appeared beside him, followed by the tall body of a woman. Annoyance flashed through the king.

"I'm not in the mood." He said, turning his head to glare at her over his shoulder.

"Did you truly not know she had powers? Even I felt it before I saw her."

"Morana,"

"Did you?"

67%

+5

The king sighed. He felt stupid, but he couldn't help her question. He turned and faced her. She had a deadpan look on her face, her arms folded tightly under her chest. "I did. I felt it."

"But you didn't pay any heed to it."

"It wasn't important." That was the truth. He didn't think it was important. She was a little different. Like it was such a big deal.

"In that case, why didn't you tell us you had a thing for her? And you watched i and go after her. You watched Ron

averick belittle her and be so rude and crass to her. Why didn't you say something? Anything at all? Do you know how incredibly guilty I feel right now? Putting her in a tight spot because you weren't honest about your feelings?"

Her voice rose steadily, cracking at the end of her question. The king rubbed his temples. Morana was the least talkative one out of the four of them. For her to be this vocal, she must have been really hurt.

"Morana, slow down." The king said, hoping to calm her down but his tone came out harsher than he expected.

Morana scoffed softly. "No. Do not tell me to slow down! Why did you do such a thing? This isn't like you at all. What happened?"

"I've been hearing that all damned day, don't you think so?"

Morana sighed heavily. "I can't...I can't even understand anymore."

The king didn't say anything.

How could he tell her that the reason he denied any allegations of having a thing for Sabrina was because he was trying to forget her? To stay away from her? He was trying to move on from her. He had told her that he wouldn't touch her anymore. How could he say such a thing to morana? That would make him sound like a lovesick fool.

"You're not going to say anything?" Morana cocked her head to the side, her thin brows raised.

"Drop it." The king replied.

"So what are you going to do now?"

He gave it a fleeting thought, but that was only a formality. He knew what to do. The only thing to do in this situation.

I'll get rid of her."