

The Forced 90

Chapter 90

SABRINA'S POV;

"Keep moving." The guard said, nudging me with the edge of his spear.

I turned and glared at him. "Surely I can say goodbye to my friends."

"You're not allowed to." He said sternly. "Our orders were to escort you to the palace gate and that is all. No stops."

"But the harem is right there," I gestured to the White gardens. "Just a hello, and I'll be on my way."

"Do you wish to be dragged all the way to the gates?"

I pursed my lips. He nodded.

"I guess not."

"Maybe I should have ran away last night." I grumbled darkly under my breath.

His eye twitched but otherwise he was silent.

With a heavy sigh, I turned away from the sight of the harem and continued to walk away. All had been said and done, and I was now free of the palace. Free of the king, and free of this place. And yet, there was a huge hole in my chest that I couldn't fill with all my excuses.

I couldn't even say goodbye. The girls make me their leader and I vanish before even a month of duties. I wonder what would happen to them, and it was very clear at this point. Knowing Blair, she would seize the opportunity and swoop right in. She would fake control of the harem. And who knows, she may even continue to warm the king's bed.

Hurt tinged deep in my chest and I held the strap of the small bag of my meager belongings so tight the leather material dug into my palm and hurt. I hadn't taken much, after all the only things I had to my name was the clothes and shoes I wore when I was presented as a tribute. Lady Nifra packed the bag for me, containing mostly food and water, a change of clothes and a blanket. I had left all the fancy clothes and shoes behind. They were never mine to begin with.

But still, it doesn't hurt any less.

I walked out to the open, the large spanning courtyard that surrounded the palace. For a moment I paused and looked behind me. I had forgotten how large this place was. The palace had so many wings, so many rooms, that viewing it from outside was so exhausting. "Keep moving." The guard said gruffly and nudged me again.

"I'm going." I snapped, knocking off the spear. He muttered something I didn't hear and I ignored him.

I turned and continued walking.

I was such a fool. It didn't take long for the coldness I had for the king to quickly warm. It didn't take long at all. I fell at his feet and let him touch me. And now he cast me aside. So hastily that I couldn't even say a proper goodbye.

Who knows? Maybe now things will go back to how they were before. And I would be a proper outcast. An omega wolf with no pack, no money, no name. A reject, replaced by her sister and forsaken by everyone she loved.

What a satisfying end to the story of Sabrina Knowles. I'll probably be dead by the end of the week, my body found in a ditch or something.

Again, I began to wish that the king had killed me instead of sending me away. Where will I go? Who do I have? Absolutely

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I can't think of going back home, no that would be worse than death itself. Zayn and Iris will never let me hear the end of it. And I don't want to face them either. Not my parents too, I can't face any of them.

The huge towering gates loomed closer and closer. My heart quickened, and my chest heaved with the weight of my breaths.

Seriously, where will I go?

For a moment I let a wistful thought come to my head. Perhaps get a job in the manor of one rich and powerful alpha. I can clean, and maybe I can't cook but I'm sure they'll have a maid. And I pick up my life from there and come back for revenge.

A laugh escaped my lips. "That's stupid." I said to myself.

Revenge? Sabrina you have lost your mind. No one wronged you. You're a witch, period.

The gates swung open, the heavy metal creaking on their hinges. A long dwindling path was revealed. Once I cross these gates, it's all over. My life here is over.

I walked out of the gates, paused and turned to cast a fleeting glance at the palace. The guard stood behind me, tall and imposing. I met his eyes, and for a moment I felt warmth in them. He reached into his belt and pulled out a dagger. "Here." He handed it to me.

I looked at the dagger and back to his face. "Who's to say I can't use this to stab your eye

He shrugged. "You can try, then you'll end up hurt."

Out?"

I laughed softly. Powerless, another thing I shouldn't forget. A witch? A powerful witch? Ha! Who is that? I've never heard of her.

"Thank you," I said as I took the dagger from him.

"Be well." He said with a curt nod. He stepped back, and the gates started to close.

Be well. That was the kindest thing anyone had said to me all day.

I turned so he wouldn't see my misting eyes. I held the dagger to my chest. The gates creaked till they slammed shut. And I was truly on my own. [www.noV&fV6.com.c\(0\)m](#)

I wandered into town, walking about aimlessly.

The sun was fast going down, and it crossed my mind to find a place to sleep for the night at least. To the unsuspecting eye, I looked like a girl who was travelling, with her little bag in hand. had eaten some bread and water, even though I didn't feel hungry much. Suddenly I felt a tug on my skirt.

"Mommy?" A soft voice called.

I looked down to see a child of about five. His eyes were dark and full of tears, looking up at me. He tugged me again, his lip wobbling.

"Hey," I crouched down and gently held his hand. "Where's your mommy?"

He shook his head. "I don't know," His voice was shaky and on the verge of tears.

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I looked around us. The street was kind of lonely, and the sun was almost hidden by now. I looked back at the kid and smiled.

"Where did you lose your mommy?"

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He pointed off down the opposite side, by the side of a dark alley. I held his hand and rose to my full height. "Let's go and look for your mommy, okay?"

He nodded. "Okay."

With the child in hand, we walked closer to the alley. The sun was completely gone. The shadows grew longer and longer, and I felt a distinct feeling of foreboding. "What does your mommy look like?" I asked, my voice slightly shaky. [www.novelworM.com](#)

The kid was silent, only making a small whimper. I looked down at him, and he was shaking.

"What's wrong? Did anything-"

My words were cut off by a sharp blow to the back of my head. My vision went white, and I felt my body freeze. A pair of arms grabbed me and held me up. "We got her." A rough voice said. "Let's go now." [www.ove1WorM.c\(0\)m](#)

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I tried to cry out for the kid but my voice wouldn't come out. Dark spots filled my vision, but just before I passed out I heard something.

"Nice work, kid. You get meat tonight."

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