

The Forced 91

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Chapter 91

SABRINA'S POV

A dull throbbing ache in the back of my head got worse as I stirred from my sleep. I couldn't feel my arms or legs, and for a moment I struggled to know where I was. I blinked the haze out of my vision, groaning softly as the pain got even worse. "Where am I?" I rasped out.

My eyes focused a little more and I could see my surroundings better. It was night, the moon high in the sky. I tried to move

skin uncomfortably. my body and quickly realized that I was bound to a tree. The rough material of the rope dug into my "Slow down kid, else You'll choke."

I snapped my head up to see a man walking up to a kid who was crouched on the floor. The very same kid that I tried to help him find his mother. He was eating a bowl of grains, stuffing his face while crying. On closer look, I noticed that his feet were bound with a rope. "Hey," I tried to scream but voice came

my

ame out cracked. "Hey!"

What the hell is this? Have I just been kidnapped? And this kid, he's a victim too?

"What do you want from me?" I cried out, my voice a bit stronger

The man turned to me. "Ah, you're awake." He said. He walked up to me and stood a few feet away. His face was hidden behind a simple black mask that had only holes for his eyes.

"Let me go. And that kid too."

"Let you go?" He asked. Just then two more men emerged from the surrounding bushes carrying piles of wood on their shoulders. The man with the mask turned to them. "Right over there." He said, pointing to a not far location.

"Look, I don't know what you think you're doing, but it won't work." I said. He turned back to me and began to laugh.

"Won't work? Don't worry your tiny head about that."

My heart pummeled into my sandals. The kid looked up at me, his face smeared with rice. "What...what is all this about?" "You're going to be a sacrifice. Rejoice, for that is the highest honor."

I went stiff. "Sacrifice?"w(w)W.noV@LW@O.M.cOm

"Yes. Our god requires his ritual sacrifice of virgin blood. that is where you come in."

I let out a bitter laugh. "Yeah well, sorry to disappoint. But I'm not a virgin."

He laughed too. A cold and cruel sound.

"Hey!" I called after him. "I said I'm not a fucking virgin! Let me go!"

The next thing I felt was a slap right across my face. My head whipped to the side with the force of it, and my ear started to ring.Ww@.noV@LW@O.M.cOm

"Watch it, unless you want to die before the sacrifice."

I gasped, shocked at what had just happened. The man walked away, talking with the other two in low tones. My face throbbled with the pain, and I felt tears sting my eyes, 18:02 Sat, Nov 23 BGB.

Chapter 91

Fuck. Again, I'm on the very verge of death. This time with a kid present.

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This must be a joke. A way to scare their victims. And then they'll demand a contact information and blackmail then into bringing money for ransom.

There's no actual way that they will-

My train of thought derailed right then. The man with the mask took out a long blade and began to sharpen it, while the other two started preparing a fire with the wood they had gathered.

My heart jumped into my mouth, and I realized that they were serious about the sacrifice

"No, no," I muttered, struggling harder against the ropes. "No way! I'm not dying like this!"

None of them paid any heed to me. A fire was started, it's flames rising high into the night sky. I closed my eyes, and did everything I could to call upon those scales.

I felt stupid, trying to call upon a power I denied that I had. But I still tried. As hard as I could, even though I felt utterly ridiculous at it, and doubted the fact that I had powers. But I was desperate, rightly so. I hoped that whatever happened back at the palace with Acheron would happen again.

"Come on," whispered under my breath, my eyes squeezed tightly together that it hurt. "Please work."

I heard footsteps closer to me. One of the men grabbed the ropes and began to undo them. I called forth those scales to do something, defend me.

It didn't work. Nothing changed at all, nothing happened.

The ropes fell off, but not the ones that held my wrists and ankles together. I struggled and screamed against the man, my voice getting louder and louder.

My screams didn't even faze him. He dragged me to the roast fire that had been set up, the blade of the masked man glinted under the orange of the flames. "No, please!" I cried out.

"Don't be sad, your blood is valuable. You should be honored." The masked man said and lifted his hands to the sky.

"I'm not! I'm not what you're looking for!" I screamed, desperate to save my head.

"Hold her." The masked man commanded.

The other two men held my arms, and another one pulled my head back. The masked man advanced with the knife, and I could swear that the mask was smiling at me. He approached me steadily, the knife raised above his head.

I screamed out as it came down on my neck. Except that it never touched me. I heard a scream and a loud whooshing sound. All the hands on my vanished, and my body fell forward into the dirt. I raised myself up, my heart racing a million miles.

A blast of fire hit the masked man, burning up his middle. He screamed, running around trying to put out the fire before his body fell to the ground lifeless. The other men had been thrown into the trees by a supernatural force, their bodies twisted at odd angles. www.noV@LW@O.M.cOm

The kid was still on the floor, shaking with fright. A tall cloaked figure walked up to him, staring intently at him. He made a motion and the ropes came off. The kid quickly took off, running without looking back.

My heart skipped a beat. The king? He came for me?

For a moment I felt hope soar through my veins. He came for me. I actually meant something to him after all! A smile lit up

18:02 Sat, Nov 23 BGB.

Chapter 91

on my face, and I wanted to call out to him.

The cloaked figure turned to me, and lowered the hood that covered his face. My smile instantly died.

"You look disappointed," He said.

"Lord Acheron."