

## The Forced 92

### Chapter 92

Sabrina POV

"You look disappointed." Lord Acheron said, a smirk playing at the corners of his lips.

"Lord Acheron, what are you doing here? Is the king here too?"

"The king?" He balked a bitter laugh. He looked around him, nodding to himself. "Why will the king be here? Were you expecting him instead?"

I bit my lip hard. And his eyes narrowed. He knew the answer to that question. I rose to my knees, my arms and feet still bound. It felt uncomfortable, being tied up in front of him. And incredibly humiliating too.

"Thank you, for saving me." I cleared my throat and said. "I appreciate your kindness. But you can go now, I'm going to be fine."

"I'm afraid I can't do that." He said.

I frowned. "What? You wanted me gone, and now I'm finally gone you still won't let me be?"

away and ended up "I'm here, /Sabrina dear," He stepped forward, and I wished I could move away from him. I tried to back toppling over the dirtied hem of my gown. He caught me and forced me to kneel in front of him. "I'm here to finish what the king was too....soft hearted to do."

"What?"

"You heard me." He said.

Panic zapped through my veins. I tried to get to my feet and run, even with my bound ankles.

"Silly child," He clicked his tongue in annoyance.

I had barely gotten two steps before I tripped over a stone I was very sure wasn't there in the first place.

"Where are you running to?"

"Away from you!" I screamed in anger and frustration.

neck. He walked closer to me and turned me around. Standing over me, he pointed the edge of his staff at my

"It would be so easy to kill you," He cocked his head to the side, his eyes glowing with a dark light. "So easy." "Then why don't you do it?!"

"Because death would be too easy a punishment for you Sabrina" He pulled the staff back and bent down, his hand reached out to touch my face. I bared my teeth at him and he pulled back. "You're just a coward."

"Coward?" He looked over his shoulder at the corpses of the men who tried to sacrifice me. Oh right. Rookie move.

Shit.

He turned back to me. "I have no problem with shedding blood, Sabrina. After so many years on this earth you grow desensitized to a lot of things. Blood is one of them."

"Just kill me already," I said, looking helplessly up to the sky. My arms hurt from being tied and pressed to the rough floor.

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My back was arched in an attempt to alleviate the pain a little, but that did nothing to help.

"You want to die. I can see it in your eyes.

"No shit. I let out a butter chuckle. I've wanted to die, from the day I say Zayn fucking Iris. Everything that's happened after that has been one long suicide journey. So at this point, I didn't care anymore. What am I living for? Who am I living for? No one. Nothing. "I won't kill you, no." He pulled back and rose to his full height. Instead, I'm going to sell you off to someone. Someone who will take you very far away from this place, to a place you'll never be able to return from."

"Sell me off?" I asked, frowning. He waved his staff over me and the roles holding my wrist and ankles burned off.

"Don't even think of running." He said.

"Why will you sell me? I've...I've already been thrown out. I'm out of the king's path! What more could you want from me?!" He stared at me, his head tilted to the side. "I can't be certain you won't entertain any silly thoughts of going back." "But I can't!"

"Do you believe that? A minute ago, you thought I was the king.

My lips pursed and I bit my tongue.

"Exactly my point." He said, like he had discovered the cure for cancer. "Unlike the king, I'm of the strong belief that the only way to treat the ulcer that is you, is death."

"You really hate me huh?" I asked, my heart bleeding. I've never had someone say such mean and hurtful things to me. "You killed my snake, my familiar for the last hundred and fifty years. Do you know how that feels?"

"Look, I'm sorry about your snake. But I..."

"I don't want to hear any more of your excuses."

With a wave of his staff, invisible bonds lifted me up and tied me to a tree. I struggled against nothing, but the hold wouldn't budge at all.

"Why are you doing this!" I screamed out as he turned and walked away. "Just let me go!"

He waved his staff over his head and an invisible hand clamped over my mouth. I could only stare at his back as he got smaller and smaller from view till he vanished.

I tried. I tried again to call up that power inside me. To feel something, anything at all.

I was left blank.

I gave up, my body going lax against the bonds. I stared off into the distance wondering what Acheron was going to do with

me now.

About fifteen minutes later, he returned with five cloaked men trailing behind him. I straightened up, the sight of those men sending scared shivers down my spine.

"There she is." Acheron said and pointed to me.

One of the men stepped forward, and my heavens he was huge. The cloak hid his face from view, hid all their faces. The magic binds came loose and my body fell forward. He caught me and threw me over his shoulder without any regard for body.

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"Hey!" I yelped, his shoulder digging painfully into my stomach.

"Tie her hands and feet," Acheron said. "She's a runner."

"She won't get far." The one holding me said.

"Very well." Acheron replies. "Do whatever you want with her, it's none of my concern."

"No! You can't do this to me!" I screamed, struggling against my captor. "Lord Acheron!"

He ignored me. They all ignored me. The man holding me didnt even flinch, like I wasn't shouting in his ear.

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