

The Forced 98

Chapter 98

SABRINA'S POV

The hot water made me forget the shit that I had just seen and heard in the past ten minutes.

The guards dragged me out of the ballroom to a servants quarters. Everything else that happened was a flurry of activity. A large bathtub was set up, filled with steaming hot water, scented body washes and oils poured inside it. I was dragged by multiple hands and forced to take a shower before they dunked me into the bathtub.

The water was so warm, and smelled so good too. My tired body ached and begged for a reprieve, and all I wanted to do was fall asleep inside there. Maybe I'll drown, but who cares? It'll be a peaceful death.

Two maids scrubbed me down. One washed my hair, the other scrubbed my arms and body with a rough sponge, as it she was trying to scour the top layer of my skin off.

"You're really brave." She said. "Standing up to Alpha Devon like that."

"Brave isn't how I'll put it." I replied wincing as she grabbed my knee and began to scrub my leg.

"But you're also very unlucky." The girl washing my hair said.

"I know that." I am unlucky, yes. It's time for me to face that.

"She'll be fine." Maid one said.

"No she won't." Maid two snapped back. "Alpha Devon will never stop, and you know that. don't give the poor girl false hope. Tell her the truth." "What truth?" I asked.

Warm water was dunked all over my head. "You're not the first breeder here. As a matter of fact, alpha Devon has two wives and a breeder." "That's crazy." I said in a flat tone. "And if he needs another breeder they other don't get pregnant, right?"

A soft sigh. The soap suds rinsed out of my hair and eyes.

"Yes. You could put it that way."

Wow.

Then he made a very terrible choice this time. I will sadly not be of any help to him. I am also barren, that's exactly the event that started off my terrible life story. If I tell him, will he kill me? "Your grace!"

The bath room suddenly went quiet. I looked to see what had everyone so quiet. A woman walked into the room, flanked on both sides by two servants girls each. She was tall and slender, long blond hair flowing down her back and shoulders in a straight line. Her eyes were a light brown, her red lips set in an cold line. From the air around her and how she carried herself I wouldn't doubt that this was one of Devon's wives.

"Step aside." She said and waved the maids who had been cleaning me off. She walked closer to the bathtub and stared at me. Her eyes were cold, the king of cold that came about from seeing a lot of unfortunate things.

I mean, her husband is probably one of them.

"You must be the new breeder." She said, her tone soft but with a lot of underlying anger. "My name is Malia,"

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"I do not care for your name. You are not a person but a tool to give this pack an heir. And that is all." She said, firmly. I pursed my lips and nodded.

"Tonight, you will be sent to Alpha Devon. There are a few things you must know first. Pertaining to his pleasure in bed." "I couldn't care..."
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"You must." She said. She paused and swallowed thickly. "You have a beautiful face, and I'm certain he will like you." My heart ached for her.
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She looked like she was trying to keep it all together. I could detect the raw pain mixed with jealousy in her tone. She didn't look like a bad person, no. She looked like she must have been quite kind once upon a time.
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I felt sorry for her.

I listened to her speak, about that to do and whatnot to do with fucking Devon. Keep your hands to your sides, he doesn't like it when his breeders are clingy. Be vocal, but not too vocal. Don't speak unless he commands you to Obey all his commands without a single question.

On and on she went, each one more absurd than the last.

It's all pointless. I can't bear any children, he'll be beating a dead horse. Literally.

"Do you

understand?" Malia asked. She grit her teeth hard, and her eyes turned stormy. It looked to me that she was trying not to cry, even though her eyes were completely dry.

It was on the very tip of my tongue to tell her that all this sounds like her husband has an issue in the bedroom department. But instead I nodded.

"I do."

"Good." She turned to the maids and beckoned them closer. "You know who to do. No rose scents, I've told you girls before. Dress her in baby pink, she looks quite innocent. No braids, I'm sure you'll remember why."

On and on. More instructions. The maids nodded, a collective look of understanding on their faces.
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For a split second, I let my mind wander. Is this the kind of life I would have had if I stayed back at Crue pack?

And I saw myself in Malia. It hurt. Whether it was because she was going through something similar, or because she was trying so hard to be strong, I didn't know.

"We understand, your grace. We will make everything go smoothly."

She nodded then paused abruptly. "That's good. Continue. She mustn't be late." She turned to me. "Good luck."

The maids bowed deeply and she walked away.

Good luck? Ironic.

The maids continued getting me ready. But this time there was a cloud of uncomfortable silence that hovered above us. I didn't ask any questions, and neither did they. And for that I was grateful.

After the long and tedious bath, oils and lotions were rubbed into my skin, my hair brushed and laid over my shoulder. I was dressed in a soft baby pink silk, the quality of it good, but nothing compared to the dinner gowns I wore back....back where?

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The maids took me to the alpha and left me in front of his door My heart began to race against my own will, and I pushed the door open and walked inside.

There was not a single candle to aid visibility inside, and the cold seeped through my bones and made me shudder. I walked around, blindly, debating if to call out or not.

A hand wrapped around my waist from behind me and tugged me close. My back met a chest, cold lips grazed my ear. Bile. There's that feeling of revolt again. "What is your name?" A disjunct voice whispered in my ear.

Cold panic zapped through my bod



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