

Forced Maiden For The Cursed Alpha King Chapter 10

Sabrina's POV:

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No one pulled any nasty pranks on me. No one put snakes in my bed, or poured hot soup on me, or disturbed my work. I woke up, did my slavery duties, ate whatever disgusting meal was my punishment, and I went to bed and repeated the whole process.

The scale I hid it under my pillow. It was so sharp that anytime I carried it in my pocket, it would cut me. I had no idea what kind of scale it was. But it was pretty so I kept it with me. If I could, I'd turn it into a necklace.

I should have known the peace was fake, and my show of bravery didn't save me from Blair.

It was dark inside my room. Tonight was extra cold and huddled between my thin blanket did little to provide me with warmth

I heard a sound. It sounded like someone was shuffling across the floor of my bedroom. I sat up in shock my bleary eyes opened and I stared around my room. It was dark, and I saw a lot of shadows. I brushed it off as nothing. I laid my head back on the pillow the same time I heard that sound again. Followed by hushed giggles.

"Who's there?" I snapped, my voice heavy with sleep. "Come out

Someone grabbed my arm. Another person grabbed my other arm and before I knew it I was held spread eagle over my bed. I screamed, shocked at what had just happened. I pulled against their hold but they were too strong and had me pinned down effortlessly.

"Look what we have here, Blair chuckled. She walked up to me, holding a large candle in her hands. She smirked at me, her face nothing short of malicious. "Hello, slave rat She said.

My heart pounded hard. My room is far away from the harem. If anything happens to me here, my screams will be drowned right here. No one will know, and no one will care.

"What do you want?!" I snapped, putting on a brave front when in fact I was trembling on the inside.

Blair moved the candle to my face, so close I tasted the smoke from the flame and felt the warmth of it on my face. I pulled my head as far back as it could go.

"You know," Blair said. She brought her hand up to her face, the side I had slapped her. It has given me a lot of pleasure seeing her face swell up. The red mark that took some days to go down fully. But it was gone now and her face was smooth and pristine as ever.

If I use the scale and scratch her face with it will I leave a permanent mark?

"You're the first to ever put her hands on me. Blair said and cocked her head to the side. Her long hair draped down at her shoulders and I wondered what would happen if it caught fire. There's been your type from time to time. Thinking they're some kind of big shot and refusing to submit to authority."

"You're a fucking bully! I shouted at her. She pulled back, the candle jerked in her hand and a bit of the melted wax splashed on my cheek

I howled in pain, my body writhed in bed as I tried to free my hand and wipe the scalding wax off.

"Oh Blair chuckled to herself. "Tan a bully? She asked. She motioned and one of the girls who wasn't pinning me down rushed over to her side. "If I'm a bully, then what are you? You hme. Which one of us is a bully, huh!"

The girl bent down and tore my nightdress off. It wasn't as fancy as the one the girls had, but it was the only one I had. The

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She raised the candle up and held it there. "Are you finally going to apologize now? Go down on your knees and be honest with it. Then forget all about this.

“Fuck you, Blair.” I spat, my voice shuddering.

Blair stopped smiling. “Hold her down girls. She said sternly, her face a cold mask of hatred.

The girls held me down harder. Blair tipped the candle over. I screamed, my eyes squeezed shut with the pain.

“Will you apologize now?” Blair shouted over my screams.

The wax continued to drip all over my body. I thrashed wildly, but my struggles were like nothing for her.

“Apologize!” She screamed.

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Blair got off me and sighed heavily. The wax burned my skin, like tiny fires had been lit over the expanse of my skin.

Turn her around.” She said darkly. “And get me my whip.”

The girls turned me around. One of them let loose her hold on my ankle by mistake. I seized the chance and kicked her as hard as I could. She cried out and fell back. I kicked the other girl holding my ankle and shot her back. I yanked my arms. back forcefully, so hard I heard a crack from my wrist. The pain shot up to my brain and made me see white flashes. I pulled myself together and jumped out of the bed and ran for the door.

I had barely taken two steps before my hair was grabbed and pulled.

“You think you're so fast, huh?” Blair hissed, the candle pressed into my back. The flame scorched my back and more hot wax burned into my skin. She threw me on the bed and the girls held my wrists again. “That one's broken, hold it tight.”

Black spots appeared in my vision. The girl holding my broken wrist applied pressure and I screamed. Tears flowed down my eyes. Everywhere hurt. I was sure there was a burn mark on my back now.

“You’re so disgusting” Blair spat. I heard the crack of a whip and my face paled.
“Perhaps the next time I visit his Majesty, I’ll tell him how much of a bother you’re being.
Then he’ll have you executed for all of us.”

I think someone once told me I didn’t know when to shut up. That I didn’t know how to read a room and know what to say and when to say it

I started to laugh. Tears streamed down my face and soaked my pillow but I laughed.

“Is something funny?” Blair asked.

I turned my head to the side to catch a glimpse of her. “You’re just a fucktoy, Blair. And you’re so sad, honestly. You’re being used for pleasure and you’re walking around like you’re some fucking empress. You’re the disgusting one.”

Her face froze. For a moment, we just stared at each other heatedly

The silence in the room was deafening.

“Hold her face down. Blair said coldly.

My face was pressed into my pillow by two strong hands. The first lash of the whip cut across my back, carrying with it the weight of Blair’s anger. I grit my teeth into the pillow, braced myself for it.

It stung-

The whip tore into my skin. After the second, third one, I realized the whip was corded.

The pillow muffled my screams of agony. I could see the whip coming off my back and carrying with it pieces of my skin.

The cold air felt raw on the fresh wounds. It stung, it burned.

Blair didn’t slowdown. The whip hit my skin over and over again. The dark spots in the corner of my vision got bigger and bigger. My legs and arms had long given up struggling.

A sharp pain exploded in my cheek. The scale, it has cut me again. The pain burned, hotter than the whips.

I screamed and screamed till my voice gave out. I didn’t know how long Blair continued to whip me.

I do know I passed out, and when I woke up she was still whipping me:

I had no idea where I was. The only thing I knew was pain. I drifted in and out of consciousness, delirium taking a strong hold on me.

By the time Blair whipped me to her satisfaction, my entire back was aflame with pain. She threw the candle on the floor and marched out with the girls. I laid on the bed, the sheets soaked with my tears, sweat and blood, shivering with the cold. The candle dripped wax onto the wooden floor, its flame licked lower and lower till it started burning the ground.

The next time I opened my eyes, a small fire had started.

All strength had been sucked out of me. Even if I could get up, how would I put the flames out? The flames grew even more. Half the floor was on fire now. The acrid smell of smoke hung thick in the air, increasing with every passing second. There's no windows here, I can't get fresh air. Even if I could, I can't stand up.

The smoke hurt my back.

My eyes drifted shut and I passed out again.

My eyes opened to a sweet smell. Gone was the scent of smoke, and in its place was the sweet smell of vanilla and strawberry incense. I couldn't feel my legs, or my arms. Were they lost in the fire? Was I now without limbs?!

Oh goddess!

"You're awake now" A sharp voice said. I tried to turn my head and look at who had spoken, but my neck wouldn't cooperate with me. My body won't even listen And my limbs are still missing "You're awake early I wasn't expecting you to wake up

any time soon"

It sounds like a man

a man. Or is it? Are my ears also playing games on me now?

I heard the sound of movement. A shadow moved in my peripheral vision. A whisper of black fabric and a man appeared in front of me. I tried to look up at him but he bent down and stared into my eyes.

My cheeks moved on their own and I grimaced. "Hi, I said, my voice came out slurred and heavy.

"You're heavily sedated right now. The man said in a soft voice. Try and go back to sleep, it will help the medicine work

faster

"How is she?" Another voice spoke from what I guessed was the doorway.

Lady Nifra. She's here?

The man, healer, sighed. "Slie's awake. It was a food thing you found here when you did, otherwise she would have died."

"She's awake?" Lady Nifra gasped. "It's been barely two hours!"

I'm shocked as you are. But the medication is still in her system, at least. She won't feel the pain till it wears off.

The next time I woke up, I could feel my arms and legs. And with them, I could feel the pain too. It started out slowly, gradually building up till I was screaming from it.

"Here." A cup full of a herbal smelling liquid was pushed into my mouth. Ah, it's the kind healer. Thank goodness. "Drink this." He said. He pushed up closer to my lips,

I took a sip of it and it was the most bitter tasting liquid ever. I gagged and squeezed my eyes shut.

"Drink it. It'll help you."

"No... I groaned. "It's bad..."

"Drink it, Sabrina"

I opened my eyes and looked at him. His warm gray eyes were full of nothing but kindness. No pity, just kindness. I opened my mouth and chugged down the liquid.

"It should kick in soon, okay?"

I nodded. Tears flooded my eyes. All this for a slap? That

emed like an overkill.

Will it scar?" I asked, my voice was firmer now and no longer sounded drunk. But my tongue still felt a bit heavy.

"Scars should be the least of your worries right now, sabrina. Focus on getting better."

“But my back would be so ugly!”

“And your arms too. And your legs as well.

I stared at him. “What?!”

He snorted. “Relax, okay? I’ll do my best to ensure they don’t scar too badly,”

I sat up in bed, my back hovering on the headrest so I wouldn’t trigger my injuries

It was only noon. It felt like half a year had passed. I slept and woke up, drank some bitter witches brew, and went back to sleep again.

It still hurt like a bitch, but my sedated brain didn’t register it.

I stared at the tray of food in front of me. Some soup, chicken súp I think, corn on the side, an orange, and a glass of water. The most decent food I’ve had in a while

“You’re terribly undernourished.” The healer had said. “Your body needs nutrients to heal. Your injuries will take longer than necessary to heal

I ate some of the soup. It was cold- I guess lady Nifra won’t even let me forget I’m still a slave even though I was being treated for my injuries but it was delicious. I ate the corn and drank some water.

My arms and legs were covered with bandages. I wonder what they looked like under the bandages.

Was my room burned down? It must be stressful if I had to clean my sheets again.

Lady Nifra walked into the room as I was finishing up the food. Her eyes were stony, her lips set in a permanent frown.

“You will stay here for the time being. She went straight to the point. “After you are healed, you will resume your duties immediately.”

“And Blair? Is she gonna get punished?” I asked.

Her eyes narrowed to icy slits. “You should have thought about that before you provoked her

“How about how she provoked me too?!”

“Watch your mouth! And remember that you are nothing but a slave!”

I scoffed. “If you hate my guts so darn much, why didn’t you let me die in that room?!”

“And give you the death you’ve been looking for?” She smirked darkly. “There’s no way you’re getting off easy. And if you die. who will be the slave of the harem?”

What a fucking cow.

Im pretty sure Blair can do it.”

She turned and left instead of responding.

Fucking bitch.

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Her face turned sour at the mention of that name. He sent a letter that he would be back soon."

The alphas ball and meeting is coming up soon. He'll be just in time."

Nifra nodded stiffly. Yes he would"

sull warm up to him"

Never, she wanted to say. But she didn't say it Caldan was pure im, and she would hate him till time itself ended.