

The Forced 127

Chapter 127

Sabrina's POV:

Devon stood in the doorway, his arms folded tightly across his chest. His gold eyes sparked with anger. My heart tanked into my stomach as his eyes cut over to me. My God....why does he look like he's just about to tear me to shreds?

What is he doing here?! I never expects that he would show up her. How did he get here? With the way he had stormed out the last time, I doubted I would ever get to see him again.

""Ah shit." I mumbled under my breath

"Who are you?" Caldan turned to him and asked.

Devon gestured to me. "Why don't you ask her? I'm sure she still remembers." *wwwW.110(v)elw(o)rm.©om*

Caldan turned to me. "You know him?"

How best do I explain this to him? This relationship with Devon and how it's Related to all of this.

"Yes I do know him. He...he was my initial owner." I said, as simply as I could sum this all up together. Devon wasn't the problem here. "I was his slave."

Caldan's eyes went wide with shock. "How on earth did that happen? You, a slave?!"

"... I'll explain everything. I swear." I took his hand and squeezed it, my eyes pleading with him..
"Don't... just don't be mad at me. I'll explain it all later."

"No, I'm not I can never be mad at you," He cupped my cheek and smiled. And for a second he was the Caldan that I had slowly began to fall for. I held his wrist and tried as I could to return his smile. Then his eyes hardened and he rose to his feet and turned to Devon. "Who are you, I'll ask again. And what the fuck are you doing here?"

I've never heard Caldan curse. Never. My heart skipped a beat and I gasped.

"Devon!" Marcel cried out and ran over to Devon's side. He grabbed Devon's arm and tugged on him. "You came! So fast! Thank the goddess!"

Devon shoved him off. "Back off" He snapped at him. Marcel stumbled and crashed into a chest of drawers. I winced at the loud crash he made. He tried to catch himself and only ended up falling more. Caldan and Devon didn't even glance at him.

Devon took a step closer to Caldan till they stood nose to nose. "No matter what it looks like, I'm not here to fight you. All I'm here for is to take what rightfully belongs to me."

"And that is?"

Devon looked at me, his golden eyes dark and full of malice. He pointed at me. "That girl. She's mine. She was given to me as a gift." Caldan scoffed. "Cut the crap. She will never be a mere slave, no matter whatever motions you have created in your head about her." "She is. And that won't change. I'm her fucking owner." Devon said, calmly. "I'm taking her back with me."

"You will not lay a hand on her. I'm leaving here with her and nothing will happen."

Ah shit. *wwwW.n(o)VeⓈWórm.cœm*

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Chapter 127

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What the hell do I do now?! I never expected that things would ever turn out that way. First being sold to Devon, and then Marcel. And now Caldan has found me. This whole thing looks like it's about to blow up in my face. And very bad for that matter.

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"Look, I don't want to fight about this." Devon said. He raised his hands in a show of calm. "Hand the girl over. And I'll be out of here for good. As will you." *www.Ⓢop(e)lwó(r)m.cœm*

"No." Caldan said. "I will not give her to you. She is not a commodity that can be sold and given away."

"You won't?" Devon asked.

My mind drifted back to a few days ago. Where I was wishing I'd go back to Devon, at least life was easier then and he didn't ask me to sleep with him. But now that Devon is here and Caldan too. It's painfully clear who I'm going with. "No." Caldan said.

Devon nodded. "Very well."

"Don't let him leave her!" Marcel shouted from the door. He clutched his bleeding nose, his hand stained with blood. "Devon! Don't let that bastard leave here! What are you doing?!"

"Shut the fuck up Marcel. Devon snapped at him. And just like that, the air of calm around him was gone.

He faced Caldan, and his eyes darkened. "You, perhaps you're forgetting that this is my pack, my fucking territory. What I say here will fucking happen. You're more than outnumbered. One word from me and my men would all be over you. So if you want to leave here, better fucking hand her over. And get lost.

Fuck. Now he's pissed. The air in the room was nothing short of tensed. Caldan and Devon glaring at each other. The air thick and heavy.

"Was that your attempt at a threat?" Caldan asked, unfazed. "You will unleash your numbers on me, that's it?" He asked. "You want to fucking bet?" Devon hissed. "This is your last chance to leave this place peacefully."

"Let me make this clear for you too. I am the representative of the Chronicle. Is that who you want to pick a fight with."

Devon clicked his tongue. "Oh right. The Chronicle. How scary.

Thing was..he didn't look scared at all.

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