

The Forced 99

Chapter 99

Sabrina's pov:

I panicked immediately.

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My body acted on its own, shoving the man off me. I ran for the door but has barely taken two steps forward before I was grabbed and dragged back. I cried out, my arms flailed around in the dark for anything that could break my fall, or anything that I could grab on to. I found nothing. Those arms wrapped around my midsection, and the next thing i knew I was tossed up in the air and thrown onto what felt like a bed.

"No no!" I screamed out, punching and kicking wherever my hand could reach. The man hovered above me, his legs on both sides of my body.

Fuck no! There's no way I'm going get raped tonight.

"Get the fuck off me!" I screamed with all my might. I raised my knee as high as I could get it and rammed it right into his crotch. The effect was instant. He grunted in pain and let go of my arms. I immediately shoved him off me, kicking him again for good measure. In the dark I stumbled out, desperate for any sort of light or escape route. My eyes were starting to get used to the dark, but not enough for me to see.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

"You're a fucking crazy woman." The man said, his voice riddled with pain. He groaned deeply, and I felt satisfied that I had hit him hard enough. "They brought me a crazy little

bitch."w(w)⊙.Ñ,⊙éLW⊙Rm.(c)om

He kept mumbling curses under his breath. My hip banged into what felt like a table edge and I cried out in pain.

Fucking hell! Where are the lights?!

I think I should tie this man up. Maybe knock a few teeth down his throat and then run as far from here as possible.

He continued to curse at me.

I rose to my feel, my hand on my aching hip as I limped through the haze of darkness. I have no idea where I am, or how to escape.

But I'd rather try my luck than being subjected to daily rape. Breeder, that's a fancy ass word for what's about to happen to

1. me.

I grabbed the belt of the fancy silk gown I wore and turned in the direction of the man. I could see his outline faintly over the bed, his back turned to me as he continued still to mumble to himself. I wish to the goddess that I broke something inside him.

I approached him stealthily, the belt pulled taunt in my hands. Before I could do anything, he suddenly grabbed me and pulled me back to the bed. His hand clamped down over my mouth muffling my screams.

"You're one psychopathic woman you know that right?"

I raised my knee to kick him again and he responded by pushing his knee deep between my legs. I struggled and he pressed his knee deeper into me, hard and painful. I went still, the silent threat hanging in the air. "You're not the only one who can kick, you know?"

I bit down his palm. He didn't even flinch. He let out a sigh, and was convinced that he rolled his eyes too.

"You're a handful. He grumbled. He reached over me and flicked on a lamp, flooding the room with light.

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Golden eyes peered into mine, his expression unimpressed and stoic. He pulled back and I immediately scrambled off the bed, as far away from him as I could get.

"Don't fucking touch me again!" I yelled. "If you so much as touch me, I'll make sure to bite your fucking dick off. I fucking swear it!"

"Such an uncouth mouth on a lady such as yourself."

Lady?! A few minutes ago he called me a bitch! And now I'm a lady?!

He laughed to himself. "Are you aware that what you did tonight is enough for me to have

"What? Kicking your balls?"

His golden eyes flashed. I scoffed and rolled my eyes.

"That's better than being fucked by you. So yes. I'll pick that death anytime."

"Fucked by me?" He asked "wherever did you get the idea that I was going to fuck you?"Www.nOvElWOrM.cOm

I paused. "What?"

you executed?"

He rolled his eyes and groaned. "For heavens sake, even on my damned birthday. I never intended to fuck you."

"But everyone....

"That's right. Everyone." He got up from the bed. I too. A step back in alarm but he made no move to come closer to me. "I have no fucking idea why they think I find raping women appealing. Trust me sex is much much better when she wants me. It's such a fucking turn on."

I refused to dwell on the graphic details of his words. "Well if you're not going to touch me then why am I here? Why did you grab me like that and do all those.....thing?!"

"I was fucking with you? It's fun. You're cute. You should have seen your face."

I hate him.

"But also," his eyes scanned me from top to bottom. "I needed to confirm something for myself. And now I have my confirmation."

"What was that?"

"Doesn't matter, and it's frankly none of your business too."

I bit the inner corner of my cheek. "You're sick in the head. Fucking sick."

"Watch that mouth of yours." He warned.wŴw.ñŒ(v)εIWo⊙m.Com

I narrowed my eyes and sighed. This is honestly too damn weird. What's he trying to do right now?

"What's your name?" He asked, his head tilted to the side.

"Sue." I replied. There's no way I'm telling him my real name.

He hummed to himself. "Sue. Well, you can leave now."

Finally! I turned to leave, only for him to call me back.

Actually, come back. He said. "You'd have to sleep here. Others can't know I didn't fuck you tonight."

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I turned to him, a glare in my eyes. What the actual fuck is going on now? I can't leave?

"Why?!"wŴw.(n)ε⊙E(1)wOrM.CoM

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"Again, none of your damned business. You should be happy I haven't snapped your throat yet. Now, get your ass over her and go to bed."

"No thank you," I folded my arms and jutted my chin out. "I am not sleeping on that bed, or anywhere near you."

"Then sleep on the fucking floor. Like I care. Bottom line is, you're not leaving this room."

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