

Four or Dead by GOA

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“Emma ***

The party was overwhelming to put it simply. Zane paraded me around like a new toy and I smiled and gave polite greetings to the many people he introduced me to. I also made a note of every name I could remember. Some of these names had to give us something to go off of

I can't wait to get back to my suite and pull this dress off. It's beautiful but it just doesn't feel right on me. I feel like I am playing dress-up and these people are looking at me like a fly at the dinner table. I know I shouldn't care but I have been invisible my whole life and now everyone in the world knows who I am. Something tells me that's exactly what Zane wants and I can't help but wonder why. \°

A few ideas come to mind and I really hope I'm wrong

“You did very well tonight,” Zane says when we are sitting inside the limo again. “You charmed the lot of them.”

“Tm glad,” I say with a smile

I hated every second

“T couldn't have asked for a better woman to be my girl. Now there is only one thing left to do before I know for sure that you belong with me.” That last sentence has me immediately on edge

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It sounds almost like a threat and when I look in his eyes I know for sure it is. This makes me glance out the window and even though I don't know much about the city I can tell we aren't heading back the way we came. I'm fact the area where we're headed looks more like an industrial yard. *

“Where are we going?” I ask him

My heart rate is picking up and the urge to jump out of a moving car is strong

Zane doesn't answer me. He keeps his eyes fixed on the window and I feel dread creeping in

He wouldn't kill me, right? Not after he just showed the whole world who I am. Wouldn't people ask questions if I suddenly disappeared?

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It isn't too long before we come to a stop at a warehouse that looks exactly like the ones around it. It looks unassuming from the outside but that in no way eases my anxiety. The door on my side of the limo swings open and one of those big men in black is standing outside looking down at me

“What-“ Before I can get another word out he reaches in and grabs me with an unneeded amount of force

He seems to realize just how small I am and eases up the manhandling just a little as he leads me around the limo. My eyes follow Zane as he walks toward a single door with a small keypad next to it. A quick

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glance around shows me that there are at least four other guards around and when one of them turns his gun catches the light

*What am I doing here? *

The man holding me pushes me forward and once I'm through the door my heart drops to my stomach

The warehouse is completely empty except for a string of chains hanging down in the center of the room. | *

“Zane? What's going on?” I ask hating how scared my voice sounds

“Bring a chair for my fiancé. I don't think the chains will be needed, right love?” He asks turning to me with a raised brow. “You will answer my questions without any trouble right?” [?]

I swallow and try to keep my voice steady but nothing comes out when I try to answer him. The only thing I can offer him is a small nod of the head

One of his men sets a chair in front of the chains and Zane starts to remove his coat. He hands it off to the chair guy and starts to roll up his sleeves.)

Oh god. He's going to hurt me... * “Have a seat,” Zane says holding his hand out in invitation

I glance back at my handler and he lets me go. My feet move slowly

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toward the single chair until I'm standing in front of it. I never thought a chair would make me feel this scared

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“Sit.” Zane's voice booms behind me and I whip around and quickly sit down. “Good. Now Emma I want you to tell me what you're doing here.”

I give him a confused expression. He was the one who came for me

Okay maybe I kind of set him up but if he suspected something why did he take me?

“I-I'm here because you came for me,” I say honestly

“And in no way did Devaro have a hand in what happened that day? You haven't been planted to get information for him?” Well, I should have seen this coming.

This guy is paranoid as hell. Even if what he says isn't true I would still be in the same position

“T never met Devaro. The guys kept me away from all that.” I say, and it's partly true

The key to telling a good lie is adding it with a half-truth. Zane falls silent and watches me carefully, but I don't give anything away. If I say the wrong thing he'll go after Devaro full force and that would put my boys in his crossfire. So I call on every bit of my self-control and reel in my emotions

Zane smirks. “I should believe you love, but forgive me if I need a little

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more persuasion. You see every member of my crew goes through an.

extensive screening process. I can't let the woman I want to sit next to me be exempt from proving her loyalty to me. [?].

I am not exactly sure what he means but when he nods to one of his men and I see the light catch on something metal everything becomes very clear. The way to prove loyalty to Zan Dalton is through blood. I swallow long and hard as the man approaches me and because all my attention is on him I don't see the other guy behind me. The one behind me grabs me from the chair and pulls me to my feet. I struggle against his hold but I'm nowhere near strong enough to fight a guy his size off

The chains I saw earlier start to rattle and when the cold metal brushes against my skin I close my eyes tight and force the whimper of fear that wants to escape from my mouth as far down as possible. My arms are tied with the chains and I feel a tug on my arms until they are lifted above my head. 4!

I'm panicking on the inside because no matter how badly my father treated me, he never resorted to tying me up with chains. He used fear and physical weakness of a child to keep me still when he hurt me. The memories are suddenly flooding through me all at once and when I feel the first cut against my skin I can't help the whimper that escapes my mouth. I feel the back fabric of my dress fall open and my breath catches

I clench my eyes shut and I try to push away the voice of my father whispering in my ear, as Zane's guy starts to cut along my old scars. |)

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“Tf you are quiet, daddy will stop quicker. Stay very quiet.” These words and the feel of my skin opening once again make my stomach roll. |)

I can't show weakness. Zane wants to see if I can handle anything.

including torture if it comes to protecting his empire. .*

So I do something I swore I would never do again, because last time I almost didn't come back. The urge to survive is too strong and before I can fight against it. My mind is shutting down. Everything slips away until everything around me falls silent. The sound of my heart pounding in my ear is hypnotic and it only makes me regress further

Zane doesn't know what he's just awoke inside me. He has no idea the monster that's been hiding inside me all along. \?)

No one knows

I have fought against that darkness in me my whole life because the first time I felt it I knew if I let it out I would become a monster just like my father. The one time this side of me came out was when my father first brought one of his friends to come see me. It was the only time my father ever looked afraid. He saw what I was and when the fear in his eyes gave way to pride I stuffed that darkness so far down and I swore I would never let it out again

I killed a man that day. *)

The boys don't know that I've had blood on my hands all along. They think I was a victim all this time, but they don't know that I would rather be hurt a thousand times before I became that person again

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That Emma feels nothing. She is numb and cold...empty. [?]

I didn't want to be any of those things, but Zane has taken things too far by letting his man cut open every single one of my old wounds and making me relive the worst moments of my life.

So when I open my eyes and lock them on him I smirk at the confusion on his face. I don't make another sound as his man slices his knife through my skin. I keep my eyes trained on Zane until it's done and when they lower me and remove the chains I don't stumble. I pull my shoulders back and hold my head high. I turn on my heels and walk right out the door with blood dripping down my back. .°).

I throw the door open and walking calmly to the limo and slide in to wait for Zane

Zane, you wanted a queen to stand by your side, but this queen doesn't share. No, she rules alone. I am done hiding behind a scared little girl. I'm taking what's mine and I don't care how much blood I leave in my wake. No one will underestimate me again. The monster is out and only hellfire can kill her now