

Four or Dead by GOA

Chapter 69

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Chapter 69

(TW: Violence and bondage) Emma

The moment the guard leaves to make plans for getting me out of here, I drop onto my small bed and take in the full realization of what I had just done. How far had I come a life where I'm willing to give myself away as payment for my freedom. Something else is nipping in the back of my mind that I know is important but with all the self-loathing I am experiencing right now I can't seem to figure out what that little thing

is. (4)

All I know is I have an overwhelming urge to shower again, and unfortunately I was still in only a towel. The heat of embarrassment rushes over me and I quickly make my way to the bathroom and turn the shower hot enough to burn away the phantom feeling of a stranger's touch

I make sure to be dressed before stepping back into my room and grab my food. There aren't many options of places to sit and eat, so I make myself comfortable on the floor. The scene sending memory flashes of a time when I had all my meals on the floor of my small closet room. A lot of things have been reminding me of those times lately

Before I am halfway through my bowl of soup the door to my room slams open and Zane storms in

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"What did you do?" He screams at me and I quickly scramble to my feet

"What are you talking about?" I ask moving back as he advances on me

"My deal with the Chinese has been lost for a more favorable deal! And guess who they have decided to work with instead? This loss will cost me millions, Emma! So tell me now! What did you do? How did you get word to them?" I rack my brain trying to make sense of his words

A deal with the Chinese. I had been hearing rumors about his company working on a deal that was going to change things big time. Zane was supposedly going to become the exclusive distributor of their products, both legal and illegal. But I had no way of telling anyone about what I knew. I had only managed that one message when we raided Devaro's stash house

"Zane I swear I don't know what you're talking about," I say holding up my hands to show him I'm no threat but it doesn't do any good

His wild eyes are burning with anger and I'm right in his line of sight

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He moves quickly and soon he has me pinned against the wall with his hand tight around my throat. \')

"You have been nothing but trouble since the moment I came for you

You push me away when I have every right to touch you. You treat me like an enemy when all I wanted was to give you my kingdom, but you couldn't let them go, could you? It's because of them that I can never

have you. Well, guess what, I own you!" Those last words hit me like a slap to my face and when he tightens his hold just a little more I

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whimper. "Now you have gone and ruined the biggest deal I have ever had just so you could be with those punks! No...no you are mine." \')

Before I can react he crashes his lips against mine and I instantly try to push him away. He's too strong and he steps closer using his body to pin me completely against the wall. His arousal telling me that he really is a monster if hurting me like this is getting him off. He growls in frustration when I don't return the kiss, and when he pulls back I don't think...I react. \')

I have no idea what came over me but in one quick motion, I throw my head forward and slam it into his nose. He cries out in pain and shock as he stumbles back. I'm in shock for way too long, but I still try to make a move to get away. While he's cursing and holding his nose I make a run for the door. My hand turns the handle only to feel the resistance telling me the lock is still in place. I'm locked in here with a

pissed-off, and from the smell of him, extremely drunk Zane.

I still try pounding on the door, but it's no use. No one is coming to help me. Zane moves quickly and soon has his hand wraps in my hair, he yanks me back until I fall to the floor. Pain radiates across my head and I reach up and try to scratch at his hands. It only makes him angrier and in an instant, he's straddling me and pinning my hands to the floor.

"Keep fighting baby, this way is a lot more fun." He purrs with a smirk that makes him look even more crazed. (?)

Being trapped under him is sending my mind into a panic and every

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fear I have ever felt is falling down all around me. I thrash in his hold but even my training and instincts are not enough to fight him. He's too big and too strong

"Zane! Stop!" I cry out tugging against his grip on my wrists

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If I can get one hand free I can hurt him enough to get him off of me, right?.

Okay...buck my hips hard...pull against his hold..

I try to mentally walk through the steps of what Tony taught me that day that now feels like years ago. The thing is, in practice you know the person teaching you won't actually hurt you. There is a level of restraint and trust there. When it comes to a drunk crazy bastard attacking you, nothing is predictable to their movements and actions. Something I am learning first hand as I fight to get away from Zane

Right now I'm a threat, and in his clouded mind, there is only one way to deal with a threat

Eliminate it. Eliminate me

"Now, my love, I'm going to take my time claiming you and if you're good maybe I'll let you live. But your days of freedom are over. My plans for you have changed, but don't worry I'll tell everyone you took off and left me heartbroken. Then no one will go looking for you." He leans closer to me and licks along my chin and I pull away and snarl at him in disgust

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My reaction only makes him laugh

"Bring it!" He yells suddenly and I become very still.

The door opens suddenly and a few of his men come in with a metal toolbox and set it down on the dresser. One of the men moves toward us and hands Zane a rope before kneeling by my head and replacing Zane's hands on my wrists with his own. This guy is even stronger than Zane and I know without a doubt that there is no way I could break free

Zane wraps the rope in his hands and pulls at it like he's trying to test

its strength. When he seems to be satisfied he leans over me and starts to wrap them around my hands. The rope is that rough kind and I can

already feel it scratching against my skin. \')

I want to scream and cry or fight or something

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All I manage to do is shut my eyes tight and let the silent tears fall down my cheeks

I had hoped my boys would find me before I would be hurt again like this, but that's the problem...hope breeds disappointment. Something I had known for a long time, but let myself forget. I let myself think I had a future with them where we could be happy, but that was stupid of me

This was always my fate

Some people are not meant to have a happily-ever-after. I'm no princess

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that's for sure, so why would four princes come to save me? No

I am a prisoner in my own life, meant to be beaten and tortured for life

That is my story. \4)

So why fight it?.

I don't fight anymore. I let my body relax as Zane ties the ropes when his men carry me to my bed and secure me firmly in place. I don't fight, but I let my tears fall. Why not? They won't stop what's coming. \')

Zane sends his men away soon after I'm settled. Then with smooth motions that surprise me given how worked up, he was not long ago, he removes his tie and shirt

"I'm going to enjoy this." He says with a husky voice that makes me shutter and not in pleasure

I tighten my eyes shut and try to send my mind away again, but my eyes snap open to the sound of gunshots. One in particular echos in the room and when I open my eyes hoping to see my boys I find the guard from earlier standing with a gun in his hand and blood all over him. \')

His eyes lift to meet mine the second Zane's body falls to the floor. \')

I realize then that Zane wasn't the only devil I have made the mistake

of making a deal with, and whoever this guy is may be the most