

Chapter 17

The six Fellows looked at each other, a collective wave of realization and pure fury washing over them. They had been played, not just individually, but as a group. Eve had used their shared trauma, their desperate need for love and family, against them. She had turned them into her personal harem, each one believing he was the special one.

And for her, they had betrayed Elena. They had thrown away a life of comfort, a real family, for a woman who was a black hole of deceit.

The rage was too much to contain. With a collective roar, they descended on Eve.

It was no longer just food being thrown. It was fists and feet. They kicked and punched her with a savagery born of a lifetime of pain and a moment of ultimate betrayal. She was screaming, a raw, animalistic sound of pure terror.

"Stop!" my father bellowed, his voice cracking like a whip. "You'll kill her!" He ordered his security to intervene.

It took four large men to pull a raging Kenneth off of her. "Let me go!" he screamed, struggling against their hold. "That bitch deserves to die! If it weren't for her, I could have loved Elena! She's a good person! Eve poisoned us all!"

He explained how Eve had manipulated him from their first days in the orphanage, playing on his abandonment issues, promising him a love that was a complete fabrication.

The other Fellows nodded, their faces grim. They all had similar stories. They were broken boys, desperate for connection, and Eve had been the perfect predator. They looked at me, their expressions full of a new, dawning regret. They knew I was kind and good, but I was from a different world. I couldn't understand

the darkness they came from, the darkness Eve had exploited.

She had promised to be their anchor, and instead, she had drowned them all.

My father, his face a grim mask, silenced them with a raised hand.

"This is my daughter's birthday," he said, his voice shaking with anger. "You have ruined it." He looked at the seven men he had raised as sons, his eyes full of a terrible disappointment. "You are disgusting. All of you."

He took a deep breath. "Our arrangement is terminated. Get out of my house. Now."

