



Help Me

Grace

" Catch her. " The four men in the distance yell, sprinting towards me.

My phone drops on the floor. I bend down to pick it up, only to see them closing in on me. So, I rise and make a run for it again. 1

The doors of the VIP rooms on this floor are closed. The staff members who see those men chasing me only step aside to give them way instead of saving me or asking the men why they are after me.

My breaths come out in pants as I take support of the wall and continue to stumble forth.

What if...Tristin doesn't come?

Fear fuels my instinct to run faster but the drug's effects are making it harder by the moment for me to see, to walk without stumbling over my feet.

The heat has become a dangerous molten lava under my skin, making me shudder and writhe with every labored breath in.

" Do you think you can run away? " The voice of the man from behind sounds so close to me.

I glance over my shoulder, my blurry sight finding their wicked faces lit with leering grins. My feet tangle and I fall on my knees.

" Where will you go now? " One of them laughs, taking the lead to

come to me faster.

Dread grips me in a vice. I tremble and try to get to my feet again but my legs have become like jelly, refusing to bear my weight.

My hands claw at the floor as I try to crawl my way away from them. This only makes them mock me harder.

" Look at this little bitch. She will fight till the end. "

" I like my women feisty. "

" At least she won't resist us. She will fight but in the end, she will be begging for more. " Fingers run through my hair before touching my earlobe.

The dirty touch makes me crawl desperately. I won't beg, and give in.

The man behind me grabs my shoulder, and digs his fingers in, making me wince. " L—Leave me. "

His touch sends another aching wave of heat down my body. My head spins, refusing to be on my side.

" Come on, Baby. We will not disappoint you. Your sister told us that you like it rough, so you will get it rough, I promise. " He chuckles.

Goosebumps rise on my skin. Whenever I think Lily can't stoop more low than she already did, she proves me wrong.

" Y—You... " I twist my shoulder, wanting to free myself from the hot, dirty hand. " You will—You will regret it if you lay a finger on me! "

All of them laugh mockingly. " And how will you make us regret it

bitch? By crying louder? "

" I like that! Do it harder! " One of them makes a fake crying sound.

I grip the hand on my shoulder and try to pry it off. He grips my other shoulder and twists me around to face me.

" Let's not make a scene in the open, okay bitch? You don't want everyone to watch you getting fucked by four men right? "

My blurry vision recovers just enough to let me see the viciousness and lust in his eyes as he looks me up and down. My spine turns cold.

" Do—Don't touch me. " I stutter, shaking my head, my voice becoming a mere whisper.

I want to fight harder. I should. But my body doesn't have any energy left.

As I think my ill fate has caught up and I will have to pay a heavy price for securing the evidence of Lily's cruelty, an icy voice sounds behind me.

" You heard the lady. Don't touch her. "

The man in front of me picks his head, only to have a foot kick him in the face. He falls back, his hands ripped away from my shoulders.

I lift my gaze to the back that has appeared in front of me, blocking my view.

The man cups his bleeding nose, and barks, " You— "

“ Mr. Roberto. ” Others tremble, grabbing the fallen man and dragging him back.

“ Mr. Roberto. This woman is kicking a fuss. We are just dragging her out of the club. ” Another one provides the excuse.

I slump against the wall, my eyes fixed on the broad back. A breath of relief escapes my mouth while another wave of heat hits me, making me twist on the floor.

Tristin walks ahead, stepping closer to the man still cupping his nose. “ Mr. Rob— ”

Tristin grips his shoulder and drags him forward. My head spins harder, as the world goes black before my eyes for a second.

Screams pull me out of that abyss. I blink, trying to focus on the scene before me.

Tristin has that man’s wrist between his hands, twisting and turning until it pops at a weird angle. The others don’t come up to save him but plead for mercy as Luca moves past Tristin and deals with them.

It looks like a scene from a movie as Tristin pushes him to the ground and punches his face. His eyes have a hint of that madness that always makes him appear like a soulless devil.

My mind slips into darkness again, my hands gripping every surface I can find. I need something, some cold touch over my skin to get rid of this heat in my body.

I whimper, dragging my nails across the carpet on the floor. My focus returns with a startled gasp. I see Tristin leaving the bleeding and

screaming man on the floor.

My eyelids grow heavy.

A moment later, I see Tristin crouching before me. He is saying something but my attention is solely on his lips.

No. I shake my head. This is wrong.

" Little Butterly. " His deep voice reverberates in my stomach, making my back arch.

" Tris—Tristin. " I whimper, reaching for him.

His arms slide under my body, scooping me up in bridal style. His cold touch makes my mind slip back into that dark space.

I cling to his skin, the ache growing in my core, making me moan and sink my teeth into his neck.

I sense his body freezing. He doesn't move, not even an inch. I try to pull away, but my body is not under my control.

" T—Touc—Touch me. " I struggle to get the words out. " Help. I—it hurts. "

My hands roam his chest, trying to find something to quench this deep ache. It's starting to hurt so bad. It feels like I will die if he doesn't touch me now, if he doesn't make me breathless with kisses, if his body is not against mine.

" I will help you. " I hear his voice, so close to my lips.