

## Chapter 6

TW: Sexual Coercion

Alyssa

After Zuri falls asleep, I place her in the new crib that I moved to King's office. It's peaceful and calm in there, and I didn't want to wake her if Gray happens to call in the middle of the night. I doubt I'll be going to sleep any time soon anyway, there's too much on my mind.

King finally emerges from upstairs into the living room, dressed in a black t-shirt that clings too tightly to his muscular frame and a pair of loose, grey sweatpants. His steps are nearly silent on the wooden floor as he makes his way to the kitchen. I hear a cabinet open and the soft clinking of glasses. Moments later, he reappears with two glasses filled with dark, amber liquid.

King silently hands me one of the glasses, his fingers brushing mine briefly before he settles into the armchair opposite me. I bring the glass to my nose and sniff: whisky. It's been a long time since I've tasted alcohol and I definitely need some after what happened today, so I take a tentative sip. The liquid sears its way down my throat, but it's a welcoming burn.

King takes a slow, measured sip from his glass, his intense amber eyes never leaving mine. "Tell me, Kitten," he begins, his voice low and probing. "Why did your card decline? I know you—you're the type to check your balance fifty times before even thinking about going into a store. And let's not forget, your husband is a fucking lawyer with wealthy parents. You're gonna tell me you've blown through your monthly allowance already?"

I laugh nervously, the sound awkward in the quiet room. "Yeah, I guess having a kid changed that. Mom brain, I guess. I think my card was just locked."

He tilts his head slightly, his eyes narrowing as he studies me. "And where was your phone? You could have easily unlocked it."

"I left it in the car," I reply quickly, my heart beginning to race. "If it's about me paying you back, I can—"

He growls, the sound raising goosebumps along my spine. "You know damn well it's not about money. I don't like liars, Kitten. I already know the truth. I just want to hear it from those pretty lips of yours."

He's bluffing, I convince myself. He doesn't know shit, and I refuse to tell him.

He takes another sip, his gaze unyielding, waiting patiently for a more satisfying answer.

"Okay, maybe I accidentally left it in my car. I didn't want you to have to go back for it."

"Oh, we can easily fix that. Get little Zuri back in the car, and we'll go pick it up."

"That's not necessary," I insist, striving to keep my voice calm and steady.

He raises a dark eyebrow. "Your phone isn't a necessity?"

"I mean, not tonight. We can just go pick it up another day."

He hums, stroking his chin as he continues to gaze at me. Then, without warning, he gets out of the chair and strides over to me. I try to flinch away, but he firmly grasps my chin, turning my face to the side.

"W-What are you doing?" I ask, my voice trembling.

Our eyes meet, raging chaos reflected in his amber depths. "Seeing the marks that motherfucker left on you so I know exactly where to stab him."

"What are you talking about?" I grit out, replacing my fear with anger.

He grabs the collar of my shirt, and rips it apart with his bare hands. I gasp. "King—"

"That's what I thought," he growls.

I don't have to look down to know what he's seeing. The blue and purple bruises are just beginning to heal from a few nights ago when Isaac unleashed on me. The skin is mottled and tender, each mark a reminder of the monster my husband has become.

"Please don't tell Gray," I plead in a whisper.

A wicked grin slowly spreads across his face. "What lengths will you go to make me keep my mouth shut?"

"What do you want?" I ask, trying to keep my voice steady.

"To fuck you," he answers without missing a beat.

I burst out in laughter, the sound hollow and strained. "You're kidding, right?"

He tilts his head, his expression deadly serious. "Does it look like I am?"

My face drops. "Y-You can't be serious. You're such a fucking asshole," I growl. "You're really going to blackmail me for sex?"

He hums, as if contemplating it. "Yeah, I guess I am."

I stare at him blankly, my mind racing. Was this his plan all along? Get me here in his house, knowing he already knew what was going on just so he could stick his filthy dick inside me?

I knew it. I knew he wasn't genuinely helping me.

"You're a monster," I spit, my voice shaking with a potent mixture of anger and betrayal.

His smile never falters. "Which is it, kitten? Are you going to bend that ass over my couch, or do you want me to do it for you?"

There's no doubt in my mind that the second he gets in contact with Gray, he'll spill everything before I even get the chance to explain. Gray, being the hot-headed, overprotective brother he is would go after him without thinking, and end up in prison for life. If I have to fuck King just to shut his stupid fucking mouth just until I figure out how to get away safely with Zuri, it's a chance I have to take.

Even if that makes me a whore, an adulterer. I'll do what I have to so King doesn't fuck up my plan.

I stand up, and yank down my leggings and panties as I glare at him. "Fine. Fuck me, but I won't enjoy it," I growl out, bending over the arm of the couch. "Matter of fact, after this is over, me and Zuri are leaving. I don't care if I have to hitchhike somewhere, I never want to see you again."

I don't mean it, I have nowhere else to go and I would never put Zuri in danger like that, but I'm just so fucking angry. I want to stab him in his fucking eyeball with a fork.

"Fuck, you're so cute when you're an angry little kitty," he groans, stepping closer.

Placing a firm hand on my lower back, I hear the quiet thud of his sweatpants coming down. He nudges my entrance, slowly rubbing the head of his cock up and down my slit, coating it in my natural wetness.

Fuck. This is really happening.

"You're making me a cheater," I point out angrily, feeling almost helpless. But not in the same way that Isaac has ever made me feel. I don't hate it as much as I want to.

"Don't worry, he'll be too dead to find out," King replies, his tone dripping with sadistic amusement. I can hear the stupid smirk in his voice.

"I hate you," I say between clenched teeth.

"I hate you," he mocks, mimicking my voice. "Hate me with this dick in your pussy."

With that, he rips through me.

## Comments (1)