

# Four or Dead by GOA

## Chapter 58

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Emma

A silence falls over Zane and me as I try to take in exactly what I'm looking at. He isn't proposing I know that, but it's just as big a shock to be presented with a ring like this. I mean I know we are technically engaged, but this...makes it real. If I accept this ring I am announcing to anyone who sees it that I belong to Zane Dalton. When I had thought about getting married I wanted my boys to be the ones asking, and now I feel like the specialness of being proposed to might be lost for good

"I-I don't know what to say," I say breathlessly keeping my eyes fixed on the ring

"Say you'll wear it tonight. I want the world to know what a beautiful fiance I have." He says removing the ring from the box and reaching for my left hand. .'

I want to pull away. I want to curse him and refuse him in every way possible but I can't. So I let him take my hand and I cringe at the feeling of the cold metal brushing against the sensitive skin of my finger. It feels more like a noose wrapping around me and trapping me here. (2

Once the ring is secured on my finger he lifts my hand to his lips and places a soft kiss along the finger where his ring now sits. His eyes lift to mine and I swallow the large lump forming in my throat. His eyes

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burn with possession and male pride for how he has just claimed me. I can feel the heat from his stare prickling my skin and not in the good way. My fight or flight reflexes have been going haywire the second he came in and saw me in this dress

He wants more I know it, but I can never let him touch me that way again. But how long can I keep him away? .' |

He starts to move forward so that our faces are close enough that he could kiss me, but at that moment a knock comes at the door making me jump back. Zane growls in frustration and pauses for a moment closing his eyes and taking a few deep breaths. When he opens them again his cool calm facade returns and he stands. He straightens out his suit and walks gracefully over to the suit door and pulls it open

"Sir I have a new dress here." A woman's voice says nervously

"Yes, bring it in." He says firmly before closing the door a little too harshly behind her

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She looks young and scared, so I try to offer her a small smile. She returns my smile with a small one of her own but keeps her head low and holds the garment bag out to me

I may not want to be here and I may hate everything about this place, but no way will I let that change me. I am not cold and distant like Zane, and I'm not about to start now. His employees are innocent and I will treat them with kindness until they prove to be a threat to me. So when I reach for the dress I let my hand rest on her's

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"Thank you," I say to her and she offers me another small smile in reply

Once I have the dress in my hands she rushes away and backs out the way she came. As soon as she's gone I turn and lay the garment bag on my bed and slowly zip it open. Inside is a beautiful black dress covered in black lace. The dress stops just above the bust area and the rest of the dress is a sheer black material that is see-through but not enough to show my scars. It's breathtaking. [?]

I slowly peel away the plastic covering the dress and carefully pull the dress out. The material is so soft, softer than anything I have ever felt before. The lace is delicate and has an intricate design

"This will work well. It is a black and white party after all." Zane says from behind me. \\*

My body tenses at the proximity of his voice, and the feel of his breath against my neck. He isn't touching me but I can feel the heat rolling off of him now and it burns. I want to push him away and run and when his hands softly rest on my waist I feel myself jolt. I am running on pure instinct now and everything inside me is screaming for me to pull away and lock myself somewhere he can't reach me. .?

It takes several seconds of deep breaths just to calm my heart enough where I am sure he won't notice the way my pulse is jumping wildly under my skin

"IT should hurry and change. I don't want to make you late to your own party." I say trying to make my voice light and playful but it shakes just

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a bit and I pray he doesn't notice. \\*

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They say when you face a dangerous animal that you should not show fear. I really hope that's true because I know for a fact that Zane Dalton.

is a very dangerous man. [?]).

"Let me help," Zane says brushing a finger along one of my arms before moving it to the zipper of my dress

My breath gets caught in my chest as I feel the slow movement of him dragging the zipper of my dress down to the bottom of my spine. I think whatever god out there that I am not completely naked underneath the soft fabric. It falls sand pools at my feet and there is a moment of silence and I feel Zane's eyes roving over me. I swallow the best I can and lower the new dress enough to slip my feet in and I raise it up as quickly as possible. Once it is securely resting on my shoulders I look back and force out the best flirty look I can muster. .?

"Zip me up?" I ask him and he smirks at my act

"Only because we have places to be love, otherwise I would toss this dress aside and worship every piece of you for the rest of the night." He says, his voice deep and husky

Any girl would find what he said sexy as hell, but not me. The only thing I am thinking about is how many showers I will need to take to get the feeling of his slimy hands all over me. The answer is a lot. .°

Once my dress is properly zipped I turn and smile at my fiance

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"How do I look?" I ask

"Stunning. Shall we?" He holds his arm up for me to take

I step over my discarded dress and rest my hand on his arm and I let him lead me to the suite door. He opens it softly and one of the men standing guard holds it open to let us through. He gives me a once-over until Zane throws him a scathing glare. The man's head snaps back so fast I worry he may have given himself whiplash

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The door slams behind us and the two men who had been standing guard follow behind us. The other guards take positions next to us and in front of us until Zane and are surrounded by big burly men in black

We reach the elevator and all of us pile inside like sardines in a can. All the large bodies make the elevator feel hot and uncomfortable. °

Seriously why are all these guys so huge? \

Thankfully the fact that this is a private elevator means we make it down to the lobby quickly. We step out surrounded by our human shields and I cant several eyes following us as we head toward the front doors. Right out front is a long sleek white limo waiting for us against the curb with a man dressed in a suit and gloves waiting for us. He opens the back door for us and Zane rests his hand on my lower back leading me inside. \°

I scoot all the way over to the other side of the long bench seat making sure to put as much space between me and Zane as possible. As soon as we are inside and the door is closed behind us Zane goes into his

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business mode and pulls out his phone again. His personality switches so quickly that I am not sure what to expect from one moment to another

To my surprise though he answers a call and after a few moments of silence on his end before he says something that catches my interest.

"Secure the shipment at the first location and be sure everything is accounted for. I don't trust Henry Chow farther than I can throw him."

He says and I furrow my brow at the name

Henry Chow..

I try to think back to see if I remember that name from anywhere, but I turn up blank. I'll have to run it by the boys later. [?]

Something tells me that this little conversation is a set up though, so ill make sure they don't act on any of this intel. I am sure Zane is planning on testing my loyalty for a little while before he will divulge any real secrets. (2

These kinds of men are expert liars after all. .\*

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