

# Four or Dead by GOA

## Chapter 68

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(TW: mentions of physical abuse) Emma

Silence. Complete silence. No one has come to my room since we arrived and even though I'm sure it's only been a few hours, the silence makes time feel slow and dragged out. I don't even hear a sound outside of my room, and I have resorted to sitting against the door and listening out for any clue of what's going on out there. The biggest question I want to be answered is why we're here. I don't recognize the men standing guard outside my door, so my hopes of trying to sweet talk my guards seem to have gone up in flames. \

The men are big, but not as big as the ones who usually guard my suite

Maybe I could get a few hits in and try to get a weapon..

I sound like a kick-ass chick from a bond movie or something but I am far from it. My nerves are shot and I am so tense I'm not sure I will be able to call on anything I've learned over the last month. The self- defense I learned will not be enough to get away but not keep the

guards down long enough for them to be incapable of coming after me

)  
My mind wars with the constant back and forth of what to do next, and I feel my head start to object. Maybe a warm shower can help clear my

head. I walk over to the dresser and pull open one of the drawers to see if anything is inside. There are a row of plain white t-shirts and some

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black sweats. In the next drawer, I find plain white panties and black socks

The sight of the plain and uniform clothes makes this feel a lot more like a prison than before. I just don't understand what all this means

Okay, Zane wants to hold me, prisoner, here, but to what end? Wouldnt it be easier to just kill me? Not that I want to do, but to me, all this seems like a lot of unnecessary trouble

I sigh. There is nothing I can do until someone makes a move against me. I grab the clothes given to me and slip into the bathroom. It's small with just enough room for a small shower, a toilet, and one of those sinks that have a skinny base and a small bowl on top. A small round mirror finishes off the less than impressive room. I set my clean clothes on the toilet top and turn to lock the bathroom door. Of course, there is no lock and I feel a shot of panic rush through me at the thought that

anyone could just walk in

I close the door anyway and get the water started. As I wait for it to warm up I strip away my clothes and let them pool at my feet. I turn to look myself over in the mirror and flashes of tainted memories are triggered by the bruises that now litter my skin. They are not as bad as the ones my dad used to leave but they're visible. You can actually see the finger invitations from Zane grabbing and shaking me. \

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I hate myself for letting him hurt me. For some reason even when I had pushed my feeling away to get through his torture I still didn't have the mind to fight back. What does that say about me? I am either too scared to fight or I don't feel anything and still let him hurt me either anyway

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The steam from the now warm water pulls me from the mirror and I step into the shower. The tile beneath my feet is still a bit cold but the difference in temperatures is welcome. I close my eyes and let the soft drumming of the water against my sore muscles relax me. The moment is sweet until I hear the sound of my bedroom slamming shut. The sound makes me jump and I freeze waiting for whatever might happen next

When no one comes barging into the bathroom I assume it's one of the guards and not Zane. I shut the water off and grab a towel and quickly wrap it around myself. There are some shuffling sounds outside the door, so I move quietly and carefully open the door just a crack. I squint through the small space and see one of Zane's men setting down a tray of food on the dresser

I don't know what possesses me to do what I'd o next but it turns out to be just the opening I needed. My hunger must have shut off part of my brain because without thinking I step out of the bathroom with only a towel. Now I admit that trying to seduce my captors was not one of the things I considered before, but when the guard turns to me and his eyes widen at the sight of me...well, I realized maybe I had made a mistake not trying it sooner. ]"

The problem is...I have no idea how to be seductive

I was a virgin when I slept with the guys, and I didn't do much seducing with them

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The guard and I are frozen a few feet from each other, but I notice his throat bob when he lets his eyes roam over me

"They sent you something to eat." He says with a shake of his head

"Oh. Thank you." I say softly and I tuck a strand of my hair behind my ear feeling the extreme awkwardness between us

"So...yeah." He says before turning and heading for the door

He's young and built, probably only a few years older than me, and he seems to find me attractive

I need to use this

I may not get another chance

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"Wait," I say reaching toward him and grabbing his arm before he can leave. "Will you stay for a little while? It's so quiet and it makes me a little nervous."

He lifts his eyes from where my hand is touching him to my eyes and I can see his hesitation

"Please." I make sure to put as much emotion into that one word as possible

He swallows again and gives a small nod

I give him a smile and release his arm. He moves away from the door

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and I turn to glance at what food he brought me. It's nothing fancy. A bowl of soup and some bread but it smells amazing

"Have you eaten? It isn't much here but I'm happy to share." I offer him

He shakes his head. "I'm fine. You eat."

I nod and turn to the food again. I grab the spoon and bring some of the soup to my mouth. A unexpected moan escapes my lips at the taste

My face flushes immediately and I become more aware that I am still

naked under this towel. |

Before I can rush to the bathroom in modification I feel heat at my back. Soft hands brush against my arm and my body instantly tenses from the sensation. \ \ )

"Did Zane do this?" He asks me softly

"Y-yes." He is getting too close.

His fingers brush along my bruises so softly that it tickles a tittle

"No one should hurt a girl like this. I won't let him hurt you." He says with a firm promise

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What do I do?

I turn my head just a little and in the new position, I can feel his soft breaths against my ear.

Chapter 68 "Y-you would protect me from him?" I ask.

The question is genuine too. I don't even know this guy, not like my other guards, but he is ready to come to my defense just like that

"My father used to beat my mom. I swore I would never watch a man lay his hands on a girl when I'm around." His voice is clipped and harsh but not toward me

"I-I'm scared," I say honestly

He sighs. "I won't let him hurt you. He asked me to guard you, so that's what ill do."

Why is he being so nice?

"I think he wants to kill me," I say and with a burst of bravery, I turn to face him

I need to work this situation the best I can even though the idea of flirting with this guy is making my stomach queasy. I'm not this kind of girl..

"I'm scared. I need to get away from him before he can hurt me worse." I say and his eyes roam over my face as if he's looking for a lie

He won't find one. Even though I'm trying to use him to help me escape, everything I've said is completely true. He looks at me with a softness and care that is way too intimate from two strangers but I.

ignore that and use my eyes to plead with him

"I'll help you." He says softly and I feel my chest deflate in relief. "We'll go tonight."

We? It doesn't matter right now...I'm getting out of here. The rest I'll have to deal with later

"Thank you," I say and his arms wrap around me, pulling me close

I should move I know, but I can't afford to make him angry. He's my only way out..

So when he leans down and kisses me...I let him. A small price I have to pay for my freedom. I just hope it's all I have to give away. .°