

# The Girl He Craves

Chapter 165

165

Sophie's pov

"You should think this through. I don't think Mr. Xavier would like that you're here." Mitch warned, head tilting in a way to look at the huge building.

I don't respond, only chewed on my lips in thought.

I was doing this not only for Aiden but for our son. He looked scared when they took his father away. No child should have to witness that.

"It's fine Mitch. Wait for me here, I'll be back soon." I let out a breath and stepped out of the vehicle.

I walked into the hotel and went straight to the front desk. I asked the receptionist for Christopher's room number and she took a few to search for his room number on the computer.

"Room 205, Fourth floor."

I nod, smiling in thanks.

It only took a couple of minutes to reach his room thanks to the use of an elevator and the quickness of my legs.

When I stood before the door, a tickling urge to turn back around made me rethink my decision.

Aiden would be furious.

But on the other hand, what if this works? What if I do get Christopher to retract his complaint?

Aiden would be a free man and would be out of jail.

That alone made me push that unsettling urge at the back of my mind and go forward with my original plan.

The first time I saw Christopher he hadn't seemed like a bad guy. It was obvious there was some bad blood between him and Aiden but there would be no reason for him to treat me bad.

I knocked on the door and waited for a response.

And then I knocked again when I hadn't gotten any.

There's shifting on the other side of the door before it is pried open.

Christopher Muralo looks a bit surprised to see me. But that could be fake.

"Aiden's girl right?" He played the oblivious card.

I narrowed my eyes. "Yes. I came over to have a word with you."

A smile cracked on his lips. "I'm not taking back my complaint sweetheart."

I bit my bottom lip roughly to not cuss him out.

"You're going to." I said bluntly. I didn't know how I would make him do it, but I will find a way.

A sleek brow raised and the smile grew on his face. His eyes flash with amusement.

"And how are you going to make me sweetheart?" He questioned in amusement, chuckling slightly.

"Don't call me that." I sneered and brushed past him and entered the hotel room without an invite.

He's surprised and turns around after closing the door.

"I don't remember inviting you in Sophie."

I whirl around, not at all stunned to hear him say my name. I knew the bastard knew it and he was just playing the fool.

"I invited myself in Mr. Muralo." I said dryly, arching a brow and daring him to throw me out.

He only chuckled in response, a shake of his head making me grow even more irritated.

"I don't think your fiance would like that you invited yourself in another man's hotel room. What would the press say?" He drawled, taking a step forward.

Okay.

I hadn't quite thought about the press. I was more focused on getting Aiden out of there and as soon as possible.

The media didn't quite flick in my mind until now.

Still, even though I didn't know how to get an upper hand on Christopher and Sergio, I knew I had to act tough.

"Is that a threat?" I questioned with a lift of my chin.

His lips tilt into a smirk. "No sweetheart, that's not a threat at all. I'm just concerned. You know how the media always wrongly interpret stuff. I just don't want to see you get hurt."

His eyes held no compassion, no fucking emotion for me to believe him.

He was filled with as much bullshit as Sergio.

"I told you, don't fucking call me that!" I barked.

His eyes widen and he barked with laughter. "Aiden had definitely taught his bitch well. What a filthy mouth you have. Could seriously go to use."

"You're a bastard." I retorted.

"Now now, that is no way to speak to the one who you need help from." He drawled while taking a step forward.

His eyes gleamed nastily and alarm flashed in my head.

I really had not thought this through.

"Stay back." I warned as I took a step back.

His head tilt.

"You're dull up there aren't you?" He tapped his head. "Who walks into a strangers room on their own?" He smirks.

His eyes roam my figure. "I suppose I was wrong. Aiden had not taught his bitch right."

I sneered but said nothing as I continue to back away. But then a wall behind me stops any further movement and by then, Christopher was already in front of me.

His hands cage me before I could push him away and his body press to me roughly.

I could feel every hard contour of his body pressing to mine and I was disgusted. Reproached.

I want to vomit.

"Get the fuck away from me!" I shout, my palms on his chest trying

and failing to push him away.

I had walked myself into this one.

I had stupidly walked myself into this!

Tears brim and turned my vision foggy.

Aiden will be furious with me if something happened to me.

"That filthy mouth. I'll take pleasure in training Aiden's bitch properly." Christopher chuckled.

How could I ever had thought that this man was not as bad as Sergio?

Turns out he was more sinister, cruel.

Had this all been planned and I had stupidly walked into it?

I should've listened to Aiden.

"Let me go." I hashed out as I started to fight my way through, punching his chest and anywhere my fist could meet.

But this man was pure male, pure muscle and had power enough to break me if he wanted.

He had no trouble with capturing my wrists with one hand, gripping them so tightly that I cried out in pain.

"Look at my nose." He demanded and my eyes fell on his noticeable broken nose.

"Your stupid fucking fiance did that shit. So why don't you be a good little bitch and kiss it better?" He sneered, smirk moving off his face and eyes now glaring into my soul.

Oh Sophie.

When will you ever learn?

I yelped when his grip around my wrists grew harder.

"Kiss it better you whore!" He yelled in my face making my eyes widen and my head press into the wall, hoping I could move away from him, even if it's just an inch.

And then something suddenly happened.

He roughly slammed his nasty lips on mine, surprising me.