

# The Girl He Craves

Chapter 191

## Sophie's pov

My heart jams in my chest as the masked men reach the limousine.

I protected Ashton by covering his little body as the glass shatters after one of the men slammed his elbow directly into the window.

Everyone screamed and Ashton's sharp cry pierces through the air.

Being roughly taken while trying to protect my son and everyone else was challenging.

"Let her go you fucker!" Mila yelled as she throws her fists at the man who held me. Another comes to help and soon everyone's attempts to get me away from the mask men went fruitless.

The last thing I saw was black as they quickly threw something over my head, cutting off my vision.

I screamed as they pulled me away and cried when I felt something like a needle pierce through my arm.

Seconds. It only took seconds to feel numb and lose the fight in me. It only took seconds to go into the darkness of my head. Seconds to feel hopeless and scared.

I winced when I came back to consciousness. There's a bit of pain in my temples, an uncomfortable pressure.

I groan.

Peeling my eyes open and I'm greeted with the same darkness.

Fear reared its ugly head back in my body and I whimpered when I felt rope biting into my wrists.

My arms are pulled back, around a chair, and my ankles....I shifted them, well tried to. They were both tied too.

Suddenly someone harshly pulls the bag off my head. I winced, squinting as I try to adjust my vision.

"Rise and shine sleepy head!"

I winced as my ears rang from the loud tone he used. I squinted, lifting my head.

I still saw a bit blurry but I could make out the figure and face of the person who captured me. Christopher.

I spotted the satisfied smirk on his face the second the slight blurriness left my vision.

My heart drops in the pit of my stomach. I had an inkling it was their sick family, I just hoped that perhaps I would be wrong.

"What the hell are you up to Christopher?" I sneered, glaring at him.

I flinched away when he roughly grips the chair handle and leans forward. "I'm upset you didn't send me an invite to your wedding Sophie."

Aiden and I's wedding ceremony was tight-lipped and was supposed to be private. No one, not even the media knew about it. The Muralos may have been keeping an eye out on us more than we thought.

"After all what we shared too? This just broke my heart." He chuckled and blew me a kiss.

Feeling disgusted by the sight of him and his words, I scowled. "Aiden's going to kill you this time. The cops are probably on their way."

Christopher rolled his eyes and pushes away from me. "You and Aiden had a field day two months ago huh? Spoiled our name, tried to put the blame on us for Sergio's death-

"There's evidence that it was your crazy sister-

I gasped when he slapped me harshly across my face. I could taste the coppery tang of my blood when I swiped the tip of my tongue across my split lip.

"Don't call my sister crazy. She's more of a woman than you'll ever be." He said icily.

I glared at the dirty floors. He brought me to an old unfinished building. That much I could tell by the unpainted walls and concrete floors. The place had an odd stench of piss too.

I brought my gaze back to his, and glared at him in hatred." You holding me here just proves how senile she is. In fact, all of you are a bunch of crazy nasty assholes."

His glare intensified.

"And of course you'd think she's more woman than I am, aren't you fucking her, you sick fuck? You're sleeping with your own sister-"

Another furious slap echoed.

My eyes sting but my cheeks stung even more. I let out a painful gasp.

"Aiden should've put a nuzzle on your mouth." He sneered.

I glared at him, seething. "Why do you have me here Christopher? What are you and your sister planning to do?"

The fury in his eyes dissipates and is replaced with an evil sinister look. "The bride is curious." He snorted and then walks around me. I stiffened when he is behind me, breathing down my neck.

He makes the little hairs on my neck stand on end and makes a sharp shiver of fear crawl down my spine.

His cold fingers skim my wrists. "I bet you want to get free of this." His fingers wrap around my wrists, directly on the rope. He squeezes brutally.

I let out a groan. If he applies more pressure I fear he'll snap my wrists.

"Stop," I whimpered.

"What? Not so tough now you whore?" He hisses beside my ear.

I press my lips tightly, my heart racing in my chest.

He lets my wrists go and walks back around me to now stand in front of me. He smirks down at me.

"You want to know why you are here Sophie?" He chuckles.

I don't reply and he chuckles even more. I tore my eyes away from his, my mind racing. I need to get out of here. But I had a feeling I wouldn't be able to.

Those masked men might still be here, surrounding this old unfinished building.

Christopher crouches and unties the rope around my ankles while he answers my silent question. "If you try to escape there are twenty men waiting for you outside. Once they see you out, they'll shoot. You won't come out of here alive if you try anything funny."

His words had my feet frozen as he moves the ropes off. He straightens and walks back around me.

"We also have your son in another room. Anything funny, and he's dead." He whispers behind my head, chilling me to the bone.

Ashton.

Tears welled in my eyes. "What do you want from us? Please let my son go." I cracked hoarsely.

Christopher loosens the ropes around my wrists. If he had done it before he told me about Ash, I may have fought him to be free. But now that he confessed they had Ashton, I had to be cautious.

He forces me onto my feet. My legs felt jello.

"Walk." He grunted and pushed me forward. With his hand brutally wrapped around my forearm and guiding me toward another room, all I could feel was fear.

He pushes me in and my shoulder slams against the concrete wall. I grunt.

The room is a lot smaller than the one I had been in.

Christopher digs into his pocket and pulls out something tiny and white. I could feel the blood drain from my face when I realized what was in his grasp.

"You're going to take this." He sends it to me and it falls on the floor.

"Why?" I whispered as I looked down at the pregnancy test.

Christopher tilts his head and smirks. "Pee on the stick Sophie."