

Chapter 19

ABBIE

Two long and agonizing days have passed since Kade abandoned me in this wretched brothel, leaving me to rot in the depths of my despair. Each day, he comes to torment me, a cruel reminder of the power he holds over my life and the little I can do about it. So, when the door swings open once again, I am not entirely surprised to see a woman step inside. However, my surprise quickly turns to shock when I recognize her as the woman who used to park outside my cabin.

Her heels click menacingly on the creaking floorboards as she makes her way toward me. Today, she wears a short black dress that clings to her every curve, the outline of her thong visible through the tight fabric. I avert my gaze, not wanting to subject myself to such a vulgar display. I can't help but wonder what purpose she serves here. Is she here to inject me with more of the vile substance that Kade has been using on me, so I can't shift? Or perhaps she has come to inflict some new form of torture upon me. I refuse to shed tears for her because by the sly smile on her face, she has come to witness my torment. She does not deserve the satisfaction.

Inwardly, I long for Blaire's return. I need reassurance that she is safe. I haven't seen her since that dreadful night when I was forcibly brought to this despicable place, but I've heard whispers through the walls, and I can't get the sound of her screaming out of my head after Kade beat her when he was done with her that night. The woman crouches down beside me, her grip on my chin forcing me to meet her cold gaze. A sneer twists her lips as she shoves my face away with an air of distaste.

"Kade is on his way," she hisses, her voice dripping with malice. "And you better be on your best behavior for my husband."

I swallow hard, the sting of her words resonating deep within me. She is his wife? If she thinks I'll fight for him, she is wrong, she can have him. I want no part in the life she shares with that man, and I feel foolish forever believing in the possibility of happiness or the strength of mate bonds.

"It seems your precious friend, that bitch queen of yours, has been asking about you," she continues, her voice laced with venom. "You so much as breathe a word that jeopardizes the life I have with Kade, and it won't be him you need to fear. I'll order every pack warrior to tear through you, treating you like the home-wrecking whore you are."

A bitter laugh escapes my lips. Of course, Kade's wife would be just as depraved as he is. "It must have been quite a blow when you learned he had a mate," I retort, glaring defiantly at the woman.

Instantly, her hand strikes my cheek, the force of the blow causing me to grit my teeth in pain. And then she grabs hold of my hair, yanking my head back with a cruel force that makes me wince.

“Accidents happen, my dear,” she whispers menacingly. “This is my pack. Kade is my mate. You will learn your place.”

“My place isn’t here,” I spit, my voice filled with defiance. “Ivy will come for me.”

She laughs, a sound devoid of any mirth, before tightening her grip around my throat. “Why do you think Kade is coming? To see you?” she taunts, clicking her tongue.

“Your friend won’t be an issue after today. Kade is only keeping you around so he doesn’t become weak. You would do well to remember that you are nothing to him—just a warm hole to fuck,” she sneers, her words dripping with mockery.

“And what does that make you? His dishwasher?” I ask.

She yanks my hair again and I grit my teeth.

Just as pain threatens to consume me, the door swings open once more, and his scent wafts toward me before I even lay eyes on him. A mixture of revulsion and an inexplicable longing washes over me as the bond

recognizes him instantly. I despise the way he can still influence me, even now, when I hate the man more than anyone in this world.

“There are my girls, having a chat I see,” Kade’s voice echoes through the room as he saunters in, dressed in a tailored suit. The woman releases her grip on me and rises to her feet, with a sickeningly sweet smile.

“Abbie dear, it seems you’ve met my wife Cassandra,” he says. He reaches out and brushes her hair off her shoulder before cupping her neck, his lips crashing against hers in a display of vulgar affection. I turn away, my heart aching at the pain that courses through my chest. Even after all he has done to me, I can’t deny the hold he still has over my emotions, as much as I hate it.

“And now,” Kade continues, venom lacing his words, “the queen has decided she wants to video chat with you today. She found out about Cassandra, and you, my love, will convince her that everything is just peachy and that you are happy here.”

With a firm grip on my arm, Kade yanks me to my feet. A flicker of excitement stirs within me. Nobody knows me better than Ivy. She knows my darkest secrets, my deepest fears. She will see through any façade Kade tries to make me put up.

He pushes me onto the bed and grips my face tightly. I struggle against his hold, tempted to sink my teeth into his filthy tongue when he forcefully kisses me. But I learned my lesson the hard way last night when he knocked me unconscious. My jaw still throbs from the blow.

“It won’t work,” I spit at him when he finally releases me.

“Oh, I had a feeling you would say that,” Kade sneers as he whistles. A struggle ensues outside the room, accompanied by a woman’s shrill cries and the desperate wails of a baby. My heart pounds as I rise to my feet, my eyes fixed on the woman being thrown to the floor, clutching a baby who couldn’t have been more than a few months old. Anguish etches across her tear-streaked face, her mascara running down her cheeks, smearing her makeup.

I glare at the man who callously tosses her aside before turning my attention back to Kade. “I’ll do it,” I declare, my voice filled with determination.

“Now you will put on your best performance; Abbie, meet Stacey, Stacey, this Abbie,” he says, and I swallow as he grips her hair, ripping her head back.

“Now, Stacey, Abbie over here is the one who decides if little Jacob here is going to get to live another day,” he says. Tears stream down the woman’s face. The baby is bundled up, clutched in her arm, and tucked to her chest. Her mascara runs down her cheeks as she stares at me pleadingly. Her bright red hair stuck to her face as tears smudge her makeup and lines trek into her foundation. “I’ll do it!” I tell him as he moves to grab the child.

“You touch one hair on that baby or harm her in any way, and I will refuse to comply with anything you ask. Leave her be.”

Kade’s hand freezes in midair as he reaches for the boy in her arms. He stands there for a moment, clicking his tongue in frustration, before finally releasing the woman from his grasp. She crawls quickly toward me, clutching the baby tightly, seeking refuge at my feet. Kade snarls at her and moves to grab her, but I step in between them, shielding her from his reach.

“It seems you do have a backbone after all,” Kade remarks with a twisted smile. “It will do you no good here. You fuck this up, you watch them die,” he warns me.

“You harm them, and you do! I’ll happily watch as your world crumbles around you,” I warn him. I am the only thing standing between Ivy and the king’s wrath. And if our roles were reversed, I know she would do the same.

Kade nods and looks at Cassandra, who smiles sweetly before tugging her handbag off her shoulder. She pulls a smaller bag out containing makeup. I sit on the edge of the bed, knowing exactly what will happen next. Mrs. Daley was good at this façade, too, when she wanted sponsors and had covered our scars plenty of times. If I can survive that bitch, I can survive anything.

Stacey cringes away from her, and Cassandra raises her hand to hit her when Stacey accidentally bumps into her. Rage courses through me, and I grip her wrist. We stand off for a few seconds. Cassandra is clearly

shocked I would grab her, especially in front of Kade, who she is expecting to jump to her rescue, but he only chuckles.

“Now, now, ladies, no fighting,” he says, sitting in the chair in the corner beside the bed.

“You don’t want to jeopardize that future you want so badly, do you?” I ask her, and she glares at me.

“You are asking for death, girlie,” she spits, yanking her arm away.

“Good thing I don’t fear it, but I bet you do,” I tell her, and she glares at me. I sit on the bed, and Kade clicks his fingers impatiently at her.

I shut down, letting her play dress-up, solely focused on keeping the woman at my feet and her baby safe from these monsters. Kade forces his blood in my mouth to help heal my split lip, and the gash in my head. Everything else is covered with make-up while Cassandra tells Kade my injuries won’t be noticeable because she has some filter on her phone, whatever that means.