

Chapter 8

ABBIE

Entering the kitchen, I grab a cup and fill it with milk, deciding on milk and cookies. I am too tired to cook, and the stove is temperamental, only working when it wants to. Dipping my cookie in my milk, I bite into it. The sugary sweetness makes me giddy.

Sugar always has that effect on me. Kade says it's because I'm not used to having it. After I irritated him with my constant talking on the way here from the bag of clouds Gannon gave me before I left, he tossed them out the window and snapped at me to keep quiet because he had a headache. I haven't had anything sweet since, except for artificial sugar in my coffee that Kade brought the last time he came here. He said it was a treat for being good, but it didn't even taste like sugar and had a funny aftertaste.

Just the reminder of him getting upset makes me tense. What if he comes and sees me with them? Maybe I shouldn't have anymore? I don't want to annoy my mate and make him leave when he rarely visits me as it is. I place the half-eaten cookie back, planning to eat the other half tomorrow, just in case he comes to see me. Which I hope he will; the bond always relaxes the nights he does.

I put the open packet in the fridge and decide to quickly spring-clean to burn off some energy. Quickly rushing around, I fill the sink with water and start cleaning the kitchen. Nothing I do improves its state. The place is falling apart. After washing my cup, I place it on the sink upside down when I hear car tires again. My eyes widen with excitement, and I can't help the stupid smile that spreads across my face. Pulling my hands out of the water, I quickly dry them and race to the front door, tossing it wide open, unable to contain my excitement.

I squeal when I see Kade's car parked out front, and he hops out along with two of his pack enforcers whom I met back at the castle. Kade looks gorgeous in his suit, and I rush down the steps, bouncing with joy. I run over and am about to throw my arms around him. Gosh, I missed him.

But I am greeted with his fist instead. My head snaps back, and I clutch my face, blood spurting from my nose and lip where his fist connected. Blood stains my shirt and my hands as I look at them. Shocked, unable to process what just happened, I land on my back on the gravel. Lifting my head, I see his hand reach for me before seeing Kade's face contort with anger and his once handsome features are now twisted in a cruel sneer. His fist is covered in blood and his expensive suit is stained with it. He looms over me, his expression full of rage.

My mate grabs my hair, making me cry out as my neck arches back painfully. Kade says nothing, just rips me back toward the house; I clutch his hands, my feet slipping on the loose gravel as I try to stand. I feel the rough gravel scrape against my bare arms and legs as he drags me across it, and my scalp burns violently as he rips on my hair. I clutch

the top step as he hauls me up it, only to earn a kick to the stomach when he is halted.

“Kade?” I cry out as he drags me across the ground and up the steps by my hair. What did I do? I don’t understand. My hair tears painfully from my scalp when he tosses me inside. I scream in pain when I land on the hard floor on my hip. My hands jar as I throw them out, trying to break my fall. The metallic scent of blood fills the air as it drips from my nose and lips.

Kade kicks the door shut, and my eyes widen when he turns on me again.

“You fucking whore, who were you with?” Kade bellows at me. I scramble back on my hands and feet when he grabs my hair again, hauling me upright.

“What do you mean?” I shriek as he yanks me into the kitchen.

“Whose car was here? Do you think I wouldn’t notice, wouldn’t feel your infidelity?” he screams.

“He stopped in to visit me and bring food; it was just Gannon,” I sob, trying to get him to let go.

He finally does let go, and I stumble back into the sink when he growls, grabbing the back of my neck and plunging my face into the water. I

choke and sputter on the dirty water. My hands grip the sides as I try desperately to pull my face out, only for him to shove my face in harder. I scream choking on water only for him to rip my face.

“Kade, please!” I beg, gasping, trying to twist out of his grasp.

“You think you can just fuck around behind my back? You belong to me!” Kade snarls, his fingers digging into my skin.

“I’m sorry,” I whimper, feeling like I can’t breathe when he suddenly continues to hold me under the water. I thrash, my lungs screaming for air.

“Sorry doesn’t cut it,” he spits, finally pulling me up from the sink. I gasp for air, coughing, and wheezing as he grips my shoulders, shaking me violently.

“Please,” I cry out, tears streaming down my face.

My throat burns and aches furiously from inhaling the water, making my nose burn, but before I can drown, he rips my head out, and I suck in harsh ragged breaths.

“Did you fuck him, you whore?” Kade screams in my face. I breathe harder, gasping for air. My hair and face are drenched, my shirt soaked, and the water in the sink is stained red.

“No! I swear,” I sob, knowing that even if Gannon had made a move on me, I would never cheat on Kade.

“You’re lying!” he roars before delivering a hard slap across my face. The force makes me stumble backward and fall onto the floor.

I curl up in a ball as Kade towers over me, his fists clenched at his sides.

“Lying slut!” he screams, grabbing my hair again. I scream and beg, my arms shaking as he pushes me toward the sink.

“No, no, please. I’m not lying,” I beg.

He shoves my face back in the sink, and I claw and scratch at the counter, trying to get air. Water sloshes onto the floor at my feet as I struggle against him, only for him to rip me out at the last second again.

“He brought me food, that’s all,” I choke out desperately, wondering what he is talking about. Kade yanks my head back, ripping open the pantry and fridge.

He snarls, storming over to me and slamming my head into the counter again. Pain explodes through my skull, and I see black as my head pounds to its own beat. I collapse onto the floor, gasping for air as I try to shake off the dizziness.

Blood pools in my mouth from where he has split my lip open with his violent grip. I struggle to peer around through my blurry vision, as panic rises in me, him looming above me.

“What did you just say?” Kade growls, his hand still gripping tightly onto my hair.

“I-I said he brought me food,” I stammer out weakly, trying to catch my breath.

“A man brings you food and you don’t tell me? You hide it from me like some kind of secret?” Kade’s voice is filled with rage and betrayal.

“I didn’t think it was important,” I whimper, tears streaming down my face as I try to defend myself.

“Nothing is more important than what happens in this house,” Kade seethes, his grip on my hair tightening even more. “You’re mine, and everything that concerns you concerns me.”

“I know, I’m sorry,” I cry out, completely helpless under his wrath.

“You’ll be sorry when I’m done with you,” he sneers before slamming my head back into the counter again. The pain is worse this time, and I feel hot tears streaking down my cheeks as darkness starts to close in on me.

But before everything goes black, Kade lets go of my hair and turns away from me. Gasping for air and clutching at the counter for support, I watch as he storms across the kitchen and punches a hole into the wall.

I shrink back against the cabinets, fear coursing through me as he continues to vent his anger on anything in sight.

He starts ripping the canned food off the shelves, tossing them at me, and I shield my head, my body becoming bruised and battered, the bond screaming for him to stop, and my heart twists painfully in my chest. He snarls, picking up a bag of candy.

“Did you fuck him?” Kade snarls, and I shake my head, sobbing. My hands shake as he reaches for me, and I put them up to shield my face. Blood trickles down the side of my head, from my nose and eyebrow, my lip, my arms are bleeding from his claws and my blood stains the floor, my hands, and my clothes.

“Please, Please, I didn’t do anything wrong,” I shriek when he grabs my hair again, ripping my head back before stuffing the candy in my mouth. I try to spit it out, choking on it.

“Filthy fucking pig, you fucked him, didn’t you? Thought you could get away with sneaking around behind my back,” he roars in my face, spittle hits my face with his words.

“You want to act like a whore, I will treat you like one,” he growls.