

## Chapter 9

### ABBIE

Kade rips me to my feet by my hair, and he shoves me toward the door. I see my phone and desperately try to snatch it off the counter when he punches me in the stomach, knocking the air from my lungs and I double over. He smashes it on the floor, my phone breaking into pieces while I try to catch my breath. He kicks me in the stomach, and I retch. The little food I had eaten bubbles up my throat and spills onto the floor along with my blood.

Black dots dance before my vision, and flecks of gold as a wave of dizziness washes through me, the room spinning around me violently. My blood drips from the gash on my head. Kade's feet stop beside my face when hands grab me, and I am tossed over his shoulder. He kicks the door, sending it flying into the front of the yard before stomping down the steps.

"Open the trunk," he snaps at one of his men, who rushes to do his bidding. I thrash, trying to get him to put me down, begging and pleading with him, though it falls on deaf ears when I find myself tossed into the trunk, and he slams the lid shut. The sound of the trunk closing

echoes in my ears, followed by the sound of the car engine roaring to life.

The inside of the trunk smells musty and stale, with a hint of gasoline from the car's fumes. The scent of my own blood and vomit lingers in the air, making it difficult to breathe, and I taste bile in my mouth as I continue to retch, my stomach empty and churning with pain. My tongue tingles from the metallic taste of blood.

I can hear faint, muffled voices and the thud of the trunk hitting the pavement as the car drives away. My fingers scrape against the rough carpet lining the trunk, seeking any sense of stability as I am thrown around with each swerve and turn. My body bruises against the unforgiving metal walls, the pain radiating through my limbs.

I have no idea how long he drives, but I am sent hurtling into the rear seat when he slams on the brakes. My heart beats erratically, filling my ears with the pounding sound of it when I hear the car doors slam. I can't breathe, panic consuming me, and I try to suck in a hiccupped breath as the trunk opens. One of his enforcers reaches in to grab me. I thrash, slapping his hands away and kicking when he punches me. My head whips to the side, and I feel my eyes swell shut instantly. I groan, dazed from the blow.

"Hurry up," Kade snarls when I feel a needle jammed in my arm. It is like someone set my veins on fire as the poison rages an inferno through my bloodstream. "Don't worry, love, it won't kill you, but you won't be able to shift or heal, just a mild sedative," Kade mocks as I peer up at him through my swollen eye that feels like it is ballooning out.

The other man grabs me, tossing me over his shoulder, and I groan, feeling sick at just the motion of him walking up steps. Then, I am dumped onto the red carpet. I can't even sit up, wholly paralyzed yet wide awake. My mind races as I try to peer around, yet all I can see is a bed with red blankets in the distance. Attached to it are different chains and ropes, and the room smells funny. The pungent aroma of incense burns my nose.

"Sit her up, and make sure she watches," Kade sneers when the man from before grips my shirt, leaning me against the wall. He grabs my head, which is now lolled forward; I am dribbling blood, it drooling down my chin. A woman walks in with barely any clothes on.

She is dressed in intricate black lace lingerie, with a matching garter belt and thigh-high stockings. Her hair is cropped into a short, edgy pixie cut, and she towers over me in her stiletto heels. "Yes, Alpha," she asks, yet I notice the tremble of her fingers and the shake of her voice.

"This is my mate, Abbie. She is being punished, so we are going to put on a show for her, get on the bed, Blaire." The woman gasps and spins when he motions toward me with his hand, and she stumbles back, her face paling.

"Your mate?" she gasps, and she goes to kneel, her hands outstretched like she wants to help me when Kade snaps at her. "Don't touch the slut. Now get on the bed," Kade snarls at her.

The woman looks horrified at Kade. “But she is your mate,” the woman says, and Kade growls.

“Are you questioning your Alpha? You remember what happened last time you questioned me?” he asks, tilting his head to the side, and she whimpers, offering her neck to him and nods. “Get your clothes off, and get on the fucking bed,” he snaps at her, she looks over her shoulder at me.

My eyes well up with tears when Kade starts removing his own clothes.

“If she closes her eyes, hit her,” he orders the man holding my head up.

The woman, Blaire, quickly strips off her lingerie and gets on the bed, lying on her back with her legs spread open. Kade climbs onto the bed and positions himself between Blaire’s legs, his eyes never leaving mine. The man holding my head up grabs a handful of my hair and pulls my head back so I can’t look away.

“Watch,” Kade orders me as he leans down and starts kissing Blaire’s neck. She moans softly, but I can see the fear in her eyes. I feel sick to my stomach as I watch Kade touch another woman like that. Tears stream down my face as I am forced to watch every intimate moment between them.

I try to look away, but the man holding me slaps me hard across the face, making me cry out in pain. “No closing your eyes,” he growls at me.

Kade continues to fuck Blaire while occasionally glancing over at me with a smirk on his face. I feel so violated and helpless, unable to move or protect myself from this humiliating display.

Pain ripples through every part of my body, my heart crushed to smithereens. Gannon was right; there is nothing wrong with me. The pain I feel now is worsened because I not only endured it for so long, but I am also now forced to watch it as he fucks this girl right in front of me for hours, the pain is excruciating, and I pray for it to end. Kade finally finishes, climbs off the bed, and walks over to me when he is done. Tears trek down my face when he stops in front of me.

“Open her mouth,” Kade says, and my eyes widen. I try to move, but can’t; I can’t even speak. My tongue feels numb; I can only drool on myself. The sting of tears pricked at the corners of my eyes as rough fingertips grab my chin, forcing my mouth open wider. My panicked gaze flicks to the woman named Blaire, her sobs muffled by her hands as she lay on the bed. But my attention is quickly drawn back to Kade as he stuffs his cock into my mouth. Each movement feels like a violation, his touch alone making me feel dirty and used.

Kade’s grip on my hair tightens as he begins thrusting into my mouth with an almost violent force. My tongue recoils at the taste of her, slick and bitter on my taste buds. He had already used her for pleasure, and now I am little more than a vessel for his release as he empties himself inside me. I can’t help but gag and choke on it.

Finally, he lets go of my hair and I crash to the ground, gasping for air and feeling utterly violated. The taste of her fingers in my mouth, a constant reminder of what had just happened. My entire body goes numb, even my mind as I stare blankly at the dust underneath the bed.

I can only stare there, no longer listening, going deaf to my surroundings. Closing my eyes, I pretend to be back in mine and Ivy's room at the orphanage, remembering the times we would lay on the hard floor gazing out the window at night making pictures of the stars, dreaming of what it would be like to be free. I never thought I would see the day when I would rather be back there than where I currently am.

Kade leaves me on the floor and stalks out. It takes hours before I can move my hand. Eventually, I brush my hair behind my ear. It had been annoying me, obscuring my vision for hours and tickling my nose. I try to blow it away to no avail, so I eventually use my hand, having regained some feeling back. My fingertips brush the scar behind my ear, and I suck in a shaky breath.

"More than my life, more than my life," I repeatedly whisper to myself as I cry because she is the only person I'm holding on for.

"More than my life."