

## Chapter 9

Hearing his words, I couldn't help but bite my lips.

Of course, he regarded me as a bitch, a whore, a liar who still wants to seduce him.

However, I didn't care.

I was so thirsty and I didn't want to die!

"Whatever you think." When my dry body got a little water, I was about to let go of his hand, but he held me tightly instead! His strength made me unable to break free.

"Since you seduce me first, you have to bear the consequences." He stared at me coldly.

Somehow, a hint of ambiguity spread through the basement. He grabbed me by the waist and dragged me straight up from the floor.

I shuddered, drawn to his turquoise pupils. His breath puffed against my face time to a time, making me nervous.

"Ugly face." He focused on my ruined face, holding my chin with one hand.

At the moment, we were so closed.

I also stared at him blankly, with a hint of bitter in my tone, "You did it, you gave me that ugly mark."

And just as I finished, he kissed me very roughly, didn't give me a second to breathe.

He pushed me hard against the wall, didn't give me a bed when he took over me.

In the past, whenever we were so close, he cared about my feelings. He was afraid that I would feel pain, and he would move gently, instead of pressing me on a wall like this.

His warm hand grabbed my wrist and kissed me crazy!

Tilting my head slightly, a twisted face appeared in my vision. It was Cora, standing outside, her eyes filled with the urge to kill. Her hands were clenched in fists, her body trembling with extreme rage, showing in the night as if she was an angry ghost.

Yes, she was here.

She suddenly appeared in the basement, which I did not expect.

But on second thought, I didn't think she expected Marcus to be here either. The only reason for her to coming here was to humiliate me, but right now it was her who was virtually punched in the face.

Out of fear, for a moment, I wanted to push him away. But his movements and body temperature were going to make me crazy! I couldn't resist him!

"Ah, Ah..."

Gripping his shoulders tightly, I involuntarily made my voice sound feminine, as if we were both in extreme pleasure.

"What a whore." Marcus kissed me as he belittled me with a scowl.

He pulled off my tattered clothes, put my messy blonde hair on one shoulder and started kissing my neck. 📖

With some teasing purpose, his lips and tongue sliding down my neck as if he was trying to leave marks on every part of my body.

Even with my ugly face, he was still hungry for my body.

He forcefully invaded me, again and again, moving faster and faster.

"Ah, Ah... Marcus..."

He was enjoying.

As the night darkened, the passionate atmosphere in the room kept rising, and Cora kept standing outside.

The night breeze blew everything in this basement messy, lying on the wet ground, I couldn't have looked more debauched and slutty.

Marcus had already left, fully clothed after his desires were satisfied, without even a second glance at me.

So tired. Both my body and heart.

Just as I was exhausted and wanted to close my eyes to sleep, the door of the basement was kicked open.

Being frightened and suddenly opened my eyes, Cora's angry figure rushed into my sight.

"Bitch!"

Before I had time to react, she rushed to me and pushed me hard.

"Ouch..."

She kicked me hard with her foot as I cowered on the floor, and I could only crumple into a ball, but I couldn't avoid the pain.

Cora looked at me from top to the bottom with contempt, and spit on my face, "Prostitute! Slut! You are so desperate and dissatisfied, how about I take someone here to gang-rape you until you are satisfied!"

She was enduring the urge to tear me apart.

I was shaking, my arms and legs were covered in cuts from her, with my voice hoarse, "You know him, he is not someone I can say no."

"Bitch!" She stomped on my waist again, "You're so ugly, how dare you seduce Alpha! If you weren't my sister, do you think Alpha would

have let you live until now? You're alive thanks to me, but how dare you to steal my man!"

Stolen her man...what a ridiculous words.

If it wasn't for her tricks and lies, how did it get to this bad place between Marcus and I?

She really didn't feel guilty at all...and has been living a complete lie about herself.

From the beginning, the bandit was only her. I was the victim!

"I never stole anything from you..." and I gritted my teeth through the pain, "You took everything from me. Don't blame me for his desire for me."

As soon as I spoke, she started hitting me again.

Pulling my hair, stomping on my face, kicking me into a corner, she was totally mean to torture me to death!

For Cora, she only got a promise from Marcus that he would marry her after his marriage vow was broken.

But other than that, she never got anything from Marcus.

He never slept with her, not once.

And she wanted to be Marcus's woman, the only woman! So she wouldn't allow anyone to sleep with him.

That's why she was so angry to me at this moment.

I cowered in a corner in a mess, my hands clenched around my knees, the pain making me conscious.

Suddenly, I realized something.

Gazing at her with my tired eyes, I said tentatively, "He... never slept with you, did he?"