

Chapter 2 No One Can Hear The Screams

-Reyna

When I walked into Jerry’s, a dive bar where people like me usually found themselves after a long day in the shady corners of life, I never expected to run into my future husband. Especially not in the state he was in, completely wasted, probably on his twentieth shot, and mistaking me for some escort.

I should’ve punched him then and there. The arrogant prick. But instead, I settled for dumping my drink straight into his stupidly handsome face.

But nothing—nothing—could have prepared me for the electric shock that ran down my spine when I finally found out who he was.

Mason Rhodes.

The man I was supposed to marry.

I hadn't expected much with this arranged marriage. And I did truly figure I’d get a man who hates me. But I guess I thought my dad would give me some old fart that would be a sleazy motherfucker and I would want to carve his eyeballs out and show them off as a trophy. After my first meeting with Mason however, the idea of an old creeper was starting to look more and more appealing.

His friends had managed to keep us from strangling each other and had bundled us into an uber. When he had gotten to his mansion, I had promptly found a guest room and slammed the door without casting him a backwards glance. He could go jump off a cliff for all I cared. I get up early this morning and started on breakfast for two, willing to give this thing a second chance— I'm not about to play house with someone I despise. I also make a drink that’s perfect for hangovers for the idiot who doesn't know when to stop drinking. Along with some pancakes, it should help a great deal. I’m mid cooking when I hear heavy footsteps coming down the stairs and I don’t have to look to know it’s him.

That big jerk could never be quiet lumbering down a flight of stairs. I look over my shoulder and he stops at the bottom step to take a good look at me at the cute romper I've got on. His smouldering gaze makes my core flutter but it'll be a cold day in hell before I admit I want him looking at me like that all the time. I don't bother with a smile; he doesn't deserve one of those.

Turning around, I push the drink across the kitchen island.

“It’s good for hangovers. Drink.” Then I slap a couple of pancakes on plate and slide that over too.

"Eat something, too.” I add. He takes a look at it and then back at me with a skeptical look I barely refrain from rolling my eyes but I can't stop the exasperated huff that exits my lungs.

“It’s not poison. I wouldn't waste that on you, big guy.”

He arches an eyebrow at me. I have to admit, he looks nothing like the arrogant prick who was talking trash and hitting on me earlier. I’ve got a knack for judging people at first glance, and he’s definitely more of the stern, silent type.

But he doesn’t believe me. I get it—we were enemies less than 10 hours ago.

He arches an eyebrow at me. So, I grab the plate and take a big bite before I give it back to him with a look that says See, dummy? I'm not dead.

That is all the confirmation he needs. While he wolfs down the food, I grab my purse from the counter and my keys and my own plate forgotten, start walking to the door.

“And where the fuck are you going?” He barks and my whole-body freezes. A shiver runs down my spine. I hadn’t heard his voice at this point yet and God it’s like gold. My eyes flutter shut, arousal warring with annoyance at his audacity. I might be his wife now but I'm own woman. No man gets to speak to me like that even if they had a voice that would sound heavenly whispering dirty things in my ear. I take a second to compose myself before I turn around to look at him.

“I have a few things I have to do. I’ll be back.” I say.

He arches an eyebrow. And pushes himself up and walks over to me.

“You’re my wife now. So whatever you need to do, you’ll either do with a bodyguard or with me. I won’t have my wife running around doing god knows what."

I scoff bitterly and shut my eyes. I know I’m not stupid enough to keep my job from him. After all, we’re in the same line of work. However, I don't need him cramping my style. "Fine then I'll wait for you to finish and you can join me. But don't go complaining later. I usually do my work on my own.” I doubt he’ll complain. But the fact he’ll see what I do, that might just be enough to make the man look at me with disgust.

I don't care what he thinks about me.

Liar.

He regards me with a confused frown before turning back to his meal, gulping down the remnants pf the drink and taking one last bite of pancakes. He grabs his keys and together, we make our way put the door.

He pulls open the passenger door of the car, causing me to pause in surprise.

"Get in." He orders curtly. "We don't have all day."

Every time I start to think there's more to him than meets the eye, he shows me he's nothing but an asshole.

The sports car is way too small for a man his size but somehow, he fits perfectly behind the wheel.

“Where to?”

I pull up the address of the warehouse and his eyes widen a bit before he starts the car and pulls out of the driveway. He doesn’t say a word the whole drive but when he pulls up to the warehouse, his expression is half curious, half incensed.

“What the fuck are you doing working here?!”

I turn and smile sweetly at him. “It’s the best place.”

I lean over to him and whisper.

“No one can hear the screams.”

His eyes widen beyond belief before I get out of the car. I walk towards the warehouse with him right behind me. I actually like his presence. It feels comforting and safe. Very different for me.

But I also hate his guts. Like, a lot. I watch him as we walk in the shabby warehouse and he takes it all in.

Along with the body tied to a chair in the middle of the room.