

## CHAPTER 19

### Winter POV

"Thomas" I breathed, staring at him incredulously, unable to believe my own eyes. I knew this boy and had met him on more than several occasions. He was one of my brother's best friends and also took pervading pleasure in humiliating and tormenting me. Don't tell me he's the one who bought me. Not one of my brother's friends. Surely, he wouldn't betray my brother, or did he think by doing this he was helping him in some sick way to take revenge on me?

My eyes never leave the gun that's being held firmly in his hand, pointed directly at my head. One wrong move and I was frightened he'd shoot my head off.

He laughs. "Oh, Winter, you should see your face" he scoffs, looking highly amused.

"It's just a prank then? You'll let me go", I said hopefully, and he shook his head, his eyes turning pitch black for a moment.

"No," he says adamantly, and I shrink back at the vehemence in his voice. "You see I've always liked you, Winter. I know I tease you and hurt you, but that's so that your brother keeps inviting me around to be close to you."

I feel nauseous. He could care less about my brother; he was only friends with him to get to me!

"Imagine my surprise" he continues, his eyes narrowing on me "when I heard your father offering your services for a night of ahem", he coughs

"pleasure with a virgin," he says, and I feel myself turning bright red with embarrassment.

"Well, you wouldn't believe how many people were interested," he tells me disgustedly, and I wanted to scream at him that he was just as repulsive. If he didn't have the gun trained on me, I would have, instead, I had to bite my lip and keep my silence.

"In the end, it was down to the highest bidder, which happened to be me. Isn't it great my parents are rich" he says gleefully, and I say nothing, feeling numb, as though I'm not even in my body right now but floating and looking down.

"Look at it this way, Winter," he said urgently, "at least I'll be gentle, not like the other men who would have bought you. Isn't that better?"

I tremble. No, it's not better because I want to hold onto my virginity for my future mate and husband. But what do you say to a psychopath with a gun? I wanted to live, not die right now.

He waves the gun and I flinch. "Walk towards me", he orders, and trembling, I walk on unsteady feet towards him, his hand coming out and gripping the back of my shirt as he shoves me in front of him.

"I don't know how you got out of your restraints" he mutters as he pushes me towards the basement "but I guess it doesn't really matter right now, does it?"

I can feel his breath on my neck, his hand squeezing my shirt, and the hard barrel of the gun against my back. I was trembling, terrified, and wanting so badly to run that it took all my courage to go back into the room I'd escaped from.

I take the stairs as slowly as I can and he keeps his grip on me. I contemplated taking him by surprise, but he's got the gun too close to me, so it's too much of a risk.

"See that bed" he growls, and I go completely cold "go and sit on it. "

I want to scream, to cry, beg him not to do this, but my voice fails me and I follow his instructions, sitting on the bed with tears flowing down my cheeks.

"Don't cry Winter" he murmurs and I stay still as he wipes the tears away with one hand. What did he expect me to do, jump for fucking joy? Idiot.

"Don't move or I swear I'll shoot you in the leg and then have fun" he snaps, and I give a hasty nod, staring at the ground as he disappears. I could run for it but his threat was genuine and, quite frankly, being shot wasn't something I wanted to have to deal with on top of what he was about to do.

He almost dances down the stairs, clutching something tightly in his hands. I eye it curiously and catch it as he throws it at me. "I want you to put it on," he says gruffly, and my heart sinks as I unroll the fabric. It's so sheer it's see-through, a white baby doll with matching panties. I swallow hard. It looks like something someone would wear on their wedding night and I can see how lustful his gaze is as he motions for me to do what he said.

"Turn your back" I pleaded, but he shook his head, looking stony.

"No chance" he scoffs, raising the gun again.

"Please."

"Get dressed" he roars and I flinch, hurriedly standing up and, with shaking hands, take off my clothes until I'm completely naked in front of him.

"Good girl" he whispers, and I say nothing, fumbling around with the baby doll while he just stands there. I saw him out of the corner of my eye and I swear I wanted to vomit right then and there. He's stroking himself while he's watching me, his pants unzipped, his penis fully out. He never takes his eyes off me.

I finally get the blasted baby doll on and the panties and he tells me to lie down, something I'm extremely reluctant to do. He cocks the gun and I crawl onto the bed, lying down with my face upwards, sobbing wildly as I feel his hand begin to stroke my leg. His touch is repulsive, his hand clammy and it's all I can do not to drive my leg upwards.

"Relax, Winter" he tried to tell me, as though trying to soothe me, "I'll make it good for you, I promise."

"Thomas, if you care about me at all, you won't do this", I pleaded, and for a moment something flashed across his eyes and just as quickly it was gone.

"You're mine, Winter, no one else, and after this, no one will ever want you as their mate" he growls, and I wonder if he actually believes that. Because if a mate loves you, it won't matter about your past and what happened. But maybe he didn't think of it like that or in that way. Because there was no way I'd stay with him just because he was taking what wasn't his, to begin with. He could go to hell.

"I'm going to put the gun down," he tells me, and I start to relax, thinking that maybe I can take advantage of that, but something makes him pause for a moment and I see remorse in his eyes.

"I don't trust you" he whispers, and before I can stop him, he puts the gun to my foot and pulls the trigger as I scream.