

CHAPTER 20

Winter POV

I've never felt such pain as when the bullet pierced my skin. I heard a clang and knew it had gone all the way through but my god, the blood, my stomach churning, my screams all pierced the room and I saw Thomas's face change. Why was he looking so fucking pale when the bastard had just shot me.

"Shhh Winter" he soothes, racing off and fetching a towel while I continue to shriek at the top of my lungs. When he comes back he wraps it and looks at me contrite. "I wanted to make sure you couldn't run off" he whispered and I glare at him.

"Well you succeeded" I scream, my voice hoarse "it hurts" I sobbed. Yes I know I sounded like a coward but you try getting shot and see how pleasant it feels. I get some satisfaction that there's blood droplets on the damn baby doll.

"There" he says soothingly and I can't help but notice he's put the gun down as he comes over and sits beside me, wiping my tears away with his thumb. I swallow, my eyes beseeching him to stop, in so much pain I'm trying not to vomit, even as I miserably notice that the blood has started to stop trickling. Every single movement of my foot or leg brings utter agony and there's no way I'm making it off this bed anytime soon.

“All better” he says and I scowl at him. Is he serious? Does he think just because I have shifter blood that the injury bloody heals in minutes.

“No” I shriek “not all better you bastard” I scream and before I can so much as blink, his arm swings back and hits me directly in the face as I cower underneath him.

“Enough” he growls and I stiffen, forcing myself to hold back more screams, barely able to see through my eyes, they were that filled with tears. I see him bend down and then I felt bile rise up in my throat as he kissed me, his lips harsh against mine, one of his hands twining around to the back of my head and in my hair as he pushed against me. I struggle but am no match, not with how weak I feel and as he demands access with his tongue I’m forced to open my mouth to him. His tongue touches mine and it’s all I can do not to gag, it’s that slimy feeling and I’m getting no pleasure from the way it seems like he’s licking my own. I heave a big sigh of relief when he finally pulls away and begin to heave fresh air into my lungs.

“You taste so sweet” Thomas whispers and I shudder, watching as he begins to undress himself, my eyes looking away as he slowly peels his shirt off, kicking his unzipped pants and underwear down onto the floor. I don’t want to see it but it’s like my eyes have a mind of their own and I gulp as I see his erection. He’s big, wide and I can’t envision anything like that fitting inside of me, not without me screaming underneath him.

“Please” I whisper, feeling numb inside. I know he’s not going to stop, not when he’s gone this far. He smirks at me as he slowly climbs onto the bed, my foot still uselessly lying still.

“Don’t worry” he whispers into my ear as I stare dully at the ceiling “I promised to make it good for you remember. It’s your first time and I want you to remember it forever” he finished and I want to laugh, feeling hysterical. Oh I would remember this forever but not in the way that he meant.

His fingers creep under my baby doll and I tense, feeling his hands against my breasts, squeezing them roughly. I cried out and he kissed me, stopping me from crying out any more and then he moves, kissing the nape of my neck, one hand effectively strangling me as he does. I want more than anything to pretend I’m somewhere else, that this isn’t happening to me and that this is all a dream but in reality it’s a nightmare come to life.

His fingers move down to my panties and I gulp, feeling his hands roughly grip them, pulling them down my legs. He gets gentler as he remembers the pain in my foot and gently slides them off, a broad smile on his face. “You’re so lovely Winter, so beautiful” he says, his eyes glazed and I wonder if he’s pretending that this is somewhere else, that I’m not screaming in his fantasy, because that’s what it was to him, pure fantasy. No way in hell had I ever shown an ounce of liking Thomas and for him to be like this wasn’t something I had ever thought would happen.

I need to do something because he’s already licking his lips and staring down at my pussy. I force myself to grab his arm, my eyes to look directly

into his. “Thomas” I moan feeling disgusted in myself “I want you so badly” I lay it on thick and it works because he starts to stroke himself, making his cock even more engorged as I try not to stare down at it.

“Give me a moment” he grunts and I shake my head slowly at him, watching as he looks at me confused.

“We need protection” I pant out “I don’t want to get pregnant and I don’t think your ready to be a father yet are you?” I cling to hope. Please say you don’t want to, please say you don’t want to I chant in my mind.

He cocks his head to the side, a thoughtful expression on his face. “If I get pregnant we won’t be able to do this again” I say weakly and he narrows his eyes. I hope this is enough to persuade him. “I have a condom in my wallet” he mutters and reluctantly peels himself off me, giving me a small smile. He really is idiotic or just gullible, either way I don’t care if it works to my advantage.

“Don’t move” he warns and then glances over at my foot with a sigh “not that I think you can” he adds and I give a small nod. He hesitates and then slowly moves towards the staircase, backing up with his eyes fixed on mine. I try to keep myself looking innocent, my breathing shallow, watching as he gets closer to the doorway. I know his wallet’s in a bowl by the front door and that he can be there and back within mere minutes but it might just be enough, that is so long as he doesn’t remember.

The door opens and for a moment he stands there as though debating and then rushes out. I waste no time, hopping onto both legs and swearing

profusely under my breath as pain ricocheted through my leg, stumbling towards the place he'd left the gun. The idiot had completely forgotten he'd put it down or he'd underestimated my ability to move. I'd sooner cut my leg off than let the son of a bitch touch me anymore and my hand closes around the handle as I check the safety. Now I hold the key to getting out of here firmly in my hands and there is no doubt in my mind that I'm about to use it.