

Chapter 39

The door slammed shut and I face-planted into a pillow when he threw me down on the bed in the center of the room. I didn't know whose room we were in but the smell of sex and sweat made me think it had been used not too long ago. The urge to gag was strong but my fear of the man in front of me was stronger so I needed to focus.

I turned on the worn-down mattress, ignoring the feel of the feathers poking my legs, and watched him turn the lock and stalk over to the bed. He was slick with undoing the buttons on his shirt and just when he reached the foot of the bed his shirt hung open and he started on the pants.

I coiled my fingers into fists and narrowed my gaze while slowly moving to get off the bed. 1

"We can take him,"

I sighed in relief—Trixy's voice never sounded as good as it did right now and she pushed past me to take control.

I let out a warning growl loud enough for him to hear but loud enough that it would leave the room. I had no intention of drawing attention to myself up here, Marry clearly wasn't on my side and Gabe didn't care whether I lived or died so it was just me against Mr. Edison.

"Did you just growl at me?" His eyes turned black like they'd been painted with coal and he dropped his hands to his sides.

"Why does a woman's growl always surprise you, men?" My biting tone turned his black eyes yellow and he shot his hand out and grabbed my throat. He pulled me in and graced his lips over mine—with a vein in his

forehead throbbing and his eyes narrowed to slits. I grabbed his hand, my lungs were burning and white dots formed in my vision when my air pipe squeezed shut.

"Because the only sound we want coming from your mouths are your screams when we fuck you little cunts. Now let's see what that pussy can do for my dick,"

Mr. Edison grabbed my dress and pulled it up over my head. He released his fingers from around my throat and I fell to the floor while he pulled the dress clean of my body. The next sound sent a shiver of fear down my every nerve and my eyes widened when I heard the knife bounce twice on the floor and the blood from the wound dripped down my side.

I moved back against the wall to catch a breath, the white dots in my vision were slowly disappearing and I pressed myself back and looked up at him.

Something about my dress being ripped in half in his hands and sitting on the cold floor in nothing but a bra and panties made me feel like a lamb sent for slaughter; weak and afraid. He eyed the knife and his lip pulled back in a snarl.

The shreds of my dress fell to the floor and as I watched the floral pattern against the brown boards I failed to notice his hand coming down on my cheek.

"You brought a knife. Oh dear, this is a threat- an act of violence that cannot go unpunished. It's time someone taught you obedience, come here!"

A scream left my lips before I could stop it when he grabbed a fistful of my hair and lifted me from the floor. I grabbed my head, it felt like my

scalp was coming off and the burning pain spread down my face.

The pain throbbed down my body and the only positive was that I didn't feel Edison's hand stroking my skin because I was too busy thinking about the pulsating knife-like stabs that covered every inch of my skin.

I closed my eyes and tried to fend him off with Trixy growling in the back. My claws extended and I dug them into his hand- the result of which was the equivalent of clawing into a mountain wall. Yes, he bled, but that was all that made him human. Edison didn't bat an eye, he smiled and looked like he enjoyed the tingling pain I'd caused him.

He pulled on my lip and told me that he didn't mind my screams- he dragged his hand down my neck, to my chest, and I winced from the burn when he ripped my bra off.

He moved his hand around my back and squeezed my ass as he pulled my hips against his.

I was standing on my toes trying to reach for his eyes when the room filled with the sound of the door busting open and I watched as it flew off its rusty hinges- slamming into the wall across the room.

Edison didn't move, it looked like he'd turned to stone in front of me but then his eyes gradually widened and a gurgling sound left his mouth as blood pooled before dripping down in a perfect crimson line.

Despite choking on his blood he fought to keep his hold of my hair. I blinked a few times when I felt something hit my face and tickle my cheek.

I gently touched my cheek to see what it was and held out my fingers- Edison's blood stained my hand and I gasped when I saw the wooden

stake going through his neck and sticking out in front of me.

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

 GET IT



Comments



Support



Share