

## Chapter 1

### PROLOGUE

I walk into the pitch-dark room, reaching for the switch to turn on the lights. My fingers couldn't touch the switch. Like the switch isn't there. But the room is familiar. It is my bedroom with Vishal. The room where we have a thousand sex, say the most cheesy love lines to each other, fight and cry, console and kiss away each other's pain.

A smile formed on my face as I spotted a bouquet of roses on the bed. I shut the door and walk to the bed. The bouquet has a note on it and I pick it up to read.

My heart does a little flip-flop at whatever romantic adventure Vishal is planning now. I open the note but the sound of rushing water from the bedroom makes me look up.

“Vi?”

No response. But it has to be him. Maybe he is waiting for me to join him in the shower.

I feel my pussy wet at the lewd thought of another shower hardcore fuck with Vi. I tease the rope of my nightgown, almost taking it off as I head into the bathroom.

“Vi?”

I stop taking off my nightgown as I realize there's no one inside the bathroom. But the shower is on and running on the bathroom floor.

Strange. I look around, hoping to find Vi. Maybe he is playing hide and seek with me, he does that sometimes. But he's not here.

Then who turned on the shower?

Goosebumps grace my skin at the sudden eerie feeling. I turn off the shower and step out of the bathroom.

I gasp as I notice that the roses are dead and withered. But they were beautiful a few seconds ago.

I reach for the note and read what is written inside it.

\*You can't hide from me forever, little mate. I swear I'll find you, and I'll make you mine. Love, R.\*

“R?” I mutter. Who the hell is 'R' and how did this note and the bouquet get in here?

The door flies open and I turn in anticipation to see Vi. But it isn't him.

”Hello, little mate,” He grins, displaying bloodied fangs. “Did you miss me?”

I go pale at the monstrous intruder, “Stay away from me—“

I try to run past him but he pulls me back by my hair and throws me on the bed.

He climbs on me, pinning my body to the bed. His claws clutch my neck, making it hard to suck in the air.

“Let me go!”

“Not in this lifetime, Jane,” He howls, ripping my gown into shreds with his other hand.

“Please help me. Is someone out there?!” I force myself to scream. But it's hard.

“There's no one out there, little mate. I killed all of them. Starting with your precious Oliver...”

”No, not my daughter. Not Oliver, please. Shit!” I gasp as he tears my panties.

“Too late for that, don't you think? She's already lying dead, next to her father,”

“No. No, you didn't! No. Vishal!”

“I told you, didn't I? I'm always gonna come back for you. You can't get rid of me, Jane. So quit trying.”

He bends and forces his lips on mine as he slides a finger into my wet slit.

"No. Please. No!!!”

\*

I wake up with a violent jerk, almost hitting the ground, but get pulled back into strong arms.

“Jane, take it easy,” Vishal tries to calm me as he hugs me tightly, rubbing his hand on my hair.

“Oh dear goddess, Vishal. Thank goodness you're alive,” I whimper, holding him tighter. “I thought I lost you,”

“That'll never happen,” He kisses my forehead and rests my head on his chest. “It was just a nightmare. Nothing more than a fucking nightmare.”

I try controlling my breathing as his words register in my head.

Calm down, Jane. It was just a nightmare. Richard is dead. You got nothing to be scared of.

”Yes, It's just a stupid nightmare,” I repeat in a shaky voice. But somehow, I couldn't bring myself to be at peace.

The nightmare felt so real. As if Richard is back and wants me. It feels like my ex-mate is back to claim me as his.