Chapter 112— The Cold Truth

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Not only did I wake up in an unfamiliar room but my head throbbed and my body ache all over like I had been run over by a truck or something. I moaned adjusting my eyes to the light in the room and wondering how long I was unconscious for, as soon as my senses adjusted to my environment the events that might have led me to this position slammed into me with full force. I recalled Jacob ordering his men to fire at Jet and I also recall feeling every bullet that went through him.

I could hear footsteps as well as voices outside and I hurried towards the door to bang on it, something doesn't feel quite right, I turn twirling around to look towards the glass window and I gaped at the image I saw. I was in a yacht on the water going back to only God knows where Jacob planned to take me. I strode back to the door to bang on it repeatedly, the voices stopped abruptly and I couldn't hear anything for a few minutes.

"I know you are out there and I hear you so open this damn door right now!" I shouted hoping whoever is on the outside was as scared as I was. I backed away when the handle turned and Jake stepped inside. I notice the bandage cut on his forehead, probably an injury from when Jet had thrown him across the room.

"Where is my mom? Please let me see her" I begged backing further away from him as he stepped closer to me. I yelp when he grabbed my shoulder and shove me into a seat, I made to stand up but he only pressed me deeper into it.

"Stay still or else I won't answer any of your questions" He warned and I immediately did as I was instructed. "Good girl" I cringe when he patted my head obviously feeling pleased with himself. I gave him a look beneath my lashes marvelling at how much he had changed and if I ever knew this person sitting opposite me.

"Please Jake, don't hurt her. I'll do anything you say just let me see her please" I pleaded noticing for the first time how tattered and dirty I looked. I dimly wondered if I was dragged on the ground to the position I was in when I woke up.

"I have not hurt her" He chuckled like I said something funny. "Although your father would not mind me doing that" At the mention of my Dad's name, my heart skipped in fear. The last time I had seen that man was on the day I almost married Jake, after all these months, so many things have changed and I still haven't figured out my feelings where he is concerned.

Once again I noticed his gaze on the spot where Jet had claimed me and I tried raising the neck of my dress to cover it, I hated the fact that he was staring at it. "Will you take me to her?" I asked taking a deep breath to calm myself.

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"He tortured you Emma, you don't have to hide from me. I will make sure he and everyone involved in your kidnapping pay for it. For now I'll get you home and we can make preparation for our wedding" He declared courtesy to freeze in shock.

I blinked at him a couple of times wondering if I had misheard him. "W-w-edding?" I stammered.

"Of course, we were about to get married before you were taken away from me. Now that I have you back, I will not let you go" He stated with such possessiveness that made me shook.

I shook my head in disagreement as I stood up with him when he turned to leave. "Married? I can't marry you Jake please... Can we not talk about that? I need to see my mom" I pleaded getting desperate.

His eyes narrowed at me angrily. "You are right, we will discuss this when we reach land, if you behave and listen to me, I will let you see her but if you do otherwise you might as well forget about her because one word from me is the end of her" He threatened grabbing my arm. Tears well up my face and I almost gagged when he pressed his thin mouth on my cheek. "I'll send someone to help you get rid of that ridiculous garment you are wearing, once you are done freshening up, she will bring you to me" He shoved me away and I fell backwards on the cushion, he fling me one last glare over his shoulder before walking out.

I had barely managed to pull myself up when the door opened again, and a lady in a white t-shirt and a black pencil skirt approached me. I'm no doubt used to the way I was dressed back at Jet's pack to the extent that it seems to me she was the one dressed ridiculously. No one was exchanged between us as she escorted me out of the room I was held hostage into a private bathroom that had the sign "Private bathroom"

"You can take care of your business there, I'll return with clean... Normal clothes" She said eyeing my dress.

"Thank you" I replied, my voice coming out weak and dry. Once she was gone, I glance around the small bathroom looking for an escape route but as soon as the thought occurred to me, they vanished. We were on the sea and even if I manage to escape, I wasn't a professional swimmer plus I wouldn't make it that far before I either drown or get eaten by a shark. The thought made me shiver.

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I couldn't shower properly due to the small cut here and there all over my body, there was a towel rank hanging outside the shower, so I took one and then wrapped it around me. As if on cue the lady knocked on the door and hand me some clothes.

I close the door to examine in, a sad smile playing on my lips. Wearing jeans and a tee hadn't occurred to me again especially wearing it this soon. Probably used to someone helping me dress, it took a while for me to completely finish dressing, I brushed my tangled hair and styled it in a ponytail.

"Now you look presentable". She commented earning a glare from me.

"There was nothing wrong with the way I was dressed and do me a favour, don't throw it away, I'll ask for it once we reach land" I informed her as I brushed past her, I barely took two steps when her voice stopped me.

"Don has ordered me to bring you to the deck to have lunch with him" I spun around at her words.

"Don?" I echoed with a confused expression but nodded anyway, I followed her to the open deck and as soon as Jacob saw me he held out a chair for me to seat but I wasn't paying attention to him but the woman seated next to him.

Tears rolled down my face as our eyes met, I tried going to her but Jacob pulled me back and force me to seat. While the waiters and waitresses serve our dishes, I and my mom stared at each other. She hadn't changed much except she appear slimmer and her eyes were sadder. All I wanted to do at that moment was run into her arms.

"Eat" I heard Jake order when the servers were done.

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"Mum" I cried ignoring him.

"Emma, I won't fucking repeat myself!" He sneered at me fisting his hand on the table.

"Fuck you Jake!" I screamed realizing how strange the word sounded to my ears, I haven't cursed in a while, well because Jet doesn't like it and the thought of him brought fresh tears to my eyes. "You want me to come with you and here I am! But why keep me away from my mother? I have done everything you requested so far" I spat at him.

"The nerve of you to pretend you care about her! You defended that animal remember? Someone who has done nothing more than torture you! I free you from that man to reclaim you as mine. I have already paid the price for you and you are mine" His gaze slide down inductively down my boobs. "You better still be a virgin" My heart raced in fear but I refuse to let it show.

"I would rather die before I let you touch me" I had hardly blurted out the words when Jake grabbed me by the chin so hard I was afraid he might actually break my jaw.

"Please stop" My mom cried interrupting us. "She will behave, she will do whatever you ask but please don't hurt her Jacob... Please I have only just got her back" She pleaded breaking down into a full-blown sob.

When Jacob let me go, I immediately ran into her arms. Hugging her as I sob to my heart content. I missed her so much and a huge part of me was relieved that she was alive but another part of me was terrified of what Jacob would make me do in order to keep her alive!

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