

My Accidental Husband Is My Revenge Partner Chapter 06

Chapter 6: Adrenaline Rush

Six months later

In a dimly lit space that only had a single string light as a source of brightness, there were four men in the room, one was trapped on a chair with electric wires wrapped around him as blood dripped from his body, staining his clothes. 1

Beside him is a small steel basin stained with blood with cut fingers in it. In front of him was a man whose aura was just as dark as the room. He wore a plain expression as he stared down at the man whom he'd been torturing. At his back were his two men. 1

"What I'm asking you is quite easy and all you have to answer is a 'yes' or a 'no,'" said the man, his tone chilly as his jaw tightened from anger as he played with the scalpel in his hand. "Were you part of the people that raped the orphan girls? The question is quite easy but you seem to be enjoying this so much." He sighed.

The man who was being spoken to could only shiver with fear. He had witnessed Xavier murder his colleagues right in front of him and he was sure that if he didn't say what he wanted to hear, he would be six feet under soon.

"You only have 6 fingers left," Xavier reminded as he toyed with the scalpel, getting his fingers ready to cut through some bone. "If you don't start talking now, they will be all gone. And then..." he drawled, flipping the scalpel and catching it before he continued, "Your toes will be next."

But the criminal was too shaken up to speak, which was Xavier's go signal.

Without wasting any more time, Xavier grabbed the thumb of the criminal and set it right at the table where he'd cut his 4 other fingers. 1

"P-please," the criminal pleaded as he tried to pull away but unfortunately for him, Xavier meant business.

In less than 5 seconds, the thumb of the criminal was no longer attached to his hand anymore. He was completely digitless in one hand.

The criminal screamed in pain, his cries piercing the ears of the two men standing behind Xavier. Unfazed by the yelling, Xavier calmly took a napkin and wiped the scalpel clean, preparing it for another cut.

Noticing a light flash near him, Xavier took his phone he'd silenced because he didn't like getting interrupted when he was doing his favorite thing. When he saw Mark's name flash on his screen, he quickly answered it.

"What is it?" He questioned, his deep voice took on a sharp edge, each word cutting through the air with irritation.

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Ana's eyes fluttered open with a gasp. She stared at the white ceiling while trying to control her breathing from having just woken up from the scariest nightmare. Her blue eyes scanned around the room, trying to identify where she was.

A needle had been punctured into her arm, linking her to an IV drip. Scars littered her skin, but she couldn't recall where she got them from.

Ana scanned the room once more. When she didn't see anyone around, she pulled the needle out of her wrist with force which led to blood dripping out of her arm uncontrollably.

She pushed herself from the bed, falling down while ignoring the pain. She didn't know what she was doing but something kept ringing in her ears.

Run.

Feeling all kinds of emotions starting to weigh on her chest, Ana closed her eyes to endure the pain, but she wanted to get out of there.

"He killed my baby," Ana mumbled to herself as tears escaped from her eyes, while she crawled towards the door, her blood staining the ground. "I will make him pay," she promised.

Suddenly, the door to the hospital room opened and a young man stared at her, his eyes wide, disbelief etched on his face.

"You're awake," he said.

However, the word only caused Ana to panic. She reached for the door but was easily stopped by the man. He gently held her back, and Ana kicked against him.

"Let me go!" Ana cried out. "They killed my baby. I need to leave before they kill me too!" 1

"Calm down," the doctor said. "I assure you, no one is going to kill you." He forced her still, leading her back to her bed. "You're safe here."

For some reason, this young man's smile was oddly comforting. She stared at him, trying to find a hole in his act, only to find none. She hadn't seen him before, causing Ana to wonder about the possibility of him working for her father.

If he was, she doubted she would still be alive. Hence, Ana decided to trust him. Just a little.

"I'm Mark Thompson," the man introduced once he saw that she had calmed down. "Your doctor."

"What happened?" Ana finally croaked out the question.

"I am not sure," Mark confessed. "A man brought you here. I was told to treat you."

'A man?' Ana wondered.

She took another look around, noting the high-end decorations. It may be a hospital room, but the interior design screamed of luxury. She was sure it was nothing short of a VIP room at a very expensive private hospital, indicating that her rescuer was someone of significant importance.

Before she could ask more, the door swung open, revealing a man who stood at least at 6'8. His black hair caught her attention immediately—long, reaching his shoulders, and as dark as the night. 4

Her blue eyes met his that were as black as midnight. They were already staring back at her. She recognized that face, it was the face of her accidental husband.