

## Chapter 0008

Genevieve:

"You know what we want?" Emre hissed, circling around to the other side of the living room, where the laundry room was located. He grabbed a mop and thrust it into my hand as he returned.

"Clean the damn house. That's what I want. I'm not sure about the others," he shrugged nonchalantly, leaving me feeling infuriated and helpless.

"Bold of you to assume that I would listen to you!" I yelled out in frustration, dropping the mop to the ground. Despite being trapped, I knew that they couldn't kill me because then they wouldn't receive the money they were after.

"I remind you that you cannot kill me," I declared, determined to stand up to them even if it meant annoying them.

"We can still hurt you," Bellamy threatened, his arms crossed defiantly over his chest.

"Go ahead, try. If you do, I'll end my own life," I muttered, keeping my gaze steady on theirs as they exchanged a furtive glance.

"For years, we will be keeping you safe. We want something from you," Caspian interjected, his words laced with a hint of desire.

"I don't need your protection," I stated confidently, determined to assert my independence.

At this, they all burst out laughing as if I had made a joke, and I knew then that I was in for a difficult and dangerous situation.

"You think you can defend yourself? Can you even handle a weapon?" Emre bellowed, his voice booming through the room.

"A weapon and her! Huh!" Wolvin was quick to chime in, his own voice loud and brash. It was then that I realized that both of them had huge egos—the kind of men who thought they were the only ones capable of fighting with perfection.

Wolvin mostly kept quiet, but his silent gaze was often filled with judgment. Caspian, on the other hand, was a flirt and a player, always looking to satisfy his lustful desires.

As for Bellamy, his past as the alpha of a large pack had led him to believe that he was superior to others. His ego and arrogance could be sensed from miles away, making him a dangerous foe to cross.

In their presence, I felt small and powerless, aware of the dangerous game that was being played around me.

"I'll learn to fight," I managed to choke out, struggling to control my sobs as their laughter grew louder.

"Leave the saving job to us. You'll never be able to fight like we do," Wolvin sneered, stepping forward for the first time. His deep voice filled the room, silencing everyone for a moment. There was a commanding tone to his voice that made my blood run cold.

As they all stared at me, I gave each of them a challenging glance

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before storming back to my room. Once inside, I locked myself in the bathroom and let my tears flow freely for a few minutes.

"It's okay to cry," I whispered to myself, trying to gain control of my emotions. "But I can't let them see me as weak. If my father has done this to me, then I'll make sure they all regret underestimating me. I'll learn to fight and defend myself, no matter what it takes."

With a newfound sense of determination, I wiped away my tears and stood up from the floor. I grabbed a pair of black shorts and a tank top, ready to start my training. I was going to be my own savior, and these so-called mates of mine would one day regret mocking me.

Leaving the room, I headed towards an empty space where I could practice on my own. The guys were still lounging around, making a mess. I never thought men could be so dirty. They needed some good discipline, and I promised to deliver just that. I just needed to get my head in the right place and study them carefully.

As I surveyed the messy kitchen, I realized that the only thing I could do at the moment was make a smoothie. I started gathering fruits, chopping them up with purpose. With each chop of the knife, I felt my anger and frustration subside, replaced by a sense of calm and focus.

My attention broke from the fruits in front of me when I began to hear some strange noises coming from the living room.