

The Girl He Craves

Chapter 168

Sophie's pov

I stumble out of his hold. Well I try to.

Aiden's grip on me is so tight that I don't really move much.

It's not tight to be brutal but tight to be considered firm.

He's glaring down at me, his gaze asking me silently for answers.

My tongue is knotted, a lump hard in my throat. I can't swallow it because it feels painful.

There's a throb in my chest that I want to rub away but can't even lift my hand to grab my chest, far less soothe the pain of my heart.

I don't want the ground to open up and swallow me whole, because I think I deserve to feel the feeling of humiliation and pain.

Why?

Because I did this to myself for not trusting Aiden enough to handle things on his own.

I opened my mouth, my eyes teary and fogging up the image of him.

He's asking me for answers.

He's fucking begging me to answer them.

But I am mute.

I have lost my voice.

"You better-" He takes in a huge lungful of air and breathed it out. "You better have a fucking good explanation for this." He grips the phone brutally, gritting his teeth.

"Aiden-

A ting comes from his phone again, drawing his attention away from

He looks down at the screen, and I have never seen him so furious

before. His eyes were so dark yet fogged with a storm that I squirmed and let out a tiny barely noticeable yelp.

"I'm going to kill this fucker." He roared, catching every police officer's attention.

My eyes widen and I quickly stopped him by pressing my palm to his chest. His eyes snapped down to mine and I shook my head.

"Calm down Aiden." I finally cracked through my lips and looked at the police officers.

"He's just angry, he doesn't know what he's saying." I smiled reassuringly to them. "Nothing a cup of coffee won't calm down."

They went right back to work, completely ignoring Aiden and I.

"You're wrong. I know exactly what I'm saying." His voice is now low, which is even scarier. It had me shivering.

"I'm going to bury Muralo today."

I swallowed hard.

"Aiden-" I stopped when he wrenches himself away from me.

A sharp jab goes straight to my heart when he does so.

A tear trickled down my cheek.

"Tell me what happened when you went to him." He demanded.

I looked around nervously.

"People are watching Aiden. I think you two should talk this out in private." Suddenly Greg's voice greets us from behind Aiden.

Aiden grits his teeth.

"Fine."

He clutches my hand and practically drags me out of the station.

The reporters outside wasted no time bombarding him with questions but Aiden wasn't having it today.

"Get out of my fucking way!" He roared, pushing one of the reporters away.

She yelps, stumbling back and crashing into the others.

My eyes widen.

Oh, he's mad.

He's really mad.

"Aiden!" I voiced in concern while looking back at the startled woman.

He opened the door. "Get in."

"You didn't have to push her like that." I voiced when we were both in.

"Glad to see you out, Mr. Xavier." Mitch said, his eyes wrinkling at the corners as he grinned happily at Aiden through the rearview mirror.

"I'll be returning soon." Aiden answered cliply which made Mitch grow wary and confused.

"Drive." Aiden grunted and turned his attention back on me.

I wish he hadn't.

I squirm:

"Sophie," He growled.

"I-

I started and swallowed.

His eyes turned even stormier.

"You made him touch you. Kiss you." He snapped.

Mitch looked at us in concern, eyeing me through the rearview mirror.

Aiden's eyes narrowed on my lips and he lift his hand to grip my chin. "Did I not tell you these lips are only for me?" He snapped making me flinch.

"He kissed me, okay!" I finally confessed. "I didn't kiss him back! I tried to push him away."

Aiden's eyes snapped back up, narrowing on my face. "Tried?" He rolled that word off his tongue like it tasted bitter.

I ripped my teary eyes away from his in shame. "I should've listened to you. I went over there thinking I could help you. But turns out, I didn't."

I let out a shaky unstilled breath.

'If you squeal, Aiden will be visiting the jail cell again. This time I don't guarantee his return.'

Those words smacked right in my head again and I feel the blood drain from my face for the third time today..

I was this close to telling Aiden that Christopher forced himself on me. This close to telling the truth.

But at what cost?

What will it cost when I tell Aiden what really happened?

I feel cold just thinking about what Christopher and Sergio had planned up their sleeves.

I looked at Aiden.

His eyes were stormy, a storm I grew accustomed to.

The swirls of fury were dancing in his eyes, but so was love. The love had not gone out of the window to his soul. It still shone for me.

It made me feel relieved and also made me realize how much I should put my trust in Aiden a little more.

I was done keeping things away from him, done not trusting him fully.

So I let it out. I told the truth. I told him everything to Christopher's threats to keep him in jail.

By the end of it, I was breathing roughly, trying to catch my breath.

But Aiden, he looked like he was ready to kill someone. His face was red, the veins on his neck more prominent.

It was scary.

"Did I not tell you to not go over there!?" He snarled." Dammit Sophie! You should have listened! What if he had not stopped!?"

"Fuck!" He roared loudly, slamming his hand on the seat before him.

The loud ring of his voice startled me and Mitch who zig zagged in the road.

"Sorry." Mitch apologizes quickly.

"I'm sorry." I whispered and tore my gaze away from Aiden's.

"Give me his address." Aiden demanded, gripping the car seat harshly.

"What? Why?" I asked.

He snapped his furious gaze to mine and I froze on the spot. "So I can rip his fucking tongue out of his mouth and chop him into a million. fucking pieces."

I swallowed.

"No one forces themselves on my woman. No one will ever hurt you when I'm still breathing Sophie. No one will dare lay a fucking finger on you ever again when I'm done with that bastard!"