

Four or Dead by GOA

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Emma

After I say goodbye to the boys I take my time cleaning up. That, unfortunately, means removing the bandage over my new wound. I still can't believe Zane drugged me and had some man perform surgery in a hotel room. This guy is even more messed up in the head than my father and I didn't even think that was possible. I guess being that paranoid will make things like this seem...normal. I can't say I understand his reasons, but I also can't say it surprises me that he is on the same side of crazy as the man who sold his daughter to another man. *

The bathroom is the fanciest one I have ever been in. Everything is glass and white marble. Even the sink bowls are made of frosted glass and sit above the counter like a bowl. The mirror has a white vintage- style frame that is absolutely beautiful I never thought I would consider a mirror beautiful but it really is

After I am done admiring the decor I take a good look at myself in the mirror. I have slight dark circles under my eyes and my eyes look red and irritated. Whatever sedative they gave me must not be agreeing with my body. My hair is untamed and wild. I pretty much look like a hot mess. I tuck a few strands of hair behind my ears feeling myself becoming self-conscious. So instead of continuing the harsh judgment of my self I turn and open the glass show door. The showerhead is large and square which I find odd until I turn the knob and trickles of water

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begin to pour down. The sound of the water is soft and it reminds me a lot of quiet rain. °

I take a second to breathe in some of the steam that is quickly filling the room. Maybe once this is over I can convince the guys to get a shower head like this in our place. °)

I carefully remove my clothes so I don't stretch the fresh stitches on my hip. I'm pretty sure I shouldn't wash it like I normally would so I'll have to be careful. Honestly, I'm not sure how to go about this. When I was in the hospital my wounds were not like this, so I'm not sure how to take care of this kind of thing. When I'm standing in only my bra and panties I glance down at the bandage and am happy to see that it hasn't bled through. I slowly pull the tape away and I finally get a look at the size of the wound. It's about two inches long and that makes me a little nervous. How big is the thing they put in me? !)

I should be able to feel the size if I put a little pressure around the incision, but it is already painful enough so I thought better of it. Once the rest of my clothes are set on the counter I walk into the shower. The warmth around me feels amazing and the gentle tapping of the water against my skin feels amazing. My body feels less tense now and the soft sounds are helping clear my mind more so I can think of my next move

As much as the guys hate that I have stepped into this world, I wish I had a better mind for these kinds of missions. I have never done anything like this, and now I'm realizing how really unprepared I am

The acting should come easy enough I hope. Every day at school

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pretending my father didn't beat me every night to the inch of my consciousness takes some basic acting skill. Though I'm sure it had a lot to do with people just not paying attention to the weird girl who never

talks to anyone. !)

That situation was a lot different than pretending around a bunch of professional liars and pretenders. People with this kind of money always pretended to be kind and welcoming while turning around and sabotaging each other either in gossip or business. Yet another thing I know nothing about. Even though I was technically born into this world, my father never spoke to me about business or anything related to it. How am I meant to talk to these people when I have nothing worth saying? °)

I suppose that's the point for Zane. I will be his arm candy and keep my mouth shut other than a simple greeting to all his high-class friends

That thought makes me wish I was the head of a powerful organization that could easily go head to head with him and makes him look weak in front of all those people I simply smiled silently to. Not likely to happen but hey a girl can dream right? \°.

I have no idea where that thought came from. Those boys have been rubbing off on me more than I realized. That makes me smile though. I so badly want to feel a part of their world and not an outside spectator

Maybe that's why I pushed to do this, to prove I belong in their world with them. \)

My thoughts are interrupted by a knock at the bathroom door that I had the right sense to lock before getting undressed

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"Yes?" I call out

"Ma'am I have brought your gown for the evening." A woman says through the door

"Okay, please leave it on the bed," I call back

"Yes ma'am." The woman replies and I stay silent to listen for the sound of her leaving

Even with the door locked I don't feel comfortable having someone I don't know in my room. Being in a place with so many strangers is definitely putting me on edge

I quickly wash the best I can and I make sure to wash my hair well so it looks soft and healthy. There are a lot of products in the shower I know for a fact cost a small fortune. it makes me wonder how long Zane has been preparing this room for me. I don't think too much into it right now because I don't want to be any more awkward around him than I will probably be tonight. So I finish up my shower and wrap a warm fluffy towel around my slim body. I wish I was able to gain more weight than I have, but I think all the years of being starved so often my body is permanently damaged. \°

Again I try not to focus on that right now and instead I walk out from the bathroom and into my adjoining room. My heart nearly stops when I see Zane sitting in the chair in the corner of my room.

"Oh! Zane," I say nervously.

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I wrap the towel as tightly as I can around me and try not to look too scared of finding him sitting in my room while I'm completely naked

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His eyes slowly lift from his phone and he takes a moment to look em over from head to toe. His face doesn't give anything away until his eyes meet mine. That's when he gives me a smile that makes me feel sick. He looks almost sweet, which I know won't last. I haven't spent much time with him but he seems to run from nice to indifferent in a snap of a finger. He stands without a word and walks slowly toward me. Out of instinct I move back and try to keep a good distance between us, but I tun into the wall

He moves close enough to be in arms distance from me and once again he looks me over

"You really are beautiful." He says softly before reaching out and brushing a finger down the side of my neck

I suck in a breath as his finger runs slowly down my neck and against my collarbone. He stops just above my towel and I feel my panic too intensely to let this go on. What if he tries to do something more than touching me? I can't handle that right now or ever.

"I should get dressed. I don't want to hold you up." I say firmly

That seems to break him from his trance of watching his fingers dance against my skin. He lifts his eyes back to mine and is silent for a few more seconds. Then suddenly he steps back and that emotionless face is back and he nods curtly. .*

"Do not take too long. I'll send someone to do your hair and makeup." He says and then turns to exit the way he came

I let out a shaky breath and feel my eyes water. What would he have done to me? Would he have taken me by force? How long can I put him off before he decides to not give me a choice? \°

I shut my eyes tight and try to calm the fear building inside me. I can't let that happen. If I do there will be no fixing the trauma I'll have to face when it ends. \°)