

# Chapter 252

Eli Aaron's grip on her throat was tight, constricting her windpipe as she fought back, kicking and thrashing in desperation. Behind her, her gun lay abandoned by the door, a distant thought amid the chaos. Eli whispered the word "Poetry" as if reciting a line from a poem, a chillingly calm contrast to the violence unfolding.

She perceived glimpses of his ordinary face, unsettlingly detached as if he was merely squeezing the juice from an orange, his forearms rigid like the tension in his voice. In a moment of defiance, Saint brought her knee up hard into him, causing his grip to slacken slightly, though it was only temporary. Around them, the room was adorned with photographs of more girls, hanging like a haunting memory reminiscent of a barn from years past—their quiet desperation visible in every image.

Eli leaned heavily against her, revealing no signs of struggle or loss of control; instead, he seemed to feed off the moment, the tension swelling like living beings writhing under the weight of his presence. She noted the veins in his neck pulsing with a visceral intensity, and every low grunt from him sounded primal, as if he was a caged animal, desperate to break free.

Refusing to submit, Saint kicked out again, lashing at him with all her remaining strength, claws biting at his face. Her eyes were bloodshot and bulging, the pressure of the moment building to a climax, yet there was no time for contemplation. Thoughts of Charlotte, her grandmother, Jimmy, and Patch flitted through her mind like fleeting shadows, each a reminder of both her struggles and her reasons for resistance.

Then, in a swift and brutal turn of events, there was the deafening sound of a gunshot, and Eli Aaron lost a portion of his skull, the violence abruptly altering the struggle and the room's dynamic, plunging it further into chaos and bloodshed.