



THE
HUNTING
ADELINE

H.D. CARLTON

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Cover Design: TRCDesigns

First Edition: January 2022

*To my anxiety,
Because you really tried me on this one and I kicked your ass anyway.*

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IMPORTANT NOTE:

As some of you may know, the first book in this duet, *Haunting Adeline*, was banned due to the warnings. But it is so necessary to have one. These are also available on my website.

This book contains very dark triggering situations, particularly a four letter one that starts with R and ends with E, though NOT between the main characters. Is that creative enough, 'Zon? These scenes can be detailed, so *please* proceed with caution. There is also graphic violence, sexual assault, explicit sexual situations, human trafficking, PTSD, and very particular kinks such as blood play, knife play, degradation, and somnophilia.

This book is **significantly** darker than the first. Please take these warnings seriously.

Your mental health matters.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

If you are expecting a quick reunion, then this book isn't for you.
Don't worry, there's not any less spice.

PLAYLIST

Story of the Year- Miracle
Sophie Simmons- Black Mirror
Klery- No Rest for the Wicked
gavn!- Crazy
Bad Omens- The Death of Peace of Mind
A.A. Bondy- Skull & Bones
Echos- Saints
Jacqui Siu- Danger
MJ Cole & Freya Ridings- Waking Up
Skillet- Monster
Zero 9:36- Tragedy
Skylar Grey (feat. Eminem)- Kill for You
Aaron Camper- Hypnotizing
Gavin Haley- Sad Season
Glimmer of Blooms- Can't Get You Out of My Head
Ghostly Kisses- Spellbound
Echos- Guest Room
Red- Let It Burn

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PART I

Let me go. Let me go. Let me go.

Please please please PLEASE

PLEASE PLEASE
PLEASE

FUCKING
LET ME
GO



Chapter 1

The Diamond

Smell. The first of my senses to trickle in. I wish it were anything else because I'm instantly overwhelmed by the scent of body odor, spiced cologne, and what can only be described as the stench of evil incarnate.

And then my sixth sense seeps in, whispering notes of warning and urgency.

I'm in danger.

Those notes turn into a song full of screeching and loud noises, filling my body with heart-wrenching panic. Adrenaline spikes, and just barely do I have enough sense to remain as quiet as possible.

Slowly cracking open my crusted eyes, I'm greeted by complete darkness. It takes a second to process that there's a blindfold strapped around my head.

Then, the blissful numbness I awoke in crumbles, and I lose my breath when all-consuming pain filters in, engulfing my body in absolute agony.

God, is this what being alive feels like? It can't be death. I'd be at peace if it were. And I may have fallen for a stalker, but I'll be damned if I didn't land a spot within heaven's gates.

I fucking earned that shit.

Racking my brain, I try to think past the pain and remember what the fuck happened to me. Vaguely, I recall text messages from Daya asking me to come over. The urgency I felt when she wasn't answering my calls. Getting in my car, headlights, and panicking, being jerked forward, and then nothing.

And now I'm here... wherever that is. But not somewhere safe.

Christ, was that even Daya texting me? Did something happen to her too?

That possibility sends another wave of panic crashing through me. Scenarios curtail and evolve until I'm a mass of anxiety and desperation. She could be hurt or in serious trouble.

Fuck—I'm hurt and in serious trouble, and I've no idea how the fuck I'm going to get out of it.

My breathing is escalating further, and my heart is beating so heavily, it physically hurts as it slams against my chest. It takes what little strength I

have left to keep silent.

Where the fuck am I?

Where's Zade?

Quiet, dull voices are next, muffled by the noise in my ears but steadily growing louder. I strain my ears, trying to hear over the beat of my heart and the pain swelling in my body like a water balloon.

Somehow the agony has a voice too, and it's fucking loud.

"Z will be looking for her," one man says quietly. "But we'll be fine once we get to Garrison's and chuck the van. We'll get her there quickly."

A particular memory knocks me over the head, flashes of being dragged out of my car and the residual pain of glass and metal biting through my skin. It explains why my back is on fire.

I've been fucking kidnapped—*obviously*. This had to have been the Society's doing. Zade had said they targeted me, and I know he had guards stationed outside of Parsons Manor. They must have used Daya to draw me out, which means there's a high chance she's been taken, too.

Fuck, I'm an idiot.

I didn't even stop to consider it could be a trap when Daya wasn't answering the phone. I was so intent on getting to her in case she was hurt or in trouble that it wasn't even a consideration to call Zade. Not only could it have saved me, but it also could have saved Daya, too.

I squeeze my eyes shut as a sob crawls up my throat. A tear slips through my lashes, and my chest shakes with exertion, trying not to break down. This was my own damn fault.

Zade warned me countless times they were after me, and the first trap they set, I walked right into.

You're such an idiot, Addie. Such a fucking idiot.

"You actually think we'll be able to hide her from him? It's fucking Z, man," another man responds, this one with a slight Hispanic accent.

"We're just giving the Society what they asked for. Which one are you more afraid of? Them or Z?"

Fuck, it *was* the goddamn Society. I knew it, but hearing it confirmed only sends a fresh dose of adrenaline into my system.

I don't know why I got tossed into this shit, but they need to take me out of this fucked-up salad of depravity; I don't belong here. I belong in a salad full of fruits and vegetables. Healthy things that don't run me off the road and

enslave me.

The second man mutters, “I’d prefer not to fucking choose.”

It sounds like a hand slapping someone’s shoulder or back as if to reassure him. “Too bad you don’t have a choice, Rio. Doesn’t matter. This girl right here is worth millions. I mean, we got a fucking diamond here. Just imagine it, dude—Z’s girl, the one and only, up on an auction stage. You know how many enemies he has? People will be frothing at the mouth to make his girl their little toy. I’ll get my cut from Max, and the Society will compensate you, I’m sure. We’ll be living fucking lavishly.” He lets out a burst of hyena-like laughter. “I can buy my own goddamn private island after the money goes through!”

A shot of anger pumps into me at the man’s callous words, speaking of me like I’m a house up for sale.

“Your idea of comfort must be different from mine. We’ll have to go into hiding alongside her. At least while Z is still alive,” the second man—Rio—responds. His name sounds familiar, and I think I faintly remember someone yelling his name after they ran me off the road.

“Don’t worry, man. We’ll get a head start with the ritual happening tonight, and I’m sure the Society will take out Z, one way or another. They’ll protect us.”

A derisive snort is the only response the first man gets.

Jesus Christ, I really am in deep trouble. Tears brim the corners of my eyes, and try as I might, no amount of trash talking keeps them from overflowing like rivers past the blindfold.

I barely manage to wrangle down the sob that’s still threatening to spill, clawing its way up to the inside of my teeth.

Deep breaths, Addie. What did Zade teach you?

It takes several moments to collect my thoughts, but eventually, his voice filters in.

Leave evidence.

Gritting my teeth against the pain, I slowly grip strands of my hair and tug until they break free. The sharp pinpricks are inconsequential compared to the rest of my body.

I keep my movements minimal and slow. With the blindfold on, I’ve no idea if they can see me well. One movement out of the corner of their eye can alert them.

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