

Four or Dead by G O A Chapter 13

Chapter 18

Jayden...Present...

Logan immediately jumped down and walked around us to climb up and work on the other cuff.

“Just a little longer Emma,” I said softly holding her up the best I could on the other side.

Logan worked faster this time, but Emma let a groan of discomfort. Hanging from one hand was hurting her even with us doing our best to hold her up. Logan finished quicker on the second arm and Emma’s body tumbled down and into Asher’s arms. She automatically wrapped around him and started to cry. Asher was a bit surprised at first but quickly recovered and wrapped his arms around her waist and took a step back.

“Let’s go home.” He said softly to her and turned in the direction of the exit.

I glanced at Leo and Logan as we shared the same expression of relief. The sentiment was short-lived, and Logan’s expression quickly turned deadly as his anger resurfaced.

“That slut is going to pay for this!” He spat out before storming off to follow Asher.

I let out a sigh and followed Leo toward the exit of the basement. When we all exited and made our way out, I noticed people pointing and watching Asher and Emma. Emma was walking on her own now, but Asher had his arms around her helping keep her stable.

“Get out of here!” Leo yelled to the people looking on.

People scrambled away as the five of us made our way down the hallway and out the front door. It was nice to see the fear in their eyes because if they thought for one second that they could go up against us they were going to be sorely mistaken. We didn’t go easy, and people always paid in blood. Andrea had crossed a line that no one had dared cross before, and I didn’t care who her father was she would pay greatly for this. My mind began to come up with several ways I would make her hurt as I made my way to the car.

I saw Asher climb into the back seat of his car and take a seat next to Emma. She moved closer to him and

rested her head on his shoulder. Asher didn’t hesitate this time and pulled her closer to him. Leo and Logan took the other car and I climb into the driver’s seat of the car Asher and Emma were in. Asher held out the keys to me and I look at him through the rear-

view mirror. His attention was completely on Emma. and there was a softness to his face that looked foreign on his face.

Any show of kindness was foreign to all of us, but when it came to Emma it was obvious that we were not

quite ourselves. She had a way about her that broke down all our walls, even a dark soul like mine. Of

course, she didn't know just how dangerous we were, and hopefully, she would never find out. She was innocent and she didn't need to know the awful things we had done. As I pulled out, I noticed Leo and Logan turned in the opposite direction. 3

A minute later my phone vibrated and I saw it was a message from Logan. They were going after Andrea, and they wanted us to take Emma home and stay with her. Leo sent a message too before I could reply to the first message.

LOGAN: We are going to the garage. Make sure Asher knows. We may need a clean-up crew.

I smirked at his message, but I knew they wouldn't kill Andrea at least not yet. Her death would bring too much heat to the town and we didn't want that. Plus we would need to plan that kind of move very well,

and this was too short notice. I hated that girl, and I was looking forward to getting my chance to torture her. She deserved the best our crew had to offer, and we always delivered.4

By the time we arrived back home, Emma had drifted off to sleep. Asher woke her gently and helped her inside and up to her room. I followed and stood in the doorway watching her carefully. She was dazed while Asher offered her one of Logan's shirts that had been left in her room this morning. She nodded and allowed Asher to remove her ruined shirt and my eyes fell onto the scars littering her back. I examined each one the best I could because if I ever got my hands on her father, I would replicate the very scars he

had inflicted on her. 4

You know...an eye for an eye and all that jazz.

Asher hesitated for a moment and was speaking softly to Emma before he lifted his hand under the shirt, careful not to touch her skin, and helped her lower her jeans. An intense emotion flared up in my chest, but I kept silent. Asher pulled back her blanket and she climbed under it. I noticed her body shook a little. Asher stepped away from her and walked toward me.

"She's exhausted," Asher whispered to me as we left the room closing the door behind us.

"Do you think she'll be okay? I mean how much can she take before she can't recover?" I asked him not

expecting an answer.

"We were supposed to protect her," Asher growled before slamming his hand on the stair railing.

"I know but she ran off, we had no idea Andrea would do this," I reminded him.

"Didn't we? She threatened her right in front of us. I guess I just assumed she wouldn't dare cross us knowing who we are. But she is obviously not bright. He said shaking his head.

"Leo and Logan are going after her now," I said and his head snapped toward me.

"The garage?" He asked and I nodded.

He picked his pace and grabbed his keys off the table..

"Asher they can handle this," I called out after him.

"This is my mess; she was my girlfriend. I need to be the one to fix this and remind her not to come near

us or Emma again." He ran out the front door closing it with a slam.

I sighed and fell onto the nearest couch. The sound of footsteps had me jumping to my feet again, and my eyes were met with Emma coming down with only Logan's shirt covering her. I swallowed down the very

large knot in my throat and tried my very best to fix my eyes on her face.

"You okay?" I asked her.

"Yeah, I just don't want to be alone. Can I sit with you?" she asked motioning her hand toward the couch.

"Oh. Yeah, that's fine." I replied awkwardly.

She stepped down from the stairs and walked around me, but I took a moment to collect myself before turning to her. My heart was beating like crazy and other parts of me were betraying me as well. Why did Asher have to run off and leave me with this girl in

only a t-shirt? I seethed and cursed him in my mind. I took a seat and tried to put some space between us and turned the TV on as quickly as I could. She fell silent as I flipped through a few channels, but I was too busy watching her through the corner of my eyes to really pay attention. She tucked one of her legs under herself and it made her look so small.

Yep, this girl had an annoying effect on me, or I had just denied myself so long that being alone with a girl in this state of undress was too much. Of course, none of that was true. I had girls show up at parties with far less clothing and would have easily been with me if I asked. Emma was just different. She was beautiful of course, but she also had a softness to her even with all the scars. Even now her face was relaxed and focused but in such a gentle way. She had a slight blush to her cheeks at all times and long eyelashes that made her eyes look so big and bright.

Oh man...this wasn't good. I needed to get my head on straight before I started sprouting sonnets. 5

"What would you like to watch?" I asked her.

She tilted her head and looked at me flashing a soft smile. "Whatever you want."

I nodded and turned my attention to the TV again, and I had the dumb idea to pick my favorite scary movie. Ok maybe I picked it on purpose, but I would deny it if anyone asked about why. The movie started and Emma watched quietly until the first jump scare and she yelped and covered her eyes. I snickered at little and she threw me a glare.

"Why would you choose a movie like this?" She whined adorably and pulled the neck of the shirt up over half of her face so could easily use it to hide. 3

"You said I could pick whatever I wanted," I said with a teasing smirk.

She glared at me but as the movie went on, she slowly moved closer to me until she was latched on to me and hid behind my arm. With the climax of the movie rolling around I knew how scared she would get so I was ready when she jumped and almost landed in my lap. I open my arms to her, and she crowded into me. with her eyes still focused on the movie. I caressed her arm softly as she watched tensely waiting for the next scary scene and I smiled to myself and patted myself on the back for choosing such a great movie.