

## Fated to Them by Jessica Hall Chapter 12

Read Fated to Them by Jessica Hall Chapter 12 – I yawn, waking up when I feel a hand touch my shoulder. Sitting up I look around to find myself in a leather seat. I try to remember the last thing that happened, but everything felt fuzzy, I remember fainting, but I don't remember getting on the plane. I felt sluggish as I looked around the cabin of the plane. Eli standing in front of me looking down at me. "We are here, time to get up" He says, turning and walking off. My head was pounding, and I could feel a migraine coming on as I pressed my fingers to my temple.

"Did I sleep the entire way?" I ask, trying to remember anything at all, Soya was a few hours by plane, surely I didn't sleep that long.

"Yes, you fainted and remained asleep" Cyrus says, walking past me before leaning down and undoing the belt that was fastened across my waist. I stood clutching my head that was pounding to its own beat.

"I have the worst headache" I mutter to myself as I follow them off the plane and onto the tarmac where a car was waiting. A man was putting luggage in the trunk of the black SUV. Eli opens the back door and I feel Cyrus's hand go to my lower back before he pushes me toward the open door. I climb in, moving across the seat. Eli climbs in beside me while Cyrus gets in the driver's seat. I put my belt on and Eli leans between the two seats grabbing something from the front before handing me a bottle of water and some Advil.

"Thank you" I tell him, taking them from him and popping three of the little blue pills in my mouth before swallowing a mouthful of water. I rest my head back on the headrest looking out the window as Cyrus starts driving.

Something felt off, like I was missing something. I just couldn't put my finger on what it was. The car ride was silent when I noticed we started heading out of the city instead of toward it. I sat up leaning forward on my seat.

"I thought you had a meeting in the city?" I ask, leaning forward and talking to Cyrus. His eyes flick to me in the rearview mirror before going back to the road.

"We do but we have a house just outside the city which is where we will be staying overnight" He says. I nod sitting back to find Eli watching me, his body turned slightly toward me. His stare made me nervous and self-conscious.

"Can I ask you something?" He says, making me bite my bottom lip wondering what the h\*\*l he could possibly want to know. I nod and Cyrus clears his throat in the front.

“How did your father d\*e?” He says abruptly, making my head whip to the window. I s\*\*\*\*w, my mouth suddenly feeling dry..

“I’m not sure, they never told us what really happened” I tell him honestly.

“They?” Cyrus asks, looking in the rear-view mirror at me.

“The people my father worked for, they just told us it was a freak accident” | answer wondering why they wanted to know such a thing, and to ask out of nowhere. The feeling in my stomach unsettled me, I didn’t like talking about my father’s d\*\*\*h, far too many questions went unanswered.

“What about your sister?” Eli asks, making me look back at him.

“Why do you care?” I ask before pressing my lips in line and biting down on my tongue, realising how rude that sounded.

“I don’t, I was just making conversation” Eli says, his eyes narrowing as he glared back at me from how rude I sounded. I look to the front only to notice Cyrus watching me before his eyes dart back to the road. I gulped suddenly wanting to get away from them and out of this car, the vibe in the car becoming unsettling and tense. Fiddling with the zip on my bag nervously. The car remained silent and awkward for the rest of the drive. We pulled into a long driveway that was lined by trees on either side.

A huge two-story stone house coming into view, Cyrus pulls up at the front near the door on the horseshoe driveway stopping the car. Eli gets out slamming the car door and stalking off toward the house and not looking back. Cyrus though remained seated staring at me in the mirror, I shrink under his intense gaze.

“It would be in your best interest not to provoke Eli, Addie. It won’t end well for you” He says, making me wonder what he meant. His words sent a chill up my spine, yet I thought it was odd that he used a nickname for me when they usually call me by my name, it felt odd, more personal and familiar. He gets out and I sit there pondering over what he said when my door suddenly opens.

Cyrus grabs my hand, pulling me from the car. Sparks rush up my arm at his touch making me look at my palm when he lets go. He has a serious static problem, I think to myself. Every time he touches me the same thing happens.

Walking inside I was blown away by the sheer size of the place, the foyer alone was nearly as big as our entire home. Two staircases running up to the landing above, overlooking the floor below. To the right was a huge living room with a fireplace and some lounges. The left side had a huge dining room and another huge arched doorway leading somewhere else, and straight ahead going underneath the stairs lead to another part of the house. Wooden exposed beams running across the roof and the slate floors making the place seem homely despite its overbearing size. I watched Eli stalk up the

stairs and I could see he was still angered by me snapping at him in the car. The man has serious anger issues, he is my boss and I am not obligated to tell them about my personal life nor are they supposed to pry into it.