

Four or Dead by G O A

Chapter 27

Asher...Present...

I knew something was wrong the moment I got the text from Leo. He was always vague and short with his texts but this message had an air of urgency that had me worried.

LEO: Get home NOW we got trouble.

We always had trouble, but with Emma in the mix now trouble meant she could be in danger. She was sitting in the chair still and the guy who had tattooed all of us was adding the finishing touches to the design I made for her. She had barely made a sound the whole time earning a good amount of respect from both of us. She looked small and fragile but her years of enduring endless pain made this seem like a butterfly kiss. I was a little annoyed that another guy had his hands on her but I tried my best to push those thoughts down. I liked the guy and I really didn't want to knock him out while he had a needle near

my girl.

She must have noticed my unease because she looked at me with a furrowed brow as he stood and told her

the tattoo was finished.

"Leo needs us back at the garage," I told her as we quickly paid and headed toward the exit.

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She nodded and kept in step with me matching my serious expression. She had a way of doing that I noticed. When any of us were in a certain temperament she seemed to know it and would either match our emotions or try to help pull us out of them when they got too dark. It was a little uncanny but useful right now. She recognized the seriousness of the situation based on my mood and I was surprised by how easily she fell into a more confident posture.

As we drove I stole glances at the piece of art on her shoulder. It was covered by a clear bandage now. It made her look even stronger and fearless but the elegant design I had purposely created to match her made captured her gentleness. She was our light but with the ink, she was a little bit devil now too and I hated how much I loved it. (15)

As much as I wanted to preserve her innocence she was in our orbit now and that meant the tougher she was the safer she would be. I hadn't considered that she should

learn any kind of fighting or weapon training but it wasn't the worst idea. She could refuse to train with weapons of course, but she needed to at least learn to fight. I didn't want her to be beaten or caught vulnerable ever again. If we couldn't be there to save her I wanted her to put up one hell of a fight all on her own.

Our girl was stronger than she knew and it was time we showed her exactly what she was capable of if given the chance. My thoughts were interrupted when my phone rang.

"What?" I growled out.

"Where the hell are you?" Leo spit out on the other end.

"I'm on my way back chill," I replied rolling my eyes.

"Your dad is here and he is pissed." Leo's voice had lowered a little and that was as bad a sign as any.

He wasn't afraid of my dad but there were times when he knew to show him a little respect. Especially when my dad was on the warpath which I assumed was the case now.

"What happened?" I didn't want to wait to find out.

I wanted to know exactly what I was walking into.

"Andrea's dad has denied the deal once again claiming he has enough backing now that no deal with your dad would be appealing," Leo explained.

Dammit. That slithering worm was a thorn in my side that I really wanted to tear out and burn right about now and done with it.

When we finally arrive at the garage I reached over to Emma and locked my eyes on her.

"Stay next to me and stay quiet, okay?" That is all I tell her before we climbed out of the car.

She moved to stand beside me and before I thought better of it I threaded our hands together. I walked into the garage with my head held high. To my surprise though Emma didn't seem the least bit afraid. She stood tall by my side with her head held high and I couldn't help the smile that lifted the corner of my mouth. Damn this girl was driving me crazy. We had no idea just how amazing she was because she was constantly surprising us. She was morphing into someone new just being around us.

"Son!..." My father said with a fake proud smile before his attention fell on Emma. "Well well, who is this. pretty lady?"

I hold back a snarl as his eyes travel down my girl's body. My father had changed a lot after my mother left. He had been a respectable man and good father for most of my life but he had spiraled out of control the last few years. The way he was looking at Emma only reminded me that the father I once knew was

gone now.

"This is Emma, and she is our girl," I replied honestly and with an underline warning.

1

Emma smiled at him and bowed her head in greeting. "It's nice to meet you." She said sweetly. 4

My father looked at each of us and smirked. "All of you sharing one girl...interesting. How exactly does that work? Does she jump from bed to bed or do you all gang up on her? That last one has some pretty fun ideas going through my head."

I feel disgusted hearing those words coming out of my father's mouth. I barely recognize him anymore.

"That's none of your business," I growled out in reply with my other hand clenched by my side.

My father laughed a little and I looked at him in confusion. "Or maybe she doesn't put out at all and you all just grovel at her feet. Pathetic."

Emma stiffened beside me and I so badly wanted to turn around and get her out of there, but I needed to know what the hell my dad wanted from us. I was about to say as much when Emma stepped away from me and walked past me to stand right in front of my dad. His eyes locked on her and he seemed a little surprised that she wasn't afraid of him.

"Mr. Ramano I am glad to meet you but the boys and I have plans for the afternoon. Can you please tell us what we can do for you?" Emma asked offering him her sweet innocent-looking smile.

I glanced at the other guys who wore the same expression as me. Pure shock. Emma was the sweetest angel that we had ever seen but standing against my father she looked like a wolf in sheep's clothing. 1

My father snorted a laugh. "You have some fire in you sweetheart. I respect that."

Something passed across Emma's face that surprises me more than anything. Anger. She didn't look sweet at all as she stepped closer to my father. The rest of us took a step toward them ready to help her if my

father turned aggressive.

“I am no one’s sweetheart. Now, what do you want?” She spits out with controlled rage.

My father didn’t show his true emotions often but for a second his eyes furrow in anger at her disrespect. He scoffed again and stood walking around Emma basically brushing her off. My eyes dropped to her’s and the fear she had been pushing down. She had put on a hell of a show but she was terrified the whole time. She was smart though, my father would have eaten her up and spit her out if he saw how scared she was.

“Thomas Millar has been more trouble than he’s worth and now he thinks his business with me is over. I want you guys to show him how wrong he is.” My dad said turning to me with a smirk. “Your welcome to bring your little plaything with you so she can see everything you boys get up to. Maybe even get her hands a little dirty herself.”)

“We’ll handle it.” That is all I said in reply not even acknowledging his suggestion of including Emma.

That seemed to satisfy him because he well knew we never rejected any of his requests. We were just buying our time until we had the money we needed to get out of this town and away from him.

“Good.” He turned then and snapped his finger at the two men standing guard a few feet away.

The three of them filed out and we all let out a collective breath. We never wanted Emma anywhere near

this part of our world and she had just gone face to face with the head of our whole organization. Logan rushed toward her and swept her into his arms. 2

“Damn baby you were amazing but I was freaking out.” He admitted with a sigh of relief.

She let out a laugh that sounded more close to the relieved sigh Logan let out.

“What came over you standing up to Devaro like that?” Jayden asked, his voice hard. 3

Emma looked to him as Logan lowered her to her feet again. There was that expression again and it still

shocked me because we had never seen Emma get angry.

“I was thinking that he would see me as a weakness. He would see me as a way to hurt you guys if I acted helplessly.” She all but yelled at him.

“What then? Do you plan to fake your way through every encounter with anyone from his crew? You can’t defend yourself Emma not even close.” Jayden growled out stepping up to her so they were only a few inches apart.

“Then teach me! If you don’t want me to be helpless then teach me to fight back.” She wasn’t backing down and the rest of us were too curious about this whole thing that we didn’t step in.

Jayden let out a sigh of defeat as he looked to be taking in her words. “You’re right. If you are with us, you need to learn what it means to be an angel.”

Emma was breathing hard as the adrenaline started to slow. “Good I’m glad we agree. Look I know I am not even close to being on your level but I don’t want to be a victim anymore. I don’t want to cower and be afraid all the time. I want to be more than that. So please.”

Jayden nodded to her in agreement. “Good. Let’s start now.”