

Four or Dead by GOA

Chapter 46

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Emma...Present...

Devaro leads me to a black SUV that is parked in front of the house. My heart is pounding as I wonder if the boys will come after me or not. Will they stop me from going? Part of me hopes not because I need space but another part of me wants them to always come for me. Maybe that's selfish, but I have never had someone want me so badly that they would never let me go. I feel it with the boys and Asher especially but I know that they will also respect my wishes whether they agree or not.

My mind and heart are torn about all this and it's making me feel sick with guilt. Devaro holds the door open for me and I climb in. The inside of the car is all black as well and smells like aftershave and cigarettes. It smells like Devaro. He joins me soon after and pulls away from the curb as soon as he gets the car started. It's silent for a while and I focus my attention on what's passing us outside the window. The suburban area falling away and giving way to the bright lights of the big city. (*

Even at night, the city shines as people find a way to relax and blow off steam in clubs and bars. Places I have never been to actually. | wonder what a club experience would be like.

"Are you ok?" Devaro finally asks in his deep smooth voice.

It's so different from Asher and I turn to him and just examine his face for a second. He and Asher look alike in some ways but Devaro has a sharper jaw and more chiseled features. Asher obviously takes from his Chapter 46

mom in some ways because his features are nowhere near as intense. Devaro's hair is slicked back and his beard is trimmed and short. He looks in every way like a polished businessman, the only thing making him look the part of a kingpin is the tattoos that peek from his polished suit.

Intricate designs travel up his neck and across his knuckles. He is gorgeous and dangerous. When he glances over at me I realize I hadn't answered his question.

I clear my throat and adjust in my seat. "Yes, I'm fine."

My words are tight and clipped as I berate myself for checking out Asher's dad. I mean how wrong is that? Thirty-five is not that old but the fact that he is Asher's dad makes any ideas of him seem taboo. Not that I have an interest in him. Looking and admiring him has nothing to do with interest. Right?

"You're not hurt?" he asks reaching over and gently brushing a finger along the red marks Asher left.

My chest tightens at the sight of those marks on my skin after so long being free of marks now. I glance up to Devaro and see the intense concern in his eyes that seems to not fit all the stories I have heard and how Asher talks about him. He looks sad more than anything, it may be I was doing that thing where I try to see the good in everyone. Even after everything I always hope people can be redeemed.

Maybe Devaro was one of those people. Chapter 46

"Lm ok. He didn't hurt me. It could have been worse." I say with a shrug.

I wasn't mad at Asher. He wasn't my father and by how he reacted I knew he hadn't meant to hurt me at all. I was upset but I needed to call him and tell him that he didn't really hurt me or he will go crazy with guilt.

"He would never hurt you, Emma. I can see how much you mean to him. He would die before he ever hurt you." Devaro says.)

His words hold the weight of so much more meaning and that confuses me a little. From where I am it seems like Asher and Devaro have a hate-hate relationship. Yet Devaro speaks in a way that sounds more like pride and admiration. He cares for his son but just doesn't show it. I wonder how different things would be if the two of them put all their hate aside and worked together. Instead of speaking these thoughts though I kept my reply simple. 2

T know, I reply and we fall silent again.

We arrive at a tall building right in the center of the main city and Devaro parks his car in the underground garage.

"What is this place?" I ask claiming out of the car.

"Lown this building. It holds my more legitimate businesses," he says with a smirk. Chapter 46

I laugh a little and follow him toward the elevator. We step in and he sets my bag down on the floor and pulls out his phone.

"Yeah?" He says into it and I try not to seem interested in what the call is about, finding the wall next to me more interesting.

The phone must have been on vibrate because I hadn't heard a sound. Whoever he is talking to is in a panic and even though their voice is muffled I can tell they seem upset.

"any dead?" Devaro asks his jaw clenching. "Okay, clean it up and get

our guys left out of there."

When the call ends a string of curses spit out of his mouth like venom and he turns to throw his phone hard at the opposite wall making me jump.

"What's wrong?" I ask and he turns to me with fury in his gaze.

"another of our warehouses was hit. A dozen of my guys are dead," he says cursing again and turning to slam his hand against the wall.

I bite my lower lip and try to think of what we can do. Our plan was for me to train before laying the bait for Zane, but with the rate he is hitting The Angels we may have to move our timetable up.

"I need to get to Zane now," I say. |

He turns to me with an angry expression but it's conflicted with a look Chapter 46 that says he is wondering if I have lost my mind.

"You are nowhere near ready. I can't allow that," he says firmly shaking his head a turning away from me.

I scoff and walk around so I am standing right in front of him.

"Tm not asking for your permission. I will do it with or without your help." I say and his jaw clenches even tighter.)

"You. Are. Not. Ready.?" He says stepping closer to me and crowding me.

IT won't back down now though. I will not run and I won't let fear win,

not anymore. So I hold my ground and don't let his postering scare me. }

"You don't own me Devaro! I have made my choice. Now you can help me or you can get out of my way." I push past him and grab my bag from the floor as the elevator doors open.

I walk off and I hear his heavy footsteps following me into the brightly lit hallway. He grabs my arm and stops me.

"You may think you are brave little girl but I make the rules here. I say when it's time," he growls out releasing me and storming off.

I scowl at his back but follow him to the closest door. He uses what looks like a thumb scanner to unlock the door and steps inside. I follow and freeze in place as soon as the door slams behind me. Chapter 46

The room I step into is huge! The whole wall I am looking at is made of windows. With black and steel furniture placed purposefully in a way that reminds me of a furniture store catalog. The room is open and there are stairs on each side of the large open room leading to who knows where. I step further in and look to my right to find an open kitchen stocked full of the best appliances you can get.

The fridge even has a tablet-sized screen on it! The counters are black marble and the rest of the room follows the theme of black and steel. It's breathtaking and simple in that obnoxious rich guy way. I walk past the kitchen and step down a single step and I am standing in what I guess is the living room. It's completely open though so I can turn and see a lot of what this insane apartment has to offer. I turn to look above the entrance to find a glass rail walkway that leads from one side of the apartment to another.

Each side has a darkened hallway that it's linked to it and in the middle of the walkway are two separate doors. One of the doors is cracked and when I step back further I can see Devaro inside removing his coat jacket and dropping into a chair behind a large desk.

I guess I have to go to him then to find out where I'll be sleeping. So much for a warm welcome. To think I was actually starting to like the guy...dick. I storm over to the staircase to my left and make my way up to him. When I reach the open door I stand there with my hand on my hip wearing a glare that I hope is burning a hole into his forehead.

"So you brought me here and then ditch me?" I say annoyed. Chapter 46

He looks up at me and gives me a look like he is about ready to throw me out.

"I'm in no mood to deal with your attitude Emma. Not when I have men lying dead out there," he says opening his laptop and proceeding to ignore me. (2

Wow the shift in the mood between us is giving me whiplash. "ine. Just tell me where I should sleep." I say with a sigh. "Down the hall, first door on the right," he says without looking at me.

I grit my teeth and turn on my heels to find my temporary room. To think I thought he was nice, well I guess he is one good actor. It doesn't matter though, because as much as I hate him right now, we need each other to make this work. For now, though I will happily imagine myself strangling him. Yeah, that's sounds nice. 2)