

Four or Dead by GOA

Chapter 66

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Emma

A couple of hours have passed and now I'm sitting in the backseat beside Zane. He seems surprisingly calm and more like the man I had come to know when he first took me in. He may seem more normal now but there is no way I'm letting my guard down now

We head out of the city and jump onto the highway. I try to keep myself tense and aware of my surroundings here in the car but also outside. If somehow I can get to a phone I could try and tell someone where I am

Only that plan is shattered when the car pulls into what looks like a small airport

There are a couple of buildings and small one-person planes. I swallow the knot in my throat and try and calm my racing heart. I have never flown before unless..

Was Zane planning on killing me and throwing my body out of a plane?

It sounded a little extreme but not impossible. That idea has panic building in me. Honestly, at this point, I have no idea what Zane will do. The car drives past the planes and stops in front of another more frightening sight

I feel suddenly sick to my stomach. A helicopter? That had to be worse than a plane right? Like I could fall to my death with the first bit of a strong wind. The small size is making me rethink the possibility of my

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murder, at least for now. .)

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Our driver climbs out and makes his way to a man waiting next to the death trap, and they exchange some words and a thick envelope passes between them. The man walks off giving a nod in our direction before disappearing into one of the open garages nearby

Our driver seems to have many talents because he's the one who climbs into the front of the helicopter and starts it up. I'm frozen in my seat as I run through all the possible ways a person could die from a helicopter ride. There are way too many

"Let's go," Zane says in a firm but chilling voice

I swallow and slide out of the car. Zane grabs my arm and all but drags me to the waiting helicopter. He forces my head low as we approach and when he opens the side door he pushes me inside. I quickly find a seat and buckle myself in. I squeeze my eyes shut and take the straps of my seat belt into a firm grip. He grabs something that looks like headphones and places them over my ears letting his fingers brush against my cheek. I flinch just a little but he notices and I see fury flash in his eyes. [?)

I hate that the strength I had found when he tortured me has been lost

I think subconsciously I realized fear and desperation were the two emotions that would be what motivates me to escape. No emotion means I have accepted my fate, and that is far from true.

Zane yells, "Let's go!" To the driver or pilot, I guess now

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I feel the helicopter jolt and sway as it lifts from the ground. My stomach rolls along with the motion making me feel like any wrong move will send my breakfast right back up. 2)

I definitely don't like flying.

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I keep my eyes shut the whole time, figuring if we plummet to our death I won't see the ground coming before we hit

It makes the ride feel too long but I think it only takes us about twenty minutes before I feel the drop in my stomach signaling our descent

Thank god

When the sound of the helicopter dies down I feel someone tugging on my seatbelt. I open my eyes and come face to face with one of the guards. His eyes lift to mine

"Are you alright?" He asks and I nod. "Take it slow. You may feel a little dizzy."

Once my belt is undone I grasp onto his arm and he steadies me as I pull myself to my feet. He doesn't protest when I completely lean on him and he slowly escorts me toward a door not far away. I glance around to see that we are on a roof and surrounded by trees

"We are not too high off the ground so I'm guessing this is a house of some kind but it's huge. I mean would have to be to have space for a helicopter to land. \')

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My guard leads me through a door and down some stairs that lead to yet another door. We pass through into a hallway with several closed doors that I'm guessing are bedrooms

I'm led to a door that is being guarded by two more men, the guy escorting me opens the door and leads me inside

The room is tiny compared to my suite at the hotel. It is only big enough for a twin-sized bed, a side table and a dresser. The wall that shares the door has a door that is probably a closet. There is another door that I'm guessing leads to a bathroom. *

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"We'll bring you some food in about an hour:" The guy next to me says and he pulls away from my touch

I nod to him and he walks out and I hear a lock fall into place. Just another kind of prison. I sigh and drop down on the bed. \')

Why would Zane bring us here? He had told the world that I was going to be on a retreat of some kind. So if he doesn't come back with me he wouldn't have to explain my mysterious disappearance. He could say I was killed in an accident or something and people would believe it

There are a dozen ways I could get into an "accident" way out here

I also realize that trying to run from here would possibly be more dangerous since I have no idea where we are. From all the trees I'm guessing we are in the woods, but how far away are we from civilization? If somehow I got out, I may not get very far. The men already here didn't come by helicopter, so they must have driven in.

That's something I could work with..

First, I would need to get past the guards. Second, I would need to find one of their cars. Third, hope the car has GPS in it that can help me find my way back to the city. Fourth, get the hell out of here. \')

Sounds easy enough..

Four knights in shining armor coming to my rescue would be a lot of help right now. However, the chances of my guys finding me out here are slim at best. Even if they got my message...I'm going to have to find a way out on my own. \')

It's funny thinking that not long ago I was ready to end my life and now I am crazy enough to risk the impossible to save myself. I guess when you have something to live for, you'll try the impossible to try and fight for it. @