

The Girl He Craves

Chapter 185

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Aiden's pov

Mitch's tired eyes looked at me when I entered the car.

"I told you, you didn't have to come." I grumble.

All he had to do was drop off the car here earlier and I could do what I have to do without involving him.

But he refused and wanted to tag along.

"I couldn't let you go on your own sir." He said while rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

I didn't want him to tag along just incase things go south. But I knew he'd still end up following me if I told him no.

"So where are we going sir?" He asked while peering at me through the rearview mirror.

"I'm waiting for a text back from the private investigator." I uttered while, keeping the conversation open.

I texted him again. After a couple of minutes passed by it showed two blue check marks.

He got the message. I'm just confused on why he had yet to respond.

Ten minutes later it finally showed that he was typing.

Ping.

Private investigator: Meet me here.

He then sent me his location.

Telling Mitch the location, we set on the road.

Thirty minutes later and we were pulling up to the location. I looked down at my phone, texted the investigator back but didn't get a response.

"Something is off." I said as I looked around the dead street.

The only car up ahead is a black jeep that's parked in the middle of the road.

It's strange.

Mitch looks at me through the rearview mirror.

"Do you think something must've happened sir? Perhaps that's why...."

I looked back down at my phone. It shows that the last message I sent has been received. Yet there are no blue ticks this time.

Something was definitely strange about this.

Something in my gut told me something was wrong.

I dialed the investigators number. It rang until it ended without him picking up.

"Mitch-

I was just about to tell Mitch to turn back around when a bloody hand from that parked jeep pushes out of the window.

What the bloody fuck?.

"Sir- Mitch looked at me with widen alarmed eyes.

I shook my head and put my finger on my mouth to tell him to shush as I observe around.

There was no one about but I wasn't sure if the coast was actually clear or not.

Someone could very well be hiding somewhere and waiting for me to get out.

The bloody hand waved up and down, as if signaling for help.

Mitch looked ready to shit his pants.

"Sir, I think we should call the co-

He's cut off by a loud groan that came from the clearly injured person who opened the door and fell down with a thud on the cold ground.

"Shit." I hissed as I opened the door.

It was my private investigator Tenney.

He's on his back, holding his chest as he grunts loudly.

"Sir!" Mitch yelled in alarm when I jumped out of the car and rushed over to Tenney without a second thought.

I was the reason he was in this position.

Christopher must have caught on to him tailing.

"Fuck Tenney." I grunted as I kneeled beside him and searched his body.

He was either shot or stabbed in the chest. Crimson painted his entire shirt. Luckily he wasn't dead yet.

"Call 911 Mitch!" I yelled at Mitch who was visibly shaken about the current situation.

Tenney coughs out blood. "Chris-

"Don't speak. Try to focus on your breathing instead." I uttered and pressed my hands to his wound.

He was bleeding profusely, alarming my worry.

When his eyes fluttered close all I could yell was. "Fuck!"

Christopher's pov

"Someone's been tailing you for a few hours now Chris." Lillian said in my ear when she hugged me goodnight.

I stiffen.

"How do you know?" I asked, shifting my eyes to the left.

"That same black jeep is somehow always where we were today. I've marked the number plate and it's the same. Someone sent someone to spy on us." She said, giggling to not make it obvious.

"Where?" I gritted, tightening my hold around her.

"To your right. Don't make it obvious." She whispered and pulled away.

Lifting her hand to my face, she whispered. "Be careful. I think it's Aiden who sent whoever it is in that jeep."

I nod and bid her goodnight before waking away. Glancing at my right slightly, I do notice a black jeep hidden by the shadows.

Aiden fucking Xavier..

Was it him?

Or did he send someone to spy on me?

Getting into my car, I made a few calls.

Sliding the phone in my pocket, I glance through the rearview mirror with a smirk.

Whether it's him or someone else, they're toast.

I made a sharp turn and looked through the rearview mirror. The jeep was still tailing behind me.

Smirking I stepped on the gas.

Taking the phone out of my pocket I dialed dad's number. He answered on the second ring.

"Where are you?" I asked while pecking through the mirror every second to make sure the jeep was still following me.

"Right behind that fucker."

Smirking I slowed down.

"The streets are empty we should do it here." I told him.

"Yes." Dad respond and I abruptly stopped the car in the middle of the road which caused the jeep to slow down.

Grinning, I began to back away.

Dad's white car is right behind the jeep.

Seeing that he had no where to go, he had no choice but to stop seeing as I blocked his path from ahead and dad blocked his path from behind.

Stopping the car before it hit the front of the jeep, I got out and stormed towards the driver's side.

I heard the sharp sound of dad closing his door before I fisted my hand and punched through the glass.

The man yelled, closing his eyes as the glass shards flew everywhere.

I gripped his shirt, barking. "Who the fuck sent you, you bastard!?"

"Get him out." Dad demanded just as I saw the silver gleam of an object in the guy's hand.

I ducked, wincing when it popped off beside my ear.

Rushing footsteps and the sound of another gun going off filled the cold night. The guy yells in pain.