

Chapter 98: I SAID DON'T MOVE!

Vincent's POV

Recently, I was happy to help my friends, especially Patricia, but I was also worried about what was happening and the plot that was developing right in front of my eyes.

I couldn't believe that Tess and Alexander were capable of doing what they did. More than the dirty s*x tape that Ethan recorded of them, they were trying to harm someone's health just for their personal interests.

In a certain way, I was shocked by that fact because they practically grew up with us. But just like Julius Caesar, Ethan was betrayed by people who he used to trust most. I don't know why, but I never trusted them completely. Maybe I had a sixth sense or something like this.

I took Patricia from the hospital under another name to delay whoever was behind her coma. Obviously, they would realize what was happening fast, so I hid her in the first place that I thought, my home. I brought Martha, a good old friend of mine, to take care of her and it worked. Patricia woke up and after her mental confusion passed, she was able to tell her version of the story, which could seriously harm Tess.

After a while, I was asleep at home one night when I heard something odd. I didn't have a mansion like Hannah and Ethan, so it was easier for me to hear anything out of the ordinary. There was a noise of glass breaking downstairs that woke me up. Being a doctor had its advantages, I could wake up easily. Fearing a burglar, I grabbed my personal gun from the vault in my closet and went to check on the invader.

Still, upstairs, I opened my bedroom door and found Martha peeking up downstairs from her room which was straight in front of the stairs. She looked at me panicked and mouthed "There's someone here!" I nodded at her and made a gesture so she would remain quiet.

I got her back to her bedroom and told her, "Wake Patricia up. I have a place where you can remain safe." She nodded at me seriously and went to wake Patricia up.

A couple of minutes later, they were up and alert. I made a gesture so they could follow me toward my room. We got inside my closet, and I pressed a secret button that opened a disguised door.

I put them in a small room and murmured, "So, this is a panic room. You can remain inside it. There's a phone line and a few numbers. I want you two to remain calm and call the police. And then, I need you to call Ethan, okay? He will know what to do," I told them.

"But I don't know your friend's phone number!" Martha exclaimed desperately.

"I do," Patricia murmured weakly. She was still under the influence of strong painkillers, so she was kind of dizzy. I wonder if she could really remember the number correctly, but we didn't have time. If we wanted to have the slightest chance, we would need to do something quickly.

"Stay safe, and don't open the door until I tell you it's okay to do so, all right?" I told them. They nodded, and I sealed the door.

After that, I considered my options. The panic room was armored, and they were safe. I had the password to set them free later. So, I had to choose between hiding somewhere else or going after them. So, I decided that it was time to go after whoever the hell was in my home.

I was going downstairs silently when I heard someone coming up. It was dark and eerie, so I couldn't identify anyone. I took a deep breath and waited for this person to come up, and after a little while this person showed up in my field of vision. It seems to be a man or a very tall and strong woman. I prepared myself and got ready to shoot at sight.

"Don't move!" I warned the invader. "I'm armed and ready to shoot if you don't stop right now!" I exclaimed.

The man stood there, with his arms up in the air. He seemed to be analyzing my posture for a minute or two. And then, he decided to go back, so he climbed down a step. But I wasn't going to give up that easily, knowing who he was and who sent him here.

"I SAID DON'T MOVE!" I roared, and he stood there again, one step below, I realized. It looked as if, even though slowly, he was stepping away from me. So, I decided to take a step toward him.

And just like that, the chaos started.

I got distracted by the noise my wood floor made below my feet. The man used my distraction to draw a gun from his back. He didn't hesitate as I did. One second later, he was shooting me. The bullet hit the top of my shoulder. I managed to hide in time before a second bullet flew close to me, and I started to mentally curse myself for not acting that fast.

I screamed, "Argh! You son of a..."

And then, I heard someone downstairs calling me, "Vince? What's going on?"

It was Ethan! His voice came right in time to distract the man, and I used this opportunity to run to him and kick him from the top of the stairs, and he rolled down to the first floor like a potato sack.

"Ethan, watch out!" I screamed at him just in case the man got up and attacked him.

"What's going on, Vince? Your nurse called me," I heard Ethan's voice come closer.

"We're not alone, Ethan! There's an armed man downstairs!" I screamed at him.

"What?" Ethan asked me confused. His voice was even closer.

Suddenly, we could hear the noise of sirens. The police were on their way. The man noticed what was going on and started to run to escape from them. Ethan was on the way to stop him, but he wasn't enough. The man was taller and stronger than him, and, at the first contact, he threw Ethan right at the top of my coffee table and ran away. The coffee table couldn't stand the contact and broke under Ethan's weight. The police entered my home a few seconds later, but the man was already gone.

"Damn! I can't believe that I was that close to the intruder and couldn't stop him!" Ethan exclaimed nonconformist while a nurse was mending his elbow. He had a nasty cut from the glass on the coffee table.

"You think you did nothing?" I asked him astonished.

"I know that I didn't, otherwise, I would have kept the man here. But now, all that I have is a cut on my elbow," Ethan complained.

"You did a lot, Ethan. Your entrance got his attention and probably saved my life!" I exclaimed to him.

Ethan sighed anyway and said, "Well, at least, nothing worse happened. So, do you know what the big guy wanted here?" He asked me.

"They were probably trying to abduct Patricia," I told him. "I've seen some strange people lurking in the neighborhood, and I just thought that this was the house they were looking for since Patricia is the one hidden here. I believe that they were after her.

"So, we need to move her as soon as possible!" Ethan exclaimed.

I nodded to him and murmured, "Yeah, as soon as the doctors and the police clear her, we will move her whatever you want to." I didn't know where he was planning to take her, but I bet that with the resources Ethan had available, she would be very well hidden.

I wondered if Hannah would have had similar help. But if she was on the run from Ethan, who did she know with so many resources that could help her getaway?

"Do you want to come along with me?" Ethan said distracting me from my thoughts.

"And I can?" I asked curious.

"Of course. I don't think there's any danger that you know where Patricia will be staying," Ethan said.

I looked at him and asked, "Can we all go?" and pointed out to Martha.

"Wait, is that... Martha?" Ethan asked me curiously.

"Do you remember her?" I asked him. That was odd. Normally, Ethan was so focused on himself that he didn't pay attention to my girlfriends and love interests.

"Yeah, I kind of called her when Patricia needed a nurse. I thought that I should call someone outside of the hospital bubble, and someone who I trust and who wasn't involved with this whole situation," I explained.

"That was a good idea. But how about her husband?" Ethan asked me curiously.

"There's no husband anymore," I told him. "She got a divorce recently," I explained to him.

"Really?" Ethan asked. He had a wide smile on his face as if knowing things I wasn't even aware of.

I nodded and murmured, "He left her a while ago, but I'm not sure if she is willing to have another relationship this soon," I told him.

"Oh, so she's completely single and out in the market?" Ethan asked me provocatively.

"Oh, shut up, Ethan!" I exclaimed. "This is not the time!" I chastised him. I could feel my cheeks getting warmer by the minute.

"Well, if destiny is trying to put two people who like each other together, who are we to ask questions about the time?" Ethan shrugged as he answered me.

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A few hours later, the police completed preliminary investigations into what had happened at the home and collected our testimonies. Apparently, the intruder was not alone in the house, but the second individual had even before the one who shot me. They collected the remains of the bullet to try to identify the weapon it came from. A doctor bandaged my shoulder. I would be fine. The bullet had only grazed it. But it hurt like hell.

When the police finally left, Ethan got us all into his car and headed to the airport. I thought we were going far, but I didn't think we'd need a plane. I texted Dean Mason that I was taking a few days off. We traveled for a few hours by plane towards the shores. We got there mid-morning.

As soon as we got off the plane, Ethan got a phone call, and his expression became incredibly tense.

"Vincent, we need to go to the hospital now. Hannah is going into labor early!" Ethan said to me after hanging up the phone.