

Dirty Desires Chapter 113

~CARTER~

The second Joshua's house came into view, I felt chills down my spine. My hands tighten on the steering wheel as I examine the area.

I stiffen when something catches my attention. It's the last thing I expected to see.

"Something happened here." Alaric growls when he sees the dead guards in front of the building at the same time that I do.

I rush out of the truck before he can say anything else. I race into the house while everyone else shouts my name.

I didn't care about anything else but getting Scarlett back. Even if men were waiting to charge at me inside the f****g house, it wouldn't matter to me as long as I got my wife back.

The door was already opened, and there were shattered windows to the front. It seemed like there was an ambush here. My panic doubles at the thought of Scarlett being in the middle of everything.

"Scarlett!" I roar as I break into a room.

There was no sign of her.

"Scarlett!" I repeat as I move into another room—my calls for her intensify, desperate with each room I entered and didn't see her.

I kept shouting her name over and over again. Please let me find her. Please.

"Carter!" I hear Alaric's call. "You should see this."

I followed the sound of his voice and didn't stop until I found him. I pause when I see a dead body in front of him.

"It's on fire." Alaric hissed. "Someone was not too long here."

"It's no doubt, Joshua," Apollo says as he joins us. "Someone killed him."

"Do you think Scarlett did all of this on her own?" Alaric asks me.

I don't answer him as I look around the room for more clues.

"There are cameras here," I say with a hopeful voice. It could confirm whether or not Scarlett was here.

Though, I didn't need the confirmation. Her scent was strong. She was most definitely here recently.

"I found the cameras," Ares announces. "Follow me."

We all let him lead us to the camera room. They fast-forwarded the recording until we saw the men entering the house.

"How much of them are there?" Alaric asks.

"It looks like four of them," I say as I try to get a clearer look at their faces.

I watch as they break down the door and rush in.

"They're vampires," Alaric says as he watches them move from room to room. It was hard to look at it. My fear and panic only intensified while I scrutinized the recording.

"Stop!" I shout when I spot Scarlett.

My heart squeezes tightly in my chest at the sight of her. I wanted to reach into the screen and pull her into my arms.

I was too late.

I was too f****g late again.

"She has the phone in her hand. This must have been when she sent me the message." I say as my hand tightened around my phone.

"They are the ones responsible for his death. They killed him brutally." Atticus says before his eyes widen slightly. "Wait, zoom up on that one's face."

"Do you know him?" I ask him.

I was desperate to get an answer. His eyes got even wider, and it petrified me.

"It can't be." He whispers.

"Who is it?" I demand. The longer he took to explain, the faster the panic rose inside of me.

"It looks like Wilder Cage." He answers me. "Zoom up on the others."

Ares does as he says and focuses on the others. I could see each of their faces clearly now.

"You're right," Griffin says as he walks closer. "That's the Cage brothers."

"But why are they there?" Dante asks. "What business did they have with Joshua? And why would they take Scarlett with them?"

"Maybe someone hired a hit on him?" Damon asks. "I'm not sure why they took Scarlett. I don't see any reason for them to take her."

I looked at Alaric; he was just as confused as I was.

The Cage brothers? Why was that name ringing a bell in my head? I felt I should know who that was, but my memory failed me.

"Who are they?" Ares asks. "I feel like I should know, judging by everyone's reaction."

Atticus looked at his brother Damon, and it seemed they were unsure if telling us was the right thing to do.

"They're a big part of the underworld." Atticus finally says.

That last word makes my blood run cold.

Underworld.

f**k.

"The underworld?" I ask for confirmation.

That couldn't be right.

Why the f**k would anyone from the underworld take my wife? I play the recording of them forcing her out of the house over and over again, memorizing each of their faces.

He nods, "They're involved with a lot of criminal activities. They kill for the money. Someone orders a hit on a person, and they do the job for them. They're good at their jobs. They do most of the dirty work for some of the rich families that refuse to get their own hands dirty."

"I don't understand," I growl. "Why would they take Scarlett with them? She's innocent, an angel; she has nothing to do with the underworld. Why the f**k would they take her?"

"I can't say," Atticus sighs, "but she's with them now. And they aren't just vampires. They're hybrids, half-vampire, half-wolf. They're dangerous."

"Where can I find them?" I demand.

"No one knows exactly where they live," Atticus confesses. "It's not going to be easy to find them, and I wouldn't advise you to go alone. Even your family and mine wouldn't be enough to get Scarlett back from them. We're going to need much more help than that."

I didn't care what needed to be done. I would do whatever I could to get Scarlett and my baby back in my life.

I f****g missed her like crazy, and I was terrified of anything happening to her.

I had to get her back.

I had to.

If something happened to them, I would never forgive myself.

This was all my fault, my f****g fault.