

You Once Called Me Wife |

Chapter 26

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Before heading to the ranch, we stopped at our house to grab some things for the next week or so. But when Zane shut off the engine, we both sat in his truck quietly, thinking about everything we had learned.

I couldn't believe my ex-husband's affair had turned into a nightmare that was affecting so many people around me. Of all the towns Sampson could have chosen, he picked ours. But if he hadn't, if Chris hadn't cheated on me with Opal, I might still be married to the asshole. That was something I didn't want to think about.

"Matthews didn't say when we would get protection, did he?" Zane said, interrupting my thoughts.

"He didn't," I said with a shrug, "but I wouldn't think it'd take long. They might already be watching."

"Let's stick together just in case. Wherever you go, I go." Zane gave my forehead a kiss. "You're the most important thing in the world to me. I want to make sure that you are safe no matter what."

He took my hand and led me to the house, but as soon as we were inside, something caught my attention. A man with long, blonde hair was sitting on our sofa. He wore a designer suit, and he held a gun loosely in his hand.

My eyes grew wide, and I grabbed Zane's arm. When he looked at me, I pointed.

"I think it would be wise for you to close the door and have a seat," the man said in a strong southern accent.

We did as he asked and took a seat on the other sofa, across from him. Neither Zane nor I said anything. I was too afraid to speak, and I assumed my husband was as well.

The man watched us closely like he was trying to figure out everything there was to know about us. I shivered under his sharp gaze, feeling uncomfortable. Whatever he thought, I didn't want to know.

The man gave us an unnerving smirk. "I assume you both know who I am?"

"Gavin Sampson," was all I said.

He chuckled. "Correct! You must be the brains in this relationship. Now, on to more pressing matters. Where is Opal?"

I had to fight myself to not turn and look at Zane. If Gavin was asking where she was, then he didn't know that she'd been taken into custody. I didn't want to be the one to tell him, and I knew Zane didn't either. We had to play this just right if we wanted to make it out of here.

"I'd assume she's with Chris. Aren't they living together?" Zane said.

Gavin narrowed his eyes, trying to determine if Zane was playing him. "That's the thing," he said. "I was there, and she wasn't. Another odd thing was that it looked like Chris had moved out. Opal hasn't been in contact recently like she should have, so now I have to find out what she's been up to."

He put his elbows on his knees, folded his hands together, and stared at us. There was something unnerving in his eyes. It was like he was a predator, and we were his prey.

"Since you both seem to think that you can sit there and not share the information that I'm sure you have," Gavin said, "we'll play a game."

I looked over at Zane and saw anger in his eyes, but I was scared. We were at the mercy of a lunatic.

"If someone doesn't tell me where Opal is, I'm going to hurt one of you. And to be perfectly transparent, I prefer to hurt the woman. It tends to make the man offer up the information much faster."

I shook with fear at the evil glint in Gavin's eyes. It felt like he had no soul. Even Zane looked scared now.

"May I ask you a question?" I asked, trying to buy us some time.

"I suppose that would be acceptable."

I tried to play dumb. “What are your plans for Opal? Do you know her from somewhere or something?”

“Do you really want to know, McKenzie?” Gavin asked with a smirk.

“I do.”

Gavin tightened his grip on his gun. “I want my property back. Ava—or as you know her, Opal—belongs to me. I found her and turned her into the perfect tool, and now I need to find her to see where her loyalty lies. Something tells me she’s not as loyal to me as she once was. Now...do I need to hit you, or are you going to tell me where she is?”

This man knew more than he was letting on, and I was scared to try lying to him. He might even already know that she was in jail.

“She’s at the police station,” Zane answered.

Gavin raised a brow. “I see. So, she was caught, then?”

“She was,” I said. “The owners of the bank started to notice the money was gone. I don’t think that they suspect it was her. All we know is that they have her in custody and are looking for you.”

Gavin rubbed his chin like he was thinking of something, and I wondered, would he kill us because we could identify him? Or would he simply take off, never to be seen again?

“What do you plan to do with us?” Zane asked.

“That is the question of the hour. I don’t particularly need either of you. There isn’t any information that you have that I couldn’t get from somewhere else...,” he mused aloud. “It’s been a while since I’ve killed someone. I was hoping to kill that disloyal bitch, Ava, next, but you two may have to do.”

Gavin stood up from the sofa and pointed his gun at us, and Zane jumped in front of me just as a shot rang out. I covered my head and screamed.

I waited for another shot to come, but when nothing happened, I looked at the ground. I expected to see my husband lying there, injured or dead, but all I saw were his shoes. I looked up and realized that his body still stood in front of mine and that Gavin was lying on the sofa, holding his shoulder.

Zane snapped into action, taking the gun out of Gavin's hand just as our front door burst open and several men ran into the living room. I recognized them as Agent Matthews's team.

"Are either of you hurt?" one of them asked while another went to secure Gavin.

"No, I think we're both fine. Were you watching from outside?" Zane asked angrily.

"We were. I'm sorry, but we had to make sure that he was a threat to you. Up until he pointed the gun, it looked like you were all just sitting around talking. As you know, we didn't know what Gavin looked like."

Just then, his phone rang, and he answered. "We've got him, Matthews," he said. The Templetons are fine and safe."

Next Chapter

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