

Chapter Sixteen

*****WARNING: ALL COMMENTS THAT REVEAL THE FUTURE PLOT WILL BE DELETED. For those who have read this story before, do not ruin it for the newcomers. Thank you.*****

WOOH!

I swear I'm on FIRE.

Get it?

Okay, so I'm also in a fantastic mood because my cousin, who was diagnosed with breast cancer, just came out of surgery! She's recovering very quickly, and doctors are saying there is a very high chance that she will make it through!

Anyways, thank you all for your support on the story!

Can I get 20 comments?

VOMMENT!

Recap

"Where have you been?" She nearly hisses, throwing her hands in the air.

I hold a hand up and clench my teeth in frustration, "Get out of my face."

"Excuseme?" She asserts, skepticism deeply intertwined with incredulity.

"Are you short of hearing?" I command sarcastically, thrusting a hand into my hair roughly. "I should have le you on the beach."

The moment I say that, I regret it. Of course I don't mean it, but at that moment in time, it was true enough to say aloud.

Faye retreats back, her expression turning void, hard, and stoic. She unfolds her arms and looks out at the road of passing cars. A humorless smile forms on her lips, as if she knows more than when she's letting on, and I watch with a burning anguish.

"And I should've gone to the police." She most nearly snarls.

"Whatever." I growl, stepping towards her, "Just stay the hell out of my life."

Before she can say anything more to make me crash and burn, I retreat back and turn on my heel. I leave her speechless, knowing full well that to have her hate me is the best I can do.

Chapter Sixteen

Unknown

The day Travis Emmons ran was the day he became our enemy.

Although I feel sympathy for him, I can't—he knows all of our secrets, our sins. He has driven James on a raging rampage, one that involves aimless murder and terrifying threats.

Three years ago, James was predictable—Deadly but predictable. Now, he's a ticking bomb. No one knows when he's going to explode or who is going to feel his wrath.

His venom spreads like fire—once one is exposed to his flame, the heat expands until everyone has been caught in a ring of lava.

Some fear his anger—I cherish it. For inside my heart, I know it is all directed towards Travis Emmons. His revenge lies so deep under the surface, it appears unimaginable what he will do once he has his hands on him.

The thought sends chills through my spine—a good, warming chill. One that reassures me that rightful measures will be taken.

I close my eyes, inhaling the scent of humidity in the air clamped building. As I stomp my feet uniformly, my hand automatically squeezes the thin yet precious file that I grasp.

A smile forms as I look down at it with pride. The file, as James had asked for, contains all of the information he needs to know about

Travis—from his strengths all the way to his weaknesses.

I stop midway down the hall as a man with a Bluetooth attached to his ear approaches me. With one hand gripping a sleek

gun, he motions for me to stop with one authoritative motion.

"Who are you?" The man demands gr u.

If it weren't for the fact that I have a gun of my own hidden in my pocket, I would have dropped at his feet. However, this man is only a bodyguard, nothing more. I am of more value than him—which makes me much more superior.

I raise an eyebrow, "That is only for James to know."

"And does he?" He presses, folding his arms across his chest. His broad shoulders manage to block out the rest of my view.

"He is expectingme," I growl out impatiently.

The man starts to say something, his lips curled and ready for a fight, but then he freezes. His head angles to the side and I catch the sound of a voice uttering through his device. He puts a hand to his Bluetooth, frowning and cringing as the voice gets louder, and I smirk.

"My apologies sir." He talks into the device, looking more frightened than sincere.

Moments later, he stu s his gun back into his coat and makes brief eye contact with me. I leave the smirk on my face as he turns around and silently motions for me to follow him.

He lightly raps on a wooden door a few feet away from where we were originally standing and then waits. A gr u bring him in across the door has my heart leaping out of my chest.

The man opens the door and closes it immediately a er I walk in. I look back to where I walked in from before quickly returning my attention to the man I work for.

With his chair turned away from me, he asks, "Do you have it?"

"Yes," I nod with a prideful smile. I am safe for now—in the game of survival of the fittest, things change. Survival of the fittest soon becomes survival of the favorites. Only the ones who please him survive. "Everything you need to know about Travis is in here."

Upon hearing this, he turns around with a satisfied smile on his face. His grey, murderous eyes dri to the file in my hands as if to verify my words. I watch as his eyebrows li in surprise, the jagged scar traveling across his temple wrinkling painfully in the process.

He folds his battered hands together and moves his eyes to a chair across his table, "Take a seat."

Instantly, I force my feet forward. With the file tight in my grip, I settle down, though my body is nearly half o the edge of the chair.

James leans forward and I catch a great glimpse of his lazy eye at its finest. He flashes me a cunning smile, one filled with vengeance and mystery. At the sight of his grin, I straighten, my blood boiling, eager to be let in on his forming plan.

"I have been thinking..." He begins slowly, "Let me see the file."

With tingling nerves, I slide the folder across the table. James stares at it as if it is his sole treasure. He chuckles, a cruel, ear dropping cackle, before picking it up and delving into its content.

Jail records, family members, photos...

Once and for all, we'll know everything about him, while he knows nothing about us.

At last, James closes the file and flips it around. The calm façade he had put on earlier quickly turns into panic as he continues to flip it over and run through all the pages of the file. By the time he hits the last page, he is fuming. My fingers curl on the edge of the seat and I feel my heart start to pound insanely.

When he looks up at me again, his eyes are swirling with fury. He jumps up from his seat and slams the folder on the table, his body shaking ferociously.

I wince and clench my eyes shut. A tremor travels through my spine as I begin to shudder uncontrollably.

"Where's it?" James demands. His voice sounds like snake venom against so honey. It drips like syrup, yet through his contradictory posture, his words are not meant to be soothing.

It only makes it worse that I have no idea what he is talking about.

I shake my head, terrified, "I don't know what you're talking about."

His fist makes a thudding impact with the table and I wrench my eyes open at the noise. He leans over me, and I viscerally tilt backwards.

He whips the file in the air, "The last page"

My eyes dart to the file and then back at his rage filled face. Confusion seeps in and I frown despite my fear.

"You didn't know?" He growls, looking the least bit convinced.

I shake my head largely, "No!"

He glares daggers at me as I speak and I look down, my hands trembling like an earthquake of its own.

"Then what the hell do you know?" He shouts, slamming a rusty book o his table.

Again, I jump, but remain frozen in my position. He leans forward again, so close that I can feel his dragon breath on my face.

"I asked you—"

"I have pictures." I interrupt before he completely loses his patience.

Nausea forms at the pit of my stomach as I realize this isn't his worst. There is more to James Grenage than the man who flips books and slams folders. Rage to him is shooting his captors and flipping tables.

"What kinds of pictures?" He snaps.

I shake my head, "I haven't got a good wrap around them, but I have a few of his face—and someone else."

"Show them to me." He commands, his chest heaving.

Abruptly, my hand flies to my coat pocket. With clammy fingers, I manage to tear out five photographs. Three of his face and two of the girl.

James snatches them from my hands before I can o er them to him. I exhale as he does so, knowing that I've distracted him momentarily.

His expression shi s from outrage to an irritated curiosity. The scar scrunches again as he raises an eyebrow.

He flips the last picture around for me to see, "Who is this?"

My heart starts to beat faster than before, knowing that I've captured his attention—yet again, it makes me relieved.

I look down briefly before staring at the picture. Posing in a cardigan and high boots, the girls auburn hair cascades down her shoulders. The slender highlights glide past her hazel eyes that appear brighter under the sun rays. I stare in awe until I bring my gaze up to James.

"Faye Williams," I state confidently, before adding in, "She seems to dislike him."

"Does she now?" James repeats, his eyes traveling back to gaze at her.

I nod, "They are always arguing."

"Would you classify her as Travis's enemy?" James presses, slowly sitting down in his leather chair.

I inhale a shaky breath and nod. Anything to make him relax completely.

"Good," He mutters, twirling the photo in his hands, "The enemy of our enemy is a friend."

He brings his gaze up to meet mine with a devious passion. Despite my anxiety, I manage to match his expression.

"That's clever thinking," I praise, earning a beam from James.

"Indeed," He muses, "Can I ask you of a favor?"

Eagerly I nod my head, "Yes."

"Can I expect you to do it right?" He implores, raising an eyebrow.

I nod again, "I promise James. I won't mess up."

He leans back in his chair, his face showing signs of satisfaction. He brings the file to his hands and stares at it in wonder.

"Find the missing page," He begins, tracing his nail across the edge of the file, "And bring the girl to me."

Continue reading next part