

# Four or Dead by GOA

## Chapter 45

Four or Dead

Chapter 45

Emma...Present...

As soon as I reach my room I can't help the anger that is bubbling up and out of me. I don't even mean to slam the door so hard but the sound echos through the whole room. I start to pace, clenching and unclenching my hands over and over. I have never felt so angry before. These last few weeks had given me a taste of freedom from my father's grasps, and it made me want more in life. For once I felt empowered to be more than a scared little girl just trying to survive.

For the first time in my life, I wanted to plan a future for myself. I was becoming more confident and my newfound strength of character was pushing me to fight for what I want. The boys had opened that door for me but seemed not to notice how I was no longer the weak little thing they rescued. I was more now, there is this new part of me that is ready for a fight.

I need to get out of here. Being here feels like I am trapped again. (7

I take out my phone and scroll until I see his name.

Devaro Ramano. (!

I click his name and lift the phone to my ear, my hands shaking with nerves. He might not be the best person to ask for help but my options are limited. I didn't know anyone else to call for help, and he and I were

thankfully on the same side right now. Chapter 45

"Hello, Miss Emma." He says and I smile. "Mr. Ramano" I say in greeting. He laughs. "You can call me Devaro. What can I do for you?"

"Can you send someone to pick me up? I need to get out of here." I say. )

"absolutely. Can you be ready in half an hour?" He asks. "I will come for you myself."

"Yes. I'll be ready." I say. "Good. See you soon." I hang up and let out a shaky breath. (7

The boys are going to be furious but I have to go. I feel like am suffocating here and I need space. I am so grateful for the boys taking me in and loving me, but love is more than protecting. It's about being equal and sharing everything with each other. These boys have never loved like this and were never taught to. Maybe I am not an expert either but this doesn't feel like the love between life partners. It feels

like a possessive and toxic thing that I just don't know if I can handle. )

I turn and head for the closet in my room and quickly pack all my things. I need to be quick so that the boys can't try and stop me. They are going to hurt because of this, but for once I need to live for myself. I need to do something because I feel it's right. This is as much for me as it is for Devaro. Chapter 45

As soon as I'm done packing my things my phone pings and I see a message from Devaro saying he is waiting. I quickly grab my bag and rush from my room but I listen carefully for where the boys are. I slowly make my way down the stairs and I hear their voice echoing from the kitchen.

"We can't let her do this. She is putting her life in danger for a turf war. It's not worth it! I can't believe my father has convinced her that she could do this." Asher whispers loudly.

"The more we try to protect her the further she will want to run can't you see that?" Leo responds.

"She has lived in fear and in pain for so long. We just want to give her a better life now. One where she feels safe." Logan adds.

"What good is that if she feels like a prisoner!" Leo's voice grows slightly louder in his anger.

"She is not ours to keep. She should be given a chance to choose. The harder we hold on to her the quicker we will lose her." Jayden says, speaking for the first time since we were in Devaro's office.

"I am not letting her go. She is ours." Asher says in finality slamming his hand on the counter. (7

I can't believe what he's saying. He is claiming me as if I'm theirs to keep, but I won't be someone's property ever again. If they wanted me to be their girlfriend then that was one thing but possessing me was out Chapter 45 of the question. So I take the step down from the stairs with my bag

firmly locked in my hands and walk right toward them. | \*

"Tam no one's to keep. I never expected this from you! I thought you loved me, but it's pretty clear that you just want me to be a thing for you to lock away and keep hidden. I am not something for you to possess! If you really think that then you are no better than my father!" I say standing in front of them. (+

"They turn to look at me and their eyes drop to the bag in my hands. "Where are you going?" Asher growls out stepping closer to me. I take a step back and shake my head.

"[ need space. I love you all but this is not the life I expected when I was free of my father. You have built a wall of protection around me, but a fortress is just a prison with good intentions." I say and my phone goes off once again.

I pull it out and read another message from Devaro. "I need to go," I say and I turn to head for the door.

I pause and add, "Don't come after me. I will come to you when I'm ready." 2)

Asher reaches out as I turn to head for the front door. and grabs my arm the same moment my hand grips the doorknob. The situation sends Chapter 45

me crashing into the dark memories of my time living back home.

"Where the hell are you going Emma?" He asks tightening his hold on me.

"Asher let her go!" Leo yells but Asher isn't listening.

His hold on me tightens and I wince from the slight pain building beneath his hold. I turn to glare at him.

"Let me go, Asher," I say with a firm warning in my voice. A knock at the door draws our attention away and Jayden walks around us to answer it. Devaro stands at the door with a smirk on his face until

he sees Asher holding on to me and the pain in my face. He pushes past Jayden and stands just in front of me, fisting Asher's shirt tight.

"Asher let her go." He says, his voice low in warning.

"This is none of your business dad. Get out!" Asher yells and doesn't make a move to let me go.

His hold only tightens and I am sure my skin will bruise because of it.

"Asher, you're hurting me." I say with a whimper as I try to pull my arm away.

His face pales and he releases me as if my skin has burned him. I stumble back and Devaro catches me. Asher steps back in horror when he realizes what he's done. Chapter 45

"E-emma. I-I'm so sorry! I didn't mean..." He stammers and I watch

him crumble with guilt. "It's fine. It's okay Asher." I say softly but I don't move toward him. ("

Devaro's hold on me is firm but not painful and I feel...safe. I turn and glance up at him and see the tightness in his jaw as he glances at the boys. His expression is tight like he is preparing to fight them if need be. After another glance at them, he lowers his head to look at me.

"Let's go." He says softly and I nod.

He leans down and grabs my bag but keeps a soft hold on me. We turn together and I glance over my shoulders to get a look at my boys one last time before I go. They watch us walk away with sadness in their eyes. They look at me as if they may never see me again, and I pray that isn't true. )