

## Four or Dead by G O A

Chapter 9

Emma

“So, Emma those boys who were here, are they good friends of yours?” The therapist, Dr. Long asks.

I let out a huffed laugh. “Not exactly. They bullied me for the last three years.”

She furrowed her brows at my words. “Really? They seem to care for you very much. They stood around you like they wanted to protect you.” 2

“Yeah, I have no idea what’s wrong with them. Is it weird that I feel safe with them even after how they treated me all those years? Like some kind of Stockholm syndrome or something?” I asked with genuine concern but my voice light.

She smiled. “Although you may be at risk of such a condition, I don’t think that is the case here. I think you feel alone and for the first time someone is there and willing to fight for you, and you want that. You need that. Did they ever physically hurt you?”

I let out a sigh and laid my head back on my pillow. “No, never. They played a few pranks on me but they were mostly harmless. It was more like catcalling and teasing. The girls they hang around with are the ones who physically hurt me.”

“I see. So maybe even though they haven’t been kind before, you know they won’t hurt you. You may feel put off because they are acting differently from how they have in the past, that would make anyone skeptical.” She offered. 3

I considered her words for a minute and surprisingly it made some sense. I knew Leo before all this and I trusted him like I had never trusted anyone but I had been so ashamed of what my father had been doing to me that I never told him. Not that I didn’t trust him with the truth but because I didn’t want him trying to save me or see me any different. I just wanted to feel normal and being with him let me feel that even if it was only for a short time. If he rushed in like a knight in shining armor to save me I don’t know what my dad would have done to him. I was scared of him getting hurt because of me.

“I want to trust them because I don’t have anyone else. Their behavior has thrown me off but somehow it feels...right. But what if after I leave here they turn around and treat m

e the way they used to? I don't know if I could go through that. That feeling of being alone..." I said feeling tears welling up behind the mist of my eyes.

I hadn't said anything yet, but my eyes had started to clear over the last few hours. I hadn't said anything yet because I wasn't sure if they were healing or if it was a temporary thing. Besides my mind has been swarmed with a million thoughts that it was the least of my worries. Of course, I wanted my eyesight back, but my fear of my father was the strongest thing I was feeling at the moment.

"We can never know for sure who people will turn out to be, which is why we have to take a leap and hope for the best. The world is like that, leaps of faith with no assurances. We may wish to know exactly what will happen with every choice and turn we make, but that just isn't possible. So why not take a leap of faith, and if they disappoint you then you move on, but cut them from your life. You need to set boundaries for yourself that you will never let anyone cross, so you can protect yourself. Protect your heart but let people in just a little so they can see how great you are." She said reaching for my hand and giving it a gentle squeeze. 9

"Now what I need to know is how you feel about your home situation. You told me what your father has

done, and we both know going back there now isn't safe for you. You are a legal adult even though you are still finishing school, so we can try and find you a woman's group home for you. They provide a safe place with everything you could need. Would that be something you would be interested in?" I swallowed and considered her words carefully.

Asher said he wanted me to stay with them, but could I really do that?

"Is that my only option?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "No, like I said you are a legal adult and can choose where you live, but I recommend going somewhere your father does not know about. Somewhere that has protection in case he does come around. We can try and request a restraining order for your father as well, in case he does find where you're staying."

I nod my head in understanding as she explains all my options. "Isn't a restraining order just a piece of paper? How is that supposed to do anything?"

"It is, but if he violates it then he will be arrested. If you see him then you call the police, and they will take him away." She explained to me further.

“No piece of paper will stop him if he wants to drag me back home. He could beat me so there was no way to call for help. I don’t see how such a thing could be any help at all.” I let out a frustrated sigh as I dash the hopes that anything the police could do would be any help.

As much as I don’t trust the Dark Angel’s, they seemed to be the lesser of two evils. They were dangerous according to rumors I had heard over the years, which could prove helpful if I had them on my side. Was it worth it to use them as my personal bodyguards? It sounded selfish when I put it like that, but my options were so limited that this could have been my only choice. It’s like that old phrase says...out of the pot and into the fire. Except it would be the other way around for me since the Dark Angels were the lesser evil of the two. I guess my mind was already made up, now it was a matter of talking to them. 8

Would the offer still be on the table after I told them to stay away from me? God, I hoped so.

“So, Emma what do you want to do? What would make you feel safe?” My doctor asked . 1

“Four Dark Angels,” I said admitting the truth out loud even though the doctor wouldn’t understand.

She was right, there were far greater things to be afraid of, and the four boys who hid in the shadows of my nightmares would soon become the heroes of my story. I needed them, and if I had to sacrifice a bit of myself to live, I would sacrifice it to them. Because now I had a reason to live, and that was to make my father pay for what he did to me. To make all those dirty men pay for what they have done my whole life. I am broken, but I wouldn’t be the only one. It was time for me to fight, and I was ready to bring fire from the heavens to make it happen. The anger was pumping through my veins like a hot flame but I knew it wouldn’t be as easy as it sounded. I still had a lot of fear to overcome.

Once the doctor left and assured me that she would sign off on me being released since from our talk she didn’t consider me a danger to myself any longer, I asked the nurse to call Leo. I was going to make a deal, and I had to do it now before my fear got the best of me. I had been hiding in myself, staying silent and hidden but that was over now. I was angry, and that anger only had one direction...my father was going to be the one with a gun to his head and I would be the one to pull the trigger. I cleared my throat and straightened out my back with my head held high. Emma Grace was no longer going to be a victim! I was going to stand against anyone who tried to tear me down again! At least I would try to. 10

Leo

The second I hung up with the nurse I ran out of the house and didn't even wait for the others

to follow me. Emma had asked for me, and I needed to get to her. I knew the moment I left that she meant everything to me, and I would show her from that moment on. The others followed me in Asher's car, and we made it to the hospital in record time. My eyes met the nurse's, and she gave me a nod which was all the permission I needed. When I opened the door and walked in, I saw Emma's eyes fixed on me. She didn't lower them or shy

away from making eye contact with me like she usually did. In fact, I saw the look of determination on her face.

"Emma..." I started to say but she shook her head.

"I want to say something first." She said and I nodded quickly.

Then it dawned on me. "Wait...you can see me!"

She smiled. "Yeah, I can. Everything is still a little foggy but it's a lot better. The doctor came in a little

while ago and

said it should keep improving, over the next few days. I was scared to tell him I noticed a

change because I didn't want to get my hopes up, but I have other things to worry about."

Before I could ask her anything the other guys barreled into the room. She looked at them and laughed a

little at the state of them.

"Good everyone is here." She said setting her hands in her lap. "Welcome boys, take a seat. We have

business to discuss." 3

We glanced at each other, but we did as she asks and settled in to listen.

1

"So, I want to make you guys a deal.

I need your help with a little project...revenge...justice...whatever you want to call it. I want to bring down everything my father represents, and I want to do what I couldn't do to

myself. I want him dead. If the stories I have heard about you are true, then you are exactly the weapon I need. So, what do you say?" She asked looking at each of us.

4

glanced at the others but we didn't say a word, especially when identical smirks formed on each of our faces. This was a new side of the sweet quiet girl we knew but we had our own thoughts on punishing the man who had hurt her and she had all but given us permission to fulfill our intentions.

We were in.

This was going to be fun. 9