

The Girl He Craves

Chapter 186

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Christopher's pov

Dad managed to disarm the guy and calls me over as the guy's shirt quickly soak with his blood.

"Find out who sent him." Dad grunted as he opened the door and held the guy in a choke hold.

"How am I suppose to do that if you're choking him!" I yelled and looked around.

Someone must have heard those gunshots. There's no way no one would've heard.

Unless everyone leaving in those buildings are deaf.

"Get his phone." Dad urged as a soft ping sound comes from the guys now lit up pocket.

He's groaning in pain, coughing up his own blood but still struggles.

"If I were you, I'd stop struggling boy." Dad hissed in his ear and nudged his chin to the guy's pocket.

"Hurry up Christopher so we can get out of here."

I quickly took out his phone.

"Fingerprint." I grumble, fighting with the guy to grab his hand.

When I do, I pinched his finger and placed it on his screen. The phone unlocks and I quickly tapped on the text.

"That asshole! I knew Aiden was behind this shit!" I sneered as I read the messages between Aiden Xavier and the guy.

"Fuck!" I roared and slammed my fist on the jeep roof.

"What is it!?" Dad looked at me.

I shook my head, running my fingers through my hair in frustration. "He had this piece of shit follow us." I pointed at the guy who looked like he was about to pass out soon. Or maybe he was about to die.

Either way he deserved it.

"He somehow managed to get passed security at your place. Took photos of us fucking Lillian." I sneered, slamming my fist again, this time on the hood.

"Shit. Did he send it to Aiden?!"

I nod.

"Fuck!" Dad roared and slammed his fist on the guy's jaw.

He groaned, nursing his wound and now nose.

Dad looks furious but also confused on what to do.

I looked down at the phone again and scrolled down. There's a text from Aiden.

"Aiden asked for his location." I exhaled and looked around. It was still quiet and the streets were still dead. There were no sounds of sirens so no one had called the cops.

"Give it to him," Dad grunted.

I snapped my eyes back to his and looked at the guy who seemed to be Woozy.

"What? Are you crazy!?"

Dad's angry eyes snapped to mine furiously. "Just fucking give it to him

goddammit!" He roared, pushing the guy's now limp body away.

He slammed the door closed and walked over to me.

"If we give it to him, he'll see what we've done," I nudged my chin to the wounded guy.

"That's exactly why we're going to tell him. Let him see that the guy he sent was easily taken down by us. That should scare him off a bit. He'll not want to come after us after seeing how far we go."

I shook my head. "I don't know dad. He might retaliate by posting those photos online or he might give them to the media. Either way we are screwed.

"Anyone can edit a fucking photo nowadays son. Who do you think controls the media? Why do you think I had been in Russia for a few weeks? We have links now Christopher. More links than Sergio."

I sighed. "I sure hope you know what you're doing, dad."

"Trust me son." He patted my back and nudged his chin at the phone. "Text him back and give him the location. We'll be long gone when he gets here and calls the cops."

Aiden's pov

I pace the floor, my heart racing.

The smell of the hospital was sickening. I hated the stench. But I hated my racing thoughts now.

I put someone's life on the line. Keeney was fighting for his life in there because of me.

I underestimated those Muralo sick fucks.

"Sir can you please stop pacing for a second?" Mitch exhaled.

I must be worrying him even more.

I sighed and went to sit down on one of the empty chairs.

After Mitch called 911, I told him to call my dad to make sure they were still safe.

Someone had obviously used Tenney's phone to text me the location.

And I was betting it on Christopher. Who knew how far those fuckers would go tonight.

After reassuring me that everyone was still safe and sound, I was relieved.

When the cops arrived at the scene, I told them everything. From sending the private investigator to the photos he managed to take.

The Muralo's were now under investigation.

"How sick are those people Mitch? Shit." I run my fingers through my hair in frustration.

If I had know things were going to end uo like this tonight, I wouldn't have hired a private investigator.

"It's not like you'd know about them sir. From the outside they look like a normal family." Mitch sighed and patted my back.

"Don't be too hard on yourself Mr. Xavier, what happened tonight wasn't your fault."

I snorted and shook my head. When I'm about to tell him something, the doctor suddenly steps out of the room.

I stood up and so does Mitch.

"How is he?" I asked.

Tenney and I were not friends, just acquaintances, but I put the man's life in danger and now he was fighting for his life in there.

I wasn't even sure if he had a family or not.

The doctor shook his head, his face tight. "I'm sorry Mr. Xavier-

I closed the door behind me, swallowing the lump in my throat. Apparently Tenney had a family.

And I just took those kids dad from them.

Yes, I know I wasn't the one who shot Tenney but I was the one who put him in harms way. I might as well blame myself for this too.

The light suddenly turns on.

I blinked trying to adjust my vision to the sudden glare.

"Aiden!" Sophie's sudden gasp made me snap my eyes to hers.

They fell on my shirt and the blood drains from her face.

I looked down at my shirt. Blood stained my shirt. I exhaled. "It's not my blood."