

# Four or Dead by GOA

## Chapter 53

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Emma

“Where are we going?” I ask Zane when I notice we don’t seem to be going anywhere specific, more like driving aimlessly

“One of my properties in the city.” He says looking out the window and giving his driver yet another stream of directions that sound like they

lead nowhere

I assume no one of this is an accident and the logical reason would be that he is trying to be sure we aren’t being followed. Although I find this level of caution a little excessive. These kinds of men are always overly paranoid when it comes to their secrets. It reminds me of my dad constantly changing his number, bank accounts, license plates, and so on. I found all that just as ridiculous as this. \*)

It’s simple. Don’t do anything illegal then you wouldn’t have to watch your back so extensively. °

“My doctor is waiting for us there. He can check out all your injuries.” His attention was turned to me now and he gives me a concerned once

over

Feeling his eyes travel over me makes me feel sick but I have to push all that away and act my part. I was in and now I had to keep my cover in place. My cover as the helpless orphan who is wounded and naive and in need of rescuing. Only some of that is true. I’m not helpless anymore

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that’s for sure

I smile to myself when I think back to my training. It’s was an intense experience trying to cram all that in but there is one good thing about me...I can be a very fast learner when I need to be and I always remember what I learn. So that move with the gun, yep I am definitely using that one. I just need a kickass outfit to go along with my new skills. Too bad I will have to settle for whatever Zane plans to dress me in. GY

That’s the thing about being the arm candy for one of the most powerful men in the city, they control everything you do. I had to expect the worst going into this but being arm candy for Zane is the least of my worries. I needed to find out about his crew and his business which was not going to be easy

Someone as paranoid as he seems won’t spill all his secrets for the girl he wants. He may bring me in but he isn’t going to let me see everything, not until I prove I’m the woman who plans to rule by his side and nothing less. I am not sure if it’s possible for me to take on a role like that but I need to try

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Finally, we start to head downtown and it’s a short drive before we are pulling up to the entrance of the most beautiful hotel I have ever seen. I had not expected this to be the kind of property Zane would bring me to at all. Does he live here?

As if reading my thoughts he smiles at me and says, “The whole top floor of this hotel is reserved for me and my special guests.”

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“Wow. This place is...amazing.” I say in disbelief and my reaction is one hundred percent real at this moment

I have rarely been downtown so everything looks amazing and a bit

overwhelming, but in the best way. \*!

The car pulls to a stop at the entrance of the hotel where a giant fountain sits. Why are all rich people obsessed with fountains? I mean my family had money, my father never would have met Zane if we didn’t, but we never had a fountain

Aman dressed in a suit and bow tie walks toward Zane’s door and pulls it open for him

“Welcome, sir.” He says lowering his head to Zane

I pause, not sure what would be the proper thing to do. Do I slide over to his side and get out or do I wait for someone to open my door too? I decide to go with the former. I slide all the way over and spin just enough to set my feet on the ground before a hand reaches out to me.

Zane waits for me to take it and when I do he applies a small amount of force to encourage me to stand

Once I am out of the car he keeps hold of my hand and leads me toward the entrance

The door frames shine and glisten as if they were formed out of real gold. My eyes wander over every detail of the patterns cut into the metal making it look extravagant. The doors open for us and two more

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sharply dressed men step out and hold them back to let us pass

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When I step inside I can’t help the gasp that leaves my mouth.

Everything shines. The floor is a stunning white marble that has small translucent stones that almost look like crystals woven throughout

Where the sunlight hits it looks like a pathway made of diamonds

There is gold accent everywhere, and clean white furniture with soft blue pieces scattered to add a hint of color. ?)

If I didn’t despise Zane and everything he stands for I may have liked it here, but I am here for one thing, and being wooed by grandiose displays isn’t it. That doesn’t mean I can’t pretend. !)

“This place is beautiful. I have never seen anything like it.” I say walking just a step behind Zane to take everything in

“Good afternoon sir.” A man at the front desk says greeting Zane as we head toward...yep gold-colored elevator doors

Even though I know it’s not real gold, it sure shines like it is

“I need my usual sent up to my suite enough for two. Has the doctor arrived?” Zane asks the man

“Yes, sir he is waiting in room 552.” The man answers

“Good thank you. Come, Emma.” Zane pulls me toward the elevator and I give the man at the front desk a quick wave and a “thank you”. \ )

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The elevator opens for us and even though there is a small group of other people waiting, no one gets in with us. The doors close and finally Zane releases me. He presses one of the buttons on the wall and pulls out his phone. We fall silent and I take that time to see how many floors are in this place. 68 floors? No way!

“Are there things you need from your old place? I can have one of my men pick them up for you.” Zane asks me suddenly

“Oh, I didn’t have much there. A few pieces of clothes but not much else.” I say

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Not exactly true. The guys love buying me clothes and gifts but I need to seem lost and desperate, so I lie. Thankfully I am pretty good at lying since I lied all these years about what my father had been doing to me

“All the basics will be ready for you in your suite and tomorrow we can go and get whatever else you need.” He says moving closer to me and giving my hand a sympathetic squeeze. .?).

He seems so normal. Nothing at all like the cold cruel man I had thought he was. I didn’t find him threatening during our time together even though I had not consented. Even now I don’t feel threatened by him but that isn’t saying much.

He had to be ruthless to lead a crew and handle the people involved with supplying his more illegal side business. Good guys don’t exist in that world

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“Thank you. I-I don’t know what would have happened if you didn’t come for me.” I say with my best damsel in distress voice

It made me sick to have to pretend to be helpless and alone. I had put most of those feelings behind me and wanted it to stay in the past but I need that side of me now if I was going to sell this. I just hope I don’t fall deeper into that darkness than necessary, or I may not recover this time

We reach the top floor of the hotel and I follow Zane down the hallway to the room marked 552. Zane pulls out a golden key card, because apparently this guy is Midas, and a ding tells us that his golden card has worked. The room we step into is huge, and it makes me wonder what Zane’s suite looks like. \°

“Mr. Dalton.” I turn quickly to see a man in his forties come out from one of the bedrooms. “Everything is ready in here.”

Okay, this does not feel right. Why does he need a whole room to check out a few bumps and bruises?.

“Emma come in here please,” Zane says extending his hand to show me into the room

I offer the doctor a polite smile and force my feet to the door leading into the mysterious room. I stop as soon as I see what’s waiting for me inside

“What’s all this for?” I ask nervously turning to look at Zane. \\*

“It’s for safety love. Your’s and mine.”

What have I gotten myself into? \\*)