

Four or Dead by G O A

Chapter 25

Emma...Present...

I had expected the garage to be more run down since it was managed by four high school students, but it turned out to be the opposite. The garage looked professional in every sense of the word and it was decked out in everything a mechanic would need in this line of work.

Logan wrapped his arm around me as I examined one of the cars that had its top opened displaying an intense amount of shiny metal. "So what do you think baby?"

I blushed at the pet name just like every other time and Logan smiled just like always. He knew what he was doing but I admit I kind of loved the way it sounded. It made me feel like I was his and I liked that feeling. Leo and I had a past but his rejection was a hard thing to move past and still have that same level of familiarity intact. I forgave him but things were just different now. On the other hand, I was drawn to Logan so strongly that I was happy to just be around him.

Leo also expressed a continued aura of guilt that still caused a barrier between us. He was sweet and affectionate but he was still holding back. It was like he was finding who he was again when he didn't have to pretend to hate me. I understood that and I was glad to have Logan to distract me from any confusing feelings Leo caused in me.

"It's beautiful," I replied. "Do you guys just do restorations?"

He shook his head. "No those are for fun. Mostly we equip cars with unique add ons."

I looked to him, curious to know what that kind of work entailed. "Like what?"

He dropped his arm from around me and scratched his neck nervously. "Pretty much any requests a person may have. Bulletproof windows, speakers, lights, hydraulics, hidden storage compartments..."

His explanation trailed off but I had a pretty good idea what he meant now. I had been learning more about the boys based on some overheard conversations and comments here and there. I knew they weren't saints when I asked for their help but I only knew what they were into based on rumors like most people. Rumors that could possibly have been exaggerated.

I didn't want to assume the worst of them but I also didn't want to hope either. I had already accepted that once our deal was done that I would have to leave them and it would be too dangerous for them if I knew everything they did. It was better for all of us for me to remain ignorant of their activities that

didn't involve my vendetta.

"That sounds pretty cool," I replied simply and returned my attention to the nearby car.

I reached out and ran my fingers along the beautiful dragon artwork along its side. "Who did this?" I

asked.

"Asher. He has a talent for art." Logan stepped up behind me and admired the work too.

"It's amazing. Has he drawn anything else besides car designs?" I asked turning to him.

"Yeah!" He rolled his sleeve up and pointed to one of his many tattoos. "He designed this. He designed a

tattoo for each of us."

I moved closer and ran my fingers gently over the piece and Logan shuttered under my touch. He was

becoming more sensitive to my every touch lately and I hated that the reason why was because I asked for time. I knew guys like him were used to getting what they needed from any girl but I was holding back. Even though I would hate to see Logan with another girl, I wanted to let him know that he didn't have to wait for me. They called me their girl but that didn't mean they were bound to me in a way that made me their girlfriend. At least it wasn't said, so I had no expectations to be treated as such.

I pushed those thoughts away and focused on the tattoo again. It was an image of a wolf surrounded by fire, and it was absolutely beautiful.

"I love it," I said looking up at him and smiling. "It's very you."

"Yeah? Have you ever thought of getting a tattoo?" I laughed. Not ever.

"My father would never let me do that. He told me I was supposed to remain pure. No tattoos, no

piercings, and no makeup." I replied.

"Then why does he insist on covering you in scars and bruises?" He asked his voice growing angry.

I stepped closer to him and wrapped my arms around his waist. "I don't know but I don't want to talk about him okay? Let's just enjoy today."

He lets out a combination of a growl and a sigh. "Fine."

I offered him a small smile and he grasped my face gently in his large hands before leaning down and kissing me. "We don't have to talk about him but I would like to revisit the subject of you getting a tattoo. I think you would look hot with a little ink. And since you are a free woman now is the time to consider

it!"

I snorted a laugh. "You would. But I'm not sure. I wouldn't know where I would want it or even what

design I would want."

"Asher could design one for you." He offered and for a moment I considered it.

My body was covered like a canvas of my father's abuse. Why couldn't I add a piece that would be mine, something I chose?

"Ok. Let's do it." I said before I could talk my way out of it and he let out a joyful whoop.

"Come on let's go tell him!" He said before pulling me toward the side of the garage.

We arrived at the entrance and walked behind the counter and through a door with several windows.

"Hey, Ash! Our little angel here wants to get a tattoo. Do you think you could design her something?"

Logan asked as soon as Asher's attention was on us.

Asher turned his focus on me for a moment and something like heat pooled in his eyes. "A tattoo?"

I nodded and stepped closer to him so he had to look up at me. "Will you design one for me?" I asked

sweetly.

He didn't say a word at first but nodded and glanced over me before speaking. "Where would you want it?"

I shrugged. "I'm not sure. Any suggestions?"

He reached out to me and took my hand into his and turned it over. "Here."

I looked down to see him pointing to the underside of my wrist.

“Okay. Will you be there? I hear it hurts a lot.” His eyes met mine again and he gave me a small nod before lowering his head and leaving a soft kiss on the skin where my tattoo would go. I shivered from the action. and tore my eyes away flushing from the intimate action.

I noticed then that Logan had left and closed the door behind him leaving Asher and me completely alone. I tried to pull my hand away from Asher but he held it tight and our eyes met once again. There was so much about him I still didn't know, and most of that was what went on in his head. Logan was an open. book and even though Leo didn't show everything, he showed enough that he wasn't a complete mystery

to me.

Asher was different. Not as straightforward and he barely ever touched me, so this moment had me

stunned.

“Asher...” I whispered softly, his name coming out more like a question.

He still didn't let me go or pull his eyes away. Instead, he stood and moved closer to me until we were only a few inches apart. His hand held my wrist at the side of us and his eyes remained locked on mine. We were too close, and I knew by now that he didn't particularly enjoy being this close to anyone. The only other time we had been this close was when the guys had saved me from the basement but after that, we remained a good distance from each other. He was closed off to me and I honestly didn't know where I stood with him before that day.

5

That moment though had me confused as hell. There was a fire in his eyes I had never seen before and it was like a wall inside him had begun to crumble and the cold facade he always wore was falling away.