

10. Exiled – Erasing “Always”



Maven and I decided to learn as much as we could from Angyl, try and get the upper hand, find out what she was up to. Being she was in such an important part of the neighborhood, with access to some very important people, we'd need to know what, exactly, she was planning. She was very influential and manipulative, this I realized almost immediately. I pushed her as much as I could, to learn the more important facts that Maven was missing.

Angyl knew tons. She was a story in herself, that much we knew. Because of her upbringing, she knew how everything ran. That didn't sit well with me. At all. I was the street boss and she knew how my operation worked. She knew who was at the top and who took charge when I was absent. She just knew too damn much. I figured that she learned this from careful observation. My crew was loyal and wouldn't sell me out.

The thing with Angyl was that her parents were murdered by my distant cousin, Toryn Ransom. And that didn't sit well with me either. Toryn's been dead for years now, so Angyl couldn't exactly take revenge. But if you can't kill the actual murderer, why not settle for the next best thing? And with all

of the Ransom family dead, save me, who else was there to target? My point. Thank you.

So, we got closer to Angyl anyways. We gave to her and she gave to us. We learned on all sides. And we shared information. And when it was felt that we could trust each other to a certain degree, Angyl revealed her plan to us. The reason for our union of sorts. For the reestablishment of the Trio.

She wanted to kill the Drakes. The Endless. The owners of the Black Dragon. And she wanted us to help her. She explained simply that it would end everything. The madness, the cycle, things would be left to nature, as they should be. And that would be the end of ends. That would be where everything should have ended. And will end. But she needed our help.

In terms of the numbers, it made sense. It was better to have three on your side; three was better than one in this case, especially against two powerful adversaries such as these. We'd want as much on our side as we could get. It was just good planning. Strength in numbers, element of surprise, the home team advantage...strategy. This would take actual thought and planning, we couldn't just jump on board.

I was skeptical to give Angyl a weapon of any sort, but more so, giving her right or reason to use it. But if she needed to have one, I was sure that she would. She was that kind of a girl, the take charge sort. She knew what needed to be done. And she had a plan as to how. I sat back and quietly took it all in. When the time was right, I would take charge. This kind of operation was part of my line of work. Nobody died around here without someone up top's say so. Or mine. And I had to have damn good reason. There was no authorization here except from ourselves. And I was kind of sketchy on the plan itself.

Angyl was the kind of girl you wanted to trust. But she was dangerous as well. Irish wasn't always trustworthy, and I knew her well enough to tell when she was or wasn't. I wasn't close enough to Angyl to make such judgments. I would be taking a gamble while participating. But Maven was on board for this. And I would protect her. I would stay by her side for this; I wouldn't let her go through this alone. In case it backfired, I'd be there to drag her out. Or to take the shot. This just didn't sit as well with me as it should have.

Angyl wanted to kill two people. But she was good at scheming. She had a plan and an idea. Why did she need us? She had that figured out as well. She had everything taken into account. She knew what needed to be done and how. She needed strength, she needed backing, just in case. She needed people to depend on. She needed help, that's what she was saying. And we were eager to be at her beck and call. I can't imagine why.

So we would help her kill the Drakes. Maven was still a bit uncertain, but I knew that she would decide to be involved. This was too big, too important to pass up. It's like bypassing history. We would be destroying a legend, one of the oldest, possibly the only continuous one. Who would pass up being part of history?

That was the basic idea. To kill the Drakes. Would we take part, would we help her? Yes? Or no? Would we walk away from history?

Of course not.