

Star Wars: Imperial Treachery

Chapter 4

Echon regained consciousness for the third time today. This time, he woke up in what appeared to be a bedroom. He sat up and looked at his surroundings. The room had a bed, which he was lying in at the moment. There was a small desk the opposite corner. The door out was to his right. A small window was on the wall opposite of him. The curtains were closed, but judging from the light, it was late morning. Celeste and Aurea were nowhere to be found. Echon began to wonder where they were. He stepped off the bed, quickly realizing that his body was still trying to recover from the head wound he suffered earlier. Echon's face quickly met with the beige carpet on the floor. He started to stand back up when the door opened. He looked towards the door and saw Mila; the black-haired woman had rescued/captured them from before. She set down the bowl and towel she had in her hands and approached him quickly, grabbing him by the shoulder. "I'm not going to hurt you," she said, noticing his fearfulness. Now that she was closer to him—and out of the range in his vision where everything was still blurry—he could see what she looked like. Her black hair cascaded down to her waist. She was wearing the most peculiar outfit he had ever seen. Well, on a human, at least. It was a dark red and yellow dress with a front laced corset. She wore detached sleeves like Aurea had been. Echon shifted his concentration to her face. Her face was of a fair complexion. She had a nose that barely showed on her face. She also had the deepest blue eyes he had ever seen. "At least you're actually looking at my eyes," she said, smiling a devious smile. Echon gulped. "Don't worry about your friends," she said as she walked over to the desk, setting the bowl and towel down. "They're in their own rooms." She picked up the towel and dipped it in the bowl. "Hold still," she said, approaching Echon cautiously. She dabbed the towel on his forehead. Echon winced as Mila applied more and more pressure on the wound. "Sorry about that," she said as she returned to the bowl, cleaning the blood-stained towel off. "That's just a pretty bad wound you got there. How'd you get it?"

"Um," he said, wondering if he should talk to her. He had no idea who—or what—she was, let alone where *he* was. She *had* knocked them out before bringing him here. Mila walked back over with a dressing for the wound.

"Oh come on," she said, placing her hands on her hips and pouting her lips. "The very least you could do is tell me your name." While Echon pondered, Mila carefully wrapped his head wound up.

"Echon Tarkin," he finally answered. Mila smiled and grabbed Echon's hand.

"Nice to meet you Echontarkin," she said, shaking his hand. "Mila," she introduced. "If I had a house, I'd tell you it." Echon seemed confused. "Anyways, I need to go check on my friend. You know, that grunt from the forest?" Echon recalled the man who had head-butted him. She led him back to the bed. "You just sit tight and I'll be back shortly, okay?" Echon nodded. Mila smiled once more and patted him on the cheek. She spun around and walked off, her hips

swaying back and forth with more force than needed. She opened the door, turning her head to see if Echon was still watching her. He was of course, to which she smiled and winked before closing the door. She locked the door and placed the key in her bag. She walked down the well decorated hall, whistling as she approached the room that held Aron. She reached into her bag, fumbling around for the right key. Once she grabbed it, she inserted it into the lock, listening to see if Aron made any noise. Aron's muffled screams could be heard as soon as the lock clicked. She smiled, turning the doorknob slowly to further mess with the grunt. She finally threw the door open and stepped inside the bare room. The wood floor was unfinished and starting to rot. The walls had the layer of carpeting from the floor on it to drown out any noise, not that it really helped. Aron sat tied to a chair in the middle of the room with a gag, preventing him from screaming loudly. This was the room she used to interrogate Nationalist soldiers. She interrogated rebels when she had a chance, but she didn't give them such a poor room, or tie them up and gag them. She *hated* the Nationalists.

"Well, well, well," she said, walking behind the defenseless man. "Did you think someone would hear you?" She grabbed his head and turned it towards one of the walls. "Those prevent your pretty little voice from leaving this room. She walked around to his front and stared him down. Aron looked like a scared, defenseless animal. She reached out towards his forehead, causing him to flinch and scream. If Mila could smile any harder, she would. She retracted her hand back and walked over to the door again. "Normally I would be done with you by now," she explained, opening the door. "But you are too much fun to mess with. I'll go check on those Republic soldiers you found for me and then finish you off." She shut the door, listening to Aron scream some more.

She locked the door and headed down the hall again. She stopped this time in front of the door to the young girl—Aureahali, if Mila remembered correctly—that had accompanied Echontarkin and the blonde woman. Celesteial, she had said her name was. Whatever their names were, Mila entered Aureahali's room. The young girl sat cross-legged on the bed, eyes closed. She was locked in a deep trance. Mila stared at the young girl attentively. There was something about her that made Mila feel uneasy. She could feel something different in the air. She walked over to the window and pulled it open. "I don't know why you kept the curtains closed," she said, turning back towards the meditating girl. "It's such a beautiful morning."

"I wouldn't know," the young girl answered. "I've never seen the morning sun." She then opened her eyes. "I'm blind."

Poor thing, Mila thought.

"I don't need your pity," Aurea said. "Also, it's just Aurea. My first name is Aurea. My last name is Hali. You don't say them together all the time." Mila's eyes widened. She hadn't said a thing about that. "Wondering why I knew that?" she asked, staring off at nothing. "It's because I'm like you." She then closed her eyes and brought a hand forward. The small table on

the opposite wall shook a bit. Aurea's face scrunched as she exerted more power to lift it into the air. Mila watched in amazement as the small table rose from the floor. Then, at the same moment that she dropped her wrist, the table crashed to the ground. She was right; she *was* like her. The best she was ever able to do was stop a couple of bullets, never an object like a table. Stopping bullets seemed like a much better thing to do, but practicality was not her strong suit. She started imagining Aurea lifting stuff like a boulder or a Krayt dragon onto her foes. And the fact that Aurea read her mind without killing her. Now *that* was a skill Mila could appreciate.

“How can you read my thoughts without touching me?” Mila asked. “And why is it painless?”

“What do you mean?” Aurea asked. “It's pretty easy to do. It was one of the first things I learned to do. Though it took me a long time to fully read thoughts.”

“You have to show me how to do that,” Mila said.

“How did you manage to knock us out?” Aurea asked.

“Oh, it's a combination of some sleeping powder with some magnesium,” Mila answered. “I just draw my body heat towards my hands and boom, the concoction ignites.”

“If you teach me to do that, I'll teach you how to read minds,” Aurea suggested. Mila placed her hand on her hips.

“What are you making deals for?” Mila asked. “You *are* my prisoner, remember?” She then walked towards the door. “Besides, I like reading minds the way I do.” She opened the door and closed it behind her, locking it. “Silly child,” she muttered under her breath. She walked over to the next door, which housed the young woman, Celesteial, or just Celeste, from what Aurea had said. She wasn't really in the mood to talk to her just yet. She turned towards Aron's room. Her anxiousness to interrogate him was getting to her. She sighed and started walking towards the kitchen.

Nayt and Skoti stopped their *Raptors* at the outskirts of the Sutherlands. The Sutherlands was an old farm community long since abandoned. Well, save for one home. Jax of house Refiek was a living legend. Far more famous than Meda, that was for sure. Jax had single handedly eliminated the Hutt cartel's ground troops the last time they tried to take over Voltar. Disguising himself as a member of their gang, Jax infiltrated the slimy slug's capitol ship and planted a bomb in it, escaping just as it detonated. His song had to have been the most well-known song among soldiers. People expected him to swoop in and end this civil war—joining the rebels along with Meda—but he refused to get involved. Plenty of representatives from both sides had tried to convince him but he wouldn't budge. No man dared to cross him, so both sides left him alone. Of course Nayt and Skoti were about to pester him to join their cause, but they hoped that maybe, after all these years, that he'd finally see the truth. The two stepped off their vehicles and

started walking the old abandoned road. "I'm assumin' that Jax *still* lives here, right?" Skoti asked.

"Of course," Nayt replied. "He probably still lives in the old family home. It's right... there." He pointed to the old house on the hill; the only one with smoke coming from the chimney. Nayt walked briskly towards the house, while Skoti kept his normal slow pace. "Pick up the speed Skoti," Nayt said, noticing his partner's sluggish behavior. "You walk any slower and Jax might mistake you for a Hutt."

"I really think this is a bad idea," Skoti said. "The more I think about it, the more I'm sure that he's going to kill us."

"Jax has no reason to harm us," Nayt said, feigning confidence. The two stopped at the gate to the house.

"You open it," Skoti said, stepping away from the gate.

"You're such a farking worrywart," Nayt grumbled, reaching for the gate handle. He hesitated for a second, wondering if maybe Jax would just kill them. He swallowed hard as he turned the handle and pulled the gate open. The two cautiously made their way up the dirt path towards the front of the house. Neither pair said a word as they carefully climbed the steps onto the porch. Nayt raised a fist to the door, making Skoti flinch. "With nerves like this, I wonder *how* you got into the army," Nayt mocked.

"Very carefully," Skoti replied as Nayt knocked. The two stood back and waited for the door to open. A minute later, nothing happened. Nayt reached forward and knocked harder. "You really want to get us killed," Skoti said.

"I really want you to shut up," Nayt said, annoyed at Skoti. Before either one could say anything else, they heard locks being disengaged. Mila opened the door to Nayt and Skoti's surprise.

"May I help you two gentlemen?" She asked, placing her hands on her hips.

"Uh," Nayt said, unsure of what was going on. He was certain that Jax still lived in Sutherlands.

"Oh nothin' miss," Skoti answered. "We were tryin' to find the legendary Jax of house Refiek, but I guess he's long gone. Just like I said, eh?" jabbing Nayt in the ribs. "We'll just be on our way. Sorry for the trouble." He then grabbed Nayt's arm and started to drag him away.

"Oh, Jax *is* here," Mila said, stopping Nayt and Skoti in their tracks. "Come in, I'm sure Jax would love to talk to you." Nayt and Skoti both swallowed hard.

"Oh," Skoti said. "That's--"

“-swell,” Nayt interrupted, covering Skoti’s mouth with his hand. He then dragged Skoti into the house. The entrance was nothing grand; just your typical living room with a large couch, suitable for guests. Across from the couch was a corner fireplace. Nayt noticed a large rod sticking out of the hot coals. There was something on the end of it, like an insignia.

“You can make yourselves comfortable on the couch there,” Mila said, interrupting Nayt’s train-of-thought. “I’ll go get Jax. Would you two like a drink?”

“No thanks,” Nayt said.

“I’ll take a drink,” Skoti said. Mila smiled and walked down the hall. Nayt looked back at the rod in the fireplace as Skoti sat on the couch. Nayt approached the fireplace and peered inside. Nayt’s eyes widened as he realized what the insignia was. It was a circle inside a circle inside another circle, with lines protruding from the center circle. It was the symbol of the witches. He walked over to Skoti.

“We need to get out of here,” Nayt whispered, sitting down next to Skoti.

“*You* were the one who wanted to talk to Jax. *I* was tryin’ to get out of here earlier.”

“Jax isn’t here,” Nayt whispered. “This is a trap.”

“Here you go,” Mila interrupted, handing Skoti a drink. Nayt jumped up.

“You don’t want that,” Nayt said, knocking the drink out of Skoti’s hand. He then drew his gun on Mila. “She’s a witch.”

“Good deduction,” Mila said. “The drink was poisoned by the way.” She turned her head towards Skoti. “Sorry.”

“What did you do with Jax?” Nayt asked. “Lie to me and I’ll put a bullet in your head.”

“She did nothing with me,” a middle aged man said, stepping from the hallway. He had blonde hair and a beard to match. He was dressed in very casual clothing, much like that of a farmer, or hunter. His face bore wear and tear and the only reason that Nayt knew it was Jax Refiek was his eyes. It was the way his dark blue eyes were staring back, as if he was studying him, waiting to see his next move. “And I’d put your gun away. I really don’t feel like having to bury two bodies today.” Nayt holstered his weapon. “Now, who are you, and who are you working for?” Jax asked.

“Nayt of house Fillion,” Nayt quickly answered. “This is my partner, Skoti of former house Romero. We work with Meda to take down the Nationalists.”

“You work with Tyno?” Jax asked. “Sit down then; I’d love to hear about what he’s up to.” Nayt looked surprised as he sat down.

“Before you boys get to talking,” Mila said, grabbing Jax by the shoulder. “Did you get any packets?” Jax pulled away from her and reached into his pocket.

“Knock yourself out,” he said, handing the packets to her.

“It doesn’t beat fresh, but it’ll have to suffice,” she said, ripping one open and pouring the liquid into her mouth. “Wurm venom,” she explained, “helps me to stay focused.”

“Focused for what?” Skoti asked. Nayt rolled his eyes.

“For always being scared of them, you never really read up on them,” Nayt said. Mila smiled and walked over to the fireplace, pulling the branding iron from the fire. She then walked back down into the hall twirling the rod between her fingers. Both Nayt and Skoti’s uneasiness about the situation they were in didn’t disappear as they had hoped when Mila had left.

“So how is Tyno?” Jax asked, sitting down next to Skoti, who scooted away.

“Hard to say, Nayt answered. “He’s my boss.”

“What kind of action has he brought you two into?” Jax asked. Nayt scratched the back of his head. He wasn’t sure what to say. If he told the truth, he was afraid of insulting Jax’s honor. An apprentice’s poor actions also affected his master. Of course Jax already knew that Meda had never finished his training, or else he would’ve taken Jax’s name. Of course Meda’s training ended the moment the civil war started, when Jax refused to get involved and Meda wished to fight, but regardless, Jax could challenge him in order to defend his honor.

“He’s-” Nayt started to say.

“He’s a weaklin’,” Skoti answered. Nayt looked wide eyed at Skoti. Jax stood up and walked over to the fireplace.

“What are you doing?” Nayt mouthed to Skoti, who only shrugged his shoulders.

“When Tyno chose to fight for you guys,” Jax said, staring at the painting on the mantle. It was of Jax and another male figure. “He said that he planned to end this war before it got out of hand. I figured he had lost his touch when the years passed.”

“Sir, my partner meant no disrespect to you or your house, but the last ruthless thing he did that I can think of was executing my father for treason. There are times when I can see the ferocity that you must’ve seen in him, but he refuses to fight. I wonder if he lost his reason to fight.”

“If he had lost his reason to fight, he wouldn’t have stayed on your side,” Jax said. Before they could continue the conversation, a loud, blood curdling scream could be heard down the hall. Both Nayt and Skoti turned and stared, hoping to see what had caused that.

“Looks like Mila got started,” Jax said.

“Who?” Skoti asked.

“That witch,” Nayt replied.

“Correct,” Jax said. “Mila can get the job done, regardless of being a witch and all.”

“She’s still a witch,” Nayt retorted. The screaming continued.

“Do you know what Mila’s doing right now?” Jax asked. The two of them shook their heads. “Mila’s using witchcraft to reach deep into their brain and is almost literally ripping the thoughts out of some poor sap’s head.”

“Whose?” Nayt asked. Jax shrugged his shoulders.

“Nationalist, or maybe even a rebel,” he replied. Nayt stepped towards the hallway. “Don’t even think about trying to go down there,” Jax threatened.

“Or what?” Nayt replied, “You’ll just sit back on the couch and not do a farking thing?” Before he could make another step, Jax had crossed the room and grabbed Nayt by the throat and rammed him into the nearby wall. Skoti backed as far as possible from the scene.

“You got a lot of nerve to come to my house and insult my honor, as well as not follow my household rules,” he said, squeezing Nayt’s throat tighter. “I might just kill you to protect my honor for the fun of it.”

“Listen sir,” Skoti pleaded. “I won’t say a thing about him insultin’ your honor or the fact that you got a witch in-”

“SHUT UP!” Jax screamed, spit flying from his lips.

“There...” Nayt struggled to say. “...Republic...crashed...”

“What did you say?” Jax asked, loosening his grip on Nayt’s throat. Nayt took a deep breath, letting air back into his lungs. “Don’t be mentioning the Republic unless you got a reason to.”

“Republic soldiers crash-landed last night,” Nayt replied. “We found a few survivors and are trying to rescue more, but Meda and pretty much the rest of my superiors want nothing to do with them.”

“Good thinking,” Jax said. “We should have nothing to do with them. The Republic is bad business.”

“You should really consider joining the rebels,” Nayt said, a big grin on his face. “Because your kind of thinking would go well there. We rebels would be wiped out *a lot* faster.” He pushed the right button because Jax rammed his fist into Nayt’s stomach. Nayt felt like one of his precious organs had been shattered as he fell to his knees. He placed his hands on the floor and braced himself in case he was about to vomit.

“I’m about this close to killing you,” Jax threatened. Skoti slowly made his way to the door. “You think just because I don’t want to endanger my life for a group of people that have done nothing but attack us I’m weak?” he asked through gritted teeth. “I want nothing more than this war to end. I lost my own brother to this war. You think you can just rescue them and everything will be alright?”

“No,” Nayt struggled to say, “but I think living under the Republic’s banner is better than a Nationalist one.” Jax grabbed Nayt by the shoulders and pulled him to his feet.

“You’re mad,” Jax said.

“I prefer the term ‘insane’,” Nayt countered smugly. He smiled through bloodstained teeth. Jax raised his fist, ready to wipe the smugness from Nayt’s face for once and for all, but he was quickly reminded of Tyno. Tyno used to be strong, used to question orders, refuse to back down, the whole shebang. Something had happened. Jax walked away and headed down the hall. Nayt fell back to the floor. Skoti ran over to Nayt’s side.

“You okay?” he asked, picking Nayt back up.

“He didn’t hurt my honor at least,” Nayt said.

“You’re a farkin’ idiot,” Skoti muttered. Jax quickly returned from the hall, carrying a vial of liquid. He popped the top off as he approached Nayt. Before Skoti could do anything, Jax grabbed Nayt and poured the liquid down Nayt’s throat. Nayt fell once more to the floor. “What’d you just poison him with?!” Skoti exclaimed.

“Nothing,” Jax replied. “It’s recovery serum. It’s a fast acting agent that restores a man’s body back to a hundred and ten percent.” Nayt held his stomach for a few seconds, a pained expression on his face. Suddenly, he felt better and stood back up on his own.

“Wow, where’d you find that stuff?” Nayt asked amazed at how good he felt.

“Got at least one in each load-out kit,” Jax replied. “It was standard in the Black Fangs.”

“You were a Black Fang?” Skoti asked, amazed. The Black Fangs were considered the greatest Special Forces team the Volta had. Well, before the hornets at least. They were also a group literally not talked about. Members were unknown as well as the missions they did. The Black Fangs and their mysteriousness disappeared once the hornets were created. The only information that still existed was rumors like how they could end any conflict in a day or less.

“I never said that,” Jax said, winking.

“But you just-” Skoti said.

“Skoti,” Nayt said, placing a hand on Skoti’s shoulder. “You and I both know that the Black Fangs ‘don’t exist’.” He made air-quotes while winking at Jax. “Thank you very much for treating that wound, no thanks to you of course.”

“You got some fangs,” Jax said. “At least Tyno taught you something.”

“The only thing Tyno ever taught me was how to file paperwork and abandon my post,” Nayt retorted.

“Well, we can fix that up when you take me to him,” Jax replied. Nayt and Skoti’s eyes widened and jaws dropped in surprise.

“You mean you’ll-” Nayt began to ask.

“No, I just want to talk to my former apprentice,” Jax replied, answering the question before it could be asked. “Mila!” Jax screamed down the hall. “Finish up with what you’re doing and get out here!”

Mila sat against the door. Aron sat slumped over in his chair, the witch’s insignia burned into his chest. His eyes bulged out of his head, not from the insignia being branded—he had his eyes closed the whole time—but from having his mind ripped from his brain. The resulting shock had killed him. Mila was busy pouring into the man’s fleeting thoughts, trying to find one specific event or a mention of it. His thoughts mostly consisted of him wondering if he would return to the Northern quadrant now that the witches had taken full control of it once the rebels had been eradicated. The damn fool was just a grunt, nothing more. He barely even paid attention when an officer was talking directly to him.

“Mila!” she heard Jax scream from down the hall. “Finish up what you’re doing and get out here!” Mila stood up and wiped the blood from her eyes. The one downside to wurm venom was crying blood. The more blood, the shorter your life was getting. It’s why witches tried to not overuse the venom, but it helped to heighten their powers, and allowed them do stuff like mind ripping. She looked one last time at Aron, suddenly an image of a young woman being burnt alive flashed into her mind. She could hear Aron laughing and cheering with other soldiers. With a shrill screech, Mila picked up the branding iron and swung it at the corpse’s face. The body fell to the floor and Mila continued to bash the head in. Reddish tears streamed down her face. Seeing another innocent person killed because of something out their control always brought an unsettling rage to her. By the time she was done, Aron’s face didn’t exist. She covered her mouth with her arm and reached over to his torn shirt that she had removed for the branding. With the shirt, she wrapped his broken and bloody face, making sure not to get any blood on her hands. The act of bandaging him up helped to calm her nerves. Once she had covered up the wound, she

put her gloves back on and picked the body back up. With the body in tow, she walked out the door and down the hall.

“I’m going to need to dispose of this,” she said as she approached the three men. Nayt and Skoti looked on in surprise.

“Just throw it in the back of the truck,” Jax said. “We’ll deal with it later. And Mila,” he said as Mila was walking to the door. “Don’t forget about our other guests.”

“You want to take them as well?” Mila asked.

“Might as well,” Jax said. “Here, I’ll go throw this back there and you go get them,” Mila handed Aron’s body over to Jax and headed down the hall. She walked over to the first door—the one that contained Echon—and opened it.

“Looks like you’re going on a trip with us,” she said. Echon slowly sat back up. “I told them that you’re too hurt to move, but they were all like ‘rawr, we taking them with us’ and I just didn’t object. Sorry I’m talking so much, but can you walk?” Echon sat on, confused. He wasn’t sure of what to think of her.

“I’m pretty sure I can,” he finally said. He moved his legs to the side of the bed and placed them on the floor, pushing himself off the bed on onto his own feet. He wobbled for a second before his balance came to him. Mila clapped.

“Good, now we just need to get your other two friends and we’ll be on our way,” she said as she walked out the door and over to the one across from Echon. She opened the door, where Aurea was busy spinning the desk in the middle of the room.

“Aurea!” Echon exclaimed. “Stop that!” Aurea opened her eyes and let the desk crash to the floor. Her face blushed with embarrassment.

“That,” Mila said, excitement trying to contain itself in her voice. “That was awesome! You got to show me how to do that!” Aurea smiled, her embarrassment disappearing. “Not a fan?” she asked Echon.

“She shouldn’t be doing stuff like that,” he explained. “She could get caught.” Aurea stood up and walked over to Mila and Echon.

“Where are we going?” she asked.

“Can’t tell you,” Mila lied. Aurea stared at Mila for a moment.

“You don’t know,” she said. Mila looked embarrassed. Aurea smiled.

“Enough of that,” Echon said, getting annoyed. “Let’s go get Celeste and get out of here.”

“Don’t make the orders,” Mila said. “You guys *are* still my prisoners.” She swiped her finger on Echon’s chest. Another smile appeared on her face. Echon swallowed hard. “But you are right, let’s go get your friend.” The three of them walked down the hall and towards the room across from where Aron had been.

“Careful,” Aurea said as Mila unlocked the door. “She’s trying to ambush you.” Echon shoved Aurea. As Mila turned the knob, she grabbed Echon by the collar and threw him towards the door. As he crashed through, Celeste pounced on top of his already bruised body.

“Emperor save me! Echon!” she exclaimed once she realized what she had done. “I’m so sorry. I thought you were that bitch who captured us.”

“Um,” Mila said, scratching the back of her head. “I’m right here.” Celeste stood up and got into Mila’s face.

“How dare you take us prisoner!” she exclaimed.

“Better me than the Nationalists or the rebels,” Mila countered.

“I don’t even know who either of those are!” Celeste screamed as she walked back towards the bed. Echon started to stand up.

“You come to our planet and don’t even know the two major factions,” Mila said, shaking her head. “Of course, you couldn’t know that, since they didn’t exist the last time you guys were here.”

“Why are you two with her?” Celeste asked looking at both Aurea and Echon. “You guys could’ve escaped, fought her off or something-”

“Celeste,” Echon said, stepping forward and grabbing her shoulder. “Please calm the frick down.” Celeste closed her eyes and took a deep breath as a sob came out. Echon rubbed her back.

“I’m just scared,” Celeste said. “I have no idea where we are or what were going to do.”

“Can you do your crying in the truck?” Mila asked. “Because I’m pretty sure Jax most likely wants us out there.” She gestured over her shoulder with her thumb.

Jax sat in the driver’s seat of his old transport truck while Nayt and Skoti loaded their *Raptors* into the back with the body. He was unsure if he should really go see Meda. The two had thrown some harsh words back and forth before parting ways. Of course it had been years, but still. “You’re going to head west,” Nayt said, opening the door and snapping Jax back to reality. “Follow the road until you hit Cicatriz, then head towards the woods.” Nayt and Skoti crawled into the cramped three man cab and sat down. They quickly heard the sounds of feet

stepping in the gravel towards the back of the truck. The people stepped into the back while another walked towards the cab.

“Sit in the back with them,” Jax said as Mila approached.

“Alright then,” Mila said, disappointed.

“Why do you have a witch hangin’ around with you?” Skoti asked.

“My brother was engaged to that witch,” Jax answered as he turned the key and started the engine.