

# ON THE RUN

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(A SCENE)

KATLYN GRACE

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## ON THE RUN

*BRYNN WAS GOING TO DIE IF SHE DIDN'T ESCAPE.*

“You thought you were sly, huh? Following us around.”

“Took you a whole month to figure out, though,” Brynn said.

The back of Trevor’s hand struck her cheek, and she yelped at the stinging pins and needles that shot at her flesh.

“You gonna tell me what you know?” he demanded.

A muscle of annoyance tugged at her jaw, and she tasted sour blood. “That you deserve to rot in a jail cell.”

Trevor’s hand tightened around the gun in a holster at his side.

“That you’re not very discreet. I mean this is the old shipping warehouse you used to be the executive director of. Marcy and I were out delivering desserts yesterday when we drove by and saw your Jaguar parked around back. It all made sense then. The stolen goods. The cash. The robberies. The money laundering that had taken place in your warehouse before it had been shut down. The Jaguar. You needing a way to have money. Rob Blake’s murder. Got pretty desperate, didn’t you?”

It was going to kill her, the truth, but she felt better getting it off her chest.

“Man, she knows too much,” one of Trevor’s minions said.

Trevor’s confidence faltered. “Not everything, yet, but I’m beginning to realize that she’s in the way.” He drew the gun out of the holster.

Brynn’s heart raced in her chest and pulsated in her throat. She glanced around, trying to pick at the rope that bound her hands as she searched for an escape. The rope that burned her flesh was like a ticking time bomb, reminding her that if she didn’t get it untied, she’d be dead. The warehouse looked like a smaller version of Sam’s Club with the floor to ceiling racking and dusty shrink-wrapped packages. There was a garage door on one end of the warehouse, and an emergency exit door on the other. But with her feet and hands tied, she couldn’t run if she tried.

“I’ve already called the police. It’s only a matter of time.” She tried to stall.

“Honey, I’m not scared of the police.”

“So now you’re going to have two murders on your hands?” she asked, writhing in her seat.

The other men in the room shifted on their feet, seeming to hold their breaths. She guaranteed they hadn’t known what they’d gotten themselves into. Probably just thought it was another way to make cash. Didn’t think it would result in killing others.

“In order to run a business, you gotta do what you gotta do.” Trevor’s Cheshire cat grin rippled chills down Brynn’s spine.

“How can you be so evil?” Frayed wires of fear snaked around her insides. She was crossing a line.

“Hon, you don’t even know the half of it.” He raised the pistol.

The gun rang out before Brynn had another second to think. The strike of the bullet was enough to make her scream. It tore through her thigh just below her waistline. The slash of the pain made her cry out in agony. She flexed the muscles in her wrists, trying to prevent shock from taking over.

Trevor kicked her chair over with one thud of his shoe. “Put your nose where it doesn’t belong again.” His dark, empty eyes laughed at her, then he turned and walked away, his minions following him.

She tried to focus her eyes on what was going on, but everything was hazy, almost like a thick smog had glazed over her eyes.

They were walking away, toward the offices out the warehouse door. She still heard faint voices through an office window. They were counting up the cash and stolen goods again. She’d known there were more than two, but she hadn’t expected six. All armed.

A nerve jerked her leg, and Brynn sucked in a breath. Maybe they thought she was dead.

*Got to get out of here.*

The blood soaked through her jeans. Would she make it out alive? John should have been here by now. She tried to keep her cries silent as she pressed her cheek to the cold, hard ground. Her body ached as she lay on the ground, bleeding.

*Should have known better.* She hiccupped.

The abandoned warehouse was too quiet, eerie. The warm, coppery odor that emanated from her thigh reminded her that Trevor would come back and finish her

off once he discovered she was still alive. *Need to apply pressure. Have to get out.* She worked at the rope around her hands. There was wiggle room now.

“This evidence isn’t worth your life. Give me ten minutes and I’ll meet you there.” John’s words over the phone earlier had been muffled, strangled. Her boyfriend had specifically urged her to go about it the right way. To wait for him since he was on the police force. “You’re a baker, not a cop. Get your nose out of town gossip before it kills you,” he’d said.

She never listened, and she knew it ticked him off. Brynn couldn’t help it. The thrill of adrenaline and mystery always pumped her veins in a satisfying way. *I’ll show him*, she had thought.

*Stupid, stupid.*

She clutched the metal racking a few inches in front of her, trying to heave her body up, but it was complicated when her hands and feet were bound. Her wounded leg wouldn’t budge. It lay on the ground like a lazy hound.

Brynn’s curiosity was going to kill her before the truth got out. She prayed John arrived soon with backup. He knew where she’d been heading, and it wasn’t far from the police station. It had been over twenty minutes since she’d last talked to him, though.

*Why is it taking so long?* Her breath came in quick pants. *Calm down, Brynn.*

The gunshot wound was hot and sticky, but the blood was beginning to clot. That had to be a good sign, but she really had no clue. She was a baker, not a cop or a paramedic. John should be proud of her. She hadn’t panicked; she’d tried her best to stay calm. She needed him to hold her and tell her everything would be okay.

She almost had herself and the chair strapped around

her pulled up. Just to straighten her wounded leg. *Dizzy*. Her throat convulsed. Her knee felt like a pod of fresh green beans getting snapped just before being placed in a pot to boil. *Going to fall*. The clank of the buttons on her boot striking the metal racking as she tumbled downward echoed throughout the dim warehouse.

“What was that?” *Trevor’s voice*.

“It’s that woman! I’m telling you.”

“I killed her, you idiot,” Trevor hissed.

Brynn managed a smile. At least there was hope.

“Judd, go do your rounds. See if there are any other nosy pests trying to blow our whole operation to pieces.”

*God, please protect John.*

“I can’t leave until the boss gets here.”

*The boss?*

At Trevor’s command, the thud of Judd’s boots walked back into the warehouse. He was coming straight for her.

*Bump.*

He was getting closer.

*Ka-bump.*

Brynn tried to loosen the rope wrapped around her hands behind her back. *Have to fight back.*

*Bump.*

Her heart thrummed in her chest. She squeezed her eyes shut.

*Ka-bump.*

“Are you okay?”

Brynn jumped at the voice that was as gritty as sand on a seashore. She opened her eyes.

Judd had dusty brown hair and skin that looked like he’d lived in Hawaii all his life...except they were currently in Michigan. Him and her were probably close to the same age, maybe he was a bit older than her age of twenty-eight.

He wore a loose Carhartt t-shirt and clunky work boots and he was offering her a hand. She wondered why she took it as he pulled her up.

She grimaced at the pain.

“He hit you in the thigh?” he asked, his luminous green eyes boring into hers.

She only nodded, not knowing how to take the gentle tone of Judd’s voice.

“I’m gonna help you.”

Her face must have said it all.

“I’m a PI, not one of them,” Judd explained.

“I’m not sure I believe you,” she whispered.

“You don’t have to.” He grabbed a towel from his pocket and bent down to tape it around her wound. He seemed to be prepared for this. “You need to get to a hospital as soon as possible to properly clean the wound, but not one here in town. Drive an hour or two out of town before you stop.”

“Why?”

“Trevor’s dirty, but there’s one that’s filthier.”

“Who?”

His six-foot-four height stood up. “I’m going to pick you up and take you out to *my* car. It’s parked a few blocks down on a dirt road because I always tell Trevor and the guys that I’m too broke to own a car. Keys are in it. I’ll just say you escaped. People won’t recognize you or expect you to be in my car.”

“People like Trevor?” she asked. “Or is there someone else?”

Again, he didn’t answer. She gasped at the pain when he picked her up in one swift movement and walked her through a door she hadn’t seen before. No one even noticed as he walked her out. Bunch of idiots.

Once they were outside, the sun blazed just above her



head, causing droplets of sweat to pour from both of their foreheads. His boots on loose gravel kept crunching. Birds chirped and crickets buzzed—something that was normal on a regular day, but today wasn't one of those days.

“Will Trevor hurt you for letting me escape?”

*Silence.*

It bugged her that he wouldn't answer any of her questions. She was being set up. It was too good to be true. “If you're a private investigator, why'd you let him shoot me?”

“He's a terrible shot. Didn't even murder Rob Blake.”

“Who did?”

*Nothing.*

He walked her further down the abandoned road to a dusty stretch that she couldn't really call a road. It was more like a bunch of rocks and holes with a lot of foliage to hide it. The forest of sugar maples and pine got taller the deeper they went. She spotted a silver Ford Fusion a few more of his long strides down. So, he hadn't lied...yet.

She looked up at the scruff around his jawline. If he really was a PI, she bet he kept his face shaved normally. There was no wedding band, but maybe it was because he was undercover. It was odd to observe that, but then again, she always noticed things like that.

He settled her into the driver's seat. “I wish I could drive you there, but it will blow my whole cover. Are you sure you're okay to drive?”

She nodded, not knowing what to say. *Why is he being so kind? Why do I feel protected in his arms?*

He handed her his card with his personal number on the back. She studied it. *Andrew Cole.* “After you get out of the hospital, drive a few hours more. Get a hotel. Pay with the cash in my console. Use a fake name. Turn your phone

off and dispose of it. Call me on the hotel phone. I'll explain more."

She jerked her eyes from the card to him. "Are you serious? What's going on? Why should I listen to you?"

He gave her a hard look, his jaw hardening. "Because I'm sure you want to live." He shut the door and began to walk away.

She sucked in a sharp breath. Tears pricked at her eyes. Her fingers curled around the steering wheel.

*God, what do I do? I have family and friends here. A life here. Who do I listen to?*

For some reason, urgency in her head told her to listen to him. For some reason, she believed Judd...or Andrew, whatever his name was. Brynn shut off her phone.

She started the car with the keys that were in ignition and backed out of the hiding spot. She stopped at a stop sign, then drove away when all was clear.

Blood was already soaking the driver's seat.

She got what she'd wanted...she'd escaped, but it wasn't as she had planned. This was something much bigger. Something her mind couldn't process. She was leaving everything she knew behind. Tears marred her vision.

Brynn glanced in the rearview mirror at the warehouse directly behind her. Andrew was already back in the warehouse. Would he tell them she'd escaped? Or was this some sick and twisted setup?

A black GMC pulled up to the warehouse and she slowed down as she drove away. The door opened, and Brynn's gut twisted when she saw a man get out. Sparks of fire shocked her insides when she realized who it was. *John*. And he wasn't with backup. Instead, he strode through the warehouse door like he owned the place.

Her hands trembled. Thigh thumped. Breath only came in short gasps. *What is going on?*

Brynn punched her foot on the gas, not knowing who to believe, but believing wholeheartedly she had gotten herself into a mess that she wouldn't be able to fix.

She had to run.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Katlyn Grace resides in a small town in West Virginia and adores spending time with friends and family. She enjoys writing, photography, music, early mornings, and going on walks. Katlyn also runs a Christian advice blog, "Rosepetal-sandfaith." She is the author of *The Lawson Series: Finding Hope, Finding Faith, and Finding Love* (coming soon). Katlyn writes with the intent to inspire others to discover the beauty in following Christ.



