

## Chapter 14: Protector

Alex arrived home an hour later, bike parked in his garage and spare helmet in his hand, he placed the keys on the bench by the door's control panel. He had the automatic door roll down to a close, before setting the helmet down as well.

He heard rapid footsteps when Thomas burst into the room, almost crashing into Alex.

He was clearly trying to contain the tears in his eyes as he threw his arms around his older brother.

Thomas: "FUCK! NIGHTINGALES, ALEX, ALL NIGHT I HAVE BEEN COUNTING NIGHTINGALES."

Alex quickly wrapped his arms around his younger brother's shoulders. When the other pulled away again, just a little bit, Alex saw the bags under his eyes.

Alex: "I'm fine, Thom. Nobody else got hurt."

Thomas: "Fuck you! You and Nick went completely radio silent on me, and then I check in on the Banshee

Radar and it's mister Accada's face on there! Do you have any idea how scary that is?!"

Alex: "We're fine, Thom, really..."

Alex took a deep breath and sighed, before taking a step back and gripping the other's shoulders.

Alex: "We're fine. And Nick is in the clear too; I checked."

Thomas: "You should have texted me! Actually, no, kick a gate, you should have called me!"

Alex: "I tried, but they jammed the phone towers."

Thomas: "UGH"

Thomas yanked himself away from the other's grasp, before pacing over to the door and peeking through the window that sat near the ceiling, climbing up onto a stool in order to do so.

Alex: "He is still out there, going for a drink, I trust."

Thomas: "We should go pick him up."

Alex: "I don't think he wants us to right now."

Thomas: "Why not? He always calls you."

Alex: "He didn't call today."

Thomas shot Alex a concerned look.

Thomas: "What happened?"

Alex: "Someone shot Vick Accada on Syrella's Square-"

Thomas: "That is not what I asked, Al, and you know it!"

Alex: "Nick was nearby when it happened. He is probably out celebrating; you know how he is."

Thomas: "He wouldn't do that!"

The tone of Thomas' voice started to sound more and more upset, causing Alex to throw up his hands in surrender.

Alex: "Fine. But we have to let him come home on his own accord."

Thomas: "You don't usually have a problem with that."

Alex: "Hey, I saw him, okay? He didn't seem in a mood for me, so I left him be."

Thomas sighed and got off the stool, before pacing by Alex and out of the room.

Thomas: "I am going to bed."