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ALL THAT'S IN BETWEEN

AUSTIN  MACAULEY PUBLISHERS™  
LONDON • CAMBRIDGE • NEW YORK • SHARJAH

**Part I**  
**The Boy Who Lost Everything**

# One

“Silas!” Riot screamed into the radio, but no one responded. A lump formed in his throat; it was never like them to not respond. He had had enough of the radio silence and decided to see what happened inside the museum. Riot ran to the car to get his computer, he sat in the damp alley, attempting to gain access to the security cameras. That would show him what happened inside, why his friends didn’t reply.

He opened the laptop and began hacking into the systems. It took him a couple of minutes to break the museum’s firewalls, but once Riot entered the system, he found the security tape. He rewound it to when they first entered. This was his first time viewing the robbery, Silas never let him commit the actual robbery. He always said it was too dangerous with his lack of experience in using a gun. Plus, they needed him to remove any cyber obstacles in front of them. The excuse never settled well with Riot; he never got a chance to prove himself. *“That’s why we work so well together,” he’d say.* Riot took a deep breath and played the clip.

It started off normal – normal for a robbery anyway – Zi entered first, she fired the first shot. Silas followed. The people lined up, one by one, they took off their jewelry and

placed it in the bag. Zi was efficient, whereas Silas took his time, he stopped in front of a girl, she was young and fierce. Riot spotted a small necklace around her frail neck, he imagined that Silas went for that, too. To his surprise, the girl before Silas remained unflinching. Her continued unamenable manner captured Zi's attention. She stormed and planted herself parallel to the girl. The pair had some disagreement which led Zi to pull out her gun. Riot doubled the speed.

He saw them fight, and Silas tried to pull them away from each other, but Zi was strong. Riot didn't understand how they ended up in a hand-to-hand combat. Zi never lost her temper, at least not like this. Before he pieced it together, both Silas's and Zi's back had a string attached to it. A taser. He saw the electrical impulse sent to it. Zi got hit first, Riot saw her body tremble from the electrical shock. Within seconds, Silas was hit, too. Rendering them unconscious, the girl signaled two people to come. They tied their limbs together and dragged them out. Riot tried his best to follow them with the camera placements. They threw his friends in a black van.

Panic rose in Riot's chest, he packed up his gear and ran to the driver's side. He hastily drove out of the alley, hoping no one saw him leave. Riot went to the only place he knew; home. The videotape kept playing in his head, over and over. He couldn't comprehend why someone would take Silas and Zi. It made sense why the police were after them, they were criminals, after all, but this was a third organization. An organization Riot had never heard of, and they had his friends. The Council, maybe? But they never went after them before, why now? Still, he couldn't rule out the possibility just yet. If he learned anything in the time he spent with them, it was to be cautious. They could be after him now, too.

The trees around him started to get denser, the traffic had started to lessen.

Riot knew he was close to home. He turned the headlights off and drove slowly, he relied only on his memory to be back, as he'd seen Silas drive through here millions of times before. How hard could it be? Riot sensed he reached his destination, so he left the engine running and sprinted toward the door. He heaved it open and let the darkness engulf him. Once he was inside, he held his breath, if a group of people was here, their breathing could've been heard. The shadows casted by the dim moonlight remained unchanged for a few minutes, proving that it was safe. Riot ran to the wall closest to him, feeling for the switch. His fingers grazed over the plastic, flicking it open. The light started flickering before turning on. The darkness evaporated and was quickly replaced with white lights.

Riot walked around the warehouse; everything was exactly the way they had left it. The card game he and Zi played was left halfway, she said they would continue once they got back. The faint smell of Silas's cigarettes danced around the air, cans of drinks crushed, and thrown on the floor. The window left ajar where Silas normally sat, watching the sun being hiding behind the horizon.

He ran up to Silas's room, the bed was undone, lights were still on. There was even a damp towel thrown on the covers. Close to the window, Zi's makeup was spilled all over their tiny dresser. Riot didn't understand why she even had to wear it; every time they went out, they had masks covering almost all their faces. Riot stepped further into the room, he started searching for light control. If there were clues about his friends' mysterious abductions, they would be easier to find

in white light as opposed to purple. He pulled the covers off his bed and threw the pillows on the floor. Riot even took off the bedsheet to find the remote. Exasperated, he sat on the bed, catching his reflection staring back at him. The brown eyes that reflected were filled with fear, with a small glimmer of hope. He'd just lost the people precious to him, again.

*If I were a remote, where would I be?*' He thought scanning the room one last time. His eyes landed on the bizarre desk, overflowing with random objects, pictures, and boxes, but its top shelf was completely empty. Being at eye level with the top shelf, Riot found the remote easily. The remote was stashed at the back, alongside a small, crumpled paper. He changed the color back to white and uncrumpled the paper.

"Forty-ninth, Sec. Border, Kin," Riot read aloud. *Kin*, Silas had never mentioned this name before. So why was this name written on a crumpled piece of paper thrown at the back of a dusty shelf?

Riot searched the room for more about this 'Kin,' he had flipped the room upside down to find any more details, but all he found was the address. Before he could lurk around more, a can hit the floor, the noise echoed throughout the space. It could've been the wind, but there was nothing left here anymore.

Riot stuffed the paper into his pocket and stealthily opened the window in front of the dresser. He jumped outside and ran into the forest. He had to get to Kin, that would be his only hope in finding his friends.