

## Devil in Disguise Book Chapter Reveal

### Chapter 13 – All Eyes on Me

As they finished blessing their food, Angela's cell phone rang. She paused, and answered it even though she didn't recognize the number. "Hello?"

"We're watching you," a raspy voice said.

"What? Who is this?"

"God slays the simple," the voice said again. Then there was a loud click. Angela looked up quizzically at Ben.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"I don't know. They said they are watching me, and God slays the simple."

"What?" Ben frowned grabbing the phone from her. He quickly hit redial, but the number was blocked.

"We're calling Vic," he said. He used his cell and dialed his sister.

"Victoria, I need you to come over here as soon as you can. It's about Angela."

"Okay. I'll be there in about fifteen minutes," she said.

"Great. We got some dinner waiting on you," Ben said hanging up.

Twenty minutes later, Victoria, clothed in a pair of jeans and white cardigan sweater, was sitting at her brother's dining room table and chewing on a quesadilla.

“I got somebody running a check on that phone number,” she said to Angela.

“What are they talking about? God slays the simple? What does that have to do with me?”

“That scripture means that God will destroy those that choose to be ignorant to His will and do their own thing,” Ben said pacing the floor.

“Baby, please sit down,” Angela said pushing her rice around on her plate.

“I can’t. Somebody just threatened my wife. I’m trying to not go vigilante.”

“Please don’t go vigilante. We already got one hot-head,” Victoria said looking over at Angela.

“I have learned to be subdued,” Angela said half-jokingly in her defense.

“Really?” Victoria asked chumping down on her quesadilla. She mulled over ideas in her head, and she still couldn’t make sense of it all.

“I have a friend that works for the Dallas Police Department and he is going to do some checking up on a few things.”

“Okay. Things like what?” Ben asked stopping his pace and facing his sister with his hands on his waist.

“I’d rather not discuss it right now. Not until I’m sure,” she said making eye contact with her brother.

Ben sighed, and rubbed his hands over his face. “So what does this mean? Do me and my wife live in constant fear? Do we look over our shoulders until you *can* discuss it? I mean, what are

we to do while some nut is out there watching me and my family like hawks and making stupid prank calls.”

“Ben, calm down. I understand that you’re frustrated, but just let the police do their jobs, okay?”

“Yeah,” Ben walked toward the door.

“Where are you going?” Angela asked as he grabbed his jacket.

“Out,” he said slamming the door.

“Do you think I need to put a black and white out on him?” Victoria asked turning to her.

“Yeah,” Angela said softly and nervously.

Ben raced up the interstate pumping no music. He was consumed with his thoughts and anger began to build and drive him. He turned off the exit to Kensborough Estates and slowed down a bit, as he viewed his rearview mirror. He thought he saw a police car behind him, but when he looked again, it was gone. He swerved around the corner and pulled into the classy neighborhood. He pulled into his brother’s driveway, and yanked the ignition off and pulled his keys out. He opened his car door and walked briskly up to the front door.

Ben rang the doorbell and rang it again. As soon as the door opened, Ben lit into Andrew giving him a sucker punch to the jaw. Andrew stumbled backward and grabbed his jaw in amazement. Then anger began to flow into Andrew’s own eyes. He charged at Ben and rammed him outside onto the front lawn. Ben was fueled with anger by now, and he grabbed Andrew by his head and tried to twist it. But Andrew, being at least forty more pounds than him, had a good lock on Ben and was able to gain some momentum on his little brother. He got Ben on the ground and punched him twice across the face.

“What are you doing?!” Paulette screamed, as she stepped out in front of the doorway.

But they were so consumed in their fight, they didn’t hear her.

“Oh my God! Oh my God! You’ve both gone crazy!” She screamed running back into the house.

Ben managed to twist his own body underneath Andrew and throw Andrew down. He grabbed his throat and began choking him. The fat oozed through Ben’s fingers, and that fed into another adrenalin rush as he squeezed his brother’s throat. Andrew coughed and gagged for air, but he continued to swing at Ben, sometimes missing him. Andrew grasped his fingers around Ben’s loosening his grip, and pushed him off of him. Andrew staggered up on his knees while Ben huffed and puffed, trying to get up himself.

Although he was tired, Ben raged at him again knocking him backward. He punched him in the jaw again, and the sound of a siren blared over both of them as they tumbled on the front lawn.

“Halt both of you!” The voice of an officer blared. The officer stood over both of them with his weapon armed and ready.

Andrew lifted his hands, and Ben stood on his knees and wiped at the blood from his mouth, but he didn’t hold up his hands. He was still too angry.

“Get up!” The officer ordered.

Andrew rolled on his stomach and got up using his knees one by one. He stood with his curly hair flying across his head. His eyes darted back and forth from his brother to the police officer.

Paulette came back out and stood wrapped in her robe in disbelief.

Ben turned as if he was going back to his truck. "Wait a minute, sir," another officer grabbed Ben's arm.

"Look, that's my brother, and I just had to get some things off my chest. We're good, right bro?"

Ben looked fiercely at Andrew.

Andrew just nodded, still holding his hands up.

"Ah, that might be true, but you were disturbing the peace, and we have to do what we do," the officer said ushering Ben back to Andrew's lawn.

Ben sighed, and as he was calming down, he was regretting even coming over here.

"Now, what's going on?" the first officer asked.

"Look, somebody is playing on the phone with my wife threatening her, and I believe my brother is behind it," Ben said getting angry again.

"What?" Andrew asked, looking surprised.

"Don't play dumb," Ben pointed an accusing finger at him.

"I don't know what you're talking about?"

"You," Ben pointed again, "You may have not done it yourself, but you had something to do with it."

"I haven't done anything. Why would I do that?"

The first police officer asked them their names and jotted a few other notes and closed his pad.

"Look, would you like to press charges?" he asked Andrew.

“No, no need. I don’t think he’ll be bothering me again. Because, if he does, he will be going to jail,” Andrew was regaining his composure.

Ben sniffed and turned his attention to the street. He narrowed his eyes at the first squad car. He recognized the number on the side of it. It was the same number on the car that followed him earlier. His mind was reeling now. He didn’t know if Andrew knew he’d come for him, and sent the police before time so he could have his chance to fight Ben or what. So many things were going on in Ben’s mind, he couldn’t sort it all.

Ben rubbed his head trying to slow down his racing thoughts. He sighed and the pain from his jaw and shoulder was beginning to come with a vengeance.

“Mr. Moore, can we assure that you won’t come over here with this foolishness again?” The second officer asked, jarring Ben back to the present situation.

“Yeah, can I go now?” Ben asked irritably.

“Yeah; we’ll follow you home,” the first officer said. He turned to Andrew, “Keep to yourself. I don’t want to have to come out here again, or you’re both going to jail,” he warned.

“Yeah,” was all Ben said. He was so angry he wanted to gut Andrew like a fish.

Ben hopped back in his truck and sped out onto the street. One squad car followed him, while the other stayed behind and took a statement from Andrew.

After everyone was gone, Paulette stood in the doorway waiting on Andrew.

“Really Pastor? Brawling on the front lawn with your brother?” She scolded closing the door.

“What was I to do? He came in here punching me like some hoodlum,” Andrew moved his jaw around and winced at the pain that shot through his face.

“You *charged* at him, Andrew,” Paulette pulled her robe tighter around her. She shook her head, “I’m so glad the children were asleep and didn’t witness this spectacle. You are brothers for God’s sake, and are supposed to be men of God,” she hissed at him.

“Paulette, you know as well as I do, that Ben is a low-class hood.”

“Low-class hood? You were both raised in the same family; in the same house,” Paulette couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

“You’re making it like it’s my fault. I was merely defending myself,” Andrew said rubbing his arm. “Can you stop gabbing and bring me some ice? I feel like a Mac truck just ran into me.”

“It’s a crying shame for two pastors who are blood brothers to be brawling in the front yard like some middle school children. Both of you ought to be ashamed and repent,” she said walking out and going to get him some ice. She returned, standing with a scolding look and held out the ice pack she made from ice cubes and a Ziploc bag.

“I have nothing to repent for. I did nothing wrong,” Andrew responded taking the ice pack from her hands. He rested it on his chin and hissed as the coldness sat against his aching skin.

“I’m going to bed. My head is aching with all of this foolishness between you and Ben. I wish both of you would grow up. You’re brothers; not enemies,” she said walking toward her bedroom. “Make sure you come to bed tonight,” she called out.

“I’m coming,” Andrew yelled back. He sat back in his chair and sighed as the ice began to ease the pounding in his face. Before long, Andrew was snoring loudly in the chair.

Ben slowed down as the squad car pulled in behind him. Ben could feel the pain throbbing throughout his body now. He was hurting so much, that he could barely get out of his truck. When he got out, he merely leaned against it to hold himself up against the pain in his ribs and his face.

The officer got out and approached Ben, "Look sir. I'm not into family squabbles, but when you bring it outside and disturb the neighborhood, that's when I have to get involved. You understand that?"

"Yeah," Ben said leaning on the truck some more. "I know you guys won't do anything about it, but somebody called my wife tonight and threatened her. I know my brother has something to do with this, but I can't prove it. Yet," he said.

"Have you filed a report?" The officer asked.

"No, but my sister filed one," Ben let out a gush of wind as pain seared through his back and face.

"Your sister?"

"She's my lawyer. Look, I know you got to do your job, but I got one question: did my brother hire you to follow me?"

The officer frowned in confusion, "Sir. An APB was sent out on you almost forty-five minutes ago. No one *hired* me to follow you."

Ben nodded and in his frustration with the officer, he lowered his head and sighed loudly.

"You need to get that jaw checked," the officer pointed at Ben's face. "You're bleeding."



“Yeah, thanks,” Ben said wiping at the blood with his hand. He looked up to see the porch light come on and the front door opened.

“Ben?” he heard Angela’s voice. Now he had to get ready to deal with her. Reality of what just happened was starting to sink in, and he wasn’t sure he wanted to deal with it right now.

“I’m fine,” he said wiping at his bleeding mouth again.

“No you’re not,” Angela said coming closer to him.

“My God! What happened to you?” Angela turned toward the officer, “Is he alright?”

“He’s fine. Are you his sister?”

“No, I’m his wife. What happened?”

“He got into a brawl with his brother,” the officer said.

“A brawl?!” Angela turned accusingly to Ben.

“Yes ma’am. I’d advise that you keep him at bay when he decides to get another urge to fight his brother out on the lawn. I won’t be so nice the next time,” the officer tipped his cap, “Goodnight y’all.”

“I will, thank you officer,” Angela said. As the officer turned and got in his squad car, Angela stood there and stared at Ben.

“I don’t know if I should slap you upside your head, or fall down on my knees and be thankful you didn’t get your stupid self killed,” Angela set her hands on her hip, staring at Ben.

“Not now,” Ben said walking past her to get into the house.

“Ben, I can’t believe you! You know everybody’s watching us and every move we make. Really? Fighting with Andrew in the front yard?” she scolded following him in.

“I know he had something to do with it,” he said opening up the kitchen cabinet and taking out a glass. He slung five ice cubes in it and held it up to his face. He sat down in his recliner in the family room and leaned back with the glass.

“Well, for your sake, I hope you’re right.”

“Where’s Vic?”

“She dipped out almost twenty minutes ago. She said something about checking on a friend.”

“A friend? I wasn’t aware my sister had those,” Ben said switching the glass to the other cheek.

“Well, I guess she does have them. At least one,” Angela said grabbing her bowl of Mexican rice.

“Do you really think somebody saw what happened tonight?” Ben said looking up at her.

“Yes, I do. Somebody’s always got their eyes on you.”