

Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

Chapter 10

Alyssa

I wake up at 5am to Zuri's cries, her tiny voice piercing the early morning silence. It's her usual signal, letting me know that she's both hungry and ready to start the day.

After I showered last night, I brought Zuri into King's guest bedroom so she could sleep beside me. She almost always sleeps through the night, but that also means she usually wakes up early as hell. I glance at the clock and sigh, my body still aching from yesterday's...well, from whatever the fuck I let happen to me yesterday.

"Come on, baby girl. Let's get you something to eat," I murmur, picking her up from her crib and quietly carrying her downstairs so I don't disturb King. I still haven't gotten over the fact he coerced me into sex, but I'm not selfish enough to make a bunch of noise and wake him up when he allowed us to stay overnight.

I flip on the living room light, nearly jumping out of my skin when I see one of the three dumbasses that isn't King lounging in an armchair like he lives here.

"What are you doing here?" I hiss, my voice but sharp.

Niko grins, looking far too pleased with himself. "I come and go as I please, sweet girl. Got a problem with that?"

Yes, actually.

I look at the clock on the microwave. "Okay. It's like 5:38 in the morning, why are you here right now?"

"Well, when King told me our favorite girl was back in town, I couldn't resist coming here and seeing for myself."

His eyes flicker to Zuri, who is now squirming in my arms, demanding to be put down. I carefully lay the blanket that I carried down with us on the floor and place her on it with a few of her non-battery-operated toys. She immediately reaches for them with her cute, chubby hands.

I head to the fridge, grabbing a pouch of bananas and strawberries. I started baby-led weaning last month, but with no high chair and not wanting to dirty up King's kitchen or use his groceries, I'll have to settle for the pouches until Gray comes for us.

When I return with Zuri's breakfast, Niko is watching her with a kind of fascinated interest. I open the pouch and pass it to her, and she greedily pops it into her mouth, sucking down the puree with glee.

"Wow, you really had a baby. I hardly believed him when he told me," Niko murmurs, his eyes never leaving Zuri.

Flashbacks of last night hit me, and my anger instantly rekindles. "What else did he tell you?" I hiss.

I almost referred to King as an "asshole", but I'm practicing not cursing in front of Zuri, since she's starting to pick up on language now.

Wouldn't want her first word to be "asshole".

"Not much besides that," Niko shrugs, but there's a wicked grin on his face. "Unless something happened that he didn't tell me about?"

Clenching my jaw, I quickly shake my head. "Of course not."

Niko hums, diverting his attention back to my daughter. "Can I pick her up?" he asks softly.

I shrug. "If she lets you. She's practically a Velcro baby, hasn't really been around many people. She can't talk yet, but she understands the word "up". If she wants you to pick her up, she'll reach her arms out."

If there's anything I want to instill in my daughter the most, it's that her autonomy is important.

Niko crouches down beside Zuri, unease flickering in his eyes. "Uh, hi. Can I pick you up?" he asks awkwardly.

I suppress a laugh. "Just say 'up.'"

"Up," he says tentatively. Zuri looks up, curious, before lifting her arms. Niko glances at me for reassurance. I nod. "Go ahead."

Carefully, Niko lifts my daughter into his arms, cradling her head as if he's afraid she can't support it herself. "I'm so incredibly bad at this," he laughs.

Although he looks completely out of his element, Zuri is content with him. My heart warms seeing that she isn't screaming bloody murder like she does when her own father tries to pick her up.

"Well, it seems like she likes you," I murmur.

He grins, a sight that stirs an unwanted feeling inside me. "You think so?"

Zuri wraps her tiny fingers around Niko's and giggles. It's clear she has him wrapped around her little finger already.

Suddenly, heavy footsteps echo from upstairs. King descends, his hair tied up in a half-bun, looking effortless in a black cut-off shirt and jeans.

Does...does he always look this good in the morning?

When his dark eyes land on me, I quickly look away. After last night, I hate him even more than I did three years ago. Or at least, that's what I'm trying to convince myself.

Honestly, he has somehow awakened some burning desire in me that I thought had been killed the first night Isaac beat me and then forced himself on me.

"Mornin', kitten. Niko. Not used to having guests in my house at six in the morning."

"Yep, kinda comes with the territory of being a parent. Do your overnight guests just sleep until noon, or do you kick them out as soon as you're done with them?" I ask, disdain dripping from my voice.

He shrugs nonchalantly. "Never had a woman sleep over before."

I can't stop my jaw from dropping. He's full of shit. He's got to be. Or that means...

I shake my head, dismissing the ridiculous thought.

"My housekeeper and maids should be here at 7. Make sure you eat something. You won't be sitting around my house starving."

"King, I don't have money to pay--"

"I don't want money even if you did," he draws, his eyes darkening. "God, your husband is such a huge piece of shit, but I'll fix that."

I swallow hard, unsure how to respond to that. Then, I remember that I need to ask him what the hell he told Niko and why we still haven't heard anything from my brother.

"Do you think you can stay with Zuri for a moment? I need to talk to King," I ask Niko, who's now playing with Zuri on the floor.

Damn, I guess my own daughter has replaced me. All of her attention is on him like I don't even exist.

Niko nods, not even bothering to look up. "Sure thing, sweet girl."

Ugh. What's up with these guys and all their nicknames for me?

I roll my eyes, and follow King to his office while leaving the door slightly open in case Zuri needs me.

"Did you tell him about us?" I whisper, glaring at King.

King tilts his head, his eyes piercing through me. "What about us?" he asks innocently.

"What do you mean? I don't know...maybe the fact that you blackmailed me into fucking you last night," I retort, still managing to keep my voice low.

He rolls his eyes, as if I'm the one getting on his nerves and not the other way around. "Don't act like you didn't enjoy it, kitten. I bet your tight little cunt is pulsating just from the memory of me inside you." He reaches down, cupping my pussy through my leggings, pressing me firmly against the wall. I close my eyes, biting my cheek to stop the moan threatening to escape.

"S-Stop touching me," I say, my breath coming out in short, desperate pants.

"Is that really what you want?" he asks, his fingers applying pressure as they encircle my clit through the fabric.

My hands fly to his wrist. "Please stop," I say with no real effort behind it. He rubs harder.

"Are you going to come for me, kitten? I'm almost embarrassed for you—it's only been two minutes." His smug smirk boils my blood, and I try to push his hand away, but he grabs my hair with his free hand and brings his lips to mine in a bruising kiss.

I gasp into his mouth, but he shamelessly ravishes my mouth, his tongue gliding against mine. His fingers work my pussy faster, sending me hurling towards the edge of oblivion.

Holy-

My scream is muffled as I come hard, my body convulsing between King and the wall. He chuckles darkly, nipping at my lip as he kisses me once more. Abruptly, he shoves his hand into my leggings and gathers my juices on his fingers.

"Open," he growls, bringing his fingers to my mouth. Too aroused to argue, I part my lips, and he rubs my cum on my tongue. "Clean your mess, suck your fucking cum off my fingers. Taste what I do to you."

My mouth closes around his fingers, and I suck them, swirling my tongue around his digits. "Good girl," he murmurs, his voice laced with carnal desire.

My clit throbs painfully. I need him to fuck me again. What—no. What the hell am I saying?

King backs away from me just in time as the door flies open, Niko carrying Zuri in his arms. She instantly reaches for me and I pick her up. "Hey princess," I coo, hugging her close. "Did you miss mommy?"

Niko sniffs the air, his nostrils flaring. My cheeks start to burn, and I hope he doesn't realize what just happened. What I allowed to happen. Again. Because I can't seem to resist King's charms.

"Niko, I have a few things to take care of today. Can you stay here with our kitten and Zuri?" King asks, but it comes out sounding more like a command.

Niko grins. "Sure, I'll make sure our ladies don't get into trouble."

I don't miss the way he says "ladies", like my daughter and I are their possessions or something. Anger surges through me, but I bite my tongue. As much as I don't want to feel like I'm being babysat, I'm also aware that Isaac can find me at anytime and we need their protection.

"What about Gray? Will you let me know if he calls?" I ask, biting my lip. "You know, since I lost my phone."

King's mouth twitches. "Of course, Kitten."

Before I can say anything else, he leaves the room, his presence lingering like a storm cloud ready to burst.

Niko turns back to us, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Now, what do you ladies want to do for the day?"