

Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

Chapter 15

Alyssa

I watch from the kitchen as all the boys come out of King's office together. King holds a white box in his hand, and I eye it with suspicion.

"Come here, kitten," he purrs, beckoning me with a finger.

I roll my eyes. "What?"

Balancing Zuri on one hip, I cautiously approach them like a snake is going to pop out of the box and attack me.

King offers it to me with a smirk. "Open it."

"What is it?" My heart races as I furrow my brows, taking the box from him. I lift the lid and find a brand-new iPhone inside.

What in the actual fuck?

"W-What is this for?" I stammer, gaping at him.

"Yours."

"For?"

His eyebrows knit together. "It's. Yours." He stares at me like I'm the dumbest person alive.

I don't know how to respond, so I just stand there, staring.

"I think our sweet girl is in shock," Niko chuckles. "Just wait until she sees the car."

A car???

I frown, disbelief washing over me. "What are you talking about?"

When I look at King, his expression is impassive. I stomp towards the front door and fling it open. Sure enough, there's a silver SUV parked in the driveway.

I squeeze my eyes closed, hoping I'm just imagining shit, but when I open them, it's still there. It looks entirely too nice to have been found at a dump. That means he bought it for me. But why? Why is he putting so much effort into helping me? Is this some kind of prank?

Zuri's babbling pulls me back to reality, and I smile at her reassuringly. "I'm okay, princess. Mommy just needs a moment to process this."

"What do you think, kitten?" King whispers behind me, making me jump.

"What is all of this for?" I spin to glare at him. "I-I lost your bet."

Didn't I?

Unless him fucking me like a deranged animal for the last two nights was just a long, hot, fucked-up nightmare. I mean, it's make sense. That would explain why I somehow enjoyed any of it.

"Well, I'm going to get going. See you ladies later," Niko shouts, winking at me before starting his bike and speeding off. I guess he was really in a hurry.

When I shift my attention back to King, his face remains annoyingly blank. "Well?" I demand.

He lifts one shoulder lazily, but there's that usual devilish glint in his eyes. "Maybe I just felt like being nice."

I snort. "You, nice?" I don't believe it for a fucking second. "What else do you want from me?"

He's already coerced me into sex. There's not much else he can take.

Unless he wants a kidney or something.

Smirking, King lifts my chin with a finger. "What do you think I want?"

My jaw clenches. "I don't know. That's why I'm asking."

"For one, I want you to be a good girl and accept your gifts. Two, I want you to stay here until Monday when Gray comes back. Can you do that for me?"

I grind my molars. Five more days with him? And the way it's looking, I'll be seeing a lot of the other two too. It sounds like a recipe for disaster.

"Why are you doing this?" I ask again, unease growing in my stomach. I don't like receiving gifts, not when every time Isaac left me covered in bruises, he came home the next day with expensive presents to try to buy back my love.

King stares down at me. "Fine, it's because I want to keep you safe. Is that so bad, kitten?"

I meet his gaze defiantly. "I don't trust you."

He hums, tilting his head. "But you have no other choice but to accept my help."

It isn't a question.

"I guess that's true, but let's make one thing clear. If whatever you're planning results in something happening to my daughter, I won't hesitate to hunt you the fuck down."

His lips twitch, and he steps closer, invading my space with his toxic testosterone. Leaning down, he whispers, his breath warm against my lips, "It's a good thing I'd never let anything happen to either of you, then, isn't it?"

My breath catches, before I can recover from my brain short-circuiting, he steps away and grabs the helmet off his bike, sliding it over his stupid, giant head.

"Wait, where are you going?" I ask, though I don't know why I care.

"I have something to take care of. Mason will stay at the house tonight while Niko and I are gone. You can behave until then, right?"

"What does that mean?"

He smirks. "Exactly what I said. Behave for Mason, or there will be consequences."

Consequences.

I'm well aware of what that means when men say that word. But not entirely sure with him, since I know he wouldn't be stupid enough to hit me.

"No, kitten. I decided that I'll leave that to you. I didn't even tell him you allowed your husband to breed you."

The way he says "breed" makes me shudder. He says it with anger and disdain, and do I hear a tinge of jealousy? But that couldn't be right. King, jealous?

And if he's telling the truth, I'm shocked he didn't tell my brother. Don't get me wrong, I still hate him, but that was...thoughtful of him. I swear, he's so goddamn confusing. I can't get a read on him, or what he's trying to gain from continuing to be nice to me after he already got what he wanted.

"Uh, thanks for everything," I mutter, biting my lip. "Well, I guess now that you got me a car, I can just dip out of here, right?"

I wouldn't actually do that because I'd be too afraid of Isaac tracking me somehow, but I can't resist pushing King's buttons.

He must know that too because he gives me a stern look. "Don't play with me right now, kitten," he growls.

"Hmm, I vaguely recall you telling me when I first got here that I could leave at any time."

There's that unfriendly smile of his. "Well, that changed. Gray wants you here until he comes home."

"And where is he right now?" I ask, narrowing my eyes.

"Does it matter?"

I sigh heavily. I'm not going to go back and forth with him when he's obviously not going to tell me where my brother is. But at least now I have a phone to call him and find out for myself.

King nods his head towards Mason. "Mace, take them back inside," he orders.

"Alright," Mason mutters. As he turns to usher me inside, King tosses him a pair of keys. "And if she needs anything, take her wherever she needs to go. Just keep me updated, but I'll check in soon anyway."

I steal one last glance at King as we go back into his house. I'm well aware of his role in Gray's little gang. There's always a chance he'll leave and never come back, and despite the fact I hate him, I can't shake the worry gnawing at my gut.

And that truly scares the fuck out of me.