

Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

Chapter 18

Alyssa

Once Niko returned from whatever illegal shit he was doing, Mason said goodnight and went home. Niko suggested that I sleep in King's room with Zuri while he took the guest bedroom. I was hesitant at first, but then he said King would most likely not be back tonight.

When I wake up, sometime in the middle of the night, I catch the outline of a man standing at the end of the bed. Zuri is sleeping in her crib right beside me.

Panic surges through me, and I sit up, ready to defend us. What if Isaac found us? What if he's about to drag us back to the house and kill us?

"Relax, kitten. It's just me," King murmurs, his voice instantly calming me somehow.

I breathe a sigh of relief as my heartbeat gradually climbs back down. "Oh, sorry we stole your room. Niko said you wouldn't come back tonight. That's the only reason we slept in here."

"I have absolutely no problem with you sleeping in my bed."

He quietly climbs into bed, settling beside me with his arm above his head. Even in the dark, I can see the outline of his bare, chiseled chest, and a wave of arousal washes over me.

I should get out of here, but Zuri is asleep. Unless I want to risk waking her, and staying up another three to four hours, I'm trapped in here with him.

"You're not fucking me," I say firmly, trying to ignore the slickness gathering between my thighs.

"Of course I'm not. For one, I'm too fucking exhausted. And two, the baby's in here. We don't want to wake her up with your screaming." I can hear the smirk in his voice.

I roll my eyes. "You're not funny."

"Wasn't tryin' to be."

We lay in silence for a long moment before I glance over to see him staring up at the ceiling. He must've really had a long night to be keeping his hands to himself. I was starting to question if he was capable of that after the last two nights.

"So, what dirty job did you have to do tonight?" I ask, trying to sound casual.

He sighs. "Just some idiot behind on his payment."

Surprised that he actually gave me an answer for once, I joke, "what'd you do? Cut off his finger or something?"

"Two, actually. One for each month he was late."

I gasp quietly. "What the fuck? I was literally just joking. You cut off his fingers?"

King shifts to his side to look at me. "Yeah, he screamed like a little bitch. I'm kinda hoping he doesn't pay next month either, Gray said I could take his whole hand."

"How can you seriously do that to another person?" I ask in horror, the image making my stomach churn.

"Easy. They're pieces of shit, kitten. Gamblers, corrupt politicians, men that likely abuse their wives and children. Like your husband." I swallow hard when he says that. "It's like seeing a mosquito that needs to be squashed before it gives you West Nile Virus or some shit. I love killing motherfuckers like that."

"Oh." It's all I can manage to say as I process his words. I've always wondered if they just go around beating up innocent people that owe them money. I'm still not saying that it's right to harm or kill anyone, but I feel slightly less disgusted by it now.

"Why does Gray lend money to people like that then?" I ask after a moment.

"Business. He has high interest rates, so it's either pay or get dealt with. It's funny...they never think Gray is serious about hunting them down for his money until I show up on their doorstep."

Before I can ask him anything else, his soft chuckle fills the air. "Get some sleep. You're asking too many questions."

I snort. "Well, thanks for answering them. You guys have always been so secretive about everything."

He hums in agreement. "Only to protect you, but you're a big girl now. Gray needs to accept that too."

I wonder what he means by that. What else could my brother be hiding from me?

But I'll let King get some sleep.

I'm so close to him, I can smell his natural scent mixed with fresh soap. He must've taken a shower before he came in here, which makes sense since he was likely covered in blood after removing some dude's fingers.

With his eyes closed, I find myself studying his features. Even if I tried to convince myself that I wasn't attracted to him, my vagina would call me a liar. I'm just glad Zuri is here to be a buffer, even if she's completely unaware of it. Mommy needs to start making smarter choices in men, and willingly indulging in sex with King is not it.

"I'm gonna need you to stop looking at me like that, kitten. My dick's starting to get ideas I don't have the energy for," he teases, his voice huskier with sleep.

I blush, embarrassed that he caught me staring at him. Damn, I thought he was already asleep.

"I wasn't looking at you," I retort in a whisper.

"Uh-huh, sure."

He rolls over so I can only see his smooth, muscular back. The moonlight highlights the contours of his shoulders, and I want to reach out and touch him, but I restrain myself. Because that's the same thing to do.

Groaning, I turn over and bury my face in the pillow, willing myself to ignore the sexual tension between us and my throbbing vagina demanding that I do something about it. My mind races, with thoughts of his strong arms around me, his big cock hammering into me while he holds me down and makes me take it.

Okay, I really need to get a grip. Or some professional help.

My body seems to get hotter and hotter by the second until it feels like I'm a rubber band, ready to snap. What has King done to me in just two days? I never needed sex before. With Isaac it was just a chore, a chore that he demanded I do or suffer the consequences.

Now, it feels like if I don't get relief soon, I might die.

Needing a break from the warmth of King's body so close to me, I sneak out of the room and go downstairs to find Niko sitting at the table, sipping a glass of dark liquor. He's shirtless, only wearing black sweatpants. His chest is not as muscular as King's, but he has just as many tats.

He glances up at me. "Hey, sweet girl. What are you doing up?" he asks with a grin.

I get a glass out of the cabinet and fill it with water from the sink. "I guess I could ask you the same thing."

He shrugs, leaning back in his chair. "Couldn't sleep. I was hoping this would knock me out."

I sigh, taking a sip of water, but it does nothing to extinguish the aching fire inside me. "Well, King came back, and we were lying in the same bed. Let's just say I can't go back to sleep now," I murmur, staring down into the water glass so he can't see how hot I am.

It would be so embarrassing if he found out that I can't sleep because I want to fuck King. Not to mention I'm married. I don't care about their opinions, but I also don't want anyone to think of me as a cheating whore.

When I glance back up, Niko is eyeing me curiously, his blue gaze intense.

"What?" I ask, raising a brow.

He stands and steps closer to me, our bodies mere inches away. He takes a deep breath, inhaling my scent. I shudder in response.

"How wet are you for him, sweet girl?" he purrs, his voice low and seductive.

His question is so blunt and out of nowhere, I don't even know to react. My mind goes blank, and I feel a fresh wave of heat flood my body.

What the fuck?