

# Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

## Chapter 21

Alyssa

As he towers over me, I feel like I'm going to pass out with how hard my chest is pounding. "You mean besides the fact that after tomorrow I don't have to see your stupid face anymore?" I ask, playing it off pretty good. At least, I think.

There's a beat of silence between us before he smirks. "You know what, I'll just show up at Gray's house every day just to see that little disapproving look on your face."

I swallow hard. Please don't, I can hardly control myself as it is, I plead in my head.

He steps closer, closing the distance between us. "Really...what's wrong, kitten?" he asks, cocking his head to the side as his dark eyes study me, searching my soul like he seems to be so good at doing.

"Nothing," I mutter, trying to keep my expression stoic.

He hums, unconvinced. "Nah, it's something. You're acting weird today. That worried about Gray disapproving of you hiding a baby from him?" His tone is almost teasing, but there's still a tinge of worry.

"Yeah, he'll probably be pissed at me for disappearing for three years. I know he had to deal with Mom's death alone."

With that actual truth, guilt burrows through me. I didn't even get to go to my own mother's funeral since that was when my miscarriage happened, and I was too bruised and bloody to show my face. I never even got a chance to say goodbye to her.

King's expression softens and he smiles. It's not a friendly one at all. "I think he'll understand once you explain why I have to kill your husband," he replies calmly.

Ugh, he's still on that.

How can I explain to him that I don't want that to happen? That I just want to find a way to get Isaac to leave me alone and divorce me without doing something that will forever be on my conscious?

"Yeah, King, about that-"

Niko interrupts me, but I try not to look directly at him. "Mason and I are taking my bikes, King. That means you're driving."

I scowl, my irritation flaring up again. "Uh, Niko, I can drive myself."

King grins down at me, a devilish glint in his eyes. "Nah, I think you're going to be my passenger princess today."

"I think not."

He stares at me, his gaze unyielding. It's his way of being an asshole and telling me I have no choice.

I blow out a huge breath. "I can't wait until tomorrow," I mutter, storming past him to the passenger seat. I hop in and slam the door shut, forgetting that Zuri is asleep. Thankfully, she doesn't stir.

King chuckles as he hops into the driver's seat. "I heard that."

"Good," I spit back. "Maybe you can get it through your thick skull that you don't own me, and I don't have to listen to what you say."

"That's where you're wrong. I promised Gray I would protect you until tomorrow, so technically, I can tell you what to do until then. And even after. You can't get rid of me so easily this time, kitten."

My stomach flutters. What does he mean by that?

But instead of dwelling on it, I roll my eyes. "Dick."

"Oh, poor kitten," he croons, his voice dripping with mock sympathy. "You're missing my dick so badly, you're calling out for it. Want me to fill your sweet pretty pussy one more time before I send you off to your brother?"

I blush, flashes of last night replaying in my mind. I imagine King coming downstairs in the middle of me playing with myself in front of Niko and being so angry, he just shoves his cock into me and fucks me hard on the counter while Niko watches.

I should be repulsed by a fantasy like that, but I can already feel my clit throbbing rhythmically.

Apparently, I am fucked in the head. No thanks to King or maybe it's Isaac's fault for being such a selfish, trash lover that my body is trying to make up for all the years of sexual neglect.

Either way, this needs to stop.

A large hand on my thigh jolts me from my thoughts. Electricity courses through me, making me jerk in surprise. King's touch is firm, sending shivers up my spine as his fingers splay possessively over my skin.

"What are you doing?" I snap, trying to push King away but he grabs my hand and holds it. I stare down at our intertwined hands, my pulse racing like it might just beat out of my chest.

He's driving with one hand, the sight way hotter than it has any right to be. The muscles in his forearm flex with each slight movement of the steering wheel, and I almost find myself salivating. Being this close to him, inhaling his musky scent, is overwhelming.

"Zuri's in the car. You should be driving with two hands," I snap, doing a piss poor job at keeping my voice leveled.

"I wouldn't let anything happen to you or her," he says calmly, looking ahead at the road but giving my hand a reassuring squeeze.

"What are you doing?" I ask again in a low voice. Why the hell does he want to hold my hand?

The right corner of his lip twitches. "If you can fantasize about me, I think I should be allowed to indulge in my own fantasy too. Don't you agree?"

"I wasn't fantasizing about you," I retort, shooting him a glare, but the heat in my cheeks betrays me.

"Uh-huh. Sure you weren't. I guess I must've just imagined your thighs clenching while you were zoning out." His voice is low and teasing, but I can hear the underlying desire in it. Another wave of heat rolls through me, pooling in my core and making me shift uncomfortably.

Too ashamed to say anything, I try to pull my hand away again, but his grip tightens. "I won't tease you anymore about it if you just let me hold your hand for awhile. Just until we get to the outlet."

I sigh, relenting. The battle isn't worth it, and his touch, despite my better judgment, is actually comforting. I'm too afraid to ask him what fantasy he's currently roleplaying, so I just lay back in the seat, secretly enjoying the feeling of his warm hand in mine. The connection is both infuriating and intoxicating, stirring a mixture of emotions inside of me that I can't quite decipher.