

Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

Chapter 25

Alyssa

After waking up and taking a shower—since I passed out right after whatever the hell last night was—I begin packing up Zuri's and my things. She had stirred some time during the night, but thankfully, I had formula and water on the dresser. To my surprise, she fell right back asleep, allowing me to sleep a little longer.

I don't know when Gray's flight lands, but I want to be packed and ready for when he gets here.

Finding my way downstairs in the dark with the flashlight on my phone, I head into the living room to search for any toys I happened to leave in here last night.

"What are you doing?" I jump at the sound of King's deep, gravelly voice, my heart racing. I don't know why, but it takes me back to all those times I tried to leave with Zuri, only to find Isaac waiting to catch me.

King, seated in his armchair with a drink in hand, raises a brow at my startled reaction.

"I-I'm sorry, just let me...catch my breath," I choke out, collapsing onto the couch, clutching my chest, which feels like it's being squeezed by an invisible hand. My hands tremble uncontrollably, and my heartbeat roars in my ears.

Okay, I think I'm having a panic attack right now. And right in front of King.

Great.

I'm vaguely aware of King striding across the room and sitting beside me, yanking me into his lap. "I didn't mean to scare you. Just breathe," he murmurs, placing a hand on my chest.

I try to pull away from him, embarrassed. "I'm okay. I just—"

"Breathe."

I obey, closing my eyes and taking deep breaths. His hold tightens, and somehow, it both comforts me and freaks me the hell out at the same time.

We sit in silence for what feels like whatever until I can breathe normally again.

"Good girl," King praises. "Now what were you doing wondering around in the dark?"

I hop off his lap, and he lets me, his eyes tracking my every movement.

"Sorry, that was weird. Can we just forget that happened?" I ask with a nervous laugh.

He just stares at me, waiting for me to answer his question.

I sigh, rolling my eyes. "Fine. I thought I'd get our things packed before Zuri woke up. You know, to make it easier for Gray."

His expression suddenly darkens. "I don't want you to leave," he growls, and my eyes widen in shock.

As he rises from the couch, I instinctively take a step back.

"You'll tell Gray you want to stay here, that you don't feel safe being so close to your husband," he adds, obviously not caring or not if he sounds insane or not.

I frown, confusion mixing with my frustration. "Why would I tell him that? I'm sure he'll have protection put in place."

A storm of emotions form in his eyes, and in the blink of an eye, I find myself pressed against the wall. "Tell him, Alyssa. Or I'll tell him about us."

Heat surges in my chest at his threat, my hands curling into fists. "Good. Tell him that all three times you fucking initiated it," I spit out, my voice trembling with anger.

How dare this asshole try to blackmail me again!

He tilts his head, his eyes raging with intensity. "And what about Niko? I'm sure your brother will be interested to hear that you let him fuck you with a whiskey bottle."

I recoil at his words, shame flooding my cheeks. "Why are you doing this?" I whisper, feeling small and helpless under his imposing figure. My mind whirls, trying to understand his twisted logic.

I watch his throat bob as he swallows, and it's hotter than it has any right to be. No. Stop. Nothing should be hot about him right now.

"You and Zuri will be safer here. Gray won't be able to protect you the way I can," he says between clenched teeth.

"And blackmailing me to get what you want is the answer?" I ask, shoving against his chest, but he doesn't budge. Instead, he grasps my chin in his calloused hand, forcing me to look at him.

His eyes soften slightly, "Stay here just until Isaac is dealt with. Then, you are free to go anywhere you want."

My heart races. Does he know that I planned on leaving after I went to Gray's? No, maybe he just means in general. How could he know? I haven't told anyone.

"Why do you want me here so badly?" I ask, my tone sharp. "So you can use me until you get tired of keeping me around as your little toy?"

His eyes flicker down to my lips, the tension between us growing stronger. Is he going to kiss me? I hope not because my vagina hasn't exactly been on my side lately. "You don't like when I play with you, kitten? Because it sure the fuck didn't sound like it last night."

"That was...uh...different..." I trail off, grappling for words.

"How?" He waits patiently, his intense amber gaze locking onto mine, sending my heart into a frenzy.

I growl, jutting my chin defiantly. "It's not like you gave me a fucking choice!"

His expression turns arrogant, and I already have a sense of whatever dumb shit he's about to say. "And when you asked me to fuck you? What was that?"

Stupidity. Weakness. Depravity. I'm sure all of those words explain it.

When I don't answer, his smirk deepens. "Come with me. The boys and I put something together before they left to go meet Gray at the airport."

I'd have liked to go with them, but maybe it's best that Gray meets Zuri at the house. I don't want him yelling at me in the middle of the airport.

King leads me back upstairs, and I notice a door ajar that I haven't been in yet. I never really cared to look in it, but now that it's open, I'm curious.

He leans against the doorframe, gesturing for me to enter.

My jaw drops as I take in the sight before me: they've set up everything King bought for Zuri yesterday—a white crib with pink bedding in the corner, pink curtains, paintings of baby animals on the wall, a rocking chair, and a colorful toy box filled with toys.

What the hell is going on? They all did this for Zuri? For me?

I blink away the tears forming in the corners of my eyes, unable to wrap my mind around any of this. They literally tormented me in high school, and now King wants me to live with him. And then they stayed up last night and decorated this room for my daughter.

I know Mason just does what he's told, but what about King and Niko? I refuse to believe this is just about sex, they could get that anywhere. So, why am I so special? What else do they get out of this?

"What do you think?" King asks when it takes me too long to react. I turn to him, finding his expression guarded, like he's afraid of the answer.

I bite my lip. "Um, it's beautiful," I answer honestly. "It just looks more permanent than it's supposed to."

King flashes me a condescending smile. "That's what moving trucks are for, kitten."

"Okay, smartass," I murmur, rolling my eyes.

As soon as the words leave my mouth, his hand shoots out, wrapping around the front of my throat and pressing me against the wall of what's supposed to be Zuri's room. My breath catches, and I gaze up at him, wide-eyed.

His thumb brushes along my bottom lip, and I swallow hard, the movement sending a surge of lust jolting through me. "Careful, kitten. I'll try to be nice to you while you're here, but that means you have to behave like a good girl."

"And what are you going to do if I'm not?" I challenge, my heart rate skyrocketing.

"Last night was just a little sample of what I can do," he whispers in my ear. "Disrespect me like that again and I'll tie you up and tease you until you're dripping all over my bed, and then I'll just leave you like that."

I blink rapidly as his words sink in. Holy shit. Why do I want that to happen?

I shouldn't. If I'm going to let him blackmail me into this, we need to have some sort of boundaries. He can't just hold all the fucking cards in his hand all the time.

The sound of Zuri's shrill cry snaps me out of my thoughts. "I was wondering when she would wake up," he says, stepping away and allowing me to breathe some air that isn't tainted with his scent. His demeanor shifts, turning softer as he glances towards the door of the guest bedroom. "Both of you need to get dressed and ready for breakfast. They should be here soon."

With that, he disappears downstairs, leaving me to rush and get Zuri, my head still spinning from our conversation.