

Claimed by my Brother's Best Friends

Chapter 26

Nikolai

"Gray, I want to put a nursery in the third bedroom," Christine chirps from the backseat, her nasally voice grating on my fucking nerves. She's only been in the car for ten minutes, but it feels like an eternity.

I've never really been a fan, and neither have King and Mason, but Gray met her at a bar, fell in love with her after knowing her for like two months, and a year later, they got married in a private ceremony the entire club was invited to. We only went along with it just because he's our brother.

Gray sighs. "Babe, I told you, my sister might have to stay with us for a while."

"But not for a long time though, right? You said you wanted to start trying for a baby right after we got married, and I'm so ready to have a little one running around the house," she whines, her voice somehow climbing a higher pitch.

Please shut the fuck up.

"I promise you, a few weeks at the most," he reassures her.

Gray used to never be such an asshole to his sister, but after their mom died, he pretty much said fuck her and moved on with his life.

He's going to feel like such a real piece of shit when he finds out the real reason Alyssa didn't come around. And honestly, I'm looking forward to it.

"Why do you fuckers look so tired? Stayed all night at the strip club or something?" Gray teases, a grin evident in his voice.

"Uh, I don't think Mace has ever been to one. That would require him to look up from his books," I chuckle, glancing over at Mason's perpetually serious face.

"Real funny, Niko," Mason mutters, clearly unamused.

"So, how was the honeymoon?" I ask, not really give a fuck but trying to be polite. I'm still pissed that he kept in contact with King instead of his vice-president.

"The best. Gray and I barely got out of bed, right, babe?" Christine giggles, a sound that makes my skin crawl. I grimace. I don't recall asking her, but okay.

I hear Gray kiss her. "Hell yeah, it was nice to get a break for once. How's the club been?"

"Running smoothly," I answer plainly, keeping my eyes on the road and my grip tight on the steering wheel.

"What about my sister? How has she been?" Gray's question hangs in the air, tension immediately following.

"Good," I force myself to reply.

I want to tell him so badly about Alyssa's husband, about the shit she's been through, but I swore to King that I wouldn't. He wants Alyssa to tell him herself.

After last night, I realized that maybe he does feel more for her than I had first thought. He's not the kind to take random chicks on shopping sprees or put together rooms for babies.

My cock gets hard every time I think about the rough way he fucked her mouth and then railed her on his desk while he made us watch each other. She was so goddamn horny, she would've let me slide into her mouth if King allowed it.

Last night was a display of dominance. I can tell that he'll eventually let me play with her, but he made sure I knew that he would dictate when and how.

Fuck. It will probably be a while until he allows me to touch her again, but he'll eventually give in. He enjoys the control too much. I just have to be patient. And force my dick to be patient too before I die of sexual frustration.

"Damn, man. Are you okay?" Gray asks suddenly with a laugh. "Why are you holding the steering wheel like that?"

Oh, just daydreaming about having a threesome with your hot sister.

I take a deep breath, begging my cock to go back down. Mason could look over at any moment and see the very clear, very large imprint of my hard dick in my sweatpants.

"Just making sure I don't fall asleep behind the wheel and kill us all," I joke dryly.

"Very reassuring, Niko," Mason says under his breath, still focused on his book.

He's been in a mood today. I'm assuming it's from staying up all night unless...

I steal a glance at him. No fucking way.

Does he...like Alyssa?

I laugh inwardly, immediately dismissing the thought. Nah, it's just the lack of sleep.

"I'm excited to meet your sister. You really don't mention her that much," Christine says, her voice cutting through the tension like a knife.

My hands flex harder around the steering wheel, knuckles whitening.

"There's not much to say," Gray responds casually. "She got married three years ago and just disappeared. I told you that's why I didn't bother inviting her to our wedding. If she didn't want to go to her own goddamn mother's funeral, she wasn't coming to our wedding."

I open my mouth to defend my sweet girl but immediately close it.

It isn't my place, I remind myself.

But maybe if he would've invited Alyssa, she could have gotten away from Isaac sooner.

How easy it must be to be Mason, able to keep his mouth shut and keep that blank expression of his.

"King says she's having some problems with her husband and that's why she's returning home after all this time. I'm guessing she caught him cheating or something, but I'll get to the bottom of it. She's going to tell me exactly what the fuck's been going on, or she's not going anywhere with us."

A noise of protest almost slips from my lips, but I catch it.

Damn it. How are we still so far from King's house? I'm going to end up cussing Gray the fuck out before we even get there.

"Aww, I hope her and her husband can work things out," Christine says, her tone sickly-sweet.

I slam my foot down on the break, the sound and smell of screeching tires assaulting my senses.

"What the fuck, Niko?" Gray shouts.

"Sorry, there was a squirrel running across the road and I didn't want to kill it," I lie through clenched teeth.

"That's it. Mace, can you drive?" he asks, the irritation clear in his voice. "Niko, when did you start giving a fuck about squirrels?"

Mason sighs, hopping out of the passenger seat and walking over to my side. When I open the door, he gives me a knowing look. "Just ignore them. They don't know yet," he says in a low voice that only I can hear.

I nod, swiftly switching seats with him. He's right. They don't know, but that doesn't do anything to stop the rage simmering just beneath the surface of my skin.

If Christine were a squirrel, I would've sped up, hit her, and backed up just to make sure she was dead.

And if she does say something stupid like that in front of Alyssa, she won't need to be a fucking squirrel.